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FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

*Published by John Stockdale. Secondally 22<sup>d</sup> July 1811 -*

THE  
**Dramatic Works**  
OF  
**BEN JONSON,**  
AND  
**BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER :**

THE FIRST  
Printed from the Text,  
AND  
WITH THE NOTES OF PETER WHALLEY;  
THE LATTER,  
From the Text, and with the Notes  
OF  
THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

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*EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.*

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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**London :**

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY.

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1811.

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*L I F E*  
OF  
FRANCIS BEAUMONT,  
1811.

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FRANCIS BEAUMONT was third son of Francis, the judge, and born at Grace Dieu, Leicestershire, in the year 1586. In 1596, he, with his two brothers, Heury and John, was admitted a gentleman commoner of Broadgate-hall, now Pembroke-college, Oxford. Wood, who refers his education to Cambridge, has mistaken him for his cousin Francis, master of the Charter-house, who died in 1624, an error not at all wonderful, inasmuch as there were four Francis Beaumonts of this family, all living in 1615, and of these, three were poets, viz. the master of the Charter-house, the dramatic writer, and one who was a Jesuit. The subject of this article studied some time in the Inner Temple, and his *Mask of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, was acted and printed in 1612-13, when he was only in his twenty-sixth year. His application to the law was probably not very intense; he devoted himself to the Dramatic Muse from an early period; but at what time he commenced a partnership with Fletcher is not known. The date of their first plays is in 1607, when Beaumont was in his twenty-first year: in all the editions of their works, and in every notice of their joint productions, notwithstanding Fletcher's seniority, the name of Beaumont stands first. Their connection, from similarity of taste and studies, was very intimate; they lived together on Bank-side, not far from the play-house, both bachelors, and it is said that they had one bench between them, and that they made use of the same clothes, cloak, &c. and that Beaumont's chief business was  
to

to correct the overflowings of Fletcher's wit. The latter part of this allegation is not admitted by certain writers, particularly Sir Egerton Brydges, who suspects that great injustice has been done to Beaumont, by the supposition that his merit was principally confined to lopping the redundancies of Fletcher. The editors of the *Biographia Dramatica* say, "It is probable that the forming of the plan, and contriving the conduct of the fable, the writing of the more serious and pathetic parts, and lopping the redundant branches of Fletcher's wit, whose luxuriances frequently stood in need of castigation, might be in general Beaumont's portion of the work." This is to afford him high praise, and there are other facts to prove that he was considered by his contemporaries in a superior light, and that this estimation of his talents was common in the life-time of his colleague, who from candour, or friendship, appears to have acquiesced in every respect paid to the memory of Beaumont.

How his life was spent his works will testify. The production of so many plays, and the interest which he would naturally take in their success, were sufficient to occupy his mind during the short span of his mortal existence, which cannot be supposed to have been diversified by any other events than those incident to candidates for theatrical fame and profit.

Mr. Beaumont died in March 1615-16, and was buried in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. The first edition of his poems appeared in 1640. The only poem printed in Beaumont's life-time was, *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus*, from Ovid, which he published in 1602, when he was only sixteen years of age.

His original poems, says his biographer, give him very superior claims as a poet; he is generally more free from metaphysical conceits than his contemporaries. His sentiments are elegant and refined, and his versification is unusually harmonious. His amatory poems are sprightly and original, and some of his lyrics rise to the impassioned spirit of Shakespeare and Milton.

# L I F E

OF

## JOHN FLETCHER,

1811.

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JOHN FLETCHER, son of Richard Fletcher, bishop of London, was born in Northamptonshire, in 1576, and educated at Cambridge. It is not known that he followed any profession except that of a poet, in which capacity, as we have seen, he was the inseparable partner of Francis Beaumont. He is said to have written a comedy in partnership with Ben Jonson. After the death of Francis Beaumont, Fletcher is supposed to have consulted James Shirley on the plots of several of his plays. He died of the plague in 1625, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's church, Southwark. Different accounts, it has already been observed, are given both of the joint and separate title of each author to the plays under the name Beaumont and Fletcher, and of the share each took in the plays written by them in common. It is generally allowed by the most judicious critics that Beaumont excelled in that judgment which is requisite for forming the plots, and Fletcher in the fancy and vivacity which characterise the poet. Their plays, as may be seen in the present volumes, are numerous, consisting of tragedies, comedies, and mixed pieces. They were so popular for a long time, that they almost engrossed the stage. In general their plots are more regular than Shakespeare's, their comedies are gay, and imitate the language of genteel life better than Jonson's, and their tragedies have many poetical beauties and striking incidents and characters. But their display of passion is rather the product of study than of real observation, and in knowledge of the human heart

heart they fall many degrees short of Shakespeare. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, though once so popular, are now rarely acted. Most of them run into luxuriance, and abound in grossness of language, which would not now be tolerated by any decent audience. The poetical powers of Fletcher are very advantageously displayed in a piece of his sole composition, "The Faithful Shepherd," a dramatic pastoral on the model of the Italian. It possesses many fine beauties, and has been imitated by Milton in his *Comus*, but its plot is defective and unpleasant. The reader will find much excellent criticism, and abundance of judicious remarks on the labours of this pair of poets, in the following prefaces. The present edition is taken from Mr. Colman's, published in ten volumes, 1778, which is by far the most correct of any that has hitherto appeared before the public.

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# PLAYERS' DEDICATION.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

*To the Right Honourable PHILIP, Earl of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY; Baron Herbert of Cardiff and Sherland; Lord Parr and Ross of Kendall; Lord Fitz-Hugh, Marmyon, and Saint Quintin; Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter; and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council: and our singular good Lord.*

MY LORD,

THERE is none among all the names of honour, that hath more encouraged the legitimate muses of this latter age, than that which is owing to your family; whose coronet shines bright with the native lustre of its own jewels, which, with the access of some beams of Sidney, twisted with their flame, presents a constellation, from whose influence all good may be still expected upon wit and learning.

At this truth we rejoice, but yet aloof, and in our own valley; for we dare not approach with any capacity in ourselves to apply your smile, since we have only preserved, as trustees to the ashes of the authors, what we exhibit to your honour, it being no more our own, than those imperial crowns and garlands were the soldiers', who were honourably designed for their conveyance before the triumpher to the capitol.

But directed by the example of some, who once steered in our quality, and so fortunately aspired to choose your honour, joined with your (now glorified) brother, (patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon Shakspeare<sup>\*</sup>; and since, more particularly bound to your lordship's most constant and diffusive goodness, from which we did for many calm years derive a subsistence to ourselves, and protection to the scene (now withered, and condemned, as we fear, to a long winter and sterility) we have presumed to offer to yourself, what before was never printed of these authors.

Had they been less than all the treasure we had contracted in the whole age of poesy (some few poems of their own excepted, which, already published, command their entertainment with all lovers of art and language) or were they not the most-justly admired and beloved pieces of wit and the world, we should have taught ourselves a less ambition.

Be pleased to accept this humble tender of our duties; and, till we fail in our obedience to all your commands, vouchsafe we may be known by the cognizance and character of,

My Lord,

Your Honour's most bounden,

JOHN LOWIN,

RICHARD ROBINSON,

EYLAND SWANSTON,

HUGH CLEARKE,

STEPHEN HAMMERTON,

JOSEPH TAYLOR,

ROBERT BENFELD,

THOMAS POLLARD,

WILLIAM ALLEN,

THEOPHILUS BYRD.

<sup>\*</sup> *The example of some, &c.] i. e. Heminge and Condell; who in 1623 published the first edition of Shakspeare's Works. They dedicated them to this same nobleman, then Earl of Montgomery, and his elder brother, William Earl of Pembroke.*

# MR. SHIRLEY'S PREFACE.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

POETRY is the child of nature, which, regulated and made beautiful by art, presenteth the most harmonious of all other compositions; among which (if we rightly consider) the dramatical is the most absolute, in regard of those transcendent abilities which should wait upon the composer; who must have more than the instruction of libraries (which of itself is but a cold contemplative knowledge), there being required in him a soul miraculously knowing and conversing with all mankind, enabling him to express not only the phlegm and folly of thick-skinned men, but the strength and maturity of the wise, the air and insinuations of the court, the discipline and resolution of the soldier, the virtues and passions of every noble condition, nay the counsels and characters of the greatest princes.

This, you will say, is a vast comprehension, and hath not happened in many ages. Be it then remembered, to the glory of our own, that all these are demonstrative and met in Beaumont and Fletcher, whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages: for it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir, than a costly, dangerous, foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing mopsieur or signor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have from the attentive hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely-employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify. How many passable discouraging dining-wits stand yet in good credit, upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes!

And now, Reader, in this tragical age, where the theatre hath been so much out-acted, congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves, which were only shewed our fathers in a conjuring-glass, as suddenly removed as represented; the landscape is now brought home by this optic, and the press, thought too pregnant before, shall be now looked upon as the greatest benefactor to Englishmen, that must acknowledge all the felicity of wit and words to this derivation.

You may here find passions raised to that excellent pitch, and by such insinuating degrees, that you shall not choose but consent, and go along with them, finding yourself at last grown insensibly the very same person you read; and then stand, admiring the subtil tracks of your engagement. Fall on a scene of love, and you will never believe the writers could have  
the

the least room left in their souls for another passion; peruse a scene of manly rage, and you would swear they cannot be expressed by the same hands; but both are so excellently wrought, you must confess none, but the same hands, could work them.

Would thy melancholy have a cure? thou shalt laugh at Democritus himself; and but reading one piece of this comic variety, find thy exalted fancy in Elisium; and when thou art sick of this cure, (for the excess of delight may too much dilate thy soul) thou shalt meet almost in every leaf a soft purling passion or spring of sorrow, so powerfully wrought high by the tears of innocence, and wronged lovers, it shall persuade thy eyes to weep into the stream, and yet smile when they contribute to their own ruins.

Infinitely more might be said of these rare copies; but let the ingenuous reader<sup>2</sup> peruse them, and he will find them so able to speak their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, since any one of these incomparable pieces, well understood, will prove a Preface to the rest; and if the reader can taste the best wit ever trod our English stage, he will be forced himself to become a breathing panegyric to them all.

Not to detain or prepare thee longer, be as capricious and sick-brained as ignorance and malice can make thee, here thou art rectified; or be as healthful as the inward calm of an honest heart, learning, and temper can state thy disposition, yet this book may be thy fortunate concernment and companion.

It is not so remote in time, but very many gentlemen may remember these authors; and some, familiar in their conversation, deliver them upon every pleasant occasion so fluent, to talk a comedy. He must be a bold man that dares undertake to write their lives: What I have to say is, we have the precious remains; and as the wisest contemporaries acknowledge they lived a miracle, I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.

What more specially concerns these authors and their works is told thee by another hand, in the following epistle of the Stationer to the Readers.

Farewell: Read, and fear not thine own understanding; this book will create a clear one in thee: and when thou hast considered thy purchase, thou wilt call the price of it a charity to thyself; and at the same time forgive

Thy friend,

And these authors humble admirer,

JAMES SHIRLEY<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> *Ingenuous Reader.*] In *Coles's Diet.* 1677, it is remarked, '*Ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded.'

<sup>3</sup> *James Shirley.*] It is much to be regretted, that this ingenious gentleman did nothing more to the First Folio than writing the Preface; we should not then so justly lament the incorrectness of that Edition,

# STATIONER'S ADDRESS.

(FOLIO, 1647.)

GENTLEMEN,

**B**EFORE you engage further, be pleased to take notice of these particulars. You have here a *new book*; I can speak it clearly; for of all this large volume of comedies and tragedies, not one, till now, was ever printed before. A collection of plays is commonly but a *new impression*, the scattered pieces which were printed single, being then only republished together: 'Tis otherwise here.

Next, as it is all *new*, so here is not any thing spurious or imposed: I had the originals from such as received them from the authors themselves; by those, and none other, I publish this edition.

And as here is nothing but what is genuine and theirs, so you will find here are no *omissions*; you have not only *all* I could get, but *all* that you must ever expect. For (besides those which were formerly printed) there is not any piece written by these authors, either jointly or severally, but what are now published to the world in this volume. One only play I must except (for I mean to deal openly); it is a comedy culled the *Wild-Goose Chase*,<sup>1</sup> which hath been long lost, and I fear irrecoverable; for a person of quality borrowed it from the actors many years since, and (by the negligence of a servant) it was never returned; therefore now I put up this *si quis*, that whosoever hereafter happily meets with it, shall be thankfully satisfied if he please to send it home.

Some plays (you know) written by these authors were heretofore printed: I thought not convenient to mix them with this volume, which of itself is entirely new. And indeed it would have rendered the book so voluminous, that ladies and gentlewomen would have found it scarce manageable, who in works of this nature must first be remembered. Besides, I considered those former pieces had been so long printed and reprinted, that many gentlemen were already furnished; and I would have none say, they pay twice for the same book.

One thing I must answer before it be objected; 'tis this: when these comedies and tragedies were presented on the stage, the actors omitted some scenes and passages (with the authors' consent) as occasion led them; and when private friends desired a copy, they then (and justly too) transcribed what they acted: But now you have both *all* that *was acted*, and *all* that *was not*; even the perfect full originals, without the least mutilation; so that were the authors living, (and sure they can never die) they themselves would challenge neither more nor less than what is here published; this volume being now so complete and finished, that the reader must expect no future alterations.

For literal errors committed by the printer, it is the fashion to ask pardon, and as much in fashion to take no notice of him that asks it; but in this also I have done my endeavour. 'Twere vain to mention the chargeableness of this work; for those who owned the manuscripts, too well knew their value to make a cheap estimate of any of these pieces; and though another joined with me in the purchase and printing, yet the

<sup>1</sup> *The Wild-Goose Chase.*] This comedy, in the year 1652, was published in folio, by Lowin and Taylor, two of the players, with a 'Dedication to the Honour'd, Few, Lovers of Dramatick Poesie,' and several commendatory verses annexed.



care and pains was wholly mine, which I found to be more than you will easily imagine, unless you knew into how many hands the originals were dispersed: They are all now happily met in this book, having escaped these public troubles, free and unmangled. Heretofore, when gentlemen desired but a copy of any of these plays, the meanest piece here (if any may be called mean where every one is best) cost them more than four times the price you pay for the whole volume.

I should scarce have adventured in these slippery times on such a work as this, if knowing persons had not generally assured me that these authors were the most unquestionable wits this kingdom hath afforded. Mr. Beaumont was ever acknowledged a man of a most strong and scarching brain; and (his years considered) the most judicious wit these later ages have produced; he died young, for (which was an invaluable loss to this nation) he left the world when he was not full thirty years old. Mr. Fletcher survived, and lived till almost fifty; whereof the world now enjoys the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have printed Mr. Fletcher's works by themselves,<sup>2</sup> because single and alone he would make a just volume; but since never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to separate their ashes.

It becomes not me to say (though it be a known truth) that these authors had not only high unexpressible gifts of nature, but also excellent acquired parts, being furnished with arts and sciences by that liberal education they had at the university, which sure is the best place to make a great wit understand itself; this their works will soon make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Mr. Beaumont's picture; but could not possibly, though I spared no enquiry in those noble families whence he was descended, as also among those gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the Inner-Temple: The best pictures, and those most like him, you will find in this volume. This figure of Mr. Fletcher was cut by several original pieces, which his friends lent me; but withal they tell me, that his unimitable soul did shine through his countenance in such air and spirit, that the painters confessed it was not easy to express him: As much as could be, you have here, and the graver hath done his part.

Whatever I have seen of Mr. Fletcher's own hand, is free from interlining; and his friends affirm he never writ any one thing twice:<sup>3</sup> It seems he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all first in his own brain; to shape and attire his notions, to add or lop off, before he committed one word to writing, and never touched pen till all was to stand as firm and immutable as if engraven in brass or marble. But I keep you too long from those friends of his whom 'tis better for you to read; only accept of the honest endeavours of

One that is a Servant to you all,

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.

At the Prince's Arms, in St. Paul's Church-Yard,

Feb. the 14th, 1646.

<sup>2</sup> *Fletcher's works by themselves.*] If Mr. Moseley could have made this separation, it is greatly to be regretted that he left us no intimation which plays were written by Fletcher alone.

<sup>3</sup> *He never writ any one thing twice.*] May we not suppose this to have been a sort of common-place compliment? but surely it is a very injudicious one. A similar assertion, applied to Shakespeare, has afforded much conversation in the literary world.

BOOKSELLERS'

# BOOKSELLERS' ADDRESS.

(FOLIO 1679.)

COURTEOUS READER,

THE first edition of these plays in this volume having found that acceptance as to give us encouragement to make a second impression, we were very desirous they might come forth as correct as might be: And we were very opportunely informed of a copy which an ingenious and worthy gentleman had taken the pains (or rather the pleasure) to read over; wherein he had all along corrected<sup>1</sup> several faults (some very gross) which had crept in by the frequent imprinting of them. His corrections were the more to be valued, because he had an intimacy with both our authors, and had been a spectator of most of them when they were acted in their life-time. This therefore we resolved to purchase at any rate; and accordingly with no small cost obtained it. From the same hand also we received several prologues and epilogues, with the songs appertaining to each play, which were not in the former edition, but are now inserted in their proper places. Besides, in this edition you have the addition of no fewer than seventeen plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and print out of quarto in this volume, which for distinction sake are marked with a star in the catalogue of them facing the first page of the book. And whereas in several of the plays there were wanting the names of the persons represented therein, in this edition you have them all prefixed, with their qualities; which will be a great ease to the reader. Thus every way perfect and complete have you, all both tragedies and comedies that were ever writ by our authors, a pair of the greatest wits and most ingenious poets of their age; from whose worth we should but detract by our most studied commendations.

If our care and endeavours to do our authors right (in an incorrupt and genuine edition of their works) and thereby to gratify and oblige the reader, be but requited with a suitable entertainment, we shall be encouraged to bring Ben Jonson's two volumes into one, and publish them in this form; and also to reprint Old Shakspeare: Both which are designed by

Yours,

Ready to serve you,

JOHN MARTYN,  
HENRY HERRINGMAN,  
RICHARD MARIOT.

<sup>1</sup> *He had all along corrected, &c.]* Notwithstanding this boast, in many plays, the first folio is more correct than the second.

# P R E F A C E<sup>1</sup>.

GIVING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHORS AND THEIR WRITINGS.

(OCTAVO, 1711.)

**F**RANCIS BEAUMONT, Esquire, was descended from the ancient family of that name, at Gracedieu in Leicestershire, and brother to Sir Henry Beaumont, Knight, of the same place; his grandfather was John Beaumont,

<sup>1</sup> *Preface.*] To this *Preface*, Mr. Sympson, in the Edition of 1750, prefixes the following Introduction.

'Tis really surprising that all we know of two such illustrious authors as Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Fletcher were is, That we know nothing. The composer of the following Preface, and editor of their works in 1711, calls it "An Account of the Lives, &c. of his Authors." But he greatly *misralls* it, for that they were born in such a year, and died in such a one, is all he has given us of their history and actions; and by what I can find, had they never wrote a comedy, we should not have known, but upon Mr. Shirley's word, that in conversation they ever had talked one.

Our authors, 'tis true, take up articles in two dictionaries, but these contain little more than remarks on their dramatic performances. Believing therefore that the *no account*, of the following Preface, contains as *good an account* of our authors as any can be given, I submit it to the reader pure and unmix'd, as it came out of the editor's hands, without any alteration or interpolation at all, only striking out a long quotation from a very imperfect answer of Mr. Dryden's to the objections made against Shakespeare and our authors by Mr. Rhymer.

But their dramatic is no better known than their civil history; I mean what part each sustained in their poetical capacities. Did Beaumont plan, and Fletcher raise the superstructure? Then 'tis no wonder the work should be all of a piece.

But if each sustained both characters (as I think is so plain as not to be doubted) 'tis strange there should appear no greater diversity in their writings, when the separate parts came to be put together.

For, unless I be greatly mistaken, we cannot say that *here* one laid down the pencil, and *there* the other took it up, no more than we can say of any two contiguous colours in the rainbow, *here this* ends and *there that* begins, so fine is the transition, that

———— *Spectantia lumina fallit,*  
*Usque adeo quod tangit idem est.* ———

Mr. Seward will lay before the reader what *internal evidence* he thinks he has discovered of a distinction of their hands; but in general Beaumont's accuracy, and Fletcher's wit, are so undistinguishable, that were we not sure, to a demonstration, that the *Masque* was the former's, and the *Shepherdess* the latter's sole production, they might each have pass'd for the concurrent labour of both, or have chang'd hands, and the *last* been taken for Beaumont's and the *former* for Fletcher's.

And where is the wonder, that Fletcher's Works, which he wrote singly after Beaumont's death, should carry the same strength, wit, manner, and spirit in them, so as not to be discern'd from what both wrote in conjunction, when as Sir J. Berkenhead tells us,

"Beaumont died; yet left in legacy  
His rules and standard wit (Fletcher) to thee;  
Still the same planet, tho' not fill'd so soon,  
A two-horn'd crescent then, now one full-moon.  
Joint Love before, now Honour doth provoke;  
So th' old twin giants forcing a huge oak,  
One slipp'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,  
Crasp'd the whole tree and single held up all."

And

mont, Master of the Rolls; and his father Francis Beaumont, Judge of the Common-Pleas, who married Anne daughter of George Pierrepont of Home-Pierrepont, Nottinghamshire. He was educated at Cambridge, and after at the Inner-Temple. He died before he was thirty years of age, and was buried the 9th of March, 1615, at the entrance into St. Benedict's Chapel in Westminster-Abbey. He left one daughter behind him, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who died in Leicestershire since the year 1700: she had been possessed of several poems of her father's writing, but they were lost at sea coming from Ireland, where she had some time lived in the Duke of Ormond's family. There was published, after our author's death, a small book containing several poems under his name, and among them the story of Sulmaces, from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid; and a translation of the *Remedy of Love*, from the same author. The Poem of Bosworth-Field, which has been universally esteemed, was written by his brother John Beaumont.

JOHN FLETCHER, Esquire, (son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, who was created by Queen Elizabeth Bishop of Bristol, and after removed to Worcester, and from thence, in the year 1593, to London), was educated at Cambridge, and probably at Bennet-College, to which his father was by his will a benefactor. He died of the plague in the first year of the reign

And since I have quoted one poetical authority, let me give another (with a little variation) from the immortal Spenser, which may farther illustrate, if not confirm our opinion. The poet speaking of Priamond, after he had died by Cambell's hand in single combat, says,

" His weary ghost assay'd from fleshly band  
Did not, as others wont, directly fly  
Unto her rest in Pluto's griesly land,  
Ne into air did vanish presently,  
Ne clunged was into a star in sky,  
But by traduction was eftsoun deriv'd  
Into his other brother that surviv'd,  
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life depriv'd."

The application of these lines to our authors, is so easy that no reader can miss it, and the reason given for the sameness of manner, spirit, &c. in their joint and single performances, so clear for a poetical one, that no one can dispute it.

And as to external evidence, though we have enough of it, 'tis so little to be depended on, that it has no weight with me, whatever it may have with the intelligent reader. The testimony of the versifiers, before our authors works, is so extravagant on the one side or on the other, that if we trust this panegyrist, Fletcher was the sole author, if *that*, Beaumont wrote alone, and if a *third*, the whole was the united work and labour of both.

The printers of the quarto editions are no more concordant; for in different years and editions, you have sometimes Beaumont's and Fletcher's name, and sometimes the latter's singly before the same play.

The prologue and epilogue writers may perhaps be more depended upon, but they do not go quite through with their work; for neither the quarto copies, nor the thirty-four plays in the 1647 edition, have all their full quotas of head and tail-pieces; and of these we have, there are few that speak out, and tell us from whose labours their audiences were to expect either pleasure or instruction.

However this evidence, such as it is, I shall lay before the reader, by way of notes to the alphabetical account of our authors pieces (as drawn up by Dr. Langbaine) towards the conclusion of the following Preface; and leave it to his judgment to determine, how far upon such testimony, the authors were singly or jointly concerned; only I must give this caution, that where the prologue mentions poet, or author in the singular, there I suppose Fletcher is only designed, where in the plural, Beaumont is included.

[The evidence Mr. Symphon here speaks of, the reader will find, with much additional information, in the title of each play of the present edition.]

of King Charles the First, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's Church in Southwark, August the 19th, 1625, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Several of their plays were printed in quarto while the authors were living; and in the year 1645, (twenty years after the death of Fletcher, and thirty after that of Beaumont) there was published in folio a collection of such of their plays as had not before been printed, amounting to between thirty and forty. At the beginning of this volume are inserted a great many Commendatory Verses, written in praise of the authors by persons of their acquaintance, and the most eminent of that age for wit and quality. This collection was published by Mr. Shirley, after the shutting up of the theatres, and dedicated to the Earl of Pembroke, by ten of the most famous actors, who profess to have taken great care in the edition; they lament their not being able to procure any picture of Mr. Beaumont, from which to take his effigies, as they had done that of Mr. Fletcher: but, through the favour of the present Earl of Dorset, that is now supplied; the head of Mr. Beaumont, and that of Mr. Fletcher, being taken from originals in the noble collection his lordship has at Knowles.

In the year 1679, there was an edition in folio of all their plays published, containing those formerly printed in quarto, and those in the before-mentioned folio edition. Several of the Commendatory Verses are left out before that impression; but many of them relating to particulars of the authors, or their plays, they are prefixed to this; and a large omission of part of the last act of the tragedy of Thierry and Theodoret, is supplied in this.

The frequent and great audiences that several of their plays continue to bring, sufficiently declares the value this age has for them is equal to that of the former; and three such extraordinary writers as Mr. Waller, the Duke of Buckingham, and John late Earl of Rochester, selecting each of them one of their plays to alter for the stage, adds not a little to their reputation.

The Maid's Tragedy<sup>1</sup> was very frequently acted after the Restoration, and with the greatest applause; Mr. Hart playing Amintor, Major Mohun, Melantius, and Mrs. Marshal, Evadne, equal to any other parts for which they were deservedly famous. But the latter ending of that play, where the king was killed, making it upon some particular occasion not thought proper to be farther represented, it was by private order from the court silenced. This was the reason Mr. Waller undertook the altering the latter part of that play, as it is now printed in the last edition of his works.—Upon which alteration, this following remark was made by an eminent hand:

“It is not to be doubted who sat for the two brothers characters. 'Twas agreeable to Mr. Waller's temper to soften the rigour of the tragedy, as he expresses it; but whether it be agreeable to the nature of tragedy itself, to make every thing come off easily, I leave to the critics.”

The Duke of Buckingham, so celebrated for writing the Rehearsal,

<sup>1</sup> As our authors were planning one of their plays (*this most probably*) in a tavern, Mr. Fletcher was over-heard, by some of the house, to say, *I'll undertake to kill the King*. Words in appearance so treasonable as these were, could not long be kept concealed, and the discovery of them had like to have cost our poet dear: but it being demonstrated that this design was only against the person of a *scenical sovereign*, our author was freed from any farther trouble, and the intended process entirely dropped. *Vide Winstanley's English Poets.*

made the two last acts of the *Chances* almost new. Mr. Hart played the part of Don John to the highest satisfaction of the audience; the play had a great run, and ever since has been followed as one of the best entertainments of the stage. His Grace, after that, bestowed some time in altering another play of our authors, called *Philaster*, or *Love Lies a-Bleeding*: He made very considerable alterations in it, and took it with him, intending to finish it the last journey he made to Yorkshire, in the year 1686. I cannot learn what is become of the play with his Grace's alterations, but am very well informed it was since the Revolution in the hands of Mr. Nevil Payne, who was imprisoned at Edinburgh in the year 1689.

The alterations in *Valentinian*, by the Earl of Rochester, amount to about a third part of the whole; but his lordship died before he had done all he intended to it. It was acted with very great applause, Mr. Goodman playing *Valentinian*, Mr. Betterton, *Æcius*, and Mrs. Barry, *Lucina*. My lord died in the year 1680, and the play was acted in the year 1684, and the same year published by Mr. Robert Wolsly, with a Preface, giving a large account of my lord, and his writings. This play, with the alterations, is printed at the end of his lordship's poems in octavo.

Mr. Dryden, in his *Essay of Dramatic Poetry*, page 17, (in the first volume of the folio edition of his works) in a comparison of the French and English comedy, says, "As for comedy, repartee is one of its chiefest graces. The greatest pleasure of an audience is a chase of wit kept up on both sides, and swiftly managed: And this our forefathers (if not we) have had in Fletcher's plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French poets can arrive at."

And in the same *Essay*, page 19, he says, "Beaumont and Fletcher had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study. Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his plots. What value he had for him appears by the verses he wrote to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem, was *Philaster*; for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully; as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those that were made before Beaumont's death. And they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet can ever paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe; they represented all the passions very lively, but above all *love*. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection; what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than necessary. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all mens humour. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs."

This

This Essay of Mr. Dryden's was written in the year 1666.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Dryden said he had been informed, that after Beaumont's death, Mr. James Shirley was consulted by Fletcher in the plotting several of his plays.

<sup>3</sup> ——— in the year 1666.] After this sentence was inserted Mr. Dryden's Remarks on Rymer, which Symphon, in his Introduction, p. xiv. mentions having rejected. They here follow, with the Prefacer's Observations.

"In the year 1677, Mr. Rymer (now Historiographer Royal) published 'The Tragedies of the Last Age considered, in a Letter to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.' In this treatise he criticises upon Rollo Duke of Normandy, the Maid's Tragedy, and the King and No King; all three written by our authors, and the most taking plays then acted. He has there endeavoured to the utmost the exposing their failings, without taking the least notice of their beauties; Mr. Rymer sent one of his books as a present to Mr. Dryden, who on the blank leaves, before the beginning, and after the end of the book, made several remarks, as if he designed an answer to Mr. Rymer's reflections; they are of Mr. Dryden's own hand-writing, and may be seen at the publisher's of this book; 'tis to be wished he had put his last hand to 'em, and made the connection closer, but just as he left them be pleased to take them here *verbatim* inserted.

"He who undertakes to answer this excellent critic of Mr. Rymer, in behalf of our English poets against the Greek, ought to do it in this manner.

"Either by yielding to him the greatest part of what he contends for, which consists in this, that the *μεῖζον* (i. e.) the design and conduct of it is more conducing in the Greeks, to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle and he propose, namely, to cause terror and pity; yet the granting this does not set the Greeks above the English poets.

"But the answer ought to prove two things; first, That the fable is not the greatest master-piece of a tragedy, though it be the foundation of it.

"Secondly, That other ends as suitable to the nature of tragedy, may be found in the English, which were not in the Greek.

"Aristotle places the fable first; not *quoad dignitatem*, sed *quoad fundamentum*; for a fable never so movingly contrived, to those ends of his, pity and terror, will operate nothing on our affections, except the characters, manners, thoughts and words are suitable.

"So that it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove, That in all those, or the greatest part of them, we are inferior to Sophocles and Euripides; and this he has offered at in some measure, but, I think, a little partially to the ancients.

"To make a true judgment in this competition, between the Greek poets and the English in tragedy, consider,

"I. How Aristotle has defined a tragedy.

"II. What he assigns the end of it to be.

"III. What he thinks the beauties of it.

"IV. The means to attain the end proposed. Compare the Greek and English tragic poets justly and without partiality, according to those rules.

"Then, Secondly, consider, whether Aristotle has made a just definition of tragedy, of its parts, of its ends, of its beauties; and whether he having not seen any others but those of Sophocles, Euripides, &c. had or truly could determine what all the excellencies of tragedy are, and wherein they consist.

"Next show in what ancient tragedy was deficient; for example, in the narrowness of its plots, and fewness of persons, and try whether that be not a fault in the Greek poets; and whether their excellency was so great, when the variety was visibly so little; or whether what they did was not very easy to do.

"Then make a judgment on what the English have added to their beauties: As for example, not only more plot, but also new passions; as namely, that of love, scarce touched on by the ancients, except in this one example of Phædra, cited by Mr. Rymer, and in that how short they were of Fletcher.

"Prove also that love, being an heroic passion, is fit for tragedy, which cannot be denied; because of the example alledged of Phædra: And how far Shakespeare has outdone them in friendship, &c.

"To return to the beginning of this enquiry, consider if pity and terror be enough for tragedy to move, and I believe upon a true definition of tragedy, it will be found that its work extends farther, and that it is to reform manners by delightful representation of human life in great persons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then not only pity and terror are to be moved as the only means to bring us to virtue, but generally love to virtue, and hatred to vice, by

plays. It does seem that Shirley did supply many that were left imperfect, and that the old players gave some remains, or imperfect plays of  
Fletcher's

by shewing the rewards of one, and punishments of the other; at least by rendering virtue always amiable, though it be shown unfortunate; and vice detestable, though it be shown triumphant.

"If then the encouragement of virtue, and discouragement of vice, be the proper end of poetry in tragedy: Pity and terror, though good means, are not the only: For all the passions in their turns are to be set in a ferment: as joy, anger, love, fear, are to be used as the poets common places; and a general concernment for the principal actors is to be raised, by making them appear such in their characters, their words and actions, as will interest the audience in their fortunes.

"And if after all, in a large sense, pity comprehends this concernment for the good, and terror includes detestation for the bad; then let us consider whether the English have not answered this end of tragedy, as well as the ancients, or perhaps better.

"And here Mr. Rymer's objections against these plays are to be impartially weighed; that we may see whether they are of weight enough to turn the balance against our countrymen.

"It is evident those plays which he arraigns have moved both those passions in a high degree upon the stage.

"To give the glory of this away from the poet, and to place it upon the actors, seems unjust.

"One reason is, because whatever actors they have found, the event has been the same, that is, the same passions have been always moved: Which shows, that there is something of force and merit in the plays themselves, conducing to the design of raising those two passions: And suppose them ever to have been excellently acted, yet action only adds grace, vigour, and more life upon the stage, but cannot give it wholly where it is not first. But secondly, I dare appeal to those who have never seen them acted, if they have not found those two passions moved within them; and if the general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer's prejudice will take off his single testimony.

"This being matter of fact, is reasonably to be established by this appeal: As if one man say it is night, when the rest of the world conclude it to be day, there needs no further argument against him that it is so.

"If he urge, that the general taste is depraved; his arguments to prove this can at best but evince, that our poets took not the best way to raise those passions; but experience proves against him, that those means which they have used, have been successful, and have produced them.

"And one reason of that success is, in my opinion, this, that Shakespeare and Fletcher have written to the genius of the age and nation in which they lived: For though nature, as he objects, is the same in all places, and reason too the same; yet the climate, the age, the dispositions of the people to whom a poet writes, may be so different, that what pleased the Greeks, would not satisfy an English audience.

"And if they proceeded upon a foundation of truer reason to please the Athenians, than Shakespeare and Fletcher to please the English, it only shows that the Athenians were a more judicious people: But the poet's business is certainly to please the audience.

"Whether our English audience have been pleased hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread, is the next question; that is, whether the means which Shakespeare and Fletcher have used in their plays to raise those passions before-named, be better applied to the ends by the Greek poets than by them; and perhaps we shall not grant him this wholly. Let it be yielded that a writer is not to run down with the stream, or to please the people by their own usual methods, but rather to reform their judgments: It still remains to prove that our theatre needs this total reformation.

"The faults which he has found in their designs, are rather wittily aggravated in many places, than reasonably urged; and as much may be returned on the Greeks, by one who were as witty as himself.

"Secondly, They destroy not, if they are granted, the foundation of the fabrie, only take away from the beauty of the symmetry. For example: The faults in the character of the King and No King, are not, as he makes them, such as render him detestable; but only imperfections which accompany human nature, and for the most part excused by the violence of his love; so that they destroy not our pity or concernment for him. This answer may be applied to most of his objections of that kind.

"And Rollo committing many murders, when he is answerable but for one, is too severely



Fletcher's to Shirley to make up: And it is from hence, that in the first act of Love's Pilgrimage, there is a scene of an Ostler, transcribed *verbatim*

severely arraigned by him; for it adds to our horror and detestation of the criminal. And poetic justice is not neglected neither, for we stab him in our minds for every offence which he commits; and the point which the poet is to gain upon the audience, is not so much in the death of an offender, as the raising an horror of his crimes.

"That the criminal should neither be wholly guilty, nor wholly innocent, but so participating of both, as to move both pity and terror, is certainly a good rule; but not perpetually to be observed, for that were to make all tragedies too much alike; which objection he foresaw, but has not fully answered.

"To conclude therefore, if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more beautifully written; and if we can raise passions as high on worse foundations, it shows our genius in tragedy is greater, for in all other parts of it the English have manifestly excelled them.

"For the fable itself, 'tis in the English more adorned with episodes, and larger than in the Greek poets, consequently more diverting; for, if the action be but one, and that plain, without any counterturn of design or episode (*i. e.*) under plot, how can it be so pleasing as the English, which have both under-plot, and a turned design, which keeps the audience in expectation of the catastrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we see through the whole design at first?

"For the characters, they are neither so many nor so various in Sophocles and Euripides, as in Shakespeare and Fletcher; only they are more adapted to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle commends to us; pity and terror.

"The manners flow from the characters, and consequently must partake of their advantages and disadvantages.

"The thoughts and words, which are the fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly more noble and more poetical in the English than in the Greek, which must be proved by comparing them somewhat more equitable than Mr. Rymer has done.

"After all, we need not yield that the English way is less conducing to move pity and terror; because they often shew virtue oppressed, and vice punished; where they do not both or either, they are not to be defended.

"That we may the less wonder why pity and terror are not now the only springs on which our tragedies move, and that Shakespeare may be more excused, Rapin confesses that the French tragedies now all run upon the *tendre*, and gives the reason, because love is the passion which most predominates in our souls; and that therefore the passions represented become insipid, unless they are conformable to the thoughts of the audience; but it is to be concluded, that this passion works not now among the French so strongly, as the other two did amongst the ancients. Amongst us, who have a stronger genius for writing, the operations from the writing are much stronger; for the raising of Shakespeare's passions are more from the excellency of the words and thoughts, than the justness of the occasion: and if he has been able to pick single occasions, he has never founded the whole reasonably, yet by the genius of poetry, in writing he has succeeded.

"The parts of a poem, tragic or heroic, are,

"I. The fable itself.

"II. The order or manner of its contrivance, in relation to the parts of the whole.

"III. The manners, or decency of the characters in speaking or acting what is proper for them, and proper to be shewn by the poet.

"IV. The thoughts which express the manners.

"V. The words which express those thoughts.

"In the last of these Homer excels Virgil, Virgil all other ancient poets, and Shakespeare all modern poets.

"For the second of these, the order; the meaning is, that a fable ought to have a beginning, middle, and an end, all just and natural, so that that part which is the middle, could not naturally be the beginning or end, and so of the rest; all are depending one on another, like the links of a curious chain.

"If terror and pity are only to be raised; certainly this author follows Aristotle's rules, and Sophocles and Euripides's example; but joy may be raised too, and that doubly, either by seeing a wicked man punished, or a good man at last fortunate; or perhaps indignation, to see wickedness prosperous, and goodness depressed. both these may be profitable to the end of tragedy, reformation of manners; but the last improperly, only as it begets

*batim* out of Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, act iii. scene 1. which play was written long after Fletcher died, and transplanted into Love's *Pilgrimage* after the printing the *New-Inn*, which was in the year 1630. And two of the plays printed under the name of Fletcher, viz. the *Coronation*, and the *Little Thief*, have been claimed by Shirley to be his; 'tis probable they were left imperfect by one, and finished by the other.

begets pity in the audience; though Aristotle, I confess, places tragedies of this kind in the second form.

"And, if we should grant that the Greeks performed this better; perhaps it may admit a dispute whether pity and terror are either the prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy.

"It is not enough that Aristotle has said so, for Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides; and if he had seen ours, might have changed his mind.

"And chiefly we have to say (what I hinted on pity and terror in the last paragraph save one) that the punishment of vice and reward of virtue, are the most adequate ends of tragedy, because most conducing to good example of life; now pity is not so easily raised for a criminal (as the ancient tragedy always represents his chief person such) as it is for an innocent man and the suffering of innocence and punishment of the offender, is of the nature of English tragedy; contrary in the Greek, innocence is unhappy often, and the offender escapes.

"Then we are not touched with the sufferings of any sort of men so much as of lovers; and this was almost unknown to the ancients; so that they neither administered poetical justice (of which Mr. Rymer boasts) so well as we, neither knew they the best common-place of pity, which is love.

"He therefore unjustly blames us for not building upon what the ancients left us, for it seems, upon consideration of the premises, that we have wholly finished what they begun.

"My judgment on this piece is this; that it is extremely learned; but that the author of it is better read in the Greek than in the English Poets; that all writers ought to study this critic as the best account I have ever seen of the ancients; that the model of tragedy he has here given, is excellent, and extreme correct; but that it is not the only model of all tragedy; because it is too much circumscribed in plot, characters, &c. and lastly, that we may be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients, without giving them the preference, with this author, in prejudice to our own country.

"Want of method, in this excellent treatise, makes the thoughts of the author sometimes obscure.

"His meaning, that pity and terror are to be moved, is that they are to be moved as the means conducing to the ends of tragedy, which are pleasure and instruction.

"And these two ends may be thus distinguished. The chief ends of the poet is to please; for his immediate reputation depends on it.

"The great end of the poem is to instruct, which is performed by making pleasure the vehicle of that instruction: for poetry is an art, and all arts are made to profit.

"The pity which the poet is to labour for, is for the criminal, not for those, or him, whom he has murdered, or who have been the occasion of the tragedy: the terror is likewise in the punishment of the same criminal, who if he be represented too great an offender, will not be pitied; if altogether innocent, his punishment will be unjust.

"Another obscurity is where he says, Sophocles perfected tragedy, by introducing the third actor; that is, he meant three kinds of action, one company singing, or speaking, another playing on the music, a third dancing.

"Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to the words and discourses of a tragedy, than Aristotle has done, who places them in the last rank of beauties; perhaps only last in order, because they are the last product of the design of the disposition or connexion of its parts, of the characters, of the manners of those characters, and of the thoughts of proceeding from those manners.

"Rapin's words are remarkable:

"'Tis not the admirable intrigue, the surprizing events, and extraordinary incidents that make the beauty of a tragedy, 'tis the discourses, when they are natural and passionate.

"So are Shakespeare's.

"Here Mr. Dryden breaks off.

"About a year after Mr. Rymer's publishing his criticism, he printed a tragedy written by himself in rhyme, called *Edgar*; or, *The English Monarch*; an heroic tragedy, dedicated to King Charles the Second; this play never appeared on the stage, the players, not thinking it worth their while, nor has any one made any criticisms upon that."

Mr.

Mr. Langbaine, in his account of the Dramatic Poets, printed in the year 1691, is very particular upon the several plays of our authors, and therefore I shall conclude with transcribing from him, page 204, viz. "Mr. Beaumont was a master of a good wit, and a better judgment, that Mr. Jonson himself thought it no disparagement to submit his writings to his correction. Mr. Fletcher's wit was equal to Mr. Beaumont's judgment, and was so luxuriant, that like superfluous branches it was frequently pruned by his judicious partner. These poets perfectly understood breeding, and therefore successfully copied the conversation of gentlemen. They knew how to describe the manners of the age; and Fletcher had a peculiar talent in expressing all his thoughts with life and briskness. No man ever understood or drew the passions more lively than he; and his witty railery was so dressed, that it rather pleased than disgusted the modest part of his audience. In a word, Fletcher's fancy and Beaumont's judgment combined, produced such plays, as will remain monuments of their wit to all posterity. Mr. Fletcher himself, after Mr. Beaumont's death, composed several dramatic pieces, which were worthy of the pen of so great a master." And this Mr. Cartwright alludes to, in his verses before the book.

The following verses, put under his folio picture, were written by Sir John Berkenhead.

*Felicitas avi, ac Præsulis natus; comes  
BEAUMONTIO; sic, quippe Parnassus, biceps;  
FLETCHERUS unam in pyramida furcas agens.  
Struxit chorum plus simplicem vates duplex;  
Plus duplicem solus; nec ullum transtulit;  
Nec transferendus: Dramatum æterni sales,  
Anglo theatro, orbi, sibi, superstites.  
FLETCHERE, facies absque vultu pingitur;  
Quantus! vel umbram circuit nemo tuam.*

There are fifty-two plays written by these authors, each of which I shall mention alphabetically.

*Beggars' Bush*, a comedy. This play I have seen several times acted with applause.

*Bonduca*, a tragedy. The plot of this play is borrowed from Tacitus's Annals, lib. 14. See Milton's History of England, book ii. *Ubaldo de Vita delle Donne Illustri del Regno d' Inghilterra & Scotia*, p. 7. &c.

*Bloody Brother*, or *Rollo Duke of Normandy*, a tragedy much in request; and notwithstanding Mr. Rymer's criticisms on it, has still the good fortune to please: it being frequently acted by the present company of actors, at the Queen's Playhouse in Dorset-Garden. The design of this play is history: See Herodian, lib. 4. *Xiphilini Epit. Dion. in Vit. Ant. Caracallæ*. Part of the language is copied from Seneca's *Thebais*.

*Captain*, a comedy.

*Chances*, a comedy, revived by the late Duke of Buckingham, and very much improved; being acted with extraordinary applause at the Theatre in Dorset-Garden, and printed with the alterations, London, 4to, 1682. This play is built on a novel written by the famous Spaniard Miguel de Cervantes, called *The Lady Cornelia*; which the reader may read at large in a folio volume called *Six Exemplary Novels*.

*Coronation*,

*Coronation*, a tragi-comedy.

*Corcomb*, a comedy, which was revived at the Theatre-Royal, the prologue being spoken by Joe Haines.

*Cupid's Revenge*, a tragedy.

*Custom of the Country*, a tragi-comedy. This is accounted an excellent play; the plot of Rutilio, Duarte, and Guiomar, is founded on one of Malespini's novels, deca. vi. nov. 6.

*Double Marriage*, a tragedy, which has been revived some years ago; as I learn from a new prologue printed in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 14.

*Elder Brother*, a comedy, which has been acted with good applause.

*Faithful Shepherdess*, a pastoral, writ by Mr. Fletcher, and commended by two copies written by the judicious Beaumont, and the learned Jonson, which are inserted among the Commendatory Poems at the beginning of this edition. When this pastoral was first acted before their majesties at Somerset-House on twelfth-night, 1633, instead of a prologue, there was a song in dialogue, sung between a priest and a nymph, which was writ by Sir William D'Avenant; and an epilogue was spoken by the Lady Mary Mordant, which the reader may read in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 86.

*Fair Maid of the Inn*, a tragi-comedy. Mariana's disowning Cæsario for her son, and the duke's injunction to marry him, is related by Causin in his Holy Court, and is transcribed by Wanley in his History of Man, fol. book 3. chap. 26.

*False One*, a tragedy. This play is founded on the adventures of Julius Cæsar in Egypt, and his amours with Cleopatra. See Suetonius, Plutarch, Dion, Appian, Florus, Eutropius, Orosius, &c.

*Four plays, or Moral representations in One: viz. The Triumph of Honour; The Triumph of Love; The Triumph of Death; The Triumph of Time.* I know not whether ever these representations appeared on the stage, or no. *The Triumph of Honour* is founded on Boccaccio his novels, day 10. nov. 5. *The Triumph of Love*, on the same author, day 5. nov. 8. *The Triumph of Death*, on a novel in The Fortunate, Deceived, and Unfortunate Lovers, part 3. nov. 3. See besides Palace of Pleasure, nov. 40. Belleforest, &c. *The Triumph of Time*, as far as falls within my discovery, is wholly the author's invention.

*Honest Man's Fortune*, a tragi-comedy. As to the plot of Montague's being preferred by Lamira to be her husband, when he was in adversity, and least expected, the like story is related by Heywood, History of Women, b. 9. p. 641.

*Humorous Lieutenant*, a tragi-comedy, which I have often seen acted with applause. The character of the Humorous Lieutenant refusing to fight after he was cured of his wounds, resembles the story of the soldier belonging to Lucullus, described in the Epistles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. but the very story is related in Ford's Apothegms, p. 30. How near the poet keeps to the historian I must leave to those that will compare the play with the writers of the lives of Antigonus and Demetrius, the father and the son. See Plutarch's Life of Demetrius, Diodorus, Justin, Appian, &c.

*Island Princess*, a tragi-comedy. This play about three years ago was revived with alterations by Mr. Tate, being acted at the Theatre Royal, printed in 4to. London, 1687, and dedicated to the Right Honourable Henry Lord Walgrave.

King

*King and No King*, a tragi-comedy, which notwithstanding its errors discovered by Mr. Rymer in his criticisms, has always been acted with applause, and has lately been revived on our present theatre with so great success, that we may justly say with Horace,

"*Hæc placuit semel, hæc decus repetita placebit.*"

*Knight of the Burning Pestle*, a comedy. This play was in vogue some years since, it being revived by the King's House, and a new prologue (instead of the old one in prose) being spoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin. The bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the stage, was possibly in imitation of Ben Jonson's Staple of News, who has introduced on the stage Four Gossips, lady-like attired, who remain during the whole action, and criticise upon each scene.

*Knight of Malta*, a tragi-comedy.

*Laws of Candy*, a tragi-comedy.

*Little French Lawyer*, a comedy. The plot is borrowed from Gusman, or the Spanish Rogue, part ii. chap. 4. The story of Dinant, Cleremont, and Lamira, being borrowed from Don Lewis de Castro, and Don Roderigo de Montalva. The like story is in other novels; as in Scarron's Novel, called The Fruitless Precaution; and in The Complaisant Companion, 8vo. p. 263, which is copied from the above-mentioned original.

*Love's Cure, or The Martial Maid*, a comedy.

*Love's Pilgrimage*, a comedy. This I take to be an admirable comedy. The foundation of it is built on a novel of Miguel de Cervantes, called The Two Damsels. The scene in the first act, between Diego the host of Ossuna, and Lazaro his ostler, is stolen from Ben Jonson's New Inn; which I may rather term borrowed, for that play miscarrying in the action, I suppose they made use of it with Ben's consent.

*Lovers' Progress*, a tragi-comedy. This play is built on a French romance written by Mr. Daudiguier, called Lysander and Calista.

*Loyal Subject*, a tragi-comedy.

*Mad Lover*, a tragi-comedy. The design of Cleanthe's suborning the Priestess to give a false oracle in favour of her brother Syphax, is borrowed from the story of Mundus and Paulina, described at large by Josephus, lib. xviii. chap. 4. This play Sir Aston Cokain has chiefly commended in his copy of verses on Mr. Fletcher's plays. See the verses before this edition; and Cokain's Poems, p. 101.

*Maid in the Mill*, a comedy. This play, amongst others, has likewise been revived by the Duke's House. The plot of Antonio, Ismenia, and Aminta, is borrowed from Gerardo, a romance translated from the Spanish of Don Gonzalo de Céspedes, and Moneces; see the story of Don Jayme, p. 330. As to the plot of Orrante's seizing Florinel the miller's supposed daughter, and attempting her chastity: 'Tis borrowed from an Italian novel writ by Bandello; a translation of which into French, the reader may find in *Les Histoires Tragiques, par M. Belleforest, tom. 1. hist. 12.* The same story is related by M. Gouliart; see *Les Histoires admirables de nôtre tems, 8vo. tom. 1. p. 212.*

*Maid's Tragedy*, a play which has always been acted with great applause at the King's Theatre; and which had still continued on the English stage, had not King Charles the Second, for some particular reasons, forbid its further appearance during his reign. It has since been revived by Mr.

Waller, the last act having been wholly altered to please the court. This last act is published in Mr. Waller's Poems, printed 8vo. in London, 1711.

*Masque of Grays-Inn Gentlemen, and the Inner-Temple.* This masque was written by Mr. Beaumont alone, and presented before the King and Queen in the Banqueting-House of Whitehall, at the marriage of the illustrious Frederick and Elizabeth, Prince and Princess Palatine of the Rhine.

*Monsieur Thomas*, a comedy, which not long since appeared on the present stage under the name of Trick for Trick.

*Nice Valour; or The Passionate Madman*, a comedy.

*Night-Walker; or The Little Thief*, a comedy, which I have seen acted by the King's servants, with great applause, both in the city and country.

*Noble Gentleman*, a comedy, which was lately revived by Mr. Dufey, under the title of The Fool's Preferment, or The Three Dukes of Dunstable.

*Philaster; or, Love Lies a-Bleeding*, a tragi-comedy, which has always been acted with success, and has been the diversion of the stage, even in these days. This was the first play that brought these excellent authors in esteem; and this play was one of those that were represented at the old theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, when the women acted alone. The prologue and epilogue were spoken by Mrs. Marshal, and printed in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 18. About this time there was a prologue written on purpose for the women by Mr. Dryden, and is printed in his Miscellaneous Poems in 8vo. p. 285.

*Pilgrim*, a comedy, which was revived some years since, and a prologue spoke, which the reader may find in Covent-Garden Drollery, p. 12.

*Prophetess*, a tragical history, which has lately been revived by Mr. Dryden, under the title of The Prophetess; or The History of Dioclesian, with alterations and additions, after the manner of an opera, represented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed 4to. London, 1690. For the plot consult Eusebius, lib. viii. Nicephorus, lib. vi. and vii. Vopisc. Car. and Carin. Aur. Victoris Epitome. Eutropius, lib. 9. Baronius An. 204. &c. Orosius, l. vii. c. 16. Coeffeteau, l. xx. &c.

*Queen of Corinth*, a tragi-comedy.

*Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, a tragi-comedy, which within these few years has been acted with applause, at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset-Garden.

*Scornful Lady*, a comedy, acted with good applause, even in these times, at the theatre in Dorset-Garden. Mr. Dryden has condemned the conclusion of this play, in reference to the conversion of Moorcraft the usurer; but whether this catastrophe be excusable, I must leave to the critics.

*Sea-Voyage*, a comedy lately revived by Mr. Dufey, under the title of The Commonwealth of Women. This play is supposed by Mr. Dryden, (as I have observed) to be copied from Shakspeare's Tempest.

"The storm which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore,  
Was taught by Shakspeare's Tempest first to roar;  
That innocence and beauty which did smile  
In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle."

Spanish

*Spanish Curate*, a comedy, frequently revived with general applause. The plot of Don Henrique, Ascanio, Violante, and Jacintha, is borrowed from Gerardo's History of Don John, p. 202, and that of Leandro, Bartolus, Amarantha, and Lopez, from The Spanish Curate of the same author, p. 214, &c.

*Thierry and Theodoret*, a tragedy. This play is accounted by some an excellent old play; the plot of it is founded on history. See the French Chronicles in the reign of Clotaire the Second. See Fredegarius Scholasticus, Aimoinus Monachus Floriacensis, De Serres, Mezeray, Crispin, &c.

*Two Noble Kinsmen*, a tragi-comedy. This play was written by Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Shakespeare. The story is taken from Chaucer's Knight's Tale, which Mr. Dryden has admirably put into modern English; it is the first poem in his Fables.

*Valentinian*, a tragedy revived not long ago by that great wit, the Earl of Rochester; acted at the Theatre Royal, and printed in 4to. 1685, with a preface concerning the author and his writings. For the plot see the writers of those times; as Cassidori Chron. Amm. Marcell. Hist. Evagrius, lib. ii. Procopius, &c.

*Wife for a Month*, a tragi-comedy. This play is in my poor judgment well worth reviving, and with the alteration of a judicious pen, would be an excellent drama. The character and story of Alphonso, and his brother Frederick's carriage to him, much resembles the history of Sancho the Eighth, King of Leon. I leave the reader to the perusal of his story in Mariana, and Louis de Mayerne Turquet.

*Wild-Goose Chase*, a comedy valued by the best judges of poetry.

*Wit at several Weapons*, a comedy which by some is thought very diverting; and possibly was the model on which the characters of the Elder Palatine and Sir Morglay Thwack were built by Sir William D'Avenant, in his comedy called The Wits.

*Wit without Money*, a comedy which I have seen acted at the Old House in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with very great applause; the part of Valentinus being played by that complete actor Major Mohun, deceased. This was the first play that was acted after the burning of the King's House in Drury-Lane, a new prologue being writ for them by Mr. Dryden, printed in his Miscellany Poems in 8vo. p. 285.

*Woman-Hater*, a comedy. This play was revived by Sir William D'Avenant, and a new prologue (instead of the old one writ in prose) was spoken, which the reader may peruse in Sir William's Works in folio, p. 249. This play was one of those writ by Fletcher alone.

*Women Pleas'd*, a tragi-comedy. The comical parts of this play throughout between Bartello, Lopez, Isabella, and Claudio, are founded on several of Boccace's novels. See day 7. nov. 6. and 8. day 8. nov. 8.

*Woman's Prize*; or, *The Tamer Tam'd*, a comedy, written on the same foundation with Shakespeare's Taming of the Shrew; or which we may better call a second part or counterpart to that admirable comedy. This was writ by Mr. Fletcher's pen likewise.

# MR. SEWARD'S PREFACE.

(OCTAVO 1750.)

THE public at length receives a new edition of the two great poets, who, with a fate in each case alike unjust, were extolled for near a century after their deaths, as *equals, rivals, nay, superiors* to the immortal Shakespeare; but in the present age have been depressed beneath the smooth-polished enervate issue of the *modern drama*. And as their fame has been so different with respect to other poets, so has it varied also between themselves. Fletcher was a while supposed unable to rise to any height of eminence, had not Beaumont's stronger arm bore him upwards. Yet no sooner had he lost that aid, and demonstrated that it was delight and love, not necessity, which made him *soar abreast* with his amiable friend; but the still injurious world began to strip the plumes from Beaumont, and to dress Fletcher in the whole fame, leaving to the former nothing but the mere *pruning* of Fletcher's luxuriant wit, the *limæ labor*, the *plummet*, and the *rule*, but neither the *plan, materials, composition, or ornaments*. This is directly asserted in Mr. Cartwright's Commendatory Poem on Fletcher.

"Who therefore wisely did submit each birth  
To knowing Beaumont ere it did come forth,  
Working again until he said, '*twas fit*,  
And made him the *soltricty* of his wit.  
Tho' thus he call'd his *judge* into his *fame*,  
And for that aid allow'd him *half the name*." &c.

SEE CARTWRIGHT'S POEM BELOW.

Mr. Harris, in his Commendatory Poem, makes Beaumont a mere dead weight hanging on the boughs of Fletcher's palm.

—————"When thou didst sit  
But as a joint commissioner in wit;  
When it had *plumets* hung on to suppress  
Its too-luxuriant growing mightiness.  
'Till as that tree which seems to be kept down,  
Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone."

I believe this extremely injurious to Beaumont; but as the opinion, or something like it, has lived for ages, and is frequent at this day, it is time at length to restore Beaumont to the full rank of fellowship which he possessed when living, and to fix the standard of their respective merits, before we shew the degree in which their united fame ought to be placed on the British theatre.

Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Harris wrote thirty years after Beaumont's death, and twenty after Fletcher's; and none of the numerous contemporary poems, published with theirs before the first folio edition of our authors, degrade Beaumont so very low as these. Sir John Berkenhead allows him a full *moiety* of the fame, but seems to think his genius more turned to grave *sublimity* than to sprightliness of imagination.

"Fletcher's keen *treble*, and deep Beaumont's *bass*."

Thus



Thus has this line of Sir John's been hitherto read and understood, but its authenticity in this light will be disputed when we come to that poem, and the justness of the character at present. We have among the Com-mendatory Poems, one of Mr. Earle's, wrote immediately after Beaumont's death, and ten years before Fletcher's. He seems to have been an acquaintance as well as contemporary, and his testimony ought to have much more weight than all the traditional opinions of those who wrote thirty years after. He ascribes to Beaumont three first-rate plays; *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and *The King and No King*. The first of these has a *grave sublimity* mingled with more *horror and fury* than are frequently seen among the *gay-spirited* scenes of Fletcher, and probably gave rise to the report of Beaumont's deep bass. But there is scarce a more lively-spirited character in all their plays than *Philaster*, and I believe Beaumont aimed at drawing a Hamlet racked with Othello's love and jealousy. *The King and No King* too is extremely spirited in all its characters; Arbaces holds up a mirror to all men of *virtuous principles but violent passions*. Hence he is as it were at once *magnanimity and pride, patience and fury, gentleness and rigor, chastity and incest*, and is one of the finest mixture of virtues and vices that any poet has drawn, except the Hotspur of Shakespeare, and the *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis Acer*, of Homer. (For a defence of this character against Mr. Rymer's cavils, see the concluding note on *King and No King*.) Bessus and his two Swordsmen in this play are infinitely the liveliest comic characters of mere bragging cowards which we have in our language; and if they do not upon the whole equal the extensive and inimitable humours of Falstaff and his companions, they leave all other characters of the same species, even Shakespeare's own Parolles far behind them.

Our excellent Congreve has consolidated the two Swordsmen to form his Captain Bluff. And be it his honour to have imitated so well, though he is far from reaching the originals. Beaumont lived in the age of *duelling* upon every slight punctilio. Congreve wrote his Bluff in the Flanders war: times when a braggart was the most ridiculous of all characters; and so far was Beaumont from the supposed *grave solemn tragic poet* only, that *comic humour*, particularly in drawing *cowardice*, seems his peculiar talent. For the spirit of Bessus *paulum mutatus*, changed only so as to give a proper novelty of character, appears again in *The Nice Valour*; or, *Passionate Madman*. The traces of the same hand, so strongly marked in this play, strike a new light upon Beaumont's character. For in a letter to Jonson, printed at the end of *The Nice Valour*, vol. x. he speaks of himself not as a nice *corrector* of others works, but as a poet of acknowledged eminence, and of *The Nice Valour*, and some other comedy, (which the publisher of the second folio<sup>1</sup> took for the *Woman-Hater*) as

<sup>1</sup> The publisher of the second folio added several genuine songs, prologues, epilogues, and some lines in particular plays not contained in any former edition, which, by the account given, they perhaps got from either an old actor, or a playhouse-prompter; they say, from a gentleman who had been intimate with both the authors, they probably were directed by lights received from him to place *The Woman Hater* directly before *The Nice Valour*, and to make this the other play Beaumont claims. *The Little French Lawyer*, and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, are most certainly two plays which Beaumont had a large share in, for his hand is very visible in the extreme droll character of *The French Lawyer* who runs *duellomaniac*; the prologue talks of the authors in the plural number, and the strain of high burlesque appears very similar in the two characters of Lazarillo in *The Woman-Hater*, and Ralpho in *The Burning Pestle*. Beaumont's name too is put first in the title-page of the first quarto of this last play, published a few years after Fletcher's death.

his plays (which must be understood indeed as chiefly his, not excluding Fletcher's assistance.) Now these two plays totally differ in their *manner* from all that Fletcher wrote alone. They consist not of characters from real life, as Fletcher and Shakespeare draw theirs, but of *passions* and *humours personized*, as *cowardice* in Lapet, *nice honour* in Shamont, the madness of different passions in the Madman, the love of *nice eating* in Lazarillo, the *hate of women* in Gonderino. This is Jonson's *manner*, to whom in the letter quoted above, Beaumont indeed acknowledges that he owed it.

---

" Fate once again  
 Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain  
 The way of knowledge for me, and then I,  
 Who have no good but in thy company,  
 Protest it will my greatest comfort be  
 To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.  
 Ben, when these scenes are perfect we'll taste wine:  
 I'll drink thy *muse's* health, thou shalt quaff mine."

Does Jonson (who is said constantly to have consulted Beaumont, and to have paid the greatest deference to his judgment) does he, I say, treat him in his answer as a mere *critic*, and *judge* of others works only? No: but as an *eminent poet*, whom he loved with a zeal enough to kindle a love to his memory, as long as poetry delights the understanding, or friendship warms the heart.

" How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,  
 That unto me dost such religion use!  
 How I do fear myself, that am not worth  
 The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!"

See the remainder of this poem iii. of the Commendatory Verses; see also the *first* of these poems by Beaumont himself, the close of which will sufficiently confirm both his vigour of *imagination* and *sprightliness* of *humour*. Having thus, we hope, dispersed the cloud that for ages has darkened Beaumont's fame, let it again shine in full lustre *Britannia sidus alterum et decus gemellum*: And let us now examine the order and magnitude of this *poetic constellation*, and view the joint characters of Beaumont and Fletcher.

These authors are in a direct *mean* between Shakespeare and Jonson, they do not reach the *amazing rapidity* and *immortal flights* of the former, but they soar with *more ease* and to *nobler heights* than the latter; they have less of the *os magna sonans*, the *rivida vis animi*, the *noble enthusiasm*, the *muse of fire*, the *terrible graces* of Shakespeare, but they have much more of all these than Jonson. On the other hand, in *literature* they much excel the former, and are excelled by the latter; and therefore they are more *regular* in their *plots* and more *correct* in their *sentiments* and *diction* than Shakespeare, but less so than Jonson. Thus far Beaumont and Fletcher are *one*, but as hinted above, in this they differ; Beaumont studied and followed Jonson's manner, *personized* the *passions*, and drew *nature* in her *extremes*; Fletcher followed Shakespeare and *nature* in her *usual dress* (this *distinction* only holds with regard to their *comic works*, for in tragedies they all chiefly paint from *real life*.) Which of these *manners* is most excellent may be difficult to say; the former seems most *striking*, the latter more *pleasing*; the former shews *vice* and *folly* in the most ridiculous lights, the

the *latter* more fully shews each man himself, and unlocks the utmost recesses of the heart.

Great are the names of the various *masters* who followed the one and the other *manner*. Jonson, Beaumont, and Moliere list on one side; Terence, Shakespeare, and Fletcher on the other.

But to return to our *dumvirate*, between whom two other small differences are observable. Beaumont, as appears by various *testimonies* and chiefly by his own *letter* prefixed to the old folio edition of *Chaucer*, was a hard student; and for one whom the world lost before he was *thirty*, had a surprising compass of literature: Fletcher was a *polite* rather than a *deep scholar*, and conversed with *men* at least as much as with *books*. Hence the *gay sprightliness* and natural *ease* of his young gentleman are allowed to be inimitable; in these he has been preferred by judges of candour even to Shakespeare himself. If Beaumont does not equal him in this, yet being by his *fortune* conversant also in high life (the son of a judge, as the other of a bishop) he is in this too *alter ab illo*, a good *second*, and almost a *second self*, as Philaster, Amintor, Bacurius in the three first plays, Count Valore, Oriana, Clerimont, Valentine, and others evidently shew.

This small difference observed, another appears by no means similar to it: Beaumont, we said, chiefly studied *books* and Jonson; Fletcher *Nature* and Shakespeare, yet so far was the *first* from following his *friend* and *master* in his frequent close and almost servile imitations of the ancient *classics*, that he seems to have had a much greater confidence in the *fertility* and *richness* of his own imagination than even Fletcher himself; the *latter* in his *masterpiece*, The Faithful Shepherdess, frequently imitates Theocritus and Virgil; in Rollo has taken whole scenes from Seneca, and almost whole acts from Lucan in The False One. I do not blame him for this, his imitations have not the *stiffness*, which sometimes appears (though not often) in Jonson, but breathe the free and full air of *originals*; and accordingly Rollo<sup>3</sup> and The False One are two of Fletcher's first-rate plays. But Beaumont, I believe, never condescended to *translate* and rarely to *imitate*; however largely he was supplied with classic streams, from his own *urn* all flows *pure* and *untinctured*. Here the two friends change places: Beaumont *rises* in merit towards Shakespeare, and Fletcher descends towards Jonson.

Having thus seen the features of these *twins* of poetry greatly *resembling* yet still distinct from each other, let us conclude that all reports which separate and lessen the fame of either of them are ill-grounded and false; that they were, as Sir John Berkenhead calls them, *two full congenial souls*, or, as either Fletcher himself, or his still greater colleague Shakespeare expresses it in their Two Noble Kinsmen. Vol. x. p. 32.

"They were an endless *mine* to one another;  
They were each others *wife*, ever begetting  
New births of wit."

<sup>3</sup> Rollo is in the first edition in quarto ascribed to Fletcher alone. The False One is one of those plays that is more dubious as to its authors. The prologue speaks of them in the plural number, and 'tis probable that Beaumont assisted in the latter part of it, but I believe not much in the two first acts, as these are so very much taken from Lucan, and the observation of Beaumont's not indulging himself in such liberties holds good in all the plays in which he is known to have had the largest share.

They were both extremely remarkable for their *ready flow* of wit in *conversation* as well as *composition*, and *gentlemen* that remembered them, says Shirley, declare that on every occasion they *talked a comedy*. As therefore they were so *twinned in genius, worth, and wit, so lovely and pleasant in their lives*, after death, let not their fame be ever again *divided*.

And now, reader, when thou art fired into rage or melted into pity by their *tragic scenes*, charmed with the genteel elegance or bursting into laughter at their *comic humour*, canst thou not drop the intervening ages, steal into Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher's *club-room* at the Mermaid, on a night when Shakespeare, Donne, and others visited them, and there join in society with as great *wits* as ever this *nation*, or perhaps ever Greece or Rome could at one time boast? where animated each by the other's presence, they even excelled themselves;

— “For wit is like a rest,  
Held up at tennis, which men do the best  
With the best gamesters. What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown  
Wit able enough to justify the *town*  
For three days past; wit that might warrant be  
For the whole city to talk foolishly  
Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone  
We left an air behind us, which alone  
Was able to make the two next companies  
Right witty; though but downright fools, were wise.”

BEAUMONT'S LETTER TO JONSON, vol. x.

Hitherto the reader has received only the *portraits* of our authors without any proof of the similitude and justice of the *draught*; nor can we hope that will appear just from a mere cursory view of the originals. Many people read plays chiefly for the sake of the *plot*, hurrying still on for that discovery. The happy contrivance of surprising but natural incidents is certainly a very great beauty in the *drama*, and little writers have often made their advantages of it; they could contrive *incidents* to embarrass and perplex the *plot*, and by that alone have succeeded and pleased, without perhaps a single life of *nervous poetry*, a single *sentiment* worthy of memory, without a *passion* worked up with natural vigour, or a character of any distinguished marks. The best *poets* have rarely made this *dramatic mechanism* their point. Neither Sophocles, Euripides, Terence, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, or Jonson, are at all remarkable for forming a *labyrinth of incidents* and entangling their readers in a *pleasing perplexity*: our late dramatic poets learnt this from the French, and they from *romance-writers* and *novelists*. We could almost wish the readers of Beaumont and Fletcher to drop the expectation of the event of each story, to attend with more care to the beauty and energy of the *sentiments, diction, passions, and characters*. Every good author pleases more, the more he is examined; (hence perhaps that *partiality of editors* to their own authors; by a more intimate acquaintance, they discover more of their beauties than they do of others) especially when the *style* and *manner* are quite *old-fashioned*, and the beauties hid under the uncouthness of the dress. The

*taste*

*taste and fashion of poetry* varies in every age, and though our old dramatic writers are as preferable to the modern as Vandyke and Rubens to our modern painters, yet most eyes must be accustomed to their *manner* before they can discern their *excellencies*. Thus the very best plays of Shakespeare were forced to be dressed *fashionably* by the *poetic tailors* of the late ages before they could be admitted upon the stage, and a very few years since his *comedies* in general were under the highest contempt. Few, very few durst speak of them with any sort of regard, till the many excellent *criticisms* upon that author made people study him, and some excellent *actors* revived these comedies, which completely opened men's eyes; and it is now become as *fashionable* to admire as it had been to decry them.

Shakespeare therefore even in his *second-best manner* being now generally admired, we shall endeavour to prove that his *second-rate* and our author's *first-rate beauties* are so near upon a par that they are scarce distinguishable. A preface allows not room for sufficient proofs of this, but we will produce at least some parallels of poetic *diction* and *sentiments*, and refer to some of the *characters* and *passions*.

The instances will be divided into three classes: the first of passages where our authors fall short in comparison of Shakespeare; the second of such as are not easily discerned from him; the third of those where Beaumont and Fletcher have the advantage.

In *The Maid's Tragedy* there is a similar passage to one of Shakespeare, the comparison of which alone will be no bad scale to judge of their different excellencies. Melantius the general thus speaks of his friend Amintor.

"His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,  
And one that never thinks his life his own  
If his friend need it: when he was a boy  
As oft as I returned (as, without boast  
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,  
And view me round, to find in what one limb  
The virtue lay to do those things he heard;  
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel  
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand  
Weigh it.—He oft would make me smile at this;  
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years  
Will see it all performed." Vol. i. act i.

A youth gazing on every limb of the victorious chief, then begging his sword, feeling its edge, and poising it in his arm, are attitudes nobly expressive of the inward ardor and ecstasy of soul: but what is most observable is,

—————"And in his hand  
Weigh it—He oft, &c."

By this beautiful pause or break, the *action* and *picture* continue in view, and the poet, like Homer, is *eloquent in silence*. It is a species of beauty that shews an intimacy with that *father of poetry*, in whom it occurs extremely often<sup>1</sup>. Milton has an exceeding fine one in the description of his Lazar-House.

—————"Despair  
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,  
And over them triumphant Death his dart  
Shook,—but delay'd to strike, &c." PARADISE LOST, book xi. line 489.

<sup>1</sup> See two noble instances at l. 141. of the 13th Book of the *Iliad*, and in the application of the same simile a few lines below.

As Shakespeare did not study *versification* so much as those poets who were conversant in Homer and Virgil, I do not remember in him any striking instance of this species of beauty. But he even wanted it not; his *sentiments* are so amazingly striking, that they pierce the heart at once; and *diction* and *numbers*, which are the *beauty* and *nerves* adorning and invigorating the *thoughts* of other poets, to him are but like the *bodies of angels*, *azure vehicles*, through which the whole *soul* shines transparent. Of this take the following instance. The old Belarius in *Cymbeline* is describing the in-born royalty of the two *princes* whom he had bred up as peasants in his cave.

---

" This Paladour, (whom  
The king his father call'd Guiderius) Jove!  
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out  
Into my story: Say thus mine enemy fell,  
And thus I set my foot on's neck—even then  
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
That acts my words."—

CYMBELINE, act.iii. scene.iii.

Much the same difference as between these two passages occurs likewise in the following pictures of *rural melancholy*, the first of *innocence forlorn*, the second of *philosophic tenderness*.

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" I have a boy  
Sent by the gods I hope to this intent,  
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck  
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,  
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,  
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;  
A garland lay by him, made by himself  
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,  
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness  
Delighted me: but ever when he turn'd  
His tender eyes upon them, he would weep,  
As if he meant to make them grow again.  
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story;  
He told me, that his parents gentle died,  
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,  
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs  
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun  
Which still he thank'd him, yielded him his light.  
Then took he up his garland, and did shew,  
What every flower, as country people hold,  
Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,  
Express his grief; and to my thoughts did read  
The prettiest lecture of his country art  
That could be wish'd, so that methought I could  
Have studied it."—

PHILASTER, vol. i. act i.

Jaques, in *As You Like It*, is *moralizing* upon the fate of the deer goared by the hunters in their native confines.

---

" The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,  
To day my lord of Amiens and myself  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along

Under

Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
 To the which place a poor sequestered stag,  
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish; and indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke.* But what said Jaques?

Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*Lord.* Oh, yes, into a thousand similes.

First, for his weeping in the needless stream;

Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more

To that which had too much; then being alone

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends:

'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part

The flux of company: Anon a careless herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,

And never stays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,

Sweep on, ye fat and greasy citizens,

'Tis just the fashion, &c."

AS YOU LIKE IT, act ii. scene i.

Shakespeare is certainly much preferable, but 'tis only as a Raphael is preferable to a Guido—Philaster alone would afford numbers of passages similar to some of Shakespeare's, upon which the same observation will hold true, they are not equal to his very *best manner*, but they approach near it. As I have mentioned Jonson being in poetic energy about the same distance below our authors, as Shakespeare is above them, I shall quote three passages which seem to me in this very *scale*. Jonson translates *verbatim* from Sallust great part of Catiline's speech to his soldiers, but adds in the close:

"Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting  
 What we will do; and all the Heaven at leisure  
 For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords:  
 And if our Destiny envy our Virtue  
 The honour of the day, yet let us care  
 To sell ourselves at such a price, as may  
 Undo the world to buy us; and make Fate  
 While she tempts ours, fear for her own estate."

CATILINE, act v.

Jonson has here added greatly to the *ferocity, terror, and despair* of Catiline's speech, but it is consonant to his character both in his life and death. The image in the three first lines is extremely noble, and may be said to emulate though not quite to reach the poetic ecstasy of the following passage in Bonduca. Suetonius the Roman general having his small army hemmed round by multitudes, tells his soldiers that the number of the foes,

"Is but to stick more honour on your actions,  
 Load you with virtuous names, and to your memories  
 Tie never-dying Time and Fortune constant.  
 Go on in full assurance, draw your swords  
 As daring and as confident as Justice.  
 The Gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye  
 Pitch'd on the topless Apennine, and blows

The

To all the under world, all nations, seas,  
And unfrequented deserts where the snow dwells,  
Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there  
Informs again the dead bones with your virtues\*."

The four first lines are extremely nervous, but the image which appears to excel the noble one of Jonson above, as Fame pitched on mount Apennine (whose top is supposed viewless from its stupendous height) and from thence sounding their *virtues* so loud that the dead awake and are re-animating to hear them. The close of the sentiment is extremely in the spirit of Shakespeare and Milton; the former says of a storm—

"That with the hurly Death itself awakes;"

Milton in *Comus*, describing a lady's singing, says;

"He took in sounds that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death."

To return to Shakespeare—With him we must soar far above the *topless* Apennine, and there behold an image much nobler than our author's Fame.

"For now sits *Expectation* in the air\*,  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
With crowns imperial."——

CHORUS in *HENRY V.* act ii. scene i.

As we shall now go on to the second class, and quote passages where the hand of Shakespeare is not so easily discerned from our author's, if the reader happens to remember neither, it may be entertaining to be left to guess at the different hands. Thus each of them describing a beautiful boy.

—————"Dear lad, believe it,  
For they shall yet belie thy happy years  
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe  
Is as the maidens organ, shrill, and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part."

The other is

"Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?"

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be  
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,  
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,  
And builds himself eaves to abide in them."

[\* Is but to stick, &c.]—*Mr. Seward has in this passage amended the punctuation, which in the former copies materially injured the sense. The reader is desired to consult the lection of the present edition, and note* <sup>42</sup> *act iii. scene ii. of The Tragedy of Bonduca, vol. ii. p. 323-4.*

<sup>4</sup> *For now sits Expectation, &c.] See Mr. Warburton's just observation on the beauty of the imagery here. But, as similar beauties do not always strike the same taste alike, another passage in this play that seems to deserve the same admiration is rejected by this great man as not Shakespeare's. The French King speaking of the Black Prince's victory at Cressy, says,*

"While that his mountain Sire, on mountain standing,  
Up in the air crown'd with the golden sun,  
Saw his heroic seed, and smil'd to see him  
Mangle the work of Nature."

*HENRY V.* act ii. scene 4.

I have marked the line rejected, "and which seems to breathe the full soul of Shakespeare." The reader will find a defence and explanation of the whole passage in note <sup>42</sup> *act iv. scene i. of Thierry and Theodoret, vol. iii. of this edition.*

The



The one is in *Philaster*, page 131. The other in *Twelfth-Night*, act i. scene 4.—In the same page of *Philaster*, there is a description of *love*, which the reader, if he pleases, may compare to two descriptions of *love* in *As You Like It*—both by *Silvia*, but neither preferable to our author's. I cannot quote half of those which occur in the play of *Philaster* alone, which bear the same degree of likeness as the last quoted passages, *i. e.* where the hands are scarce to be distinguished; but I will give one parallel more from thence, because the passages are both extremely fine, though the hands from one single expression of Shakespeare's are more visible, a prince deprived of his throne and betrayed as he thought in *love*, thus mourns his melancholy state.

" Oh! that I had been nourish'd in these woods  
With milk of goats and acorns, and not known  
The *right of crowns*, nor the dissembling trains  
Of *womens looks*; but dig'd myself a cave,  
Where I<sup>1</sup>, my fire, my cattle and my bed,  
Might have been shut together in one shed;  
And then had taken me some mountain girl,  
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks  
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed  
With leaves and reeds, and with the skins of beasts  
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts  
My large coarse issue!"

In the other, a king thus compares the state of royalty to that of a private life.

" No not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,  
Not all these laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cram'm'd with distressful bread;  
Never sees horrid Night, the child of hell:  
But, like a lackey<sup>\*</sup>, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;  
And follows so the ever-running year  
With profitable labour to his grave.  
And (but for ceremony) such a wretch  
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king."

The instances of these two classes, particularly the former, where the exquisite beauties of Shakespeare are not quite reached, are most numerous; and though the design of the notes in this edition was in general only to settle the text, yet in three of the plays, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, *The False One*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, that design is much enlarged, for reasons there assigned. And if the reader pleases to turn to these, he will find several parallels between Fletcher, Shakespeare, and

<sup>1</sup> Juvenal, Sat. vi.

[\* But like a lackey, &c.—Seward proposes altering *A* to *his*; for a lackey being "the idlest of all servants," "the simile is absurd;" but *his* lackey " (*i. e.* the lackey of Phœbus)" means "one who follows the motions of the sun as constant as a lackey does those of his master." Is not this a distinction without a difference? or does *Apollo* keep but one lackey?—In supporting the variation, he makes some remarks (which we think uninteresting) on remote antecedents, and digresses on the subject of *Richard* mentioning the formal Vice, Iniquity, with which every reader of *Shakespeare's Commentators* must be already surfeited.]

Milton, that are most of them to be ranged under one of these classes: But there is a third class of those instances where our authors have been so happy as to soar above Shakespeare, and even where Shakespeare is not greatly beneath himself.

In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the forlorn Julia, disguised as a boy, being asked of Silvia how tall Julia was, answers:

"About my stature: For at Pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Oyr youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown.  
And at that time I made her weep a-good,  
For I did play a lamentable part.  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne passioning  
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead,  
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow."<sup>6</sup>

*Act iv, scene the last.*

There is something extremely tender, innocent, and delicate, in these lines of Shakespeare, but our authors are far beyond this praise in their allusion to the same story. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, Aspatia in like manner forsaken by her lover, finds her maid Antiphila working a picture of Ariadne; and after several fine reflections upon Theseus, says;

"But where's the lady?  
*Ant.* There, madam.  
*Asp.* Fy, you have miss'd it here, Antiphila,  
These colours are not dull and pale enough,  
To shew a soul so full of misery  
As this sad lady's was; do it by me;  
Do it again by me the lost Aspatia,  
And you shall find all true.—Put me' on th' wild island."

I stand

\* *If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.*] Whoever fully catches the tender melancholy of these lines, will know that Julia under such distress could not feign a case so exactly the parallel of her own, without such emotions as would speak themselves in every feature, and flow in tears from her eyes. She adds the last line therefore to take off the suspicion of her being the real Julia. But would she only say, that she *felt* Julia's sorrow formerly, when she saw her weep? No! She must excuse the present perturbation of her countenance, and the true reading most probably is:

"And would I might be dead,  
If I in thought feel not her very sorrow."

This better agrees with the double meaning intended, and with Silvia's reply, who says,

"She is beholden to thee, gentle youth.  
I weep myself to think upon thy words."

*[The text is surely unexceptionable, and the alteration a needless refinement.]*

<sup>7</sup> *Put me' on th' wild island.*] I have given these lines as I think we ought to read them, but very different from what are printed in this edition. Four of the old *quarto's*, the *folio*, and the late *octavo* read,

"And you shall find all true but the wild island.  
I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think," &c.

I observed

I stand upon the sea-beach now, and think  
 Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown by the wind,  
 Wild as that desert, and let all about me  
 Be teachers of my story; do my face  
 (If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
 Thus, thus, Antiphila; strive to make me look  
 Like Sorrow's monument; and the trees about me  
 Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks  
 Groan with continual surges, and behind me  
 Make all a desolation; see, see, wenches,  
 A miserable life of this poor picture." Vol. i. act ii.

Whoever has seen either the original or print of Guido's Bacchus and Ariadne will have the best *comment* on these lines. In both are the arms extended, the hair blown by the wind, the barren roughness of the rocks, the broken trunks of leafless trees, and in both she looks like *Sorrow's monument*. So that exactly *ut pictura poesis*; and hard it is to say, whether our authors or Guido *painted best*. I shall refer to the note below for a farther comment, and proceed to another instance of superior excellence in our authors, and where they have more evidently built on Shakes-

I observed to Mr. Theobald, that here was a glaring *poetical contradiction*. She says, you'll find all true except the *wild island*, and instantly she is upon the island.

"*I stand upon the sea-beach now,*" &c.

The wild island therefore in her imagination is as true as the rest. The enthusiasm is noble, but wants a proper introduction, which the change only of a *b* for a *p* will tolerably give.

"*And you shall find all true.—Put the wild island;  
 I stand,*" &c.

But as there are numberless instances of many words, and particularly monosyllables, being dropt from the text (of which there is one in the same page with these lines, and another in the same play, vol. i. p. 59. very remarkable) I suppose this to have happened here; for by reading *Put me on the wild island*;—*I stand upon,* &c. how nobly does she start as it were from *fancy to reality*, from the *picture into the life*? *Me' on th'* by elisions common to all our old poets, may become one syllable in the pronunciation; but if we speak them full, and make a twelve syllable verse, it will have a hundred fellows in our authors, and should have had one but three lines below the passage here quoted,

"*Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sadness  
 Give us new souls.*"

As Aspatia's grief had been of long continuance, *sudden* was evidently corrupt, and I therefore proposed to Mr. Theobald to read *sullen*, which is an epithet perfectly proper and extremely nervous; but as he could by no means be persuaded to mention the former conjecture, and the only objection he urged was, that it made a twelve-syllable verse, he would not let one of twelve syllables remain so near it; and therefore without authority of any prior edition, discarded the epithet intirely from the text, and adopted the reading of the first quarto in the former passage.

"*Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,*" &c.

As this is much the most unpoetical of all the readings, and the first introducers of the text in the intermediate editions claim their corrections from the original manuscript, I can by no means approve the choice he has made.

[*We cannot perceive any necessity for these variations; the oldest quarto is therefore followed in this edition.—But is certainly preferable to put, with Seward's elisions; and suppose, at the beginning of the line, seems much better than and think at the end, as it continues the dialogue more easily. As to sudden, Theobald's silent omission is very faulty; the expression is dark, but we cannot find that sullen at all assists it.*]

peare's

peure's foundation. At the latter-end of King John the King has received  
a *burning poison*; and being asked,

"How fares your majesty?

*K. John.* Poison'd, ill fare! dead, forsook, east off;  
And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To trust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
Thro' my burnt bosom; nor entreat the North  
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,  
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much,  
I beg cold comfort."

The first and last lines are to be ranged among the *faults* that so much disgrace Shakespeare, which he committed to please the corrupt taste of the age he lived in, but to which Beaumont and Fletcher's learning and fortune made them superior. The intermediate lines are extremely beautiful, and marked as such by the late great editor, but yet are much improved in two plays of our authors, the first in Valentinian, where the Emperor, poisoned in the same manner, dies with more *violence, fury, and horror*, than King John; but the passage I shall quote is from *A Wife for a Month*, a play which does not upon the whole equal the poetic sublimity of Valentinian, though it rather excels it in the poisoning scene. The Prince Alphonso, who had been long in a phrenzy of melancholy, is poisoned with a hot fiery potion; under the agonies of which he thus raves:

"Give me more air, more air, air; blow, blow, blow,  
Open thou Eastern gate, and blow upon me;  
Distil thy cold dews, oh, thou icy moon,  
And rivers run thro' my afflicted spirit.  
I am all fire, fire, fire; the raging dog-star  
Reigns in my blood; oh, which way shall I turn me?  
Ætna and all her flames burn in my head.  
Fling me into the ocean or I perish.  
Dig, dig, dig, dig, until the springs fly up,  
The cold, cold springs, that I may leap into them,  
And bathe my scorch'd limbs in their *purling pleasures*;  
Or shoot me into the higher region,  
Where treasures of delicious snow are nourish'd,  
And banquets of sweet hail.

*Rug.* Hold him fast, friar,  
Oh, how he burns!

*Alph.* What, will ye sacrifice me?  
Upon the altar lay my willing body,  
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incense;  
And, as I turn me, you shall see all flame,  
Consuming flame. Stand off me, or you're ashes.

• • • • •

*Mart.* To bed, good Sir.

*Alph.* My bed will burn about me;  
Like Phaeton, in all-consuming flashes  
Am I enclos'd; let me fly, let me fly, give room;  
Twixt the cold bears, far from the raging lion,  
Lies my safe way; oh, for a cake of ice now  
To clap unto my heart to comfort me.  
Deerepit Winter hang upon my shoulders,  
And let me wear thy frozen icicles,

Like jewels round about my head, to cool me.  
 My eyes burn out and sink into their sockets,  
 And my infected brain like brimstone boils;  
 I live in hell and several furies vex me.  
 Oh, carry me where never sun e'er shew'd yet  
 A face of comfort, where the earth is crystal,  
 Never to be dissolv'd, where nought inhabits  
 But night and cold, and nipping frosts and winds,  
 That cut the stubborn rocks, and make them shiver;  
 Set me there, friends."

Every reader of taste will see how superior this is to the quotation from Shakespeare. The images are vastly more numerous, more judicious, more nervous, and the passions are wrought up to the highest pitch; so that it may be fairly preferred to every thing of its kind in all Shakespeare, except one scene of Lear's madness, which it would emulate too, could we see such an excellent comment on it as Lear receives from his representative on the stage.

As these last quotations are not only specimens of *diction* and *sentiment*, but of *passions* inflamed into *poetic enthusiasm*; I shall refer the reader to some other parallels of *passions* and *characters* that greatly resemble, and sometimes rival the spirit and sublimity of Shakespeare. He will please therefore to compare the *phrenzy* and the whole sweet *character* of the Jailor's Daughter in the Two Noble Kinsmen to Ophelia in Hamlet, where the *copy* is so extremely like the *original* that either the same hand drew both, or Fletcher's is not to be distinguished from Shakespeare's:—To compare the deaths of Pontius and Æcius in Valentinian with that of Cassius, Brutus and their friends in Julius Cæsar, and if he *admires* a little less, he will *weep* much more; it more excels in the *pathetic* than it falls short in *dignity*:—To compare the *character* and *passions* of Cleopatra in the False One, to those of Shakespeare's Cleopatra:—To compare the pious deprecations and grief-mingled fury of Edith (upon the murder of her father by Rollo, in the Bloody Brother) to the *grief* and *fury* of Macduff, upon his wife and children's murder. Our authors will not, we hope, be found *light* in the *scale* in any of these instances; though their *beam* in general fly some little *upwards*, it will sometimes at least tug hard for a *poise*. But be it allowed, that as in *diction* and *sentiment*, so in *characters* and *passions*, Shakespeare in general excels, yet here too a very strong instance occurs of pre-eminence in our authors. It is Juliana in the Double Marriage, who, through her whole *character*, in conjugal fidelity, unshaken constancy and amiable tenderness, even more than rivals the Portia of Shakespeare, and her *death* not only far excels the others, but even the most *pathetic deaths* that Shakespeare has any where described or exhibited; King Lear's with Cordelia dead in his arms, most resembles, but by no means equals it; the grief, in this case, only pushes an *old man* into the *grave*, already *half buried* with age and misfortunes; in the other, it is such *consummate horror*, as in a few minutes *freezes youth and beauty* into a *monumental statue*. The last parallel I shall mention, shall give Shakespeare his due preference, where our authors very visibly emulate but cannot reach him. It is the quarrel of Amintor and Melantius in the Maid's Tragedy compared to that of Brutus and Cassius. The beginning of the quarrel is upon as just grounds, and the passions are wrought up to as great violence, but there is not such extreme *dignity* of character,

nor such noble sentiments of *morality* in either Amintor or Melantius as in Brutus.<sup>3</sup>

Having thus given, we hope, pretty strong proofs of our authors excellence in the *sublime*, and shewn how near they approach in splendor to the *great sun* of the British Theatre; let us now just touch on their *comedies* and draw one parallel of a very different kind. Horace makes a doubt whether *comedy* should be called *poetry* or not, i. e. whether the comedies of Terence, Plautus, Menander, &c. should be esteemed such, for in its own nature there is a *comic poetic diction* as well as a *tragic* one; a diction which Horace himself was a great master of, though it had not then been used in the *drama*; for even the sublimest sentiments of Terence, when his *comedy* raises its voice to the greatest dignity, are still not clothed in *poetic diction*. The British *drama* which before Jonson received only some little improvement from the *models* of Greece and Rome, but sprung chiefly from their own *moralities*, and *religious farces*; and had a birth extremely similar to what the Grecian *drama* originally sprung from; differed in its growth from the Greeks chiefly in two particulars. The latter separated the *solemn* parts of their religious shews from the *satiric farcical* parts of them, and so formed the distinct species of *tragedy* and *comedy*; the Britons were not so happy, but suffered them to continue united, even in hands of as great or greater poets than Sophocles and Euripides. But they had far better success in the second instance. The Greeks appropriated the spirit and nerves of poetry to *tragedy* only, and though they did not wholly deprive the *comedy* of metre, they left it not the shadow of *poetic diction* and *sentiment*;

“ Idcirco quidam, comœdia necne poema  
Esset, quæsiuere: Quod acer spiritus ac vis  
Nec verbis nec rebus inest.”

The Britons not only retained metre in their comedies, but also all the *acer spiritus*, all the strength and nerves of poetry, which was in a good measure owing to the happiness of our blank verse, which at the same time that it is capable of the highest *sublimity*, the most extensive and noblest *harmony* of the *tragic* and *epic*; yet when used familiarly is so near the *sermo pedestris*, so easy and natural as to be well adapted even to the drollest *comic dialogue*. The French common metre is the very reverse of this; it is much too stiff and formal either for *tragedy* or *comedy*, unable to rise with

3 One key to Amintor's heroism and distress, will, I believe, solve all the objections that have been raised to this scene; which will vanish at once by only an *occasional conformity* to our authors *ethical* and *political* principles. They held *passive obedience* and *non-resistance* to princes an indispensable duty; a doctrine which Queen Elizabeth's goodness made her subjects fond of imbibing, and which her successor's *king-craft*, with far different views, carried to its highest pitch. In this period, our authors wrote, and we may as well quarrel with Tasso for Popery, or with Homer and Virgil for Heathenism, as with our authors for this principle. It is therefore the violent shocks of the highest provocations struggling with what Amintor thought his eternal duty; of nature rebelling against principle (as a famous partisan for this doctrine in Queen Ann's reign expressed it, when he happened not to be in the ministry) which drive the *heroic youth* into that *parenzy*, which makes him challenge his dearest friend for espousing too revengefully his own quarrel against the *sacred majesty* of the most abandonedly wicked king. The same key is necessary to the heroism of Æcius, Aubrey, Archas, and many others of our author's characters; in all which the reader will perhaps think, there is something unnaturally absurd; but the absurdity is wholly chargeable on the doctrine not on the poets.

proper

proper dignity to the sublimity of the one, or to descend with ease to the jocose familiarity of the other. Besides the cramp of rhyme every line is cut asunder by so strong a *cæsure*, that in English we should divide it into the *three-foot stanza*, as

“ When Fanny blooming fair  
First caught my ravish'd sight,  
Struck with her shape and air  
I felt a strange delight.” \*

Take one of the rhimes from these, and write them in two lines, they are exactly the same with the French *tragic* and *epic* metre.

“ When Fanny blooming fair, first caught my ravish'd sight,  
Struck with her air and shape, I felt a strange delight.”

In a language where this is their sublimest measure, no wonder that their greatest poet should write his *Telemaque* an epic poem in prose. Every one must know that the *genteel parts of comedy*, descriptions of polite life, moral sentences, paternal fondness, filial duty, generous friendship, and particularly the delicacy and tenderness of lovers' sentiments are equally proper to poetry in *comedy* as *tragedy*; in these things there is no sort of real difference between the two, and what the Greeks and Latins formed had no foundation in nature; our old poets therefore made no such difference, and their comedies in this respect vastly excel the Latins and Greeks. Jonson who reformed many faults of our *drama*, and followed the plans of Greece and Rome very closely in most instances, yet preserved the poetic fire and diction of comedy as a great excellence. How many instances of inimitable *poetic beauties* might one produce from Shakspeare's comedies? Not so many yet extremely numerous are those of our authors, and such as in an ancient classic would be thought *beauties* of the first magnitude. These lie before me in such variety, that I scarce know where to fix. But I'll confine myself chiefly to *moral sentiments*. In the Elder Brother, Charles the scholar thus speaks of the joys of *literature*; being asked by his father——

—————“ Nor will you  
Take care of my estate?  
Char. But in my wishes;  
For know, Sir, that the wings on which my soul  
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high  
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.  
Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth,  
In that gross element fix all their happiness;  
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off  
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave  
To enjoy myself; that place that does contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old *sages* and *philosophers*;  
And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
With *kings* and *emperors*, and weigh their counsels;  
Calling their *victories*, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-plac'd *statues*.”

Vol. i. act. i. scene ii.

[\* This is the first stanza of a song by Lord Chesterfield. R.]

In

In Monsieur Thomas, a youth in love with his *friend's* intended wife, after resisting the greatest temptations of *passion*, is thus encouraged by the young lady to persevere in his integrity.

*Francis.* Whither do you drive me?

*Cellide.* Back to your *honesty*, make that good ever,  
Tis like a strong-built *castle* seated high  
That draws on all *ambitions*; still repair it,  
Still fortify it: There are thousand *foes*,  
Beside the tyrant *beauty* will assail it.  
Look to your *centinels* that watch it hourly,  
Your *eyes*, let them not wander,——

————— Keep your *ears*,  
The two main *parts* that may betray ye, strongly  
From *light belief* first, then from *flattery*,  
Especially where *woman* beats the *parley*;  
The *body* of your *strength*, your noble *heart*  
From ever yielding to dishonest *envy*,  
Ridg'd round about with *virtue*, that no *breaches*,  
No subtle *mines* may find you.<sup>9</sup>

\* Our authors, in carrying the metaphor of a *citadel* compared to the *mind* through so many divisions, seem to have built on the foundation of St. Paul, who in like manner carries on a metaphor from *armour* through its several parts. Ephesians vi. 11.

Put on the whole armour of God—having your *loins* girt about with *truth*, and having on the *breast-plate* of *righteousness*.—Above all, taking the *shield* of *faith*, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the *fiery darts* of the wicked; and take the *helmet* of *salvation*, and the sword of the *Spirit* which is the *Word* of *God*. See also the same metaphor in Isaiah, lix. 17. from whom St. Paul took his. Were I to quote our author's frequent resemblance to the style and sentiments of the *Scriptures*, another very large field would open to us; and this would help us to the solution of two questions, which they who have a just taste of the excellencies of our old English poets naturally ask: 1. How came the British muse in the very infancy of literature, when but just sprung from the dark womb of monkish superstition, to rise at once to such maturity, as she did in Spenser, Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson and Maesenger? 2. What spirit is it that has animated the *frozen foggy genius* of Britain into a nobler and fiercer flame of *poetry* than was ever yet kindled in the bright invigorating climes of France and modern Italy; inasmuch, that a Gallic and Italian eye is dazzled and offended at the brightness of the noblest expressions of Milton, and the authors above-mentioned? We answer. It was no less a spirit than the *Spirit* of *God*, it was the *sun* of *righteousness*, the *hallowed light* of the *Scriptures* that was just then risen on the British clime, but is still hid in clouds and darkness to France and Italy. A *light* to which the brightest strokes of Milton and Shakespeare are but as rays of the mid-day *sun*, when compared to that *ineffable inconceivable lustre* which surrounds the *throne* of *God*. When the zeal of religion ran high, and a collection of far the *noblest poems* that were ever wrote in the world, those of Job, David, Isaiah and all the prophets were daily read, and publicly, solemnly and learnedly commented upon, in almost every town in the kingdom; when every man thought it a disgrace not to study them in private, and not to treasure the noblest parts of them in his memory, what wonder was it that our poets should catch so much of the sacred fire, or that the British *genius* should be arrayed with the beams of the east? But when the love of the *scriptures* waxed faint, the *nerves* of our *poetry* grew in the same proportion weak and languid. One of the best means therefore to gain a true taste of the extreme poetic sublimity of the sacred *scriptures*, is to converse with those *poets* whose style and sentiments most resemble them. And the very best means to restore the British *genius* to its pristine vigour, and to create other Shakespeares and other Miltons, is to promote the study, love and admiration of those *Scriptures*.

A concurrent cause, which raised the spirit of *poetry* to such a height in *Queen Elizabeth's* reign, was the encouragement and influence of the *queen* herself; to whom *polite literature* was the most courtly accomplishment. Look into Spenser's Description of her Lords and Favourites, and you'll find a *learned queen* made a whole court of poets, just as an *amorous monarch* afterwards made every flowery courtier write romance; and martial princes have turned intimidated *arriaues* into heroes.



As Cellide had before used a *light behaviour* in trial of his virtue, upon finding it only a *trial*, and receiving from her this virtuous lecture, he rejoins;

“How like the sun  
Labouring in his *eclipse*, *dark and prodigious*  
She shew'd till now? when having won his way,  
How full of wonder he *breaks out* again  
And sheds his *virtuous beams*?”

Such passages as these are frequent in our authors *comedies*; were they express only in genteel prose, they would rank with the very noblest passages of Terence, but what reason upon earth can be assigned, *but mere fashion*, why, because they are parts of *comedies*, they should be weakened and flattened into prose<sup>10</sup> by drawing the *sineux* of their *strength* and *eclipsing* those *poetic beams* that shed vigour, life and lustre on every sentiment?—

Such *poetic* excellence therefore will the reader find in the genteel parts of our author's *comedies*, but, as before hinted, there is a *poetic stile* often equally proper and excellent even in the lowest *drollery of comedy*. Thus when the jocose old Miramont in the Elder Brother catches austere solemn magistrate Brisac endeavouring to debauch his *servant's wife*—Before he breaks in upon him, he says;

“Oh, th' infinite frights that will assail this gentleman!  
The *quartans*, *tertians*, and *quotidians*,  
That'll hang, like *sergeants*, on his *worship's* shoulders!  
How will those solemn looks appear to me,  
And that *severe face* that *speaks chains and shackles*!”

How small a change of the comic words would turn this into the sublime? suppose it spoke of Nero by one who knew he would be at once deserted by the *senate* and *army*, and given up to the fury of the *people*.

“What infinite frights will soon assail the tyrant?  
What *terrors* like stern *lictors* will arrest him?  
How will that fierce terrific eye appear,  
Whose slightest bend spake dungeons, chains, and death?”

Such as the former, is the general stile of our author's drollery, particularly of Fletcher's; Beaumont deals chiefly in another species, the *burlesque epic*. Thus when the Little comic French Lawyer is run *fighting-mad*, and his *antagonist* excepts against his shirt for not being *laced* (as gentlemen's shirts of that age used to be) he answers,

“Base and degenerate cousin, dost not know  
An old and tatter'd colours to an enemy,  
Is of more honour, and shews more ominous?  
This shirt five times victorious I've fought under,  
And cut thro' squadrons of your curious *cut-works*,  
As I will do thro' thine; shake and be satisfy'd.”

<sup>10</sup> There is much less *prose* left in this edition than there was in all the former; in which the *measure* was often most miserably neglected. *Wit Without Money*, the very first play which fell to my lot to prepare for the press after Mr. Theobald's death, was all printed as *prose*, except about twenty lines towards the end; but the reader will now find it as true *measure* as almost any *comedy* of our authors.

This *stile* runs through many of Beaumont's characters, besides La-Writ's, as Lazarillo, the Knight of the Burning-Pestle, Bessus's two Swordsmen, &c. and he has frequent allusions to and even parodies of the sublimest parts of Shakespeare; which both Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald look upon as *sneers* upon a poet of greater eminence than the supposed *sneerer* (a very great "crime if true) but I believe it an entire *mistake*. The nature of this *burlesque epic* requires the frequent use of the most known and most acknowledged expressions of sublimity, which applied to low objects render *them*, not the *author* of those expressions, ridiculous. Almost all men of wit make the same use of Shakspeare and Milton's expressions in common conversation without the least thought of sneering either; and indeed if every quotation from Shakspeare thus jocularly applied is a real *sneer* upon him, then all *burlesque sublime* is a *sneer* upon the *real sublime*, and Beaumont sneered him-self as well as Shakspeare.

From these three short specimens the reader will form, we hope, a just idea of the three stiles used in our author's *Comedies*, the *sublime*, the *droll poetic*, and the *burlesque sublime*. There is indeed a small mixture of *prose*, which is the only part of our old dramatic poets stile that moderns have vouchsafed to imitate. Did they acknowledge the truth, and confess their inability to rise to the *spirit*, *vigour*, and *dignity* of the other *stiles*, they were pardonable. But far from it, our reformed taste calls for *prose* only, and before Beaumont and Fletcher's plays can be endured by such *Attic ears*, they must be *corrected* into *prose*, as if, because well-brewed *porter* is a wholesome draught, therefore *claret* and *burgundy* must be dashed with *porter* before they were drinkable. For a true specimen of our *modern taste*, we will give the reader one cup of our author's *wine* thus *porterized*, and that by *one* who perfectly knew the *palate* of the *age*, who pleased it greatly in this very instance, and some of whose *comedies* have as much or more merit than any moderns except Congreve. Mr. Cibber has consolidated two of our author's plays, the Elder Brother, and the Custom of the Country, to form his *Love makes a Man*; or, the *Fop's Fortune*. In the former there are two old French noblemen, Lewis and Brisac; the first proud of his family and fortune, the other of his magisterial power and dignity; neither men of learning, and therefore both preferring courtly accomplishments, and the knowledge of the world, to the deepest knowledge of books, and the most extensive literature. Such characters exclude not good sense in general, but in that part of their characters only where their foibles lie; (as Polonius in *Hamlet* is a fool in his pedantic foibles, and a man of sense in all other instances) accordingly Fletcher makes Brisac and Lewis thus treat of a marriage between their children.

*Bri.* Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself  
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join  
Our ancient families, and make them one;  
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live  
And see what you have purpos'd put in act;  
Of which your visit at this present is

<sup>22</sup> For a further defence of our Authors from this imputation, see note 43 of *The Little French Lawyer*, and note 32 of *The Woman-Hater*. In both which there is a mistake with regard to the Author of those Plays. When I wrote the notes, I supposed it Fletcher, til Beaumont's letter at the end of *The Nice Valour*, gave me a key, which is given to the reader in the first section of the Preface, and which explains the difference of *manner* between Beaumont and Fletcher.

A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting  
Th' arrival of my sons; I have not wrong'd  
Their birth for want of means and education,  
To shape them to that course each was addicted;  
And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,  
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,  
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,  
And then from your allowance, your fair daughter  
May fashion her affection.

*Leu.* Monsieur Brisac,  
You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you  
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,  
Being blest with but one daughter, I shall not  
Appear impertinently curious,  
Though with my utmost vigilance and study,  
I labour to bestow her to her worth:  
Let others speak her form, and future fortune  
From me descending to her, I in that  
Sit down with silence.

*Bri.* You may, my lord, securely,  
Since Fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,  
Commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises.

I quote not this as an instance of the *sublime*, but of our authors *genteel* dialogue enlivened by a few *poetic figures*, as in the last lines Fame is *personised* and commands the tongues of men. Now let us see this dialogue *modernized*: The names of the old gentlemen being changed to Antonio and Charino, they thus confer.

*Ant.* Without compliment, my old friend, I shall think myself much honour'd in your alliance; our families are both ancient, our children young, and able to support 'em; and I think the sooner we set 'em to work the better.

*Cha.* Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and shall find I dare meet you in the same line of honour; and I hope, since I have but one girl in the world, you won't think me a troublesome old fool, if I endeavour to bestow her to her worth; therefore, if you please, before we shake hands, a word or two by the bye, for I have some considerable questions to ask you.

*Ant.* Ask 'em.

*Cha.* Well, in the first place, you say you have two sons.

*Ant.* Exactly.

*Cha.* And you are willing that one of 'em shall marry my daughter?

*Ant.* Willing.

*Cha.* My daughter Angelina?

*Ant.* Angelina.

*Cha.* And you are likewise content that the said Angelina shall survey 'em both, and (with my allowance) take to her lawful husband, which of 'em she pleases?

*Ant.* Content.

*Cha.* And you farther promise, that the person by her (and me) so chosen (be it elder or younger) shall be your sole heir; that is to say, shall be in a conditional possession, of at least three parts of your estate. You know the conditions, and this you positively promise?

*Ant.* To perform.

*Cha.* Why then, as the last token of my full consent and approbation, I give you my hand.

*Ant.* There's mine.

*Cha.* Is't a match?

*Ant.* A match.

*Cha.* Done.

*Ant.* Done.

*Cha.* And done!—that's enough——

Strike out an expression or two of Fletcher's, and a couple of *grasiers* would have put more sense into an *ox-bargain*. I blame not the *Author*,  
if

if a man's customers resolve to pay the price of *Champaign*, and yet insist upon *mild and stale*, who would refuse it them? This is only a specimen of the *taste* of the late *wonderfully enlightened age*. But as Shakespeare and Milton have already in a good measure dispersed the clouds of *prejudice* which had long obscured their excellencies; it is to be hoped that our eyes are now inured to bear the lustre of such *poets*, who most resemble these *suns of Britain*. To such readers therefore who are desirous of becoming acquainted with the excellencies of Beaumont and Fletcher, I shall beg leave to recommend their plays to be read in the following order, beginning with which species they like best.\*

## CLASS I.

## TRAGEDIES AND TRAGI-COMEDIES.

Maid's Tragedy . . .	vol. 1
Philaster . . . . .	vol. 1
King and no King . .	vol. 1
The Two Noble Kinsmen	
	vol. 3
The Double Marriage .	vol. 2
The Bloody Brother, or Roll	
	vol. 2
The False One . . .	vol. 1
The Knight of Malta .	vol. 2
Valentinian . . . .	vol. 2

## PASTORAL.

Faithful Shepherdess	vol. 1
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## COMEDIES.

Elder Brother . . .	vol. 1
Rule a Wife and have a Wife	
	vol. 1
Little French Lawyer .	vol. 2
Wit without Money . .	vol. 1
Spanish Curate . . .	vol. 1
Nice Valour, or Passionate	
Mad-Man . . . . .	vol. 2

## CLASS II.

Laws of Candy . . .	vol. 1
Loyal Subject . . . .	vol. 1
The Island Princess . .	vol. 3
Thierry and Theodore .	vol. 3
Wife for a Month . . .	vol. 2
Bonduca . . . . .	vol. 2

## Burlesque Sublime.

The Knight of the Burning	
Pestle . . . . .	vol. 2

Fair Maid of the Mill.
Fair Maid of the Inn.
Wild-geese Chase.
Monsieur Thomas.
The Chances.
Honest Man's Fortune.
Custom of the Country.
Beggar's Bush.
The Captain.
The Sea-Voyage.
Love's Cure, or the Martial
Maid.
Coxcomb.
Woman-Hater.
Wit at several Weapons.
Women pleas'd.
Tamer tam'd.
Scornful Lady.

## CLASS III.

The Coronation . . .	vol. 3
The Queen of Corinth .	vol. 2
The Lover's Progress .	vol. 2
The Prophetess . . .	vol. 2
Cupid's Revenge . . .	vol. 3

Mask . . . . .	vol. 3
Moral Representations	vol. 3

Pilgrim . . . . .	vol. 2
Love's Pilgrimage . .	vol. 2
Night-Walker . . .	vol. 3
Noble Gentleman . .	vol. 3

[\* *Whimsical as this classing of our Authors' plays must appear, it is surely more whimsical that Mr. Seward could not find a place in either class for those excellent comedies, The Mad Lover, and The Humorous Lieutenant.*]

The reader will find many excellent things in this last class, for the plays of our authors do not differ from each other near so much as those of Shakespeare. The three last tragedies are detrudd so low on account of their *magic* and *machinery*, in which our authors fall shorter of Shakespeare than in any other of their attempts to imitate him. What is the reason of this? Is it that their *genius* improved by literature and polite conversation, could well describe *men* and *manners*, but had not that *poetic* that *creative power* to form new beings and new worlds,

————— "and give to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name" —————

as Shakespeare excellently describes his own genius? I believe not. The *enthusiasm* of *passions* which Beaumont and Fletcher are so frequently rapt into, and the vast variety of distinguished characters which they have so admirably drawn, shew as strong powers of invention as the creation of *witches* and *raising of ghosts*. Their deficiency therefore in *magic* is accountable from a cause far different from a *poverty of imagination*; it was the accidental *disadvantage of a liberal and learned education*: *Sorcery*, *witchcraft*, *astrology*, *ghosts*, and *apparitions*, were then the universal belief of both the *great vulgar* and the *small*, nay they were even the *parliamentary*, the *national creed*; only some *early-enlightened minds* saw and condemned the whole superstitious trumpery: among these our *authors* were probably initiated from their school-days into a deep-grounded contempt of it, which breaks out in many parts of their works, and particularly in *The Bloody Brother* and *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, where they began that admirable banter which the excellent Butler carried on exactly in the same strain, and which, with such a *second*, has at last drove the *bugbears* from the minds of almost all men of common understanding. But here was our authors disadvantage; the taste of their age called aloud for the assistance of *ghosts* and *sorcery* to heighten the horror of *tragedy*; this horror they had never felt, never heard of but with contempt, and consequently they had no *arche-types* in their own breasts of what they were called on to describe. Whereas Shakespeare from his low education<sup>12</sup> had believed

<sup>12</sup> *Shakespeare from his low education, &c.*] The gentleman who is most obliged to Shakespeare, and to whom Shakespeare is most obliged of any man living, happening to see the sheet of the Preface where Shakespeare's peculiar superiority over our authors in his *magic*, is ascribed to the accidental advantage of a low education, he could not well brook a passage which seemed to derogate from his favourite. As Shakespeare had as good sense as our authors, he thought, he would be as free from real superstition. This does not always follow. Education will tincture even the brightest parts. There is proof that our authors held all sorcery, witchcraft, &c. as mere juggler's tricks, but not the least room to doubt of Shakespeare's having believed them in his youth, whatever he did afterwards; and this is all that is asserted. Is this therefore a derogation? No, it only shews the amazing power of his genius; a genius which could turn the bugbears of his former credulity into the noblest poetic machines. Just as Homer built his machinery on the superstitions which he had been bred up to. Both indeed give great distinction of characters, and great poetic dignity to the daemons they introduce; nay, they form some new ones; but the system they build on is the vulgar creed. And here (after giving due praise to the gentleman above, for restoring Shakespeare's magic to its genuine horror, out of that low buffoonery which former actors and managers of theatres had flung it into) I shall shew in what light Shakespeare's low education always appeared to me by the following epitaph wrote many years since, and published in Mr. Doddsley's Miscellany.

believed and felt all the horrors he painted; for though the universities and inns of court were in some degree freed from those dreams of superstition, the banks of the Avon were then *haunted* on every side.

"There tript with printless foot the elves of hills,  
Brooks, lakes, and groves; there Sorcery beinn'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war, &c." TEMPEST.

So that Shakespeare can scarcely be said to create a new world in his *magic*; he went but back to his native country, and only dressed their *goblins* in poetic weeds; hence even Theseus is not attended by his own deities,\* Minerva, Venus, the *fauns*, *satyrs*, &c. but by Oberon and his *fairies*: Whereas our *authors*, however awkwardly they treat of *ghosts* and *sorcerers*, yet when they get back to Greece (which was as it were their *native soil*) they introduce the *classic deities* with ease and dignity, as Fletcher in particular does in his Faithful Shepherdess, and both of them in their Masques; the last of which is put in the third class, not from any deficiency in the composition, but from the nature of the allegorical Masque, which, when no real characters are intermixed, ought in general to rank below Tragedy and Comedy. Our authors, who wrote them because they were in fashion, have themselves shewed how light they held them.

"They must commend their king, and speak in praise  
Of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom  
In person of some god; they're tied to rules  
Of flattery."—— MAID'S TRAGEDY, act i. scene 1.

This was probably wrote by Beaumont with an eye to the Masque at Gray's Inn, as well as masques in general. The reader will find a farther account of our Authors' Plays, and what share Mr. Shirley is supposed to have had in the completion of some that were left imperfect in Mr.

### Upon Shakespeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.

"Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,  
Too mighty such monopoly of Fame:  
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe  
His wondrous worth; what Ægypt could bestow,  
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,  
Enlarg'd th' immense expansion of his mind,  
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain,  
The British eagle \* and the Mantuan swan,  
Tow'r equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou  
With uncontested laurels deck thy brow;  
Thy bard was thine unschool'd, and from thee brought  
More than all Ægypt, Greece, or Asia, taught;  
Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won,  
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none."

[The above Note was inserted as a Postscript to Seward's Preface.]

[\* Mr. Seward does not seem to have recollected, that in the Two Noble Kimmens there is an equal mixture of Gothic and Grecian manners. It was the common error of all our old English writers, from Chaucer to Milton, who has introduced chivalry even into Paradise Lost.]

\* Milton.

Sympton's

Sympson's Lives of the Authors. But before I finish my account of them, it is necessary to apologise for a fault which must shock every modest reader: it is their frequent use of *gross* and *indecent* expressions: They have this fault in common with Shakespcare, who is sometimes more gross than they ever are; but I think grossness does not occur quite so often in him. In the second class of parallel passages where the hands of Shakespcare and our authors were not distinguishable, I omitted one instance for decency sake, but I will insert it here as proper to the subject we are now upon. Philaster being violently agitated by jealousy, and firmly believing his mistress to have been loose, thus speaks of a letter which he has just received from her,

————— " Oh, let all women  
That love black deeds learn to dissemble here!  
Here, by this paper, she doth write to me,  
As if her heart were mines of adamant  
To all the world beside; but unto me,  
A maiden snow that melted with my looks."

Vol. i. act iii.

Strength and delicacy are here in perfect union. In like manner Posthumus in Cymbeline, act ii, agitated by as violent a jealousy of his wife, thus describes her seeming modesty:

—————" Oh, vengeance! vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me oft forbearance, did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet look on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow."—————

This is a most amiable picture of conjugal delicacy, but it may be justly objected that it draws the curtains of the marriage-bed, and exposes it to the view of the world; and if the reader turns to the speech of which it is a part, he will find much grosser expressions in the sequel. But these were so far from offending the ears of our ancestors, that Beaumont and Fletcher, though so often guilty of them, are perpetually celebrated by the writers of their own and of the following age, as the great *reformers* of the drama from *bawdry* and *ribaldry*. Thus when Fletcher's charming Pastoral, The Faithful Shepherdess, had been damned by its first night's audience, Jonson says that they damned it for want of the vicious and bawdy scenes which they had been accustomed to, and then breaks out in a rapture worthy of Jonson, worthy of Fletcher:

" I that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,  
And wish that all the *muses blood* was spilt  
In such a *martyrdom*, to vex their eyes  
Do crown thy murder'd poem, &c."

Yet even this pattern of chastity is not free from expressions which would now be justly deemed too gross for the stage. Sir John Berkenhead, speaking of Fletcher's Works in general, says,

" And as thy thoughts were clear, so innocent,  
Thy fancy gave no unaweful language vent,

Slander'st

Slander'st no laws, prophan'st no holy page,  
As if thy <sup>13</sup> father's crosier rul'd the stage."

Our poets frequently boast of this *chastity* of language themselves. See the prologue to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Lovelace, a poet of no small eminence, speaks of the great delicacy of expression even in the Custom of the Country.

"View here a loose thought said with such a grace,  
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face,  
So well disguis'd, that 'twas conceiv'd by none,  
But Cupid had Diana's linen on."

Yet of this play Dryden asserts that it contains more bawdry than all his plays together. What must we say of these different accounts? Why it is clear as day, that the stile of the age was so changed, that what was formerly not esteemed in the least degree indecent, was now become very much so; just as in Chaucer, the very filthiest words are used without disguise, and says Beaumont in excuse for him, he gave those expressions to low characters, with whom they were then in common use, and whom he could not therefore draw naturally without them. The same plea is now necessary for Beaumont himself and all his contemporary dramatic poets; but there is this grand and essential difference between the gross expressions of our old poets, and the more *delicate lewdness* of modern plays. In the former, gross expressions are generally the language of low life, and are given to characters which are set in despicable lights: in the latter, *lewdness* is frequently the characteristic of the *hero* of the comedy, and so intended to inflame the passions and corrupt the heart. Thus much is necessary in defence, not only of our authors, but of Mr. Sympson and myself, for engaging in the publication of works which contain a great many indecencies, which we could have wished to have been omitted; and which, when I began to prepare my part of the work for the press, I had actually struck off, as far as I could do it without injuring the connexion of the context; but the booksellers pressed, and indeed insisted upon their restoration: they very sensibly urged the last-mentioned plea, and thought that the bare notion of a curtailed edition would greatly prejudice the sale of it. We hope therefore that the reader will not be too severe on the editors of works which have great excellencies, and which in general tend to promote virtue and chastity, though the custom of the age made the authors not entirely abstain from expressions not then esteemed gross, but which now must offend every modest ear.

Hitherto we have treated of our authors and their merit, something must be added of the attempt of the present editors to clear them from that mass of confusion and obscurity flung upon them by the inaccuracy of former editors, or what was worse, by the wilfulness and ignorance of our old players, who kept most of their plays many years in manuscript as mere play-house properties, to be changed and mangled by every new actor's humour and fancy. As this was the case of most of our old plays, the learned Mr. Upton seems strangely mistaken in asserting that no more liberty ought to be taken in the correction of the old [mangled] text of Shakespeare, than with the two first [accurate] editions of *Paradise Lost*.

<sup>13</sup> Fletcher, bishop of London.



Upon this groundless assertion are built those very undeserved reflections upon the eminent editors of Shakespeare who are compared to the *vice* of the old comedy beating their author's original text with their daggers of lath. Surely something very different from such sarcasm is due from every true lover of Shakespeare to those editors whose emendations have cleared so many obscurities, and made so many readers study and perceive innumerable excellencies which had otherwise been passed over unnoted and perhaps despised. For verbal criticism, when it means the restoring the true reading to the mangled text, very justly holds the palm from every other species of criticism, as it cannot be performed with success without comprehending all the rest; it must clearly perceive the stile, manner, characters, beauties and defects: and to this must be added some sparks of that *original fire* that animated the *poet's own invention*. No sooner therefore were *criticisms* wrote on our English poets, but each deep-red scholar whose severer studies had made him frown with contempt on poems and plays, was taken in to read, to study, to be enamoured: he rejoiced to try his strength with the editor, and to become a *critic* himself: nay, even Dr. Bentley's strange absurdities in his notes on Milton, had this good effect, that they engaged a Pearce \* to answer, and perhaps were the first motives to induce the greatest *poet*, the most universal *genius*,† one of the greatest *orators*, and one of the most *industrious scholars* in the kingdom each to become editors of Shakespeare. A Pope, a Warburton, and a Hanmer did honour to the *science* by engaging in criticism; but the worth of that *science* is most apparent from the distinction Mr. Theobald gained in the learned world, who had no other claim to honour but as a *critic* on Shakespeare. In this light his fame remains fresh and unblasted, though the *lightning* of Mr. Pope and the thunder of Mr. Warburton have been both launched at his head. Mr. Pope being far too great an *original* himself to submit his own taste to that of Shakespeare's was fairly driven out of the field of criticism by the plain force of reason and argument; but he soon retired to his *poetic citadel*, and from thence played such a *volley* of *wit* and *humour* on his *antagonist*, as gave him a very grotesque *profile* on his left; but he never drove him from his *hold* on Shakespeare, and his countenance on that side is still clear and unspotted. Mr. Warburton's attack was more dangerous, but though he was angry from the apprehension of personal injuries, yet his justice has still left Mr. Theobald in possession of great numbers of excellent emendations, which will always render his name respectable. The mention of the merit of *criticism* in establishing the taste of the age, in raising respect in the contemptuous, and attention in the careless readers of our old poets, naturally leads us to an enquiry, Whence it comes to pass, that whilst almost every one buys and reads the works of our late critical editors, nay almost every man of learning aims at imitating them and making emendations himself, yet it is still the fashion to flirt at the names of *critic* and *commentator*, and almost

[\* Dr. Zachary Pearce, late Bishop of Rochester. R.]

[† Mr. Seward here ascribes to Bentley's notes on Milton consequences which they did not produce: Mr. Pope's Edition of Shakespeare appeared several years before Bentley published his edition of Milton; and, from the date and contents of the celebrated Letter of bishop Warburton to Concanen (which, although it has not yet found its way to the press, Dr. Aken-side says, "will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings,") it manifestly appears, that the notes of that learned editor were, what he asserts them in his Preface to have been, "among his younger amusements," and consequently prior to the publication of Bentley's Milton. R.]

to treat the very science with derision. The enquiry has been often made by *critics* themselves, and all have said, that it was owing to the strange mistakes and blunders of former critics, to mens engaging in a *science* which they had neither learning nor talents to manage and adorn. Each thinking himself exempt from the censure, and each having it retorted upon him in his turn. If this is the case, I am afraid all remedy is hopeless; if the great names above-mentioned did really want abilities for the province they undertook, who shall dare to hope that he possesses them? If frequent mistakes in an editor are totally to sink his merit, who can escape the common wreck?—But I am far from thinking this to be the sole or even the principal cause; and the two, which I shall assign as much greater inlets to this disgrace on the art of criticism, are such as to admit of the easiest remedy in the world, a remedy in the power of *critics* themselves, and which their own interest loudly calls on them all to apply. The first cause is; that in a science the most fallible of all others, depending in a great measure on the tottering bottom of mere *conjecture*, almost every critic assumes the air of *certainly, positiveness and infallibility*; he seems sure never to miss his way, though in a wilderness of confusion, never to stumble in a path always gloomy and sometimes as dark as midnight. Hence he *dogmatizes*, when he should only *propose*, and dictates his *guesses* in the *despotic stile*. The reader, and every rival editor, catches the same spirit, all his faults become unpardonable, and the demerit of a few mistakes shall overwhelm the merit of all his just emendations: He deems himself perfect, and perfection is demanded at his hands; and this being no where else found but by each writer in his own works, every *putter-forth* of two or three emendations swells as big, and flings his spittle as liberally on a Warburton, a Hammer, or a Theobald, as if he were the *giant* and they the *dwarfs* of criticism; and he has, upon the supposition of perfection being necessary, this evident advantage of them, that an editor of three or four emendations has a much better chance to avoid mistakes than the editor of three or four thousand; though it has generally happened, that they who were very obscure in merit have had their demerits as glaring as the most voluminous editors.

From the same source arises the second still more remarkable cause of *critical disgrace*, it is the ill *language and ungentleman-like treatment* which *critics* have so frequently given their rivals. If the professors of the same *science* are continually cuffing and buffeting each other, the world will set them on, laugh at, and enjoy the ridiculous scuffle. Is it not amazing, that *ignorant, absurd, blundering dunces and blockheads* should be the common epithets and titles, that gentlemen of learning and liberal education bestow on each other, for such mistakes as they know that all their *brother critics* have been constantly guilty of, and which nothing but the vainest self-sufficiency can make them suppose themselves exempt from?

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“*ehen*  
*Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam!*”

If we ourselves are guilty of the very same sort of mistakes for which we stigmatize others as blunderers and blockheads, we brand our own foreheads by our own *verdict*, *obliquely* upon us is bare *justice*, and we become *blunderers and blockheads* upon *record*. The first remarkable introducer\*

[\* Dr. Bentley. R.]

of critical editions of our English poets thought his superior learning gave him a right to tyrannise and trample upon all his rival editors; but having none to exercise his fury upon, in his edition of *Paradise Lost*, he raised a *phantom editor*, in the person of whom he flung dirt upon Milton himself. But the present worthy bishop of Bangor\* not only cleared his *beloved poet* from such unjust aspersions, but shewed that he could answer slander, sneer and obliquy, with decency, candour, and good manners. Happy had it been for the learned world, had those excellent notes been at first joined to Milton's text; that his *candour*, and not the other's *coarseness*, might have been the standard of critical language; but as great part of those notes are now engrafted into Dr. Newton's elegant edition, it is to be hoped that they will henceforth become so. Happy for us had it been too, if Sir Thomas Hanmer had carried on that *candour* and *good manners* which appear in his *Preface* into a body of notes upon his author; he had not only placed his emendations in a much fairer and more conspicuous light; he had not only avoided the objection which some have made of an arbitrary insertion of his alterations into the text; but he would have set us an example of elegance and politeness of stile, which we must perhaps in vain hope for from any man, that has not been long exercised in one of the great schools of *rhetoric*, the *houses of parliament*; unless some other *eminent orator* or another *speaker* should become an editor, as well as a patron of criticisms. Mr. Theobald, who was a much better critic on Shakespeare than Dr. Bentley had been on Milton, yet followed the doctor's *stile* and *manner*, and in some measure deserved the lash he smarted under in the *Dunciad*; for though he had a right to correct Mr. Pope's errors upon Shakespeare, he had none to use so exalted a character with the least disrespect, much less with derision and contempt. Mr. Upton, a gentleman of very distinguished literature, has in his *Remarks* on Shakespeare followed this stile of triumph and insult over his rival critics, and as this gentleman will, I hope, long continue his services to the learned world, I will endeavour to convince him of the injustice and ill policy of such treatment of them. The best *canon* to judge of an editor's merits, seems to be a computation of the good and bad alterations which he has made in the text; if the latter are predominant he leaves his author worse than he found him, and *demerits* only appear at the bottom of the account: If the good are most numerous, put the bad ones on the side of *debtor*, *balance* the whole, and we shall easily see what praises are due to him. Now if some hundred good ones remain upon *balance* to each of the three last editors of Shakespeare, how unjust is it for a publisher of only thirty or forty alterations (supposing them all to be perfectly just) to speak with contempt of those, whose merits are so much more conspicuous than his own? But to do this, without an assurance of being himself exempt from the like mistakes, is as *impolitic* as it is *unjust*. I have not now time for an examination of this gentleman's criticisms on Shakespeare; but I will choose a very particular *specimen of his mistakes*, for it shall be the very same which a real friend of this gentleman published as a *specimen of his excellencies*, in Mr. Dodsley's *Musæum*, a monthly pamphlet then in great repute. This *specimen* consisted of two alterations which the letter-writer thought very happy ones. The first was in Antony and Cleopatra, act ii. scene iv. The Soothsayer thus advises Antony to shun the society of Cæsar.\*

[\* Afterwards bishop of Rochester. R.]

“ O Antony,

———"O Antony, stay not by his side.  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not. But near him thy angel  
Becomes a *fear*"——

*i. e.* becomes not only fearful but even *fear itself*. The image is extremely poetical; for as Antony's dæmon was according to the heathen theology *personised* and made something different from Antony, so the passion of *fear* is not only *personised*, but even *pluralised*: The imagination beholds many *fears*, and Antony's spirit becomes one of them. Thus *doubts* and *fears* are personised in Macbeth, and become his vexatious companions.

———"I'm cabin'd, crib'd, bound in  
To saucy doubts and *fears*."

Thus God himself personises *fear*, and sends it among the Canaanites as the harbinger of Israel. Exodus xxiii. and xxvii. And again in Ezekiel xxx. 13. He says, *I will put a fear in the land of Egypt*. Thus the companions of Mars in Homer are *Δαίμονες τ' ἡδὲ Φόβος*, Δ. 440. *Terror* and *fear*. But the instance the most apposite, is in The Maid's Tragedy, where the forlorn Aspatia sees her servant working the story of Theseus and Ariadne, and thus advises her to punish the perfidy of the former.

"In this place work a quick-sand,  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship ploughing it; and then a *fear*,  
Do that *fear* bravely." Vol. i. act ii.

Here though fear could only in painting be expressed on their countenances, yet poetry goes farther,

———"and gives to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name."

These are those *great strokes* which a man must be born with a soul to perceive as well as write, otherwise not all the reading of an Upton or a Bentley can give the least idea of them. These are those inimitable graces of poetry which a *critic's* pencil should no more dare to retouch than a modern painter should the cheek or eye of a Raphael's Madona. For see how flat and dim it will appear in this gentleman's celebrated alteration: he reads,

———"but near him thy angel  
Becomes a *fear'd*." \*

How

[\* Mr. Seward here introduces a note containing a very prolix commentary on some passages in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra—In the lines,

———"If we draw lots, he speeds;  
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever  
But mine in-hoop'd at odds,"

he says there is "evidently a 2nd anti-climax: His cocks win the battle of mine when it is all to nought on my side, and his quails, fighting in a hoop, beat mine when the odds are on my side;" and would therefore read,

"Beat

How should we have flattered our authors if we had, as the Rehearsal calls it, *transposed* them in the like manner?

" In this place work a quicksand,  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship ploughing it, and *them* *afear'd*;  
Do their fear bravely."

The second instance quoted in the *Museum* as a proof of Mr. Upton's excellency, is his alteration of another of Shakespeare's *peculiar graces* in the following celebrated passage.

" Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot:  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod, and the *delighted* spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

The epithet *delighted* in the fourth line is extremely beautiful, as it carries on the fine antithesis between the joys of life and the horrors of death. *This sensible warm motion must become a kneaded clod, and this spirit, delighted* as it has hitherto been with the soothing delicacies of sense and the pleasing ecstasies of youthful fancy, *must bathe in fiery floods*. This is peculiarly proper from a youth just snatched from revelry and wantonness, to suffer the anguish and horror of a shameful death. But this beautiful sense not being seen, Mr. Upton makes the first editor surprisingly blind indeed, for he says that he did not see the absurdity of a spirit's being *delighted to bathe in fiery floods*. Upon supposition therefore of this absurdity being chargeable on the old text, he alters *delighted spirit* to *delinquent spirit*: A change which totally loses the whole spirit of the poet's original sentiment. These are such mistakes that neither the most extensive literature nor the accuracy of a Locke's judgment can secure a man from; nor indeed any thing but a *poetic taste*, a soul that

" Is of imagination all compact,"

" *Beat mine in whoop'd-at odds.*"

Dr. Johnson mentions and rejects this variation; Dr. Farmer denies the necessity of change.

" The editions (says Seward) which distinguish Antony's speech (as conjectured by Cleopatra, act i. sc. v.) either by Italics or commas, make him only say, 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?' the rest is Cleopatra's own.—Antony's speech should be continued as the metaphor is,

" —Where's my serpent of old Nile?  
—Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison?"—

" Both parts belong to him." No editor of Shakespeare mentions this.

For BROAD-fronted Cæsar he would substitute BALD-fronted. This Stevens notices.

Mr. Seward also reprobates Hanmer's alteration of *arm-gaunt* to *arm-girt*; "I suppose (says he) he meant with arms or shoulders bound round with trappings. The expression is very stiff in this sense, and justly rejected by Mr. Warburton, who restores *arm-gaunt*, and explains it of a war-horse grown *gaunt* or lean by long marches and frequent fights. But why must Antony, after a profound peace and a long revel in the arms of Cleopatra, upon his return to Rome, have nothing to ride but an old battered lean war-horse? Besides, lean horses are seldom remarkable like this for neighing loud and vigorously. By *arm* we all understand the *shoulder*, in Latin, *Armus*; *gaunt* is lean or thin. It is common for poets to mention the most distinguished beauty of any thing to express beauty in general, by *synecdoche* a part is put for the whole: *Arm-gaunt* therefore signifies *thin-shoulder'd*, which we know to be one of the principal beauties of a horse, and the epithet has, from the uncommon use of either part of the compound word in this sense, an antique dignity and grandeur in sound that poets much delight in." Edwards inserts at this; but surely Mr. Seward's argument is judicious.]

That can follow Shakespeare in his stupendous flights,

"And shoot from earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to earth."

MIDSUM. NIGHT'S DREAM.

But should such a genius contemn and deride men of cooler reason and superior knowledge? No; nor should the deep-read scholar despise him. Great learning and quickness of parts very rarely meet in one breast: When they do, they are excellent indeed; but separately they are extremely valuable. Far therefore from contempt or variance, they should, like sister-sciences, love and accord, and *each in honour prefer the other to itself*. Mr. Upton possesses the first of these characters in a very eminent degree, and the \* learned world have only to complain of his imposing mere conjectures upon them for absolute certainties, and of his rough treatment of his brother critics, and then to acknowledge its obligations to him for many judicious criticisms and emendations on Shakespeare and other authors. Shakespeare alone is a vast garden of criticism, where though the editors have pulled up great numbers of weeds, and the view is much improved, yet many are still left, and each of the editors have mistakingly pulled up some flowers which want to be replaced. And this will be the fate of every critic who knows not every single word, history, custom, trade, &c. that Shakespeare himself knew, which at this distance of time is next to an impossibility. What room therefore for quarrels and insults upon each other? *Veniam petimusque damusque*, should be our general rule and motto. Without this we in this edition stand self-condemned. Beaumont and Fletcher are another field of criticism next in beauty to Shakespeare, and like him over-run with weeds, many of which are, we hope, now rooted out; and some real flowers, we fear, mistakingly pluckt up with them. Far therefore from the least pretence to perfection, from the least right to impose our conjectures as infallible; we have only inserted those in the text which for the reasons assigned in the notes appeared more probable than the former readings. We have endeavoured to give fair play to the old text, by turning it on every side, and allowing it all the interpretations we could possibly affix to the words, and where it appeared corrupt, we never inserted our own reading without giving what we thought a probable account of the method how such a change had been before made. At least, as I can properly speak for myself only, these were the rules I always wish to have followed, and endeavoured to follow, as soon as I became a principal in the work. But the share which I had in it, gives not the least room for any thing like completion on my part. The assistance which I gave Mr. Theobald and Mr. Simpson, who published about two thirds of the work, was by necessary avocations intermitted through several plays, and the others more or less attended to, as business or company would permit, or as the plays seemed more or less to deserve attention. To what I printed myself, I only dedicated some few of the many leisure hours which I had in a country village, hoping for pardon for the idleness rather than merit from the usefulness of the work. If these notes should ever go through a second edition, I shall gratefully acknowledge any emendations either of them or the text of our Authors, which any reader will favour me with; and must say to each,

—————" *Si quid noristi rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*"

[\* Seward here introduces a very long note, to refute sundry opinions of Upton on scriptural topics: As nothing can be more distant from our subject, we have omitted it.]

COMMENDATORY

# COMMENDATORY POEMS.

## I.

*To my Friend Master JOHN FLETCHER, upon his Faithful Shepherdess.*

I know too well, that, no more than the man,  
That travels through the burning desarts, can,  
When he is beaten with the raging sun,  
Half-smother'd with the dust, have power to run  
From a cool river, which himself doth find,  
Ere he be slak'd; no more can he, whose mind  
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,  
When Nature, and his full thoughts bid him write.<sup>1</sup>  
Yet wish I those, whom I for friends have known,  
To sing their thoughts to no ears but their own.  
Why should the man, whose wit ne'er had a stain,  
Upon the public stage present this vein,  
And make a thousand men in judgment sit,  
To call in question his undoubted wit,  
Scarce two of which can understand the laws  
Which they should judge by, nor the party's cause?  
Among the rout, there is not one that hath  
In his own censure an explicit faith;  
One company, knowing they judgment lack,  
Ground their belief on the next men in black;  
Others, on him that makes signs, and is mute;  
Some like, as he does in the fairest suit;  
He, as his mistress doth; and she, by chance;  
Nor want there those, who, as the boy doth dance  
Between the acts, will censure the whole play;  
Some like, if the wax-lights be new that day;  
But multitudes there are, whose judgment goes  
Headlong according to the actor's clothes.  
For this, these public things and I agree  
So ill, that, but to do a right to thee,  
I had not been persuaded to have hurl'd  
These few, ill-spoken lines into the world;  
Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those  
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose;<sup>2</sup>

Such

<sup>1</sup> *When Nature and his full thoughts bid him write.*] Here, says the judicious writer of Beaumont's life in the General Dictionary, Beaumont evidently shews that he was fired with that violent passion for writing, which the poets very justly call inspiration; and he makes this one proof of Beaumont's not being a mere corrector of Fletcher's works, but a joint author. As I think I have collected some stronger proofs of this, both external and internal, than have been yet produced, and as I have already built the former part of my preface upon these proofs, I shall place them before the reader in the next note just as they occurred to me. SEWARD.

<sup>2</sup> *Both to be read, and censur'd of, by those  
Whose very reading makes verse senseless prose.*] Here we see a consciousness of the poet's own merit, and an indignation at the stupidity of the age he lived in, which seem to have been the characteristics of Beaumont and Jonson. This will appear stronger in the process of this note, in which I shall endeavour to prove what share Beaumont had in the composition of the following plays. I have already mentioned that Mr. Earl's testimony, wrote immediately after Beaumont's death, is decisive as to Beaumont's having the largest share

Such as must spend above an hour, to spell  
A challenge on a post, to know it well.

But

share in the composition of the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, and the *King and no King*, and that *Bessus* in particular was drawn by him. [See Mr. Earl's poem below.] This was undoubtedly the reason why Beaumont's name is put first in the old quarto's of these plays, published by the players after Beaumont's death, but before Fletcher's. For would the players have complimented the dead at the expence of their living friend, patron, and supporter? After two such proofs as these, general expressions or even traditional opinions of the panegyric-writers thirty years after are lighter than vanity itself. From these plays no distinction of hands between Beaumont and Fletcher was discerned, nor any suspicion of such a distinction occurred 'till I came to the *Woman-Hater*, vol. 3, which appeared visibly to have more of Jonson's manner than any play I had before met with, which I mentioned at note 32 on that play, when deceived as Langhorne had been by the first quarto (published several years after the death of both the authors) I verily thought that it had been Fletcher's only. I had not then attended to the poem of Beaumont's to Jonson, published at the end of the *Nice Valour*, and *Woman-Hater*, by the second folio. If the reader will consult that poem, he will find that it was sent from the country to Jonson with two of the precedent comedies not then finished, but which Beaumont claims as his own.

*Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine,  
I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.*

It is plain that they had been his amusement during a summer vacation in the country, when he had no companion but his muse to entertain him; for all the former part of the poem is a description of the execrable wine, and the more execrable company which he was forced to endure. Fletcher therefore could not be with him. So that there are certainly two comedies which properly belong to Beaumont only, which therefore we must endeavour to find out. The verses tell us that he acknowledged all he had to be owing to Jonson, there is no doubt therefore of his imitating Jonson's manner in these comedies. Shirley in the first folio, and the publisher of the second folio, both agree in making the *Nice Valour* one of these plays: now this play is extremely in Jonson's manner, as is observed in the beginning of the preface and at note 8 on the verses to Jonson. The prologue of this play has no weight, being wrote several years after it, but the epilogue was evidently wrote in the author's lifetime, probably either by the author himself, or else by his friend Jonson: for 'tis extremely like Jonson in his prologues and epilogues, who generally lets his audience know, that if they did not admire him it was their fault, not his. So this epilogue makes the author declare

*the play is good,  
He says, \* he knows it, if well understood.*

[\*The Author.

How unlike is this to Fletcher and Shakespeare's manner, who, when they join together in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, are even *Modesty itself*? See the prologue and epilogue to that play, vol. 3, the latter has these lines;

*And yet mistake me not, I am not bold,  
We've no such cause. If the tale we have told  
(For 'tis no other) any way content,  
(For to that honest purpose it was meant)  
We have our end; and ye shall have e'er long,  
I dare say many a better to prolong  
Your old loves to us.—*

I hope the reader will now see sufficient grounds to believe that the *Nice Valour* was Beaumont's play: it is not demonstration, but it is a high degree of probability. But still the distinction of manner from Fletcher, in personizing the passions and not drawing from real life spoke of above, will not follow if Fletcher wrote the *Woman-Hater*, as the first edition in quarto of that play asserts, but the second contradicts it, and puts Beaumont's name first in the title-page, and claims its changes from the author's manuscript. The publisher of the second folio follows the second quarto, and makes it one of the plays referred to in Beaumont's verses. The prologue appears to be wrote by the author himself, speaks of himself in the singular number, and shews great confidence in the goodness of the play, and an utter contempt of twopenny gallery judges. Here Beaumont's hand therefore seemed visible. I therefore began to recollect which of the foregoing plays most resembled this, to see what light might be gained from them; the first that occurred was the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, which is all *burlesque sublime*, as *Lazarillo's* character in the *Woman-Hater* is throughout.

Here



But since it was thy hap to throw away  
Much wit, for which the people did not pay,

Because

Here all the editions give the Knight to Beaumont and Fletcher, this therefore is clear, and the prologue of that play is in style and sentiments so exactly like that of the Woman-Hater, that the same hand undoubtedly drew both. Believing therefore that the Nice Valour was Beaumont's only, and that he had at least the greatest share of the Woman-Hater and the Knight of the Burning Pestle, I proceed to other plays, and first to the Little French Lawyer, where La-writ runs *fighting-mad* just as Lazarillo had run *eating-mad*, the Knight of the Burning Pestle, *romance-mad*; Chamont in the Nice Valour, *honour-mad*, &c. This is what our old English writers often distinguish by the name of *humour*. The stile too of La-writ, like Lazarillo's and the Knight's, is often the *burlesque sublime*. Here I found the prologue speaking of the authors in the plural number, i. e. Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a good deal of the same *humour* in the Scornful Lady, wrote by Beaumont and Fletcher, as all the quartos declare. The publishers of the General Dictionary, whose accuracy deserves the highest applause, have helped me to another play, the Martial Maid, in which Beaumont had a share, and Jonson's manner of characterising is very visible; an effeminate youth and a masculine young lady are both reformed by love, like Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, and Every Man out of his Humour. Wit without Money and the Custom of the Country which have Beaumont's name first in all the editions, have something of the same hand, particularly in Valentine's extravagant contempt of money, and do great honour to Beaumont, as both are excellent plays, and the first an incomparable one. Shirley supposes the Humorous Lieutenant to be one of the plays referred to by Beaumont's verses to Jonson, and the publisher of Beaumont's poems, which came out about five years after Shirley's folio of our author's plays, has wrote under that poem the Maid in the Mill. This, I suppose, was a marginal note of somebody who believed Beaumont to have been a joint author in that play. It seems highly probable that he was so in both these plays, as the Lieutenant and Bustapha are both strong *caricatures*, and much in Beaumont's manner. The False One mentions the authors in the plural number, and I believe Beaumont chiefly drew the character of Septimius which gives name to the play; but whatever share he had in that play, it does him great honour. Cupid's Revenge, which all the editions ascribe to Beaumont and Fletcher, is only spoiled from being a very good tragedy by a ridiculous mixture of machinery; this play, the Noble Gentleman, and the Coxcomb, are all that remain which have any sort of external evidence which I know, of Beaumont's being a joint author, and these I build nothing upon. There are two others that partake of his manner, which for that reason only I suspect; the Spanish Curate, and the Laws of Candy; the latter of which extremely resembles the King and no King in its principal characters. But we need not rest upon mere conjectures, since Beaumont's share of the Maid's Tragedy, Philaster, and the King and no King, give him a full right to share equally with Fletcher the fame of a *tragic poet*; and Wit without Money, the Nice Valour, and the Little French Lawyer, raise his character equally high in comedy.

SEWARD.

Mr. Seward has been exceedingly elaborate in this disquisition; wherein, we apprehend, no one meets conviction, though the writer seems to be himself so perfectly satisfied, both with the *internal* and *external* evidence. With respect to the first, the reader will judge for himself; in the second, he appears to be uncommonly erroneous.

Seward speaks of the first quarto of the Woman-Hater; the first quarto he never saw: He says, it was published several years after the death of both authors; it was published in the life-time of both, in the year 1607. This copy is, indeed, very scarce; and had not Mr. Garrick's invaluable library been as easy, as most others are difficult, of access, a perusal of that edition would not, perhaps, have been obtained.

The first quarto was printed (as before observed) in 1607, without any author's name prefixed, but in Mr. Garrick's copy has been wrote 'by John Fletcher,' through which name a pen has been run, and 'Francis Beaumont' wrote over the line; even this interlineation appears to be very old. The second quarto appeared in 1648, the title whereof mentions Fletcher singly; and the third in 1649, which has both names. The third, however, seems to be merely the second, with a new title-page, and the *additions* of the auxiliary title *The Hungry Courtier*, a drama, and D'Avenant's prologue for the revival.

Great stress is also laid by Seward on the situation of Beaumont's letter to Jonson; but this situation is evidently a mere casualty of the press. To expedite the printing, the first folio was divided into eight different portions, as the printer's directory letters for the book-binder, and the numeration of the pages, evince.

The plays allotted for the third portion were, Chances, Loyal Subject, Laws of Candy, Lovers' Progress, Island Princess, Humorous Lieutenant, and Nice Valour: These not making

Because they saw it not, I not dislike  
 This second publication, which may strike  
 Their consciences, to see the thing they scorn'd,  
 To be with so much wit and art adorn'd.  
 Besides, one 'vantage more in this I see,  
 Your censurers must have the quality  
 Of reading, which I am afraid is more  
 Than half your shrewdest judges had before.

FR. BEAUMONT.

## II.

To the worthy Author Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, upon his Faithful Shepherdess.

THE wise, and many-headed *beuch*, that sits  
 Upon the life and death of *plays*, and *wits*,  
 (Compos'd of *gamester*, *captain*, *knight*, *knight's man*,  
*Lady*, or *Pucelle*, that wears mask or fan,  
*Velvet*, or *taffata cap*, rank'd in the dark  
 With the shop's *foreman*, or some such *brave spark*,  
 That may judge for his *six-pence*) had, before  
 They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play; and, more,  
 Their motives were, since it had not to do  
 With vices, which they look'd for, and came to.

I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,  
 And wish that all the *muses'* blood were spilt  
 In such a *martyrdom*, to vex their eyes,  
 Do crown thy murder'd *poem*; which shall rise  
 A glorified work to time, when fire,  
 Or moths, shall eat what all these fools admire.

BEN. JONSON.

making perfect sheets, the editor, to avoid leaving a blank leaf in the body of the book, there inserted this letter; and hence, undoubtedly, originated the situation of the poem, which ought (did its title deserve attention) to have been placed at the end of the whole work; for had any specification been intended, we should not have had the vague expression, "*two of the precedent*," but "*the two precedent comedies*."

Seward says, Shirley supposes the Humorous Lieutenant to be one of the plays referred to by the verses: Shirley thought nothing of the matter, knew nothing of the arrangement, did nothing but write the preface: It were unjust to believe he did more.—It is not always easy to discover Seward's meaning; but he seems, however, to have distrusted Shirley's supposition, and to have relied on the subsequent editor, by saying the verses "were published at the end of the Nice Valour and Woman-Hater, in the second folio." This proves nothing; that editor continued them with the play to which he found them annexed.

The title to these verses runs, "Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben. Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid." If this title and the situation afford proof of any kind, it will be directly opposite to Seward's opinion: First, as the title mentions "*two of the precedent comedies*," the Woman-Hater could not be one, having no place in the first folio. Secondly, Seward says, "Fletcher could not be with Beaumont; but what says the title? 'Written before he AND Master Fletcher came,' &c. And, thirdly, if Beaumont AND Fletcher were together, Nice Valour and the Humorous Lieutenant must be looked on as joint productions.

But, besides the title and situation failing to prove which the comedies were, the poem itself affords no proof that Beaumont was then writing any play at all. The words

*When these SCENES are PERFECT,*

are all which can lead to such a supposition; and may we not understand those words to mean only, "When I CHANGE the SCENE," or, "when the time for my stay HERE is COMPLETED?" with this sense of the word *perfect* every reader of old books must be acquainted. Whether this explanation is admitted, or not, it at least seems clear that no such external evidence as Seward supposes, is deducible from either the title or situation of the poem in question.

J. N.

To

III.

To Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT, (*then living.*)

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy *muse*,<sup>4</sup>  
That unto me dost such religion use!  
How I do fear myself, that am not worth  
The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!  
At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;  
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st.  
What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?  
What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?  
When even there, where most thou praisest me  
For writing better, I must envy thee.

BEN. JONSON.

IV.

On Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT, on his *Imitations of Ovid, an Ode.*

The matchless lust of a fair poesy,  
Which erst was buried in old Rome's decays,  
Now 'gins with heat of rising majesty,  
Her dust-wrapt head from rotten tomb to raise,  
And with fresh splendour gilds her fearless crest,  
Rearing her palace in our poet's breast.

The wanton Ovid, whose enticing rimes  
Have with attractive wonder forc'd attention,  
No more shall be admir'd at; for these times  
Produce a poet, whose more rare invention  
Will tear the love-sick myrtle from his brows,  
To adorn his temples with deserved boughs.

The strongest marble fears the smallest rain;  
The rusting canker eats the purest gold;  
Honour's best dye dreads envy's blackest stain;  
The crimson badge of beauty must wax old:  
But this fair issue of thy fruitful brain,  
Nor dreads age, envy, cankering rust or rain.

J. F.<sup>5</sup>

V.

On Mr. BEAUMONT. (*Written presently after his Death.*)

BEAUMONT lies here; and where now shall we have  
A muse like his to sigh upon his grave?

<sup>4</sup> This short copy (which seems wrote with a sincerity not common in complimentary poems) treats Beaumont not only as an excellent critic, but as an excellent poet; and is an answer to Beaumont's letter to Jonson.

SEWARD.

<sup>5</sup> The J. F. here is undoubtedly John Fletcher, and the ode, though not immediately relating to the plays, is inserted here, first, for its intrinsic merit; and, secondly, as it will be pleasing to find that Fletcher's muse was animated with friendship as well as Beaumont's; a circumstance, which, till I saw this ode, seemed wanting to complete the amiable union which reigned between them. In the third stanza, the reader will see an authority for Milton's use of the word *rime* for verse in general,

"Things unattempted yet in prose or *rime*."

Which Dr. Bentley so injudiciously altered to *prose and verse*. That Beaumont wrote something in the Ovidian *manner* seems evident from these lines; but the Hermaphrodite which is printed as his, and supposed to be the thing referred to in this ode, is claimed by Cleveland as a conjunct performance between himself and Randolph.

SEWARD.

Ah!

Ah! none to weep this with a worthy tear,  
 But he, that cannot, Beaumont that lies here.  
 Who now shall pay thy tomb with such a verse  
 As thou that lady's didst, fair Rutland's hearse? \*  
 A monument that will then lasting be,  
 When all her marble is more dust than she.  
 In thee all's lost: A sudden dearth and want  
 Hath seiz'd on Wit, good epitaphs are scant;  
 We dare not write thy elegy, whilst each fears  
 He ne'er shall match that copy of thy tears.  
 Scarce in an age a poet, and yet he  
 Scarce lives the third part of his age to see;  
 But quickly taken off, and only known,  
 Is in a minute shut as soon as shewn.  
 Why should weak Nature tire herself in vain  
 In such a piece, to dash it straight again?  
 Why should she take such work beyond her skill,  
 Which, when she cannot perfect, she must kill?  
 Alas! what is't to temper slime or mire?  
 But Nature's puzzled when she works in fire:  
 Great brains (like brightest glass) crack straight, while those  
 Of stone or wood hold out, and fear not blows:  
 And we their ancient hoary heads can see,  
 Whose wit was never their mortality:

*Who now shall pay thy tomb with such a verse*

*As thou that lady's didst, fair Rutland's hearse?]* To pay thy tomb is a little obscure, but it seems to mean, to repay thee for writing so excellent an epitaph, by one as excellent on thyself. There are several epitaphs and elegies in Beaumont's Poems, but by an expression in Mr. Earle's two next lines relating to the marble of the tomb, I believe the following beautiful epitaph is what is here referred to:

#### AN EPIGRAPH.

" Here she lies, whose spotless fame  
 Invites a stone to learn her name.  
 The rigid Spartan that denied  
 An epitaph to all that died,  
 Unless for war, in charity,  
 Would here vouchsafe an elegy.  
 She died a wife, but yet her mind,  
 Beyond virginity refin'd,  
 From lawless fire remain'd as free,  
 As now from heat her ashes be.  
 Her husband yet without a sin,  
 Was not a stranger, but her kin;  
 That her chaste love might seem no other  
 To her husband than a brother.  
 Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,  
 Till it be call'd for, let it rest;  
 For while this jewel here is set,  
 The grave is like a cabinet."

This is extremely in the spirit of Milton and Shakespeare's epitaphs, and shews that Beaumont excelled in every species of writing which he attempted. There are three elegies of his which I believe genuine, and they have great merit; two are signed by his name, and another begins,

" Can my poor lines no better office have,  
 Than, screech-owl like, still dwell about the grave?"

This shews that he had wrote several elegies and epitaphs.

SEWARD.

Beaumont

Beaumont dies young,<sup>7</sup> so Sidney died before;  
 There was not poetry he could live to more;  
 He could not grow up higher; I scarce know,  
 If th' art itself unto that pitch could grow,  
 Were't not in thee, that hadst arriv'd the height  
 Of all that Wit could reach, or Nature might.  
 Oh, when I read those excellent things of thine,  
 Such strength, such sweetness, couch'd in every line,  
 Such life of fancy, such high choice of brain,  
 Nought of the vulgar wit or borrow'd strain,  
 Such passion, such expressions meet my eye,  
 Such wit untainted with obscenity,  
 And these so unaffectedly express'd,  
 All in a language purely-flowing drest;  
 And all so born within thyself, thine own,  
 So new, so fresh, so nothing trod upon,  
 I grieve not now, that old Menander's vein  
 Is ruin'd, to survive in thee again;  
 Such in his time was he, of the same piece,  
 The smooth, ev'n, natural wit, and love of Greece.  
 Those few sententious fragments shew more worth,  
 Than all the poets Athens e'er brought forth;  
 And I am sorry we have lost those hours  
 On them, whose quickness comes far short of ours,  
 And dwell not more on thee, whose every page  
 May be a pattern for their scene and stage.  
 I will not yield thy works so mean a praise;  
 More pure, more chaste, more sainted than are plays,  
 Nor with that dull supineness to be read,  
 To pass a fire, or laugh an hour in bed.  
 How do the muses suffer every where,  
 Taken in such mouths' censure, in such ears,  
 That, 'twixt a whiff, a line or two rehearse,  
 And with their rheum together spawl a verse!  
 This all a poem's leisure, after play,<sup>8</sup>  
 Drink, or tobacco, it may keep the day.

Whilst

<sup>7</sup> So Sidney did before; ] It might perhaps have been—so Sidney died before.

Beaumont's Poems exhibit died.

SEWARD.

<sup>8</sup> This all a poem's leisure after play,

Drink or tobacco, it may keep the day.] What is all a poem's leisure? I can affix no idea to it but a Latinism, which if designed is extremely forced. This is all a poem's, i. e. a poem's part, power or worth, it may serve to spend one's leisure hours after dice, drink, or tobacco. But unless the reader sees a more natural explication, I believe he will agree to its being discarded as a corruption, for a trifling change will give a clear sense,

This all a poem's pleasure, after play,  
 Drink or tobacco, it may keep the day.

i. e. All the pleasure a poem gives to these sons of dulness, is to spin out or pass away the time till sun-set, after cards, bottles, and tobacco are removed; thus to pass a fire, a little above, signifies to pass away the time till the fire is burnt out. But to keep a day, is an expression not very applicable to this sense, (a sense which the context evidently requires) and though it may indeed be strained to something like it, yet as we can retain three of the letters in keep, and by a small transposition of the rest, give a much properer verb, it seems probable that *eke* was the original, we generally now say, to eke out the day; but it was used by our ancestors without the adverb, to eke a thing, i. e. to protract or lengthen it out. The reader will see a much greater corruption of the press than either of these at the latter end of this poem.

SEWARD.

The

Whilst ev'n their very idleness, they think,  
Is lost in these, that lose their time in drink.  
Pity their dullness; we that better know,  
Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.<sup>9</sup>  
Why should not Beaumont in the morning please,  
As well as Plautus, Aristophanes?  
Who, if my pen may as my thoughts be free,  
Were scurril wits and buffoons both to thee;  
Yet these our learned of severest brow  
Will deign to look on, and to note them too,  
That will defy our own; 'tis English stuff,  
And th' author is not rotten long enough.  
Alas, what phlegm are they, compar'd to thee,  
In thy Philaster, and Maid's Tragedy?  
Where's such an humour as thy Bessus, pray?  
Let them put all their Thraoes in one play,  
He shall out-bid them; their conceit was poor,<sup>10</sup>  
All in a circle of a bawd or whore,  
A coz'ning Davus;<sup>11</sup> take the fool away,  
And not a good jest extant in a play.  
Yet these are wits, because they're old, and now,  
Being Greek and Latin, they are learning too:  
But those their own times were content t' allow  
A thrifter fame,<sup>12</sup> and thine is lowest now.  
But thou shalt live, and, when thy name is grown  
Six ages older, shalt be better known;  
When thou'rt of Chaucer's standing in the tomb,  
Thou shalt not share, but take up all, his room.\*

JOH. EARLE.<sup>13</sup>

On

The meaning seems to be, "They have no *leisure* for poetry, till they have done with gaming, drinking, and smocking; these having had their time, poetry may *command* the day."

<sup>9</sup> *Pity then dull we, we that better know,*

*Will a more serious hour on thee bestow.*] There is too much inconsistency in this sentence to suppose it genuine. He ironically calls himself and friends *dull*, and literally asserts their superior understanding in the same sentence. Beside, *Pity then we will bestow*, &c. does not seem English. I change but an *n* to an *m*, and read, *Pity them dull; We, we that*, &c.

SEWARD.

The text is from Beaumont's Poems.

<sup>10</sup> *Their conceit was poor*, &c.] Mr. Earle's reflections on Terence are in part at least very unjust. There is perhaps too much sameness in his plots; but his old men and young, his servants, his parasites, &c. are each a distinct character from all the rest, and preserved throughout each play with infinite spirit and judgment. Beside which, the elegant diction and fine sentiments which every where abound in him are patterns to the best comic writers; and which Beaumont and Fletcher strive to excel him in by adding sublimity of poetry to justness of sentiment; well knowing that *jests* and *drollery* are only the lowest degree of comic excellence.

SEWARD.

<sup>11</sup> *A coz'ning dance.*] Corrected by Titeobald, who says, "*Davus* is the name of a subtle juggling servant in Terence's comedy called the Fair Andrian."

<sup>12</sup> *A thrifty fame.*] To make *thirsty* signify poor or scanty may be admitted; but as the smallest change gives a more natural word, *thirsty* seems the original.

SEWARD.

The text from Beaumont's Poems.

<sup>13</sup> This copy varies considerably from that printed with Beaumont's Poems.

<sup>14</sup> *Joh. Earle.*] Mr. Earle was young when he wrote this, and there are indisputable marks of a bright poetic genius, which had probably been greatly inspired by an intimacy with Beaumont. He was in high repute as a *preacher* and a *scholar* in King Charles the First's reign; and seems to have been a true patriot; for it is probable that he opposed the court in the beginning of the troubles, as he was elected one of the *Assembly of Divines*; but he refused to act with them, and adhered to the king in his lowest state, and for it was deprived

VI.

On Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT, (then newly dead).

HE that hath such acuteness, and such wit,  
As would ask ten good heads to husband it :  
He, that can write so well, that no man dare  
Refuse it for the best, let him beware :  
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,  
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.

RICH. CORBET, \* D. D.

VII.

On the happy Collection of Mr. FLETCHER's Works, never before printed.

FLETCHER, arise ! usurpers share thy bays,  
They canton thy vast wit to build small plays :  
He comes ! his volume breaks through clouds and dust ;  
Down, little wits ! ye must refund, ye must.

Nor comes he private ; here's great Beaumont too :  
How could one single world encompass two ?  
For these co-heirs had equal power to teach  
All that all wits both can, and cannot, reach.  
Shakespeare was early up, and went so drest  
As for those dawning hours he knew was best ;  
But, when the sun shone forth, you two thought fit  
To wear just robes, and leave off trunk-hose wit.  
Now, now, 'twas perfect ; none must look for new,  
Manners and scenes may alter, but not you ;  
For yours are not mere humours, gilded strains ;  
The fashion lost, your massy sense remains.

Some think your wits of two complexions fram'd,  
That one the sock, th' other the buskin, claim'd ;  
That should the stage embattle all its force,  
Fletcher would lead the foot, Beaumont the horse.  
But, you were both for both ; not semy-wits,  
Each piece is wholly two, yet never splits :  
Ye're not two faculties, and one soul still,  
He th' understanding, thou the quick free will ;  
Not as two voices in one song embrace,  
Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base,<sup>15</sup>

Two,

deprived of the chanceryship of Salisbury, and all his other preferments. After the restoration, he was made, first Dean of Westminster, then Bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury. Mr Wood gives a character of him, that extremely resembles that of the excellent Dr. Hough, the late Bishop of Worcester ; the sum of it is, that he joined the politeness of a courtier to the sanctity, goodness, and charity of an apostle.

\* Richard Corbet, first Student, then Dean of Christ-Church, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, and from thence translated to Norwich ; in his youth was eminent for wit and poetry, of which this is a specimen, and a good testimony of Beaumont's having a luxuriant wit as well as Fletcher,

SEWARD.

— a wit

That would ask ten good heads to husband it.

SEWARD.

<sup>15</sup> But, as two voices in one song embrace,

(Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base)

Two, full, congenial souls.] Here Berkenhead is speaking of the doubtful opinions relating to the share which Beaumont and Fletcher had in these plays : he tells you, that the general opinion was, that Beaumont was a grave tragic writer, Fletcher most excellent in comedy. This he contradicts ; but how, why, they did not differ as a general of horse does from a general of foot, nor as the sock does from the buskin, nor as the will from the understanding,

Two, full, congenial souls; still both prevail'd;  
 His muse and thine were *quarter'd*, not *impal'd*;<sup>16</sup>  
 Both brought you ingots, both toil'd at the mint,  
 Beat, melted, sifted, 'till no dross stuck in't;  
 Then in each other's scales weigh'd every grain,  
 Then smooth'd and burnish'd, then weigh'd all again;  
 Stamp'd both your names upon't at one bold hit,  
 Then, then 'twas coin, as well as bullion-wit.

Thus twins: But as when Fate one eye deprives,  
 That other strives to double, which survives,  
 So Beaumont died; yet left in legacy  
 His rules and standard wit (Fletcher) to thee.  
 Still the same planet, though not fill'd so soon,  
 A two-horn'd *crescent* then, now one *full-moon*.  
 Joint *love* before, now *honour*, doth provoke;  
 So th' old twin *giants* forcing a huge oak,  
 One slip'd his footing, th' other sees him fall,  
 Grasp'd the whole tree, and single held up all.  
 Imperial Fletcher! here begins thy reign;  
 Scenes flow like sun-beams from thy glorious brain;  
 Thy swift-dispatching soul no more doth stay,  
 Than he that built two cities in one day;  
 Ever brim-full, and sometimes running o'er,  
 To feed poor languid wits that wait at door;  
 Who creep and creep, yet ne'er above-ground stood;  
 (For creatures have most feet, which have least blood)  
 But thou art still that *bird of paradise*,  
 Which hath *no feet*, and ever nobly *flies*:  
 Rich, lusty sense, such as the *Poet* ought;  
 For poems, if not excellent, are naught;  
 Low wit in scenes in state a peasant goes;  
 If mean and flat, let it foot yeoman-prose,  
 That such may spell, as are not readers grown;  
 To whom he, that writes wit, shews he hath none.

Brave Shakespeare flow'd, yet had his ebbings too,  
 Often above himself, sometimes below;  
 Thou always best; if aught seem'd to decline,  
 'Twas the unjudging rout's mistake, not thine:

*standing*, but were *two full congenial souls*, and differed only as the *base* and *treble* do in the same song. Why, if this is the true reading, he confirms in these lines what he had contradicted in all the foregoing similes, for *base* and *treble* have much the same difference between them as horse and foot in an army, or the wit and understanding in the soul. To make the writer consistent with himself, the true reading seems to be *not* instead of *but*:

Not as two voices in one song embrace,  
 Fletcher's keen treble and deep Beaumont's base;  
 Two full congenial souls. SEWARD.

<sup>16</sup> *His muse and thine were quarter'd, not impal'd;*] I know I am going out of my depth, in attempting a criticism on terms in heraldry. But my books tell me, that *impaling* is when the arms of the man and wife are placed on the same escutcheon, the one on the right and the other on the left; which is a proper emblem of the matrimonial union; and might seemingly be as well applied to the marriage of Beaumont and Fletcher's wit, as the word *quartering* can, which the same Berkenhead speaks of at the latter end of this poem:

What strange production is at last display'd,  
 Got by two fathers without female aid!

But I shall attempt no change in a science where I am ignorance itself.

SEWARD

Thus



Thus thy fair Shepherdess, which the bold heap  
(False to themselves and thee) did prize so cheap,  
Was found (when understood) fit to be crown'd;  
At worst 'twas worth *two hundred thousand pound*.

Some blast thy *works*, lest we should track their walk,  
Where they steal all those few good things they talk;  
Wit-burglary must chide those it feeds on,  
For plunder'd folks ought to be rail'd upon;  
But (as stoln goods go off at half their worth)  
Thy strong sense *palls*, when they purloin it forth.  
When didst *thou* borrow? where's the man e'er read  
Aught begg'd by *thee* from those alive or dead?  
Or from dry *goddesses*? as some who, when  
They stuff their page with gods, write worse than men;  
Thou wast thine *own* muse, and hadst such vast odds,  
Thou out-writ'st him whose verse *made* all those gods:  
Surpassing those our dwarfish age up-rears,  
As much as Greeks, or Latins, thee in years:  
Thy ocean fancy knew nor banks nor damms;  
We ebb down dry to pebble-*anagrams*;  
Dead and insipid, all despairing sit;  
Lost to behold this great *relapse* of wit:  
What strength remains, is like that (wild and fierce)  
'Till Jonson made good poets and right verse.

Such boist'rous trifles thy muse would not brook,  
Save when she'd shew how scurvily they look;  
No savage metaphors (things rudely great)  
Thou dost *display*, not *butcher* a conceit;  
Thy nerves have *beauty*, which invades and charms;  
Looks like a princess harness'd in bright arms.

Nor art thou loud and cloudy; those, that do  
Thunder so much, do't without lightning too;  
Tearing themselves, and almost split their brain  
To render harsh what thou speak'st free and clean;  
Such gloomy sense may pass for *high* and *proud*,  
But true-born wit still flies *above* the *cloud*;  
Thou knew'st 'twas *impotence*, what they call *height*;  
Who blusters strong i'th' dark, but *creeps* i'th' light.

And as thy thoughts were *clear*, so, *innocent*;  
Thy fancy gave no unswept language vent;  
Slander'st not *laws*, prophan'st no *holy* page  
(As if thy father's crosier aw'd the stage);  
High crimes were still arraign'd; though they made shift  
To prosper out *four acts*, were plagu'd i'th' *fifth*:  
All's safe, and wise; no stiff affected scene,  
Nor *swoln*, nor *flat*, a true full natural vein;  
Thy sense (like well-drest ladies) cloath'd as skinn'd,  
Not all unlac'd, nor city-starch'd and pinn'd?  
Thou hadst no sloth, no rage, no sullen fit,  
But *strength* and *mirth*; Fletcher's a *sanguine* wit.

Thus, two great *consul*-poets all things sway'd,  
'Till all was English born or English made:  
*Mitre* and *coif* here into one piece spun,  
Beaumont's a *judge's*, this a *prelate's* son.  
What strange production is at last display'd,  
Got by two fathers, without female aid!

Behold,

Behold, two masculines espous'd each other;  
*Wit* and the world were born without a mother. J. BERKENHEAD.<sup>17</sup>

## VIII.

*On the Works of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, now at length printed.*

GREAT pair of Authors, whom one equal star  
 Begot so like in *genius*, that you are  
 In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,  
 That no man knows where to divide your wit,  
 Much less your praise: you, who had equal fire  
 And did each other mutually inspire;  
 Whether one did contrive, the other write,  
 Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;  
 Whether one found the matter, th' other dress,  
 Or th' one dispos'd what th' other did express:  
 Where-e'er your parts between yourselves lay, we  
 In all things, which you did, but one thread see;  
 So evenly drawn out, so gently spun,  
 That Art with Nature ne'er did smoother run.  
 Where shall I fix my praise then? or what part  
 Of all your numerous labours hath desert  
 More to be fam'd than other? Shall I say,  
 I've met a lover so drawn in your play,  
 So passionately written, so inflam'd,  
 So jealously enrag'd, then gently tam'd,  
 That I in reading have the person seen,  
 And your pen hath part stage and actor been?  
 Or shall I say, that I can scarce forbear  
 To clap, when I a \* captain do meet there;  
 So lively in his own vain humour drest,  
 So braggingly, and like himself exprest,  
 That modern cowards, when they saw him play'd,  
 Saw, blush'd, departed, guilty and betray'd?  
 You wrote all parts right; whatsoe'er the stage  
 Had from you, was seen there as in the age,  
 And had their equal life: vices which were  
 Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:  
 They who possess a box and half-crown spent  
 To learn obscenity, return'd innocent,  
 And thank'd you for this coz'nage, whose chaste scene  
 Taught loves so noble, so reform'd, so clean,  
 That they, who brought foul fires, and thither came  
 To bargain, went thence, with a holy flame.  
 Be't to your praise too, that <sup>18</sup> your stock and vein  
 Held both to tragic and to comic strain;

<sup>17</sup> J. Berkinhead.] Berkinhead was first amanuensis to hishop Laud, and fellow of All-Souls. He was author of the *Mercurius Aulicus*, a very loyal paper in the time of the rebellion. He was persecuted much in Cromwell's days, and lived by his wits; afterwards he had good places under King Charles the Second, was member of parliament, and knighted.

SEWARD.

\* *Bessus*.

<sup>18</sup> ——— your stock and vein  
 Held both to tragic and to comic strain.] i. e. Your stock of understanding and knowledge, and your vein of wit and humour, are equally excellent in tragedy and comedy.

SEWARD.

Where-

Where-e'er you listed to be high and grave,  
 No *buskin* shew'd more solemn; no quill gave  
 Such feeling objects to draw tears from eyes,  
 Spectators sate parts in your tragedies.  
 And where you listed to be low and free,  
 Mirth turn'd the whole house into comedy;  
 So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,  
 That humours from your pen issued all salt.  
 Nor were you thus in works and poems knit,  
 As to be but two halves, and make one Wit;  
 But as some things, we see, have double cause,  
 And yet the effect itself from both whole draws;  
 So, though you were thus twisted and combin'd,  
 As in two bodies t' have but one fair mind,<sup>19</sup>  
 Yet if we praise you rightly, we must say,  
 Both join'd, and both did wholly make the play.  
 For that you could write singly, we may guess  
 By the divided pieces which the press  
 Hath severally sent forth;<sup>20</sup> nor were join'd so,  
 Like some our modern authors, made to go  
 One merely by the help of th' other,<sup>21</sup> who  
 To purchase fame do come forth one of two;  
 Nor wrote you so, that one's part was to lick  
 The other into shape; nor did one stick  
 The other's cold inventions with such wit,  
 As serv'd, like spice, to make them quick and fit;  
 Nor, out of mutual want, or emptiness,  
 Did you conspire to go still twins to th' press;  
 But what, thus join'd, you wrote, might have come forth  
 As good from each, and stor'd with the same worth  
 That thus united them: you did join sense;  
 In you 'twas league, in others impotence:  
 And the press, which both thus amongst us sends,<sup>22</sup>  
 Sends us one poet in a pair of friends.

JASPER MAINE.<sup>23</sup>

Upon

<sup>19</sup> *As two bodies to have but one fair mind.*] Amended by SEWARD.

<sup>20</sup> *By the divided pieces which the press*

*Hath severally sent forth.*] I have before shewed that there were two comedies wrote by Beaumont singly, and given some reasons why the *Nice Valour* ought to be deemed one of them. Whether Mr. Maine in this place referred to these two comedies, knowing which they were; or whether he only meant the mask at Gray's Inn, which was the only piece which we know to have been published in Beaumont's name before these Commendatory Poems were published; or whether he spoke in general terms, without a strict adherence to facts, must be left uncertain.

SEWARD.

<sup>21</sup> *nor were gone so,*

*Like some our modern authors made to go*

*On merely by the help of th' other.*] The word *go* which ends the next line, seems to have ran in the printer's head, and made him put *gone* here instead of some other word. Mr. Theobald had prevented me in the emendation: we read *join'd so*, and as I have his concurrence, I have the less doubt in preferring it to Mr. Synpson's conjecture — *Nor were one so* — though this latter is very good sense, and nearer the trace of the letters, but it would make *one* be repeated too often, for it is already in the third and fourth lines after, and it is very evident to me that it should have been in the second, for *On merely*, I read *One merely*. SEWARD.

<sup>22</sup> *And the press which both thus amongst us sends.*] To make this verse run smoother, Seward would read,

*And thus the press which both amongst us sends,*

and refers to his rule for verse in note 4 on Wit without Money.

<sup>23</sup> *Jasper Maine.*] This gentleman was author of the *City Match*, a comedy, and the *Amorous War*, a tragedy-comedy. He was an eminent preacher in the civil war, but warmly adhering

## IX.

*Upon the Report of the printing of the Dramatical Poems of Master JOHN FLETCHER, never collected before, and now set forth in one Volume.*

THOUGH when all Fletcher writ, and the entire  
Man was indulg'd unto that sacred fire,  
His thoughts, and his thoughts' dress, appear'd both such,  
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much:  
Who therefore wisely did submit each birth  
To knowing Beaumont ere it did come forth,  
Working again until he said, *'twas fit,*  
And made him the sobriety of his wit.  
Though thus he call'd his judge into his fame,  
And for that aid allow'd him half the name;  
'Tis known, that sometimes he did stand alone,  
That both the sponge and pencil were his own;  
That himself judg'd himself, could singly do,  
And was at last Beaumont and Fletcher too:

Else we had lost his *Shepherdess*,<sup>24</sup> a piece  
Even and smooth, spun from a finer fleece;  
Where softness reigns, where passions passions greet,  
Gentle and high, as floods of balsam meet.  
Where dress'd in white expressions sit bright loves,  
Drawn, like their fairest queen, by milky doves;  
A piece, which Jonson in a rapture bid  
Come up a glorified work; and so it did.

Else had his muse set with his friend; the stage  
Had miss'd those poems, which yet take the age;  
The world had lost those rich exemplars, where  
Art, language, wit, sit ruling in one sphere;  
Where the fresh matters soar above old themes,  
As prophets' raptures do above our dreams;  
Where in a worthy scorn he dares refuse  
All other gods, and makes the thing his muse;  
Where he calls passions up, and lays them so,  
As spirits, aw'd by him to come and go;  
Where the free author did whate'er he would,  
And nothing will'd but what a poet should.

No vast uncivil bulk swells any scene,  
The strength's ingenious, and the vigour clean;  
None can prevent the fancy, and see through  
At the first opening; all stand wondering how

adhering to the king, was deprived of all his preferments in Cromwell's time, and taken for charity into the Earl of Devonshire's family, where his learning, piety, and wit, rendered him a proper advocate for religion against the famous Mr. Hobbs, then a tutor in that family. After the restoration he was made Canon of Christ-Church, and archdeacon of Chichester.

SEWARD.

<sup>24</sup> *Else we had lost his Shepherdess.*] Mr. Cartwright was a very bright but a very young man, and seems to taste our authors plays extremely well, but to have known nothing of their dates and history. He supposes the *Shepherdess* wrote after Beaumont's death, so that his testimony ought to have no sort of weight in excluding Beaumont from all share in the composition of the plays. He had taken up the supposition of Beaumont's being only a corrector, perhaps merely because Jonson had celebrated his judgment; not considering that he celebrated his fancy too.

SEWARD.

Cartwright could not suppose the *Shepherdess* was wrote after Beaumont's death: his words only mean, "If Fletcher could not have wrote without Beaumont, we should not have had the *Faithful Shepherdess*," in which the latter had no concern.

The

The thing will be, until it is ; which thence  
 With fresh delight still cheats, still takes the sense ;  
 The whole design, the shadows, the lights such,  
 That none can say he shews or hides too much :  
 Business grows up, ripen'd by just increase,  
 And by as just degrees again doth cease ;  
 The heats and minutes of affairs are watch'd,  
 And the nice points of time are met, and snatch'd :  
 Nought later than it should, nought comes before ;  
 Chymists, and calculators, do err more :  
 Sex, age, degree, affections, country, place,  
 The inward substance, and the outward face,  
 All kept precisely, all exactly fit ;  
 What he would write, he was, before he writ.  
 'Twixt Jonson's grave, and Shakespeare's lighter sound,  
 His muse so steer'd, that something still was found ;  
 Nor this, nor that, nor both, but so his own,  
 That 'twas his mark, and he was by it known :  
 Hence did he take true judgments, hence did strike  
 All palates some way, though not all alike :  
 The god of numbers might his numbers crown,  
 And, listning to them, wish they were his own.  
 Thus, welcome forth, what ease, or wine, or wit  
 Durst yet produce ; that is, what Fletcher writ !

X.

A N O T H E R.

FLETCHER, though some call it thy fault, that wit  
 So overflow'd thy scenes, that ere 'twas fit  
 To come upon the stage, Beaumont was fain  
 To bid thee be more dull ; that's, write again,  
 And bate some of thy fire ; which from thee came  
 In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame ;  
 And after all (finding thy genius such)  
 That blunted, and allay'd, 'twas yet too much,  
 Added his sober sponge ; and did contract  
 Thy plenty to less wit, to make't exact :  
 Yet we through his corrections could see  
 Much treasure in thy superfluity ;  
 Which was so fil'd away, as, when we do  
 Cut jewels, that that's lost is jewel too ;  
 Or as men use to wash gold, which we know  
 By losing makes the stream thence wealthy grow.  
 They who do on thy works severely sit,  
 And call thy store the over-births of wit,  
 Say thy miscarriages were rare, and when  
 Thou wert superfluous, that thy fruitful pen  
 Had no fault but abundance, which did lay  
 Out in one scene what might well serve a play ;  
 And hence do grant, that, what they call excess,  
 Was to be reckon'd as thy happiness,  
 From whom wit issued in a full spring-tide ;  
 Much did enrich the stage, much flow'd beside.  
 For that thou couldst thine own free fancy bind  
 In stricter numbers, and run so confin'd  
 As to observe the rules of art, which sway  
 In the contrivance of a true-born play,

Those works proclaim which thou didst write retir'd  
 From Beaumont, by none but thyself inspir'd.  
 Where, we see, 'twas not chance that made them hit,  
 Nor were thy plays the lotteries of wit;  
 But, like to Durer's pencil,<sup>25</sup> which first knew  
 The laws of faces, and then faces drew,  
 Thou knew'st the air, the colour, and the place,  
 The symmetry, which gives a poem grace.  
 Parts are so fitted unto parts, as do  
 Shew thou hadst wit, and mathematics too:  
 Knew'st where by line to spare, where to dispense,  
 And didst beget just comedies from thence:  
 Things unto which thou didst such life bequeath,  
 That they, (their own Black-Friars<sup>26</sup>) unacted, breath.  
 Jonson had writ things lasting, and divine,  
 Yet his love-scenes, Fletcher, compar'd to thine,  
 Are cold and frosty, and express love so,  
 As heat with ice, or warm fires mix'd with snow;  
 Thou, as if struck with the same generous darts,  
 Which burn, and reign, in noble lovers' hearts,  
 Hast cloath'd affections in such native tines,  
 And so describ'd them in their own true fires,  
 Such moving sighs, such undissembled tears,  
 Such charms of language, such hopes mix'd with fears,  
 Such grants after denials, such pursuits  
 After despair, such amorous recruits,  
 That some, who sat spectators, have confest  
 Themselves transform'd to what they saw exprest:  
 And felt such shafts steal through their captiv'd sense,  
 As made them rise parts, and go lovers thence.  
 Nor was thy stile wholly compos'd of groves,  
 Or the soft strains of shepherds and their loves;  
 When thou wouldst comic be, each smiling birth,  
 In that kind, came into the world all mirth,  
 All point, all edge, all sharpness; we did sit  
 Sometimes five acts out in pure sprightly wit,  
 Which flow'd in such true salt, that we did doubt  
 In which scene we laugh'd most two shillings out.  
 Shakespeare to thee was dull,<sup>27</sup> whose best jest lies  
 I'th' ladies' questions, and the fools' replies,

Old-

<sup>25</sup> *Like to Durer's pencil.*] Albert Durer was a most excellent German painter (born in 1471), much admired even by the great Raphael himself; and in so high esteem with the emperor Maximilian the First, that he presented him with a coat of arms as the badge of nobility.

THEOBALD.

<sup>26</sup> *That they, (their own Black-Friars.)* i. e. their own theatre: meaning, that Fletcher's plays were so sprightly, that, though then unacted (by reason of the troublesome times, and civil war which rag'd against King Charles the First) they wanted no advantage of a stage to set them off. One of the seven playhouses, subsisting in our author's time, was in Black Friars.

THEOBALD.

<sup>27</sup> *Shakespeare to thee was dull.*] This false censure arose from the usual fault of panegyrists, of depreciating others to extol their favourite. Had he only said, as in the former copy, that Fletcher was in a due medium between Jonson's correctness and Shakespeare's fancy, he had done Fletcher as well as himself more real honour. But it must be observed, that Beaumont and Fletcher were so much the general taste of the age, both in Charles the First and Second's reign, that Mr. Cartwright only follows the common judgment. The reason seems to be this, Jonson survived both Shakespeare and our authors many years, and as he warmly opposed the strange irregularities of the English theatre, at the head of which irregularities was so great a genius as Shakespeare, he formed a strong party against him.

But

Old-fashion'd wit, which walk'd from town to town  
In trunk-hose,<sup>28</sup> which our fathers call the clown;  
Whose wit our nice times would obsceneness call,  
And which made bawdry pass for comical.  
Nature was all his art; thy vein was free  
As his, but without his scurrility;  
From whom mirth came unforc'd, no jest perplex'd,  
But without labour clean, chaste, and unvex'd.  
Thou wert not like some, our small poets, who  
Could not be poets, were not we poets too;  
Whose wit is pilf'ring, and whose vein and wealth  
In poetry lies merely in their stealth;  
Nor didst thou feel their drought, their pangs, their qualms,  
Their rack in writing, who do write for alms;  
Whose wretched genius, and dependent fires,  
But to their benefactors' dole aspires.  
Nor hadst thou the sly trick thyself to praise  
Under thy friends' names; or, to purchase bays,  
Didst write stale commendations to thy hook,  
Which we for Beaumont's or Ben Jonson's took:  
That debt thou left'st to us, which none but he  
Can truly pay, Fletcher, who writes like thee.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.<sup>29</sup>

XI.

*To the Manes of the celebrated Poets and Fellow-Writers, FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER, upon the printing of their excellent Dramatic Poems.*

DISDAIN not, gentle shades, the lowly praise  
Which here I tender your immortal bays:  
Call it not folly, but my zeal, that I  
Strive to eternize you, that cannot die.  
And though no language rightly can commend  
What you have writ, save what yourselves have penn'd;  
Yet let me wonder at those curious strains  
(The rich conceptions of your twin-like brains)

But nature frequently spoke in Shakespeare so directly to the heart, and his excellencies as well as faults were so glaring, that the prejudices against the latter could not wholly blind men to the former. As our authors resembled him in these excellencies more than Jonson, and yet often followed Jonson's correctness and manner, the partisans both of Shakespeare and Jonson were willing to compromise it, and allow them the first honours, as partaking of both their excellencies. After the restoration, French rules of the drama were introduced, and our authors being nearer them than Shakespeare, they still held their superiority.

SEWARD.

<sup>28</sup> *In turn'd hose.*] We must read, *trunk-hose*; i. e. a kind of large slops, or trowsers, worn by the clowns. So in the 25th copy of verses:

— You two thought fit  
To wear just robes, and leave off trunk-hose wit.

THEOBALD.

<sup>29</sup> *William Cartwright.*] Mr. Cartwright was esteemed one of the best poets, orators, and philosophers of his age; he was first a king's scholar at Westminster, then student of Christ-Church, Oxon. Wood calls him the most scrupulous preacher of his age, another Tully and another Virgil: he died about the age of thirty in 1643, in the year of his proctorship, when King Charles the First was at Oxford, by whom his death was most affectionately mourned. He wrote the *Lady Errant*, the *Royal Slave*, and *Love's Convert*, tragi-comedies; and a volume of his poems were printed after his death. See Wood's *Athenæ*.

SEWARD.

Cartwright's best play, the *Ordinary*, Mr. Seward has not mentioned.

Which

Which drew the gods' attention; who admir'd  
 To see our English stage by you inspir'd:  
 Whose chiming muses never fail'd to sing  
 A soul-affecting music, ravishing  
 Both ear and intellect; while you do each  
 Contend with other who shall highest reach  
 In rare invention; conflicts, that beget  
 New strange delight, to see two fancies met,  
 That could receive no foil; two wits in growth  
 So just, as had one soul inform'd both.  
 Thence (learned Fletcher) sung the muse alone,  
 As both had done before, thy Beaumont gone.  
 In whom, as thou, had he out-liv'd, so he  
 (Snatch'd first away) survived still in thee.

What though distempers of the present age  
 Have banish'd your smooth numbers from the stage?  
 You shall be gainers by't; it shall confer  
 To th' making the vast world your theatre;  
 The press shall give to every man his part,  
 And we will all be actors; learn by heart  
 Those tragic scenes and comic strains you writ,  
 Unimitable both for art and wit;  
 And, at each *exit*, as your fancies rise,  
 Our hands shall clap deserved plaudities.

JOHN WEBB.<sup>30</sup>

## XII.

*On the Works of the most excellent Dramatic Poet, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER,  
 never before printed.*

HAIL, Fletcher! welcome to the world's great stage;  
 For our two hours, we have thee here an age  
 In thy whole works, and may th' *impression* call  
 The *pretor* that presents thy plays to all;  
 Both to the people, and the *lords* that sway  
 That *herd*, and ladies whom those *lords* obey.  
 And what's the loadstone can such guests invite  
 But moves on two poles, *profit* and *delight*?  
 Which will be soon, as on the rack, confess,  
 When every one is tickled with a jest,  
 And that pure Fletcher's able to subdue  
 A *melancholy* more than Burton knew.<sup>31</sup>  
 And, though upon the bye to his designs,  
 The *native* may learn English from his lines,

<sup>30</sup> *John Webb.*] I find no other traces of a John Webb who was likely to be author of this ingenious copy of verses, but that in 1629, four years after Fletcher's death, one John Webb, M. A. and fellow of Magdalen College in Oxford, was made master of Croydon School. He was probably our Mr. Webb, and much nearer the times of our authors than Mr. Cartwright, and had I discovered this soon enough, he should have took place of him; but his testimony of Beaumont's abilities, as a writer, is a proper antidote against Mr. Cartwright's traditional opinion.

SEWARD.

<sup>31</sup> *And that pure Fletcher, able to subdue  
 A melancholy more than Burton knew.*] Mr. Symson observed that the comma stood in the place of 's, *Fletcher is able*. Burton was author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a folio.

SEWARD.

And



And th' *alien*, if he can but construe it,  
 May here be made free *denison* of wit.  
 But his main end does drooping *Virtue* raise,  
 And crowns her beauty with eternal *bays*;  
 In scenes where she inflames the frozen soul,  
 While *Vice* (her paint wash'd off) appears so foul,  
 She must this *blessed isle* and Europe leave,  
 And some new *quadrant* of the *globe* deceive;  
 Or hide her blushes on the *Afric* shore,  
 Like *Marius*, but ne'er rise to *triumph* more;  
 That *honour* is resign'd to *Fletcher's* fame;  
 Add to his trophies, that a *poet's* name  
 (Late grown as odious to our *modern states*,  
 As that of *King* to *Rome*) he vindicates  
 From black aspersions, cast upon't by those  
 Which only are inspir'd to lie in prose.

And, by the court of *muses* be't decreed,  
 What graces spring from *poesy's* richer seed,  
 When we name *Fletcher*, shall be so proclaim'd,  
 As all, that's *royal*, is when *Cæsar's* nam'd.

ROBERT STAPYLTON,<sup>12</sup> Knt.

### XIII.

To the Memory of my most honoured Kinsman, Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

I'LL not pronounce how strong and clean thou writ'st,  
 Nor by what new hard rules thou took'st thy flights,  
 Nor how much *Greek* and *Latin* some refine,  
 Before they can make up six words of thine:  
 But this I'll say, thou strik'st our sense so deep,  
 At once thou mak'st us blush, rejoice and weep.  
 Great father *Jonson* bow'd himself, when he  
 (Thou writ'st so nobly) vow'd, *he envied thee*.  
 Were thy *Mardonius* arm'd, there would be more  
 Strife for his sword than all *Achilles* wore;  
 Such wise just rage, had he been lately tried,  
 My life on't he had been o'th' better side;  
 And, where he found false odds, (through gold or sloth)  
 There brave *Mardonius* would have beat them both.

Behold, here's *Fletcher* too! the world ne'er knew  
 Two potent wits co-operate, till you;  
 For still your fancies are so wov'n and knit,  
 'Twas *Francis* *Fletcher*, or *John* *Beaumont* writ,  
 Yet neither borrow'd, nor were so put to't  
 To call poor gods and goddesses to do't;  
 Nor made nine girls your *muses* (you suppose,  
 Women ne'er write, save *love-letters in prose*)  
 But are your own inspirers, and have made  
 Such powerful scenes, as, when they please, invade.

<sup>12</sup> Sir Robert Stapylton of Carelton in Yorkshire, a poet of much fame, was at the battle of Edgehill with King Charles the First, and had an honorary degree given him at Oxford for his behaviour on that occasion. He wrote the *Slighted Maid*, a comedy; *The Step-Mother*, a tragi-comedy; and *Hero and Leander*, a tragedy; besides several poems and translations.

SEWARD.

Your

Your plot, sense, language, all's so pure and fit,  
He's bold, not valiant, dare dispute your wit.

GEORGE LISLE,<sup>23</sup> KNIGHT.

#### XIV.

##### *On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Works.*

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms  
Had turn'd to their own substances and forms,  
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,  
We shall behold, more than at first entire,  
As now we do, to see all thine, thine own  
In this thy muse's resurrection:  
Whose scatter'd parts, from thy own race, more wounds  
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;  
Which first their brains, and then their bellies, fed,  
And from their excrements new poets bred.  
But now thy muse enraged from her urn,  
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, doth return  
To accuse the murderers, to right the stage,  
And undeceive the long-abused age;  
Which casts thy praise on them, to whom thy wit  
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:  
Who, not content like felons to purloin,  
Add treason to it, and debase thy coin.

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise  
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;  
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,  
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt  
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.  
Then was <sup>24</sup>Wit's empire at the fatal height,  
When, labouring and sinking with its weight,  
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,  
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;  
When Jonson, Shakespeare, and thyself did sit,  
And sway'd in the triumvirate of Wit.  
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,  
Or what more easy Nature did bestow  
On Shakespeare's gentler muse, in thee full grown  
Their graces both appear; yet so, that none

<sup>23</sup> *George Lisle, Knight.*] This I take to be the same with Sir John Lisle one of King Charles's judges; for Wood in his Index to his *Athenæ*, calls Sir John by the name of George: He might perhaps have had two Christian names. If this was he, he was admitted at Oxford in the year 1622, seven years after Beaumont's death, and as he was a kinsman might be supposed to know more of his compositions than a stranger. His testimony therefore adds strength to what has been before advanced concerning Beaumont, nay it does so whether Sir George Lisle be the regicide or not. If he was, he was an eminent lawyer and speaker in the House of Commons, and made lord commissioner of the privy seal by the parliament. After the Restoration he fled to Losanna in Switzerland, where he was treated as lord chancellor of England, which so irritated some furious Irish loyalists that they shot him dead as he was going to church.

SEWARD.

<sup>24</sup> *Wit's empire at the fatal height.*] i. e. The highest pitch which fate allows it to rise to.—The following account of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Fletcher, though rather too favourable to the last, is as much preferable to all the former poets encomiums as Sir John was preferable to them in abilities as a poet.

SEWARD.

Can

Can say, here Nature ends, and Art begins;  
 But mixt, like th' elements, and born like twins;  
 So interweav'd, so like, so much the same,  
 None this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:  
 'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and skill  
 Are the two tops of their Parnassus hill.

J. DENHAM.

## XV.

*Upon Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Plays.*

FLETCHER, to thee, we do not only owe  
 All these good plays, but those of others too:  
 Thy wit, repeated, does support the stage,  
 Credits the last, and entertains this age.  
 No worthies form'd by any muse, but thine,  
 Could purchase robes to make themselves so fine:  
 What brave commander is not proud to see  
 Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?  
 Our greatest ladies love to see their scorn  
 Out-done by thine, in what themselves have worn:  
 Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,  
 Sees thy Aspatia weeping in her gown.  
 I never yet the tragic strain assay'd,  
 Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid;  
 And when I venture at the comic stile,  
 Thy Scornful Lady<sup>33</sup> seems to mock my toil:  
 Thus has thy muse, at once, improv'd and marr'd  
 Our sport in plays, by rend'ring it too hard.  
 So when a sort of lusty shepherds throw  
 The bar by turns, and none the rest outgo  
 So far, but that the best are measuring casts,  
 Their emulation and their pastime lasts;  
 But if some brawny yeoman of the guard  
 Step in, and toss the axle-tree a yard,  
 Or more, beyond the furthest mark, the rest  
 Despairing stand, their sport is at the best.

EDW. WALLER.

## XVI.

*To FLETCHER Revised.*

How have I been religious? What strange good  
 Has 'scap'd me, that I never understood?  
 Have I hell-guarded *heresy* o'erthrown?  
 Heal'd wounded states? made kings and kingdoms one?  
 That *Fate* should be so merciful to me,  
 To let me live I have said, *I have read thee*.  
 Fair star, ascend! the joy, the life, the light  
 Of this tempestuous age, this dark world's sight!  
 Oh, from thy crown of glory dart one flame  
 May strike a sacred reverence, whilst thy name  
 (Like holy flamens to their god of day)  
 We, bowing, sing; and whilst we praise, we pray.

<sup>33</sup> *Thy Scornful Lady.*] Many great men, as well as Mr. Waller, have celebrated this play. Beaumont's hand is visible in some high caricatures, but I must own my dissent to its being called a first-rate comedy.

SEWARD.

Bright

Bright spirit! whose eternal motion  
Of wit, like *time*, still in itself did run;  
Binding all others in it, and did give  
Commission, how far this, or that, shall live:  
Like Destiny,<sup>36</sup> thy poems; who, as she  
Signs death to all, herself can never die.

And now thy purple-robed tragedy,  
In her embroider'd buskins, calls mine eye,  
Where brave Aëtius we see betray'd, *Valentinian.*  
T' obey his death, whom thousand lives obey'd;  
Whilst that the *mighty fool* his scepter breaks,  
And through his gen'ral's wounds his own doom speaks;  
Weaving thus richly Valentinian,  
The costliest monarch with the cheapest man.

Soldiers may here to their old glories add,  
The Lover love, and be with reason Mad: *Mad Lover.*  
Not as of old Alcides furious,  
Who, wilder than his bull, did tear the house;  
(Hurling his language with the canvas stone)  
T'was thought the monster roar'd the sob'rer tone.

But, ah! when thou thy sorrow didst inspire  
With passions black as is her dark attire,  
Virgins, as sufferers, have wept to see *Arcas.*  
So white a soul, so red a cruelty; *Bellaris.*  
That thou hast griev'd, and, with unthought redress,  
Dried their wet eyes who now thy mercy bless;  
Yet, loth to lose thy watry jewel, when  
Joy wip'd it off, laughter straight sprung't agen.

Now ruddy-cheeked *Mirth* with rosy wings *Comedies.*  
Fans ev'ry brow with gladness, while she sings *Spanish Curate.*  
Delight to all; and the whole theatre *Humorous Lacrimator.*  
A festival in Heaven doth appear.  
Nothing but pleasure, love; and (like the morn) *Tower Taw'd.*  
Each face a general smiling doth adorn. *Little French Laugher.*

Here, ye foul speakers, that pronounce the air  
Of stews and sewers, I will inform you where,  
And how, to clothe aright your wanton wit,  
Without her nasty bawd attending it. *Custom of the Country.*  
View here a loose thought said with such a grace,  
Minerva might have spoke in Venus' face;  
So well disguis'd, that 'twas couceiv'd by none,  
But Cupid had Diana's linen on;  
And all his naked parts so veil'd, they express  
The shape with clouding the uncomeliness;

<sup>36</sup> Like destiny of poems, who, as she

Sings death to all, herself can never die.] This is extremely obscure: He says first, that Fletcher is the spirit of poetry, that he is the god of it, and has decreed the fate of all other poems, whether they are to live or die; after this he is like the destiny of poems, and living only himself signs death to all others. This is very high-strained indeed, and rather self-contradictory, for Fletcher's spirit gives commission how far some shall live and yet signs death to all. A slight change will make somewhat easier and clearer sense. I understand the four last lines thus; Fletcher's poetry is the standard of excellence; whatever is not formed by that model must die, therefore I read,

Like destiny, thy poems; i. e. Thy poems being the standard of excellence, are like destiny, which determines the fate of others, but herself remains still the same. I republish this poem as there are strong marks of genius in it, particularly in some of the following paragraphs.

SEWARD.

That

That if this reformation, which we  
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,  
The stage, as this work, might have liv'd and lov'd;  
Her lines the austere scarlet had approv'd;  
And th' actors wisely been from that offence  
As clear, as they are now from audience.

Thus with thy *genius* did the *scene* expire,  
Wanting thy active and enliv'ning fire,  
That now (to spread a darkness over all)  
Nothing remains but *poesy* to fall.  
And though from these thy *embers* we receive  
Some warmth, so much as may be said, *we live*;  
That we dare praise thee, blushless, in the head  
Of the best piece *Hermes* to *Love* e'er read;  
That we rejoice and glory in thy wit,  
And feast each other with rememb'ring it;  
That we dare speak thy thought, thy acts recite:  
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write,

RICH. LOVELACE.<sup>37</sup>

XVII.

*Upon the unparalleled Plays written by those renowned Twins of Poetry,*  
BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

WHAT'S here? another library of praise,<sup>38</sup>  
Met in a troop t' advance contemned plays,  
And bring exploded *wit* again in fashion?  
I can't but wonder at this *reformation*.  
My skipping soul surfeits with so much good,  
To see my hopes into *fruition* bud.  
A happy *chymistry*! blest viper, *Joy*!  
That through thy mother's bowels gnaw'st thy way!  
Wits flock in shoals, and club to re-erect,  
In spite of *ignorance*, the architect  
Of occidental *poesy*; and turn  
Gods, to recal *Wit's* ashes from their urn.  
Like huge Colosses, they've together knit<sup>40</sup>  
Their shoulders to support a world of wit.

<sup>37</sup> *Rich. Lovelace.*] This gentleman was eldest son of a good family, extremely accomplished, being very eminent for wit, poetry, and music, but still more so for politeness of manners and beauty of person. He had an ample fortune and every advantage that seemed to promise happiness in life; but his steady attachment to the royal cause, and a liberality that perhaps approached too near profuseness, reduced him to extreme poverty. Something of the gaiety of the soldier appears in the beginning of this poem. His poems were published in 1749.

SEWARD.

<sup>38</sup> *Another library of praise.*] This alludes to the numerous commendatory copies of verses on *Tom. Coryat's Crudities*, which swelled into an entire volume. This is touched at in the 23d copy of verses, by Richard Brome:

"For the witty copies took,  
Of his encomiums made themselves a book."

THEOBALD.

<sup>40</sup> ———— they've together met

*Their shoulders to support a world of wit.*] I should not find fault with *met* and *wit* being made rhimes here, (the poets of those times giving themselves such a licence) but that two persons *meeting their shoulder* is neither sense nor English! I am therefore persuaded the author wrote *knit*. So twice in the eighth copy by Jasper Maine,

"In fame, as well as writings, both so knit,  
That no man knows where to divide your wit."

And again,

"Nor where you thus in works and poems knit," &c.

THEOBALD.

The tale of Atlas (though of truth it miss)  
 We plainly read *mythologiz'd* in this;  
 Orpheus and Amphion, whose undying stories  
 Made Athens famous, are but *allegories*.  
 'Tis poetry has power to civilize  
 Men, worse than stones, more blockish than the trees.  
 I cannot choose but think (now things so fall)  
 That Wit is past its *climacterical*;  
 And though the Muses have been dead and gone,  
 I know, they'll find a *resurrection*.

'Tis vain to praise; they're to themselves a glory,  
 And silence is our sweetest *oratory*.  
 For he, that names but Fletcher, must needs be  
 Found guilty of a loud *hyperbole*.  
 His fancy so transcendently aspires,  
 He shews himself a wit, who but admires.

Here are no volumes stuff'd with cheverel sense,  
 The very *anagrams* of eloquence;  
 Nor long long-winded sentences that be,  
 Being rightly spell'd, but wit's *stenography*;  
 Nor words, as void of reason as of rhyme,  
 Only *cæsura'd* to spin out the time.  
 But here's a *magazine* of purest sense,  
 Cloth'd in the newest garb of eloquence:  
 Scenes that are quick and sprightly, in whose veins  
 Bubbles the quintessence of sweet-high strains.  
 Lines, like their authors, and each word of it  
 Does say, 'twas writ b' a *gemini* of wit.

How happy is our age! how blest our men!  
 When such rare souls live themselves o'er again.  
 We err, who think a poet dies; for this  
 Shews, that 'tis but a *metempsychosis*.  
 Beaumont and Fletcher here, at last, we see  
 Above the reach of dull mortality,  
 Or pow'r of fate: And thus the proverb hits,  
 (That's so much cross'd) *These men live by their wits*.

ALEX. BROME.

## XVIII.

*On the Death and Works of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.*

My name, so far from great, that 'tis not known,  
 Can lend no praise but what thou'dst blush to own;  
 And no rude hand, or feeble wit, should dare  
 To vex thy shrine with an unlearned tear.

I'd have a state of wit convok'd, which hath  
 A power to take up on common faith;  
 That, when the stock of the whole kingdom's spent  
 In but preparative to thy monument,  
 The prudent council may invent fresh ways  
 To get new contribution to thy praise;  
 And rear it high, and equal to thy wit;  
 Which must give life and monument to it.

So when, late, Essex died,<sup>44</sup> the public face  
 Wore sorrow in't; and to add mournful grace

<sup>44</sup> *So when, late, Essex dy'd.*] The Earl of Essex, who had been general for the parliament in the civil war against King Charles the First, died on the 14th of September, 1646, and the first folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's works was published in 1647. THEOBALD.

To the sad pomp of his lamented fall,  
The commonwealth serv'd at his funeral,  
And by a solemn order built his hearse;  
—But not like thine, built by thyself in verse.  
Where thy advanced image safely stands  
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands.  
Base hands, how impotently you disclose  
Your rage 'gainst Camden's learned ashes, whose  
Defaced *statua* and martyr'd book,  
Like an antiquity and fragment look.  
*Nonnulla desunt* legibly appear,  
So truly now Camden's *Remains* lie there.  
Vain malice! how he mocks thy rage, while breath  
Of Fame shall speak his great Elizabeth!  
'Gainst time and thee he well provided hath;  
Britannia is the tomb and epitaph.  
Thus princes honours; but wit only gives  
A name which to succeeding ages lives.

Singly we now consult ourselves and fame,  
Ambitious to twist ours with thy great name.  
Hence we thus bold to praise: For as a vine,  
With subtle wreath and close embrace, doth twine  
A friendly elm, by whose tall trunk it shoots  
And gathers growth and moisture from its roots;  
About its arms the thankful clusters cling  
Like bracelets, and with purple ammeling  
The blue-check'd grape, stuck in its vernant hair,  
Hangs like rich jewels in a beauteous ear.  
So grow our praises by thy wit; we do  
Borrow support and strength, and lend but show.  
And but thy male wit,<sup>42</sup> like the youthful sun,  
Strongly begets upon our passion,  
Making our sorrow teem with elegy,  
Thou yet unweep'd, and yet unprais'd might'st be.  
But they're imperfect births; and such are all  
Produc'd by causes not univocal,  
The scapes of Nature, passives being unfit;  
And hence oer verse speaks only mother-wit.

Oh, for a fit o'th' father! for a spirit  
That might but parcel of thy worth inherit;  
For but a spark of that diviner fire,  
Which thy full breast did animate and inspire;  
That souls could be divided, thou traduce  
But a sniall particle of thine to us!  
Of thine; which we admir'd when thou didst sit  
But as a joint-commissioner in wit;  
When it had plummets hung on to suppress  
Its too-luxuriant growing mightiness;  
Till, as that tree which scorns to be kept down,  
Thou grew'st to govern the whole stage alone;  
In which orb thy throng'd light did make the star,  
Thou wert th' intelligence did move that sphere.  
Thy fury was compos'd; Rapture no fit  
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in wit

<sup>42</sup> *And but thy male wit, &c* ] Mr. Seward omits this and the nine following lines.

As men in a disease; thy fancy clear,  
 Muse chaste, as those flames whence they took their fire;<sup>42</sup>  
 No spurious composes amongst thine,  
 Got in adultery 'twixt Wit and Wine.

And as th' hermetical physicians draw  
 From things that curse of the first-broken law,  
 That *ens venenum*, which extracted thence  
 Leaves nought but primitive good and innocence:  
 So was thy spirit calcin'd; no mixtures there  
 But perfect, such as next to simples are.  
 Not like those meteor-wits which wildly fly  
 In storm and thunder through th' amazed sky;  
 Speaking but th' ills and villainies in a state,  
 Which tools admire, and wise men tremble at,  
 Full of portent and prodigy, whose gall  
 Oft 'scapes the vice, and on the man doth fall.  
 Nature us'd all her skill, when thee she meant  
 A wit at once both great and innocent.

Yet thou hadst tooth; but 'twas thy judgment, not  
 For mending one word a whole sheet to blot.  
 Thou couldst anatonise with ready art,  
 And skilful hand, crimes lock'd close up i' th' heart.  
 Thou couldst unfold dark plots, and shew that path  
 By which Ambition climb'd to greatness hath;  
 Thou couldst the rises, turns, and falls of states,  
 How near they were their periods and dates;  
 Couldst mad the subject into popular rage,  
 And the grown seas of that great storm assuage;  
 Dethrone usurping tyrants, and place there  
 The lawful prince and true inheritor;  
 Knew'st all dark turnings in the labyrinth  
 Of policy, which who but knows he sinn' th,  
 Save thee, who, un-infected didst walk in't,  
 As the great genius of government.

And when thou laidst thy tragic buskin by,  
 To court the stage with gentle comedy,  
 How new, how proper th' humours, how express'd  
 In rich variety, how neatly dress'd  
 In language, how rare plots, what strength of wit  
 Shin'd in the face and every limb of it!  
 The stage grew narrow while thou grew'st to be  
 In thy whole life an *excellent comedy*.

To these a virgin-modesty, which first met  
 Applause with blush and tear, as if he yet  
 Had not deserv'd; 'till bold with constant praise  
 His brows admitted the unsought-for bays.  
 Nor would he ravish Fame; but left men free  
 To their own vote and ingenuity.

<sup>42</sup> *Muse chaste, as those flames whence they took their fire;*] This seems obscure, for what are those flames whence Fletcher took his fire? The stars? Even if this was meant, I should think *flames* the better word: But as *flames* will signify *heavenly fire* in general, either the stars, sun, angels, or even the spirit of God himself, who maketh his *ministers flames of fire*: I much prefer the word, and believe it the original. As this poet was a clergyman of character with regard to his sanctity, and much celebrates Fletcher's chastity of sentiments and language, it is very evident that many words which appear gross to us were not so in King Charles the First's age. See pages xlv. and xlv. of the preface. SEWARD.



When his fair Shepherdless, on the guilty stage,  
Was martyr'd between ignorance and rage;  
At which the impatient virtues of those few  
Could judge, grew high, cried *murder!* though he knew  
The innocence and beauty of his child,  
He only, as if unconcerned, smil'd.  
Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd grace,  
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face;<sup>43</sup>  
And on th' united parts breath'd such a fire  
As, spite of malice, she shall ne'er expire.

Attending, not affecting, thus the crown,  
'Till every hand did help to set it on,  
He came to be sole monarch, and did reign  
In Wit's great empire, absolute sovereign.

JOHN HARRIS.<sup>44</sup>

XIX.

*On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, and his Works, never before published.*

To flatter living fools is easy sleight;  
But hard, to do the living-dead men right.  
To praise a landed lord, is gainful art;  
But thankless to pay tribute to desert.  
This should have been my task: I had intent  
To bring my rubbish to thy monument,  
To stop some crannies there, but that I found  
No need of least repair; all firm and sound.  
Thy well-built fame doth still itself advance  
Above the world's mad zeal and ignorance.  
Though thou diedst not possess'd of that same pelf,  
Which nobler souls call dirt, the city, wealth:  
Yet thou hast left unto the times so great  
A legacy, a treasure so complete,  
That 'twill be hard, I fear, to prove thy will:  
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting still,  
How so vast sums of wit were left behind;  
And yet nor debts, nor sharers, they can find.  
'Twas the kind providence of Fate to lock  
Some of this treasure up; and keep a stock

<sup>43</sup> *Princes have gather'd since each scatter'd grace, Each line and beauty of that injur'd face.*] This relates to King Charles the First causing the Faithful Shepherdless to be revived, and acted before him. The lines are extremely beautiful, and do honour to the king's taste in poetry, which as it comes from an adversary (though certainly a very candid one, and who before condemned the fire-brand-seribblers and meteor-wits of his age) is a strong proof of its being a very good one. Queen Elizabeth may be called the mother of the English poets; James the First was a pedagogue to them, encouraged their literature, but debased it with puns and pedantry; Charles the First revived a good taste, but the troubles of his reign prevented the great effects of his patronage.

SEWARD.

<sup>44</sup> *John Harris* was of New-College, Oxford, Greek professor of the university, and so eminent a preacher that he was called a second Chrysostom. In the civil wars he sided with the Presbyterians, and was one of the Assembly of Divines, and is the only poet in this collection whom we certainly know to have been for the parliament against the king. His poem has great merit; the fine break after the mention of the Earl of Essex, and the simile of the elm and clusters of grapes, deserve a particular attention. After this simile I have struck out some lines that were unequal in merit to their brethren, lest the reader, tired with these, should stop too short; for those which now follow, though unjust with regard to Beaumont, are poetically good.

SEWARD.

For

For a reserve until these sullen days;  
 When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays  
 That crown the head of merit. But now he,  
 Who in thy will hath part, is rich and free.  
 But there's a caveat enter'd by command,  
 None should pretend, but those can understand.

HENRY MOODY, BART.<sup>45</sup>

# XX.

*On the deceased Author, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, his Plays; and especially the Mad Lover.*

WHILST his well-organ'd body doth retreat  
 To its first matter, and the formal heat<sup>46</sup>  
 Triumphant sits in judgment, to approve  
 Pieces above our censure, and our love;<sup>47</sup>  
 Such, as dare boldly venture to appear  
 Unto the curious eye, and critic ear:  
 Lo, the Mad Lover in these various times  
 Is press'd to life, t' accuse us of our crimes.  
 While Fletcher liv'd, who equal to him writ  
 Such lasting monuments of natural wit?  
 Others may draw their lines with sweat, like those  
 That (with much pains) a garrison inclose;  
 Whilst his sweet, fluent, vein did gently run,  
 As uncontrol'd and smoothly as the sun.  
 After his death, our theatres did make  
 Him in his own unequal language speak:  
 And now, when all the muses out of their  
 Approved modesty silent appear,  
 This play of Fletcher's braves the envious light,  
 As wonder of our ears once, now our sight.  
 Three-and-four-fold-blest poet, who the lives  
 Of poets, and of theatres, survives!  
 A groom, or ostler of some wit, may bring  
 His Pegasus to the Castalian spring;  
 Boast, he a race o'er the Pharsalian plain,  
 Or happy Tempe-valley, dares maintain:  
 Brag, at one leap, upon the double cliff  
 (Were it as high as monstrous Teneriffe)

<sup>45</sup> Sir Henry Moody was of the number of those gentlemen who had honorary degrees conferred by King Charles the First, at his return to Oxford after the battle of Edgehill. The poem has some strong marks of genius in it, particularly in these lines,

—“until these sullen days;  
 When scorn, and want, and danger, are the bays  
 That crown the head of merit.”

I confess myself a great admirer of verses in rhyme, whose pauses run into each other as boldly as blank verse itself. When our moderns corrected many faults in the measure of our verse by making the accents always fall on right syllables, and laying aside those harsh elisions used by our ancient poets, they mistook this run of the verses into each other after the manner of Virgil, Homer, &c. for a fault, which deprived our rhyme of that grandeur and dignity of numbers which arises from a perpetual change of pauses, and turned whole poems into distiches.

SEWARD.

<sup>46</sup> And the formal heat, &c.] *Formal heat*, I take to be a metaphysical and logical term for the *soul*, as the *formal cause* is that which constitutes the essence of any thing. Fletcher's soul therefore now sits in judgment, to approve works deserving of praise.

SEWARD.

<sup>47</sup> Pieces above our candour.] Amended by Theobald.

Of far-renown'd Parnassus he will get,  
 And there (t' amaze the world) confirm his seat:  
 When our admired Fletcher vaunts not aught,  
 And slighted every thing he writ as nought:  
 While all our English wond'ring world (in's cause)  
 Made this great city echo with applause.  
 Read him, therefore, all that can read; and those,  
 That cannot, learn; if you're not learning's foes,  
 And wilfully resolved to refuse  
 The gentle raptures of this happy muse.  
 From thy great constellation (noble soul)  
 Look on this kingdom; suffer not the whole  
 Spirit of poesy retire to Heaven;  
 But make us entertain what thou hast given.  
 Earthquakes and thunder diapasons make;  
 The seas' vast roar, and irresistible shake  
 Of horrid winds, a sympathy compose;  
 So in these things there's music in the close:  
 And though they seem great discords in our ears,  
 They are not so to them above the spheres.  
 Granting these music, how much sweeter's that  
 Mnemosyne's daughters' voices do create?  
 Since Heav'n, and earth, and seas, and air consent  
 To make an harmony, (the instrument,  
 Their own agreeing selves) shall we refuse  
 The music which the deities do use?  
 Troy's ravish'd Ganymede doth sing to Jove,  
 A Phœbus' self plays on his lyre above.  
 The Cretan gods, or glorious men, who will  
 Imitate right, must wonder at thy skill,  
 (Best poet of thy times!) or he will prove  
 As mad, as thy brave Memnon was with love.

ASTON COKAINE, BART.<sup>45</sup>

## XXI.

*On the Edition of Mr. FRANCIS BEAUMONT's and Mr. JOHN  
 FLETCHER's Plays, never printed before.*

I AM amaz'd; and this same *extasy*  
 Is both my *glory* and *apology*.  
*Sober joys* are dull *passions*; they must bear  
 Proportion to the *subject*: If so, where  
 Beaumont and Fletcher shall vouchsafe to be  
 That *subject*, That *joy* must be *extasy*.  
*Fury* is the complexion of great *wits*;  
 The *fool's distemper*: He, that's mad by *fits*,  
 Is wise so too. It is the *poet's muse*;  
 The *prophet's god*; the *fool's*, and my *excuse*.  
 For (in me) nothing less than Fletcher's name  
 Could have begot, or justified, this *flame*.

<sup>45</sup> *Aston Cokaine, Bart.*] This gentleman who claimed being made a baronet by King Charles I. at a time when the king's distress prevented the creation passing the due forms, was a poet of some repute, for which reason this copy is inserted more than for its intrinsic worth. He was lord of the manors of Pooley in Polesworth-parish, Warwickshire, and of Ashburn in Derbyshire; but with a fate not uncommon to wits, spent and sold both; but his descendants of this age have been and are persons of distinguished merit and fortune.

SEWARD.  
 Beaumont

Beaumont } *return'd! methinks, it should not be:*  
 Fletcher }

*No, not in's works: plays are as dead as he.*  
*The palate of this age gusts nothing high,*  
*That has not custard in't, or bawdery.*  
*Folly and madness fill the stage: The scene*  
*Is Athens; where, the gaily, and the mean,*  
*The fool 'scapes well enough; learned and grent,*  
*Suffer an ostracism; stand exulate.*

*Mankind is fall'n again, shrunk a degree,*  
*A step below his very apostasy.*

*Nature her self is out of tune; and sick*  
*Of tumult and disorder, lunatic.*  
*Yet what world would not chearfully endure*  
*The torture, or disease, t' enjoy the cure?*

*This took's the balsam, and the hellebore,*  
*Must preserve bleeding Nature, and restore*  
*Our crazy stupor to a just quick sense*  
*Both of ingratitude, and Providence.*  
*That teaches us (at once) to feel and know,*  
*Two deep points; what we want, and what we owe.*  
*Yet great goods have their ills: Should we transmit,*  
*To future times, the pow'r of love and wit,*  
*In this example; would they not combine*  
*To make our imperfections their design?*  
*They'd study our corruptions; and take more*  
*Care to be ill, than to be good, before.*  
*For nothing, but so great infirmity,*  
*Could make them worthy of such remedy.*

*Have you not seen the sun's almighty ray*  
*Rescue th' affrighted world, and redeem day*  
*From black despair? how his victorious beam*  
*Scatters the storm, and drowns the petty flame*  
*Of lightning, in the glory of his eye;*  
*How full of pow'r, how full of majesty?*  
*When, to us mortals, nothing else was known,*  
*But the sad doubt, whether to burn, or drown.*

*Choler, and phlegm, heat, and dull ignorance,*  
*Have cast the people into such a trance,*  
*Thar fears and danger seem grent equally,*  
*And no dispute left now, but how to die.*  
*Just in this nick, Fletcher sets the world clear*  
*Of all disorder, and reforms us here.*

*The formal youth, that knew no other grace,*  
*Or value, but his title, and his lace,*  
*Glasses himself, and, in this faithful mirror,*  
*Views, disapproves, reforms, repents his error.*

*The credulous, bright girl, that believes all*  
*Language, in oaths (if good) canonical,*  
*Is fortified, and taught, here, to beware*  
*Of ev'ry specious bait, of ev'ry snare*  
*Save one; and that same caution takes her more,*  
*Than all the flattery she felt before.*  
*She finds her foxes, and her thoughts betray'd*  
*By the corruption of the chamber-maid;*  
*Then throws her washes and dissemblings by,*  
*And vows nothing but ingenuity.*

The severe statesman quits his sullen form  
Of gravity and bus'ness; the lukewarm  
Religious, his neutrality; the hot  
Brainsick illuminate, his zeal; the sot,  
Stupidity; the soldier, his arrears;  
The court, its confidence; the plebs, their fears;  
Gallants, their apishness and perjury;  
Women, their pleasure and inconstancy;  
Poets, their wine; the usurer, his pelf;  
The world, its vanity; and I, my self.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.<sup>49</sup>

## XXII.

## ON THE EDITION.

FLETCHER (whose fame no age can ever waste;  
Envy of ours, and glory of the last)  
Is now alive again; and with his name  
His sacred ashes wak'd into a flame;  
Such as before, did by a secret charm  
The wildest heart subdue, the coldest warm;  
And lend the ladies' eyes a power more bright,  
Dispensing thus to either heat and light.

He to a sympathy those souls betray'd,  
Whom love, or beauty, never could persuade;  
And in each mov'd spectator could beget  
A real passion by a counterfeit:  
When first Bellario bled, what lady there  
Did not for every drop let fall a tear?  
And when Aspatia wept, not any eye  
But seem'd to wear the same sad livery;  
By him inspir'd, the feign'd Lucina drew  
More streams of melting sorrow than the true;  
But then the Scornful Lady did beguile  
Their easy griefs, and teach them all to smile.

Thus he affections could or raise or lay;  
Love, grief, and mirth, thus did his charms obey;  
He Nature taught her passions to out-do,  
How to refine the old, and create new;  
Which such a happy likeness seem'd to bear,  
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.

Yet all had nothing been, obscurely kept  
In the same urn wherein his dust hath slept;  
Nor had he ris' the Delphic wreath to claim,  
Had not the dying scene expir'd his name;  
Despair our joy hath doubled, he is come;  
Thrice welcome by this *post-liminium*.  
His loss preserv'd him; They, that silenc'd Wit,  
Are now the authors to eternize it;

Thus poets are in spite of Fate reviv'd,  
And plays by intermission longer-liv'd.

THO. STANLEY.<sup>50</sup>

<sup>49</sup> For the same reason that Sir Aston Cockaine's poem is reprinted, Sir Roger L'Estrange's keeps its place. His name is well known to the learned world, but this copy of verses does no great honour either to himself or our authors.

SEWARD.

<sup>50</sup> Mr. Stanley educated at Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, was a poet of some eminence, and his verses have merit; and contain a proof of what is asserted in the Preface, of play being kept unpublished for the benefit of the players.

SEWARD.

## XXIII.

*To the Memory of the Deceased but ever-living Author, in these his Poems,  
Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.*

ON the large train of Fletcher's friends let me  
(Retaining still my wonted modesty)  
Become a waiter, in my ragged verse,  
As follower to the *muses'* followers.  
Many here are of noble rank and worth,  
That have, by strength of Art, set Fletcher forth  
In true and lively colours, as they saw him,  
And had the best abilities to draw him;  
Many more are abroad, that write, and look  
To have their lines set before Fletcher's book;  
Some, that have known him too; some more, some less;  
Some only but by hear-say, some by guess;  
And some for fashion-sake would take the hint,  
To try how well their wits would shew in print.  
You, that are here before me, gentlemen,  
And princes of Parnassus by the pen,  
And your just judgments of his worth, that have  
Preserv'd this author's memory from the grave,  
And made it glorious; let me, at your gate,  
Porter it here, 'gainst those that come too late  
And are unfit to enter. - Something I  
Will deserve here: For, where you versify  
In flowing numbers, lawful weight, and time,  
I'll write, though not rich verses, honest rhyme.  
I am admitted. Now, have at the rout  
Of those that would crowd in, but must keep out.  
Bear back, my masters; pray keep back; forbear:  
You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.  
You, that are worthy, may, by intercession,  
Find entertainment at the next impression.  
But let none then attempt it, that not know  
The reverence due, which to this shrine they owe:  
All such must be excluded; and the sort,  
That only upon trust, or by report,  
Have taken Fletcher up, and think it trim  
To have their verses planted before him:  
Let them read first his works, and learn to know him;  
And offer, then, the sacrifice they owe him.  
But far from hence be such, as would proclaim  
Their knowledge of this *author*, not his fame;  
And such, as would pretend, of all the rest,  
To be the best *wits* that have known him best.  
Depart hence, all such writers, and before  
Inferior ones thrust in, by many a score:  
As formerly, before Tom Coryate,  
Whose work, before his praisers, had the fate  
To perish: for the witty copies took  
Of his *encomiums* made themselves a *book*.  
Here's no such subject for you to out-do,  
Out-shine, out-live, (though well you may do too  
In other spheres) for Fletcher's flourishing bays  
Must never fade, while Phœbus wears his rays.

Therefore

Therefore forbear to press upon him thus.  
 Why, what are you, (cry some) that prate to us?  
 Do not we know you for a flashy meteor?  
 And stil'd (at best) the *muscs*' serving-creature?  
 Do you control? Ye've had your jeer: Sirs, no;  
 But, in an humble manner, let you know,  
 Old serving-creatures oftentimes are fit  
 To inform young masters, as in land, in wit,  
 What they inherit; and how well their dads  
 Left one, and wish'd the other, to their lads.  
 And from departed poets I can guess  
 Who has a greater share of wit, who less.  
 'Way fool, another says, I let him rail,  
 And 'bout his own ears flourish his wit-flail,  
 'Till with his swingle he his noddle break;  
 While this of Fletcher, and his *Works*, I speak:  
 His *works*? (says Momus) nay, his *plays*, you'd say:  
 Thou hast said right, for that to him was play  
 Which was to others' brains a toil: with ease  
 He play'd on waves, which were their troubled seas.  
 His nimble births have longer liv'd than theirs  
 That have, with strongest labour, divers years  
 Been sending forth the issues of their brains  
 Upon the stage; and shall, to th' stationer's gains,  
 Life after life take, till some after-age  
 Shall put down *printing*, as this doth the *stage*;  
 Which nothing now presents unto the eye,  
 But in *dumb-shows* her own sad *tragedy*.  
 'Would there had been no sadder works abroad,  
 Since her decay, acted in fields of blood!

But to the man again, of whom we write,  
 The *writer* that made writing his delight,  
 Rather than work. *He* did not pump, nor drudge,  
 To beget *wit*, or manage it; nor trudge  
 To wit-conventions with note-book, to glean,  
 Or steal, some jests to foist into a scene:  
 He scorn'd those shifts. You, that have known him, know  
 The common talk; that from his lips did flow,  
 And run at waste, did savour more of wit,  
 Than any of his time, or since, have writ  
 (But few excepted) in the stage's way:  
 His *scenes* were *acts*, and every *act* a *play*.  
 I knew him in his strength; even then, when he,  
 That was the master of his art and me,<sup>51</sup>  
 Most knowing Jonson (proud to call him *son*),  
 In friendly envy swore he had out-done  
 His *very self*. I knew him, till he died;  
 And, at his dissolution, what a tide  
 Of sorrow overwhelm'd the *stage*; which gave  
 Vollies of sighs to send him to his grave,

<sup>51</sup> *Master of his art and me.*] Mr. Richard Brome was many years a servant to Ben Jonson (an amanuensis, I presume), and learned the art of writing comedy under him: upon this, Ben compliments him in a short poem prefixed to Brome's Northern Lass.

"I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,  
 And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts;  
 Now you are got into a nearer room  
 Of fellowship, professing my old arts, &c."

THEOBALD.

And

And grew distracted in most violent fits,  
 For *she* had lost the best part of her *wits*.  
 In the first year, our famous Fletcher fell,  
 Of good king Charles, who grac'd these *poems* well,  
 Being then in life of action: but they died  
 Since the king's absence; or were laid aside,  
 As is their *poet*. Now, at the report  
 Of the *king's* second coming to his court,  
 The *books* creep from the *press* to life, not *action*;  
 Crying unto the world, that no protraction  
 May hinder *sacred majesty* to give  
 Fletcher, in them, leave on the *stage* to live.  
 Others may more in lofty verses move;  
 I only, thus, express my truth and love.

RICH. BRONZ.

XXIV.<sup>51</sup>*Upon the Printing of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S Works.*

WHAT means this numerous guard? or, do we come  
 To file our names, or verse, upon the tomb  
 Of Fletcher, and, by boldly making known  
 His wit, betray the nothing of our own?  
 For, if we grant him dead, it is as true  
 Against ourselves, no wit, no poet now;  
 Or if he be return'd from his cool shade  
 To us, this book his resurrection's made:  
 We bleed ourselves to death, and but contrive  
 By our own epitaphs to shew him alive.  
 But let him live! and let me prophesy,  
 As I go swan-like out,<sup>52</sup> our peace is nigh:  
 A balm unto the wounded age I sing;  
 And nothing now is wanting, but the king.

JA. SHIRLEY.<sup>53</sup>

OB

<sup>51</sup> The Commendatory Poems were printed without judgment or order; several of them, (particularly the first as ranked in the late editions) greatly injure our authors by injudicious encomiums, and have too little merit to be republished. Mr. Theobald left several corrections upon these obscure poems, and many others would have been added, had not *una litura* appeared the best remedy. All are therefore now discarded but what appeared worthy of the reader's attention, and these are ranged according to the order of time in which they seem to have been wrote. Beaumont himself now leads in defence of his friend Fletcher's charming dramatic pastoral the Faithful Shepherdess, which having been damned at its first appearance on the stage, Beaumont and Jonson, with the spirits of Horace and Juvenal, lash the dull herd for their stupid ingratitude. SEWARD.

In addition to the above, which Mr. Seward makes an introductory note, it may not be amiss to remark, that the first folio had thirty-six Commendatory Poems; from which the editors of the second folio selected no more than eleven. In the octavo of 1711, all but one were copied from the first folio; and to these were added Beaumont's and Jonson's Verses on the Faithful Shepherdess. Of these thirty-seven Mr. Seward retained twenty-three, and added Poem IV. signed J. F. We think that Seward, so far from rejecting any pieces worth preservation, has kept some which might very well have been spared: we have, however, adopted his selection, which ends with Shirley's poem; and shall now restore the verses written by Gardiner and Hills, (not because they possess any poetic merit, but that the reader may judge what respect is due to the testimony of those verses, which are frequently mentioned as ascribing particular plays to Fletcher), and add a passage, relative to our authors, written by the ingenious Mr. Fenton.

<sup>52</sup> As I go swan-like out.] This seems to allude to his verses having been the last in the Collection.

<sup>53</sup> Mr. Shirley was publisher of the first folio edition in 1647.

SEWARD.

By



## XXV.

*On the Dramatic Poems of Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.*

WONDER! who's here? Fletcher, long buried,  
Reviv'd? 'Tis he! he's risen from the dead;  
His winding-sheet put off, walks above ground,  
Shakes off his fetters, and is better bound.  
And may he not, if rightly understood,  
Prove plays are lawful? he hath *made them good*.  
Is any *Lover Mad*? see, here *Love's Cure*;  
Unmarried? to a *Wife* he may be sure,  
A rare one, for a *Month*; if she displease,  
The *Spanish Curate* gives a writ of ease.  
Enquire the *Custom of the Country*, then  
Shall the *French Lawyer* set you free again.  
If the two *Fair Maids* take it wondrous ill,  
(One of the *Inn*, the other of the *Mill*)  
That th' *Lovers' Progress* stopt, and they defam'd,  
Here's that makes *Women Pleas'd*, and *Tamer Tam'd*.  
But who then plays the *Corcomb*? or will try  
His *Wit at Several Weapons*, or else die?  
*Nice Valour*, and he doubts not to engage  
The *Noble Gentleman*, in *Love's Pilgrimage*,  
To take revenge on the *False One*, and run  
The *Honest Man's Fortune*, to be undone  
Like *Knight of Malta*, or else *Captain* be,  
Or th' *Humorous Lieutenant*; go to sea  
(*A Voyage* for to starve) he's v'ry loath,  
'Till we are all at peace, to swear an oath,  
That then the *Loyal Subject* may have leave  
To lie from *Beggar's Bush*, and undeceive  
The creditor, discharge his debts; why so,  
Since we can't pay to Fletcher what we owe?  
Oh, could his *Prophetess* but tell one *Chance*,  
When that the *Pilgrims* shall return from France,  
And once more make this kingdom, as of late,  
The *Island Princess*, and we celebrate  
A *Double Marriage*; every one to bring  
To Fletcher's memory his offering,  
That thus at last unsequesters the stage,  
Brings back the silver, and the golden age!

ROBERT GARDINER.

## XXVI.

*Upon the ever-to-be-admired Mr. JOHN FLETCHER, and his Plays.*

WHAT's all this preparation for? or why  
Such sudden triumphs? Fletcher, the people cry!  
Just so, when kings approach, our conduits run  
Claret, as here the spouts flow *Helicon*:  
See, every sprightly *muse*, dress'd trim and gay,  
Strews herbs and scatters roses in his way.  
Thus th' outward yard set round with *bayes* we've seen,  
Which from the garden hath transplanted been;

---

By publisher we suppose Mr. Seward means editor: this Mr. Shirley certainly was not. It is true he wrote the Preface; but it would be exceedingly unjust to that great man, to believe he did more for, or at least could be editor of, so incorrect a book.

Thus,

Thus, at the prætor's feast, with needless costs,  
Some must b'employ'd in painting of the posts;  
And some, as dishes made for sight, not taste,  
Stand here as things for show to Fletcher's feast.  
Oh, what an honour, what a grace 't had been,  
T' have had his cook in *Rollo* serve them in!

Fletcher, the king of poets! such was he,  
That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all sovereignty;  
And may he that denies it, learn to blush  
At's *Loyal Subject*, starve at's *Beggars' Bush*;  
And, if not drawn by example, shame, nor grace,  
Turn o'er to's *Corcomb*, and the *Wild-Goose Chase*.

Monarch of wit! great magazine of wealth!  
From whose rich *bank*, by a Promethean stealth,  
Our lesser flames do blaze! His the true fire,  
When they, like glow-worms, being touch'd, expire.  
'Twas first believ'd, because he always was  
The *ipse dixit*, and Pythagoras  
To our disciple-wits, his soul might run  
(By the same dreamt-of transmigration)  
Into their rude and indigested brain,  
And so inform their chaos-lump again;  
For many specious brats of this last age  
Spoke Fletcher perfectly in every page.  
This rous'd his rage, to be abused thus,  
Made's *Lover Mad*, *Lieutenant Humorous*.

Thus *ends of gold and silver-men* are made  
(As th' use to say) goldsmiths of his own trade;  
Thus *rag-men* from the dunghill often hop,  
And publish forth by chance a broker's shop.  
But by his own light, now, we have descried  
The dross, from that hath been so purely tried.  
Proteus of wit! who reads him doth not see  
The manners of each sex, of each degree?  
His full-stor'd fancy doth all humours fill,  
From th' *Queen of Corinth* to the *Maid o'th' Mill*;  
His *Curate*, *Lawyer*, *Captain*, *Prophetess*,  
Shew he was all and every one of these;  
He taught (so subtly were their fancies seiz'd)  
To *Rule a Wife*, and yet the *Women Pleas'd*.  
Parnassus is thine own; claim it as merit,  
Law makes the *Elder Brother* to inherit.

G. HILLS.

*Extract from FENTON'S POEMS.*

—like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,  
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:  
The first a fruitful vine, in bloomy pride,  
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,  
But that his friend, judiciously severe,  
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care:  
On various sounding harps the muses play'd,  
And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.  
Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,  
For in those days were giants in the land:  
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,  
And bow with filial awe to Shakespeare's fame;  
The second honours are a glorious name.  
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord,  
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

}

UPON AN HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.<sup>52</sup>*By Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.*

You that can look through Heav'n, and tell the stars,  
 Observe their kind conjunctions, and their wars;  
 Find out new lights, and give them where you please,  
 To those men honours, pleasures, to those ease;  
 You that are God's surveyers, and can shew  
 How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;  
 Know all the charges of the dreadful thunder,  
 And when it will shoot over, or fall under;  
 Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,  
 Yes, and by truth, what shall become of me?  
 Find out my star, if each one, as you say,  
 Have his peculiar angel, and his way;<sup>53</sup>  
 Observe my fate, next fall into your dreams,  
 Sweep clean your houses, and new-line your schemes,  
 Then say your worst! Or have I none at all?  
 Or is it burnt out lately? or did fall?  
 Or am I poor? not able, no full flame?  
 My star, like me, unworthy of a name?  
 Is it, your art can only work on those  
 That deal with dangers, dignities, and clothes?  
 With love, or new opinions? You all lie!  
 A fish-wife hath a fate, and so have I;  
 But far above your finding! He that gives,  
 Out of his providence, to all that lives,  
 And no man knows his treasure, no, not you!  
 He that made Egypt blind, from whence you grew  
 Scabby and lousy, that the world might see  
 Your calculations are as blind as ye;  
 He that made all the stars you daily read,  
 And from thence filch a knowledge how to feed,  
 Hath hid this from you; your conjectures all  
 Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall:  
 Man is his own star, and the soul that can  
 Render an honest and a perfect man,  
 Commands all light, all influence, all fate;  
 Nothing to him falls early, or too late.

<sup>52</sup> These verses are in all former editions printed at the end of the comedy of *The Honest Man's Fortune*: As they have not the least reference to that play, we have chose to place them here.

<sup>53</sup> *Have his peculiar angel, and his way*:] *Way*, in its common acceptation, is not nonsense; it may signify his *path of life marked out to him by the stars*. But Mr. Sympson thinks it certainly corrupt, and conjectures first *say*, which, he says, signifies *spirit*, or *sie*, which he says, though a very uncommon word, signifies *fate*: As he quotes no authority, I can only say, that I remember *say* used by Spenser, as the same with *fairy*, but none of my glossaries know such a word as *sie*; and if an obsolete word must be used, we need not depart at all from the trace of the letters; for *wey* or *way* (the spelling of former ages, as well as the present, being extremely uncertain) may signify *fate*; the *weys* were the *fates* of the northern nations, from whence the witches in *Macbeth* are called *weyward sisters*. See Mr. Warburton's ingenious and learned note upon them.

SEWARD.  
Our

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,  
 Our fatal shadows that walk by us still;  
 And when the stars are labouring, we believe  
 It is not that they govern, but they grieve  
 For stubborn ignorance; all things that are  
 Made for our general uses, are at war,  
 E'en we among ourselves; and from the strife,  
 Your first unlike opinions got a life.

Oh, man! thou image of thy Maker's good,<sup>54</sup>  
 What canst thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood  
 His spirit is, that built thee? what dull sense  
 Makes thee suspect, in need, that Providence  
 Who made the morning, and who plac'd the light  
 Guide to thy labours; who call'd up the night,  
 And bid her fall upon thee like sweet showers  
 In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers;  
 Who gave thee knowledge, who so trusted thee,  
 To let thee grow so near himself, the tree;  
 Must he then be distrusted? shall his frame  
 Discourse with him, why thus and thus I am?  
 He made the angels thine, thy fellows all,  
 Nay, even thy servants, when devotions call.  
 Oh, canst thou be so stupid then, so dim,  
 To seek a saving influence, and lose him?  
 Can stars protect thee? or can poverty,  
 Which is the light to Heav'n,<sup>55</sup> put out his eye?  
 He is my star, in him all truth I find,  
 All influence, all fate! and when my mind  
 Is furnish'd with his fulness, my poor story  
 Shall out-live all their age, and all their glory!  
 The hand of danger cannot fall amiss,  
 When I know what, and in whose power it is:  
 Nor want, the curse of man,<sup>56</sup> shall make me groan;  
 A holy hermit is a mind alone,  
 Doth not experience teach us, all we can,  
 To work ourselves into a glorious man?  
 Love's but an exhalation to best eyes,  
 The matter spent, and then the fool's fire dies!

<sup>54</sup> —Thou image of thy Maker's good.] Mr. Simpson would read,  
 —thy Maker good.

but I see not sufficient reason for a change, since good men are, and all men should endeavour to make themselves, *images of the goodness of God*. Nay, the man who banishes virtue from his soul, forfeits the only valuable likeness which he bears to his Maker.

SEWARD.

<sup>55</sup> —Or can poverty,

*Which is the light to Heav'n, put out his eye?*] This poem has vast beauties; what Fletcher had often lantered in his comedies, the cheats of astrology (almost universally believed in his age) he now lashes with the spirit of a classic satirist, and the zeal of a Christian divine. But the line above, Mr. Simpson says, is *sud stuff*; I own it a little obscure, but far from deserving that title. Poverty and affliction often bring men to a due sense of their own state, and to an entire dependence on their Creator, therefore may be considered as *lights* that often guide men to Heaven. Poets, whose imaginations are so full of sentiment as Shakespeare's and Fletcher's, do not always study perspicuity in their expressions so much as those of cooler dispositions.

SEWARD.

It is true, that *they do not always study perspicuity*; but the *light of Heaven* refers to his *eye*, not to *poverty*. This mode of construction is not uncommon with our authors, and has often occasioned misinterpretations.

<sup>56</sup> *The cause of man.*] Corrected in 1750.

Were I in love, and could that bright star bring  
 Encrease to wealth, honour, and every thing;  
 Were she as perfect good as we can aim,  
 The first was so, and yet she lost the game.  
 My mistress, then, be Knowledge and fair Truth!  
 So I enjoy all beauty and all youth.  
 And though to Time her lights and laws she lends,  
 She knows no age that to corruption bends;  
 Friends' promises may lead me to believe,  
 But he that is his own friend, knows to live;  
 Affliction, when I know it is but this,  
 A deep allay, whereby man tougher is  
 To bear the hammer,<sup>57</sup> and, the deeper, still  
 We still arise more image of his will;  
 Sickness, an humorous cloud 'twixt us and light,  
 And death, at longest, but another night!  
 Man is his own star, and that soul that can  
 Be honest, is the only perfect man.

<sup>57</sup> *To hear the hammer.*] Seward falsely asserts, that this is the reading of the *former* editions.

# LETTER

FROM

BEAUMONT TO BEN JONSON.<sup>1</sup>

THE sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring.  
To absent friends, because the self-same thing  
They know, they see, however absent) is  
Here, our best haymaker, (forgive me this!  
It is our country's stile) in this warm shine  
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.  
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,  
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies  
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,  
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain;  
So mix'd, that, given to the thirstiest one,  
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone:  
I think with one draught man's invention fades,  
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliades.  
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,  
Lie where he will,<sup>2</sup> and make him write worse yet.  
Fill'd with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,  
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing-psalms;  
And so must I do this: And yet I think  
It is a potion sent us down to drink,  
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,  
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.  
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,  
A medicine to obey our magistrates:  
For we do live more free than you; no hate,  
No envy at one another's happy state,  
Moves us; we are all equal; every whit<sup>3</sup>  
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,

11

<sup>1</sup> *Letter, &c.*] This letter has hitherto been printed at the end of *Nice Valour*, with the following title: "Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid." As we apprehend it is demonstrated (p. liii, & seq.) that this situation was casual, and the title not to be relied on, we have ventured to remove the one and alter the other.

<sup>2</sup> *Lie where he will.*] If we keep to the old reading, it must reflect upon Sutcliff's hiding himself for debt. I have not the *Lives of the Poets* now by me, but don't remember any thing of the poverty of this minor poet of our author's age: by reading *it* for *he*, the archness is smarter as well as more good-humoured; let his wit lie in what part of his body it will.

SEWARD.

We see no great archness in this alteration, nor think the old reading implies Sutcliff's hiding for debt.

<sup>3</sup> — *We are all equal every whit:*

*Of land that God gives men here is their wit:*

*If we consider fully.*] This dark sentence has been cleared up by Mr. Sympton, who by pointing differently gives this sentiment. Mens wit is here in exact proportion to their land; and then the next sentence,

————— *for our best*  
*And gravest men will with his main-house jest,*  
*Scarce please you;*

has

If we consider fully; for our best  
 And gravest men will with his main house-jest,  
 Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do  
 The eity-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too:  
 Here are none that can bear a painted show,  
 Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;<sup>4</sup>  
 Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,  
 Can make their gains alike with every wind:  
 Only some fellows with the subtlest pate  
 Amongst us, may perehance equivocate  
 At selling of a horse, and that's the most.  
 Methinks the little wit I had is lost  
 Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest  
 Held up at tennis,<sup>5</sup> which men do the best  
 With the best gamesters: what things have we seen  
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
 So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,  
 As if that every one from whence they came  
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
 And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest  
 Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown  
 Wit able enough to justify the town  
 For three days past: wit that might warrant be  
 For the whole city to talk foolishly  
 'Till that were cancell'd: and when that was gone,  
 We left an air behind us, which alone  
 Was able to make the two next companies  
 Right witty: though but downright fools, mere wise.<sup>6</sup>  
 When I remember this, and see that now  
 the country gentlemen begin to allow  
 My wit for dry-bobs, then I needs must cry,  
 I see my days of ballading grow nigh;  
 I can already riddle, and can sing  
 Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring  
 Myself to speak the hardest words I find,<sup>7</sup>  
 Over as oft as any, with one wind,

That

has a just connection with the former: *Main-house jest*, I read with a hyphen and understand by it the *jest* that receives its merit from the grandeur, riches, and antiquity of his family who utters it, as the hearers admire it upon these accounts. SEWARD.

*Main-house* is a strange expression; if there needs a hyphen, *house-jest* would be better.

<sup>4</sup> *Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow.*] This does not appear sense: The poet speaks of courtiers wearing a painted outside (and perhaps *wear* in the former line would be a better reading than *bear*) and after they themselves have struck you secretly when you did not see them, will pretend to lament the blow. But what has *wink* to do with this sense? I doubt not but the true reading is,

*Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow.*

SEWARD.

<sup>5</sup> *Wit is like a rest held up at tennis.*] This, we think, tends to explain the expression that so often occurs of *setting up a rest*, which commonly includes an allusion to some game, and which game here appears to be tennis.

<sup>6</sup> *Though but downright fools, mere wise.*] *Mere wise* is an anti-climax after *right witty*; but I believe the true reading is *meer wise*, i. e. nothing but mere wisdom itself. It seems an expression perfectly in the stile of the context. SEWARD.

<sup>7</sup> *To speak the hardest words I find,*

*Over, as oft as any, with one wind,*

*That takes no medicines.*] This relates to the play of repeating hard words (such as Chichester church stands in Chichester church-yard) several times in a breath, and generally they are



That takes no medicines, but one thought of thee  
 Makes me remember all these things to be  
 The wit of our young men, fellows that show  
 No part of good, yet utter all they know;  
 Who, like trees of the garden, have growing souls.<sup>7</sup>  
 Only strong Destiny, which all controls,  
 I hope hath left a better fate in store  
 For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,  
 Banish'd unto this home! Fate once again  
 Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain  
 The way of knowledge for me, and then I,  
 Who have no good but in thy company,  
 Protest it will my greatest comfort be  
 To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.<sup>8</sup>  
 Ben, when these *scenes* are perfect, we'll taste wine;  
 I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

are such as betray the speaker into indecencies. But are we to understand *That takes no medicines* only for the sake of strengthening the wind? Or a secret fling at the physicians and apothecaries for affecting hard words, and so one effect of their medicines may jocularly be supposed to enable a man to talk hard words more fluently?

SEWARD.

The first of these interpretations is, we think, the true.  
<sup>7</sup> *Who like trees of the guard, have growing souls*] What, says Mr. Sympson, can *trees of the guard* possibly mean? I believe it corrupt for *garden*, which the old poets would without scruple contract into one syllable, *gard'n*, and how easily might a transcriber, not knowing what word it was, change it to *guard*.

SEWARD.

It is probable *garden* is right; but how could our poets, or any poets, or mortals, contract *garden* into one syllable? The editors of 1750 have presented to our eyes many contractions and apostrophes which no tongue can express, or human organs articulate.

<sup>8</sup> *To flow from thee.*] I had observed upon the *Woman Hater* before I knew of these verses of Beaumont's having any relation to that play, how much more it was wrote in Ben Jonson's manner than any other of our authors' foregoing plays: the same is true of *The Nice Valour*, which consists chiefly of *passions personated*, not of characters from real life; and which allows those passions to be carried to the highest pitch of extravagance. Here is a confirmation of Jonson being the writer they imitated. In the greatest part of their works they seem to follow Shakespeare. I find from these verses, that at note 32 in the *Woman-Hater*, I was mistaken in supposing Fletcher was the sole author of that play, from the first edition having his name only prefixed: it being printed after both their deaths, it was very easy to make the mistake, which was corrected by the second edition. The character of Lapet in this play has so much of that inimitable humour, which was displayed before in the character of Bessus, in the *King and No King*, that it was probably the work of the same hand, viz. Beaumont's, for to him Mr. Earle (in the most authentic copy of verses prefixed to these plays, as being writ immediately after the death of Beaumont, and near ten years before that of Fletcher) ascribes Bessus together with *Philaster* and the *Maid's Tragedy*. How wrong therefore is the prevailing opinion, that Beaumont's genius was only turned for tragedy, that he possessed great correctness of judgment, but that the liveliness of imagination, vivacity of wit and comic humour, which so much abounds in these plays, were all to be ascribed to Fletcher only? See *Berkenhead's Poems* on this subject prefixed to this edition. SEWARD.

See p. liii, & seq.

N A M E S  
OF THE  
PRINCIPAL ACTORS  
WHO PERFORMED IN  
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

N. B. *The Names marked thus \* are the Names of the Players who dedicated the Edition of 1647 to the Earl of Pembroke.*

WILLIAM ALLEN.  
HUGH ATAWELL.  
RICHARD BURBADGE.  
\* THEOPHILUS BYRD.  
\* ROBERT BENFIELD.  
GEORGE BIRCH.  
WILLIAM BARKSTED.  
THOMAS BASSE.  
  
HENRY CONDEL.  
ALEXANDER COOKR.  
\* HUGH CLEARKE.  
  
WILLIAM EGLESTONE.  
  
NATHANIEL FIELD.  
  
SANDER GOUGH.  
GILES GARY.  
  
THOMAS HOLCOMBE.  
\* STEPHEN HAMMERTON  
JOHN HONYMAN.  
JAMES HORN.

\* JOHN LOWIN.  
  
WILLIAM OSTLER.  
  
THOMAS POLLARD.  
WILLIAM PENN.  
  
EMANUEL READ.  
JOHN RICE.  
\* RICHARD ROBINSON.  
WILLIAM ROWLY.  
  
RICHARD SHARPE.  
EYLÆARD SWANSTON.  
JOHN SHANK.  
  
\* JOSEPH TAYLOR.  
NICHOLAS TOOLIE.  
WILLIAM TRIGG.  
JOHN THOMSON.  
  
JOHN UNDERWOOD.

## P R E F A C E.

CONSIDERING the acknowledged excellence of our authors, loudly acknowledged by the most eminent of their contemporaries and successors, it appears at first sight rather wonderful, that in the space of a hundred and fifty years, which have elapsed since the death of these poets, no more than three complete editions of their works have been published; we say *three*, because the first folio professedly included no more of their plays, than those which had not before been *singly* printed in quarto.

To what causes are we to attribute this amazing disparity between the reputation of the writers, and the public demand for their productions? Are libraries furnished with books, as apartments with furniture, according to the fashion? or is it necessary, because plays were originally written to be acted, that they must continue to be perpetually represented, or cease to be read?

Truth, we fear, obliges us to confess that these questions must, without much qualification, be answered in the affirmative. Shakespeare, admirable as he is, certainly owes some part of his present popularity, and the extraordinary preference given to his plays beyond those of all our other dramatists, to the mode adopted by the literary world to extol him. By the changes of fashion, nature and right reason sometimes come into vogue; but the multitude take them, like coin, because they are in currency, while men of sense and letters alone appreciate them according to their intrinsic value, and receive merit, wherever they find it, as bullion, though it has not the stamp of fashion impressed on it. To such men, the genius of Shakespeare, instead of obscuring, illustrates the kindred talents of Beaumont and Fletcher. Yet such men are but rare; and one of the most acute and learned editors of Shakespeare speaking of his own notes "concerned in a critical explanation of the author's beauties and defects; but chiefly of his *beauties*, whether in stile, thought, sentiment, character, or composition," adds, that "the public judgment hath less need to be assisted in what it shall *reject*, than in what it ought to *prize*. Nor is the value they set upon a work, a certain proof that they understand it. *For it is ever seen, THAT HALF A DOZEN VOICES OF CREDIT GIVE THE LEAD, and if the public chance to be in good humour, or the author much in their favour, THE PEOPLE ARE SURE TO FOLLOW.*"

To the popularity of a dramatic writer, nothing more immediately contributes than the frequency of theatrical representation. Common readers, like barren spectators, know little more of an author than what the actor, not always his happiest commentator, presents to them. Mutilations of Shakespeare have been recited, and even quoted, as his genuine text; and many of his dramas, not in the course of exhibition, are by the multitude not honoured with a perusal. On the stage, indeed, our authors formerly took the lead, Dryden having informed us, that in his day two of their plays were performed to one of Shakespeare. The stage, however, owes its attraction to the actor as well as author; and if the able performer will not contribute to give a polish and brilliancy to the work, it will lie, like the rough diamond, obscured and disregarded. The artists of  
former

former days worked the rich mine of Beaumont and Fletcher; and Betterton, the Roscius of his age, enriched his catalogue of characters from their dramas, as well as those of Shakespeare. Unfortunately for our authors, the Roscius of our day confined his round of characters in old plays, too closely to Shakespeare. We may almost say of him indeed, in this respect, as Dryden says of Shakespeare's scenes of magic,

"Within that circle none durst walk but he;"

but surely we must lament, that those extraordinary powers, which have so successfully been exerted in the illustration of Shakespeare, and sometimes prostituted to the support of the meanest writers, should not more frequently have been employed to throw a light upon Beaumont and Fletcher. Their plays, we will be bold to say, have the same excellencies, as well as the same defects, each perhaps in an inferior degree, with the dramas of their great master. Like his, they are built on histories or novels, pursuing in the same manner the story through its various circumstances; like his, but not always with equal truth and nature, their characters are boldly drawn and warmly coloured; like his, their dialogue, containing every beauty of stile, and licentiousness of construction, is thick sown with moral sentiments, interchanged with ludicrous and serious, ribaldry and sublime, and sometimes enlivened with wit in a richer vein than even the immortal dramas of Shakespeare. In comedy, the critics of their own days, and those immediately succeeding, gave Beaumont and Fletcher the preference to Shakespeare; and although the slow award of time has at length justly decreed the superior excellence of the glorious father of our drama beyond all further appeal, yet these his illustrious followers ought not surely to be cast so far behind him, as to fall into contemptuous neglect, while the most careless works of Shakespeare are studiously brought forward. The Maid's Tragedy, King and No King, Love's Pilgrimage, Monsicur Thomas, &c. &c. &c. would hardly disgrace that stage which has exhibited The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Mr. Seward has employed great part of his preface in citing similar passages from Shakespeare and our authors; and though we do not entirely agree with him in the comparisons he has drawn, we cannot resist the temptation of adducing one instance, in our opinion, more to the advantage of our authors than any mentioned in that preface. It is the entire character of the boy HENGO, in the tragedy of Bonduca; a character which is, we think (taken altogether) better sustained, and more beautifully natural and pathetic, than the Prince Arthur of Shakespeare. The scene in King John between Arthur and Hubert, excellent as it is, almost passes the bounds of pity and terror, and becomes horrible; besides which, Shakespeare, to whom "a quibble," as Dr. Johnson says, "was the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it," has enervated the dialogue with many frigid conceits, which he has, with more than usual impropriety, put into the mouth of the innocent Arthur, while he is pleading most affectingly for mercy.

As for example:

———"Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?  
*Hub.* I've sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Art.

Arth. *Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!*  
*The iron of itself, tho' heated red hot,*  
*Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,*  
*And quench its fiery indignation,*  
*Even in the matter of my innocence:*  
*Nay, after that, consume away in rust,*  
*But for containing fire to harm mine eye.*  
*Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?*  
 Oh, if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.

And again:

———"Go to! hold your tongue!"  
 Arth. *Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues*  
*Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:*  
 Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!  
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
 So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes;  
 Tho' to no use, but still to look on you!  
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
 And would not harm me.  
 Hub. I can heat it, boy.  
 Arth. *No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,*  
*Being create for comfort, to be us'd*  
*In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;*  
 There is no malice in this burning coal;  
 The breath of Heaven hath blown its spirit out,  
 And strew'd repentant ashes on its head.  
 Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.  
 Arth. *And if you do, you will but make it blush,*  
*And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:*  
*Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;*  
*And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,*  
*Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.*  
*All things, that you should use to do me wrong,*  
*Deny their office: only you do lack*  
*That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extend,*  
*Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses."*

The reader, we imagine, will concur in our disapprobation of the passages printed in Italics. Between Caratach and Hengo we do not remember that a line occurs, affected or unnatural; and nothing can be more exquisitely tender than the several scenes between them. The whole play abounds with dramatic and poetic excellence.

Allowing, however, freely allowing, the general superiority of Shakespeare to Beaumont and Fletcher (and indeed to all other poets, Homer perhaps only excepted) yet we cannot so far degrade our authors, as to reduce the most excellent of their pieces to a level with the meanest effusions of Shakespeare; nor can we believe that there are not many of their long-neglected dramas that might not, with very inconsiderable variations, be accommodated to the taste of a modern audience. The public have been long habituated to the phraseology of Shakespeare, whose language, in the opinion of Dryden, is a little obsolete in comparison of that of our authors; and irregularities of fable have been not only pardoned, but defended. When the great English actor, of whom we have been speaking, first undertook the direction of the stage, his friend (the present Laureat) boldly told him,

"A nation's taste depends on you."

The national taste, under his happy influence, acquired from day to day, from year to year, an increased relish for Shakespeare; and it is almost matter of amazement, as well as concern, that so little of his attention was directed to those dramatic writers, whose poetical character bore so great an affinity to the just object of his admiration. A deceased actor, of great merit, and still greater promise, very successfully opened his theatrical career by appearing in the tragedy of *Philaster*. At the same time, the same tragedy contributed not a little to the growing fame of one of our principal actresses. That play, the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, and some other pieces of Beaumont and Fletcher, besides those we have already enumerated, would undoubtedly become favourite entertainments of the stage, if the theatrical talents of the performers bore any kind of proportion to the dramatic abilities of the writers. Since the directors of our theatres in some sort hold the keys of the temple of dramatic fame, let them do honour to themselves by throwing open their doors to Beaumont and Fletcher! Seeing there are at present but small hopes of emulating the transcendent actor, who so long and so effectually impressed on our minds the excellence of Shakespeare, let them at least rescue their performers from an immediate comparison, so much to their disadvantage, by trying their force on the characters of our authors! The *Two Noble Kinsmen* indeed has been ascribed (falsely, as we think) to Shakespeare. "*The Two Noble Kinsmen*," says Pope, "if that play be his, *as there goes a tradition* it was, and indeed it *has little resemblance of Fletcher*, and more of our author, than some of those which have been received as genuine." Unhappy poets! whose very excellence is turned against them. Shakespeare's claim to any share in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* we have considered at the end of that piece, to which we refer the reader. In this place we shall only enter our protest against the authority of Pope, who appears to have felt himself mortified and ashamed, when he "discharged the dull duty of an editor." He surely must be allowed to discharge his duty with reluctance, and most probably with neglect, who speaks of it in such terms. In his preface indeed he has, with a most masterly hand, drawn the outline of the poetical character of Shakespeare; but in that very preface, by a strange perversion of taste, he proposes to throw out of the list of Shakespeare's plays *The Winter's Tale*, which he considers as spurious! On no better foundation, we think, has he asserted, that the play of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* *has little resemblance of Fletcher*. "There goes a tradition," that *Garth did not write his own Dispensary*; "there goes a tradition," that the admirable translator of Homer, like Shakespeare himself, had *little Latin, and less Greek*; but what candid critic would countenance such a tradition? And is such a vague, blind, playhouse tradition a sufficient warrant for one great poet to tear the laurel from the brows of another?

The modern editors of Shakespeare contemplate with admiration that indifference to future fame, which suffered him to behold with uncommon apathy some of his pieces incorrectly printed during his life, without attempting to rescue them from the hands of barbarous editors, or preparing for posterity a genuine collection of his works, supervised and corrected by himself. In our opinion, the dedication and preface of Heminge and Condell more than insinuate the intention of Shakespeare, had he

he survived, to have published such a collection.\* But, be that as it may, his supposed carelessness concerning the fate of his pieces after they had been represented, is not so very singular; many of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher also having been inaccurately printed from stolen copies during the lives of the authors, and the remainder collected some years after their deaths, like the works of Shakespeare, by the players. Ben Jonson appears to have been the only dramatic poet of that age, who paid any attention to the publication of his works.

The old quarto copies of Beaumont and Fletcher have come down to us exactly in the same state with the old quartos of Shakespeare. The printers of those times not only copied, but multiplied the errors of the transcriber. An editor, nay even a corrector of the press, seems to have been a character of which they had not the smallest conception. Even the title-pages appear to exhibit the very names of the authors at random, sometimes announcing the play as the work of one poet, sometimes of another, and sometimes as the joint production of both. A bookseller is somewhere introduced as reprehending the *saving ways of an ode-writer*, who, he supposed, merely to lengthen his work, would often put no more than three or four words into a line. The old printers seem to have conceived the same idea of the parsimony of poets, and therefore often without scruple run verse into prose, not adverting to measure or harmony, but solely governed by the dimensions of the page, whether divided into columns, or carried all across from one scanty margin to another. Their orthography†

\* "We hope, that they outliving him, and he not having the fate common with some, to be executor to his own writings," &c.

*Dedication of Shakespeare's Works by Heminge and Condell.*

"It had been a thing, we confesse, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth, and overseene his own writings; but since it has been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envy his friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and published them."

*Preface of Heminge and Condell.*

† *Their orthography, &c.*] To this article our ancestors seem to have afforded very little attention: ingenious for ingenious, alter for altar, cozen for cousin, desert for desert, talents for talons, then for than, &c. &c. continually occur in the old books. Nor does there seem to have been any greater regard paid to proper names; one of our poets, for instance, we find called *Fletcher, Flecher, and Fletcher*; and the other, *Beamont, Beaumont, and Beaumont*. The name of *Shakespeare* is spelt at least a dozen ways. We are told, in the first note on the Dunciad of "an autograph of *Shakspeare* himself, whereby it appeared that he spelt his own name without the first e." Yet even this autograph is not decisive. In the register-book at Stratford upon Avon: the name of the family is regularly entered *Shakspeare*. In the poet's own will, which now lies in the Prerogative-Office, Doctor's Commons, his name is spelt three different ways. In the body of the will it is always written *Shakspeare*: this, however, may be ascribed to the lawyer. The will consists of three sheets, the first of which is legibly subscribed *Shakspeare*; the two others *Shakspeare*. It must be acknowledged that the hand-writing, as well as situation of the first signature, is different from that of the two following: but it appears extraordinary that a stranger should attempt to falsify a signature, which is usually subscribed to each sheet for the sake of giving authenticity to so solemn an instrument, and is, therefore, always taken to be the hand-writing of the testator. Mr. Garriek, however, has now in his possession the lease of a house formerly situated in Black-Friars, and but lately taken down on account of the new bridge, which belonged to that poet. As a party to that lease he signs his name *Shakspeare*; and the first syllable of his name is now pronounced in his native county, Warwickshire, with the short a, *Shak-* and not *Shake-speare*. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that the dialect of that county is more provincial than classical, and we believe that all the families, who are now known by the poet's name, both spell and pronounce it *Shakespeare*; which indeed seems most reconcilable to etymology, if etymology be at all concerned in so capricious a circumstance. Every thing, however trivial, interests an English reader, from the relation it bears to that great poet; which is the only excuse we have to offer for so long a note on a point of so little importance

is so generally vicious and unsettled, and their punctuation so totally defective, that the regulation of either rarely merits the triumphs that have so often been derived from it. On the whole, however, these old copies of our poets may by an intelligent reader be perused with satisfaction. The typographical errors are indeed gross and numerous; but their very number and grossness keeps the reader awake to the genuine text, and commonly renders such palpable inaccuracies not prejudicial. The genuine work of the author is there extant, though the lines are often, like a confused multitude, huddled on one another, and not marshalled and arrayed by the discipline of a modern editor.

The first folio, containing thirty-four of our authors' pieces, never till then collected or printed, was published by the players, obviously transcribed from the prompter's books, commonly the most inaccurate and barbarous of all manuscripts, or made out piecemeal from the detached parts copied for the use of the performers. Hence it happens, that the stage-direction has sometimes crept into the text, and the name of the actor is now and then substituted for that of the character. The transcribers, knowing perhaps no language perfectly, corrupted all languages; and vitiated the dialogue with false Latin, false French, false Italian, and false Spanish; nay, as Pope says of the old copies of Shakespeare, "their very Welch is false."

The players, however, notwithstanding the censure of Pope, "yet from *Cibber* sore," seem to have been, at least with regard to our poets, as faithful and able editors as others of that period. It is most natural to suppose that the playhouse manuscript contained the real work of the author, though perhaps ignorantly copied, and accommodated to the use of the theatre. A writer in his closet often silently acquiesces in the excellence of a continued declamation; but if at any time the audience, like Polonius, cry out, "This is too long," such passages are afterwards naturally curtailed or omitted in the representation; but the curious reader, "being less *fastidious* than the *proud* spectator" (for in such terms Horace speaks of the spectator) is pleased with the restoration of those passages in print. "Players," says Pope, "are just such judges of what is *right*, as tailors are of what is *graceful*." The comparison is more ludicrous and sarcastic than it is just. The poet himself, who makes the clothes, may rather be called the tailor; actors are at most but the empty beaux that wear them, and the spectators censure or admire them. A tailor, however, if players must be the tailors, though not equal in science to a statuary or an anatomist, must yet be conceived to have a more intimate knowledge of the human form than a blacksmith or a carpenter; and if many of the actors know but little of the drama, they would probably have known still less of it, had they not been retainers to the stage. Some improvements, as well as corruptions of the drama, may undoubtedly be derived from the theatre. *Cibber*, *idle Cibber*, wrote for the stage with more success than Pope. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Plautus*, and *Terence*, were soldiers and freedmen; *Shakespeare* and *Moliere* were actors.

The second folio contained the first complete collection of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher. Concerning that edition we have nothing to add to what has been said by other editors, whose prefaces we have annexed to our own.

The octavo editors of 1711 seemed to aim at little more than reprinting our authors' plays, and giving a collection of them more portable and convenient



venient than the folios. Their text, however, is more corrupt than that of either the quartos or folios, the errors of which they religiously preserved, adding many vicious readings of their own, some of which have been combated in very long notes by their successors.

In the year 1742, Theobald, on the success and reputation of his *Shakespeare*, projected an edition of the works of Ben Jonson. What he had executed of it, fell into the hands of Mr. Whalley, and is inserted in that learned and ingenious gentleman's edition. At the same time he exhibited proposals for a publication of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher; in which he was afterwards assisted by Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson: but Theobald dying before he had committed more than the first and about half the second volume to the press, the undertaking was continued by the two last-mentioned gentlemen; and the edition thus jointly, or rather severally, executed by Theobald, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Sympson, at length appeared in the year 1750. These gentlemen were the first editors of our poets who professed to collate the old copies, to reform the punctuation, and to amend the corruptions of the text. Some attempts also were made to elucidate the obscurities, and enforce the excellencies of their authors. How far we disagree or coincide with them will appear on inspection of the particular passages to which their several observations refer. At present it will be sufficient to declare, that we should have been inclined to entertain a more respectful opinion of their labours, if they had not very early betrayed that confidence which every reader is tempted to repose in an editor, not only by their carelessness, but by the more unpardonable faults of faithlessness and misrepresentation. Their reports of the state of the old copies can never safely be taken on trust, and on examination many of those copies will appear to be both negligently collated, and untruly quoted. Their punctuation also, notwithstanding their occasional self-approbation, is almost as inaccurate as that of the most ancient and rude editions; and their critical remarks have, in our opinion, oftener been well intended, than conceived. Their work, however, has in the main conduced to the illustration of our authors, and we have seized every fair occasion to applaud the display of their diligence, as well as the efforts of their critical acuteness and sagacity. Such of their notes as appeared incontestible, or even plausible, we have adopted without remark; to those more dubious we have subjoined additional annotations: those of less consequence we have abridged; and those of no importance we have omitted.

In the present edition, it has been our chief aim to give the old text as it lies in the old books, with no other variations, but such as the writers themselves, had they superintended an impression of their works, or even a corrector of the press, would have made. Yet even these variations, if at all important, have not been made in silence. Notes, however, have been subjoined to the text as briefly and as sparingly as possible; but the lapse of time, and fluctuation of language, have rendered some notes necessary for the purpose of explaining obsolete words, unusual phrases, old customs, and obscure or distant allusions. Critical remarks, and conjectural emendations, have been seldom hazarded, nor has any ridicule been wantonly thrown on former editors, who have only sometimes been reprehended for pompous affectation, and more frequently for want of care and fidelity. Every material comment on these plays has been retained in this edition, though often without the long and ostentatious notes that  
first

first introduced those comments to the public. At the same time, we have religiously attributed every observation, critical or philological, to its due author, not wishing to claim any praise as editors, but by industriously endeavouring, as an act of duty, to collect from all quarters every thing that might contribute to illustrate the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

To conclude, we have beheld with pity and indignation the mean parade of many modern editors, and we have endeavoured to fulfil their duties without imbibing their arrogance. We are perhaps too proud to indulge so poor a vanity; at least, we are too much occupied to litigate readings we think of small importance, and too honest to claim restorations not our own, or to propose readings as corrections that are no more than restorations. The stationer has not disgraced our authors with tobacco-paper; the press, we trust, has done its duty; and the rolling-press, at a very considerable expence, has added its assistance. The cuts, if we are not deceived, are for the most part happily designed, and well executed, and will probably be deemed an agreeable addition to the work: at least, we may with truth assert, that no authors in the English language, published at the same price, have so many and so valuable engravings.

The province of a painter and an editor are directly opposite. In the first instance the canvas receives its chief value from the artist, and in the second the artist derives almost all his consequence from the canvas. The editor, if he lives, is carried down the stream of time by his author; and if the author be excellent, and his commentary judicious,

Still shall his little bark attendant sail,  
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.

For our parts, we have been incited to this undertaking from a real admiration of these poets, grounded, as we apprehend, on their genuine excellencies, and a thorough persuasion that the works of Beaumont and Fletcher may proudly claim a second place in the English drama, nearer to the first than the third, to those of Shakespeare; some of their plays being so much in his manner, that they can scarcely be distinguished to be the work of another hand.

## E X T R A C T.

THE following passage, extracted from Mr. Capell's Notes on Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, is particularly worthy the attention of the readers of all the dramatic performances produced in that age. Without adverting to the form of the stage, and the nature of its decorations at that period, several passages in old plays are rather obscure, and sometimes scarcely intelligible.—It were to be wished, indeed, that the ingenious and elaborate commentator had quoted some authorities; but, from his known fidelity and diligence, there is no doubt but that the information here given may be depended on, as genuine and authentic.

“But this [*the custom of Shakespeare's stage, of having womens' parts acted by boys*] was not the only defect of the stage that these plays were brought out upon; another, and more considerable, was its fittings out: scenes were unknown to it; all its decorations were—certain arras or tapestries in front, and some on the sides, with slips between: the platform was double, the hinder or back part of it rising some little matter above that in the front; and this served them for chambers or galleries, for Juliet to hold discourse from with Romeo, and for Cleopatra in this play to draw up Antony dying\*; and this upper stage too, it is probable, was the place of performance for those little engrafted pieces that Shakespeare has given us, as—the Play in Hamlet, Masque in the Tempest, &c.—the persons to whom they were presented, sitting upon the lower. That this was their stage's construction, and continued to be so, (perhaps, as low down as the general reform of it at the restoration, the æra of scenes and of actresses) is evinced beyond doubting, from entries that are found in some plays of rather a later date than the poet's; in which are seen the terms—*upper*, and *lower*; and dialogues pass between persons, standing some on the one and some on the other stage: and this form it received from the earliest pieces produced on it,—the Mysteries; for the exhibition of which, the platform had yet another division; a part beyond the two we are speaking of, and rising higher than them; upon which appeared their *Pater Cælestis*, attended by angels; patriarchs and glorified persons upon that in the middle, and mere men on the lowermost: and hell (a most necessary member of these curious productions, for without there had been no entertainment for some of their auditors) was represented by a great gaping hole on the side of that platform, that vomited something like flames; out of which their greatest jokers, the devils, ascended at times, and mixed with the men; and into which, they were commonly driven in heaps at the drama's conclusion: but this hell, and the higher division, vanished with the mysteries; and the stage's form, after that, was as above. The poverty of this apparatus had one very considerable effect upon the persons that wrote for it; the setting of which in its due

\* This upper stage must have been also made use of in several of the plays of our poets; particularly in Bonduca, Maid's Tragedy, Custom of the Country, Loyal Subject, Chances, Prophetess, Double Marriage, Knight of Malta, Love's Cure, Women's Prize, Island Princess, Night-Walker, Noble Kinsmen, Masque, Four Plays; and probably in some others.

light

light being of some consequence to the poet's reputation, in a matter that has been objected to him, it is upon that account chiefly that this detail of his stage is entered into: naked as it was, and quite motionless; without scenes, or machinery, not so much as a trap-door for a ghost to rise out of; the spectator had nothing to aid him, or contribute to his deception: fancy pieced out all these defects, as well as it could; and its powers were called out upon,—to imagine the same unchangeable spot to be a hall, a chamber, a palace, a cottage, a ship, lawn, field of battle, &c. This call upon their auditors' fancy, to which the poets were driven by their stage's penuriousness, made them hardly to go a step farther, and bring things upon it that cannot be represented on any stage; not even upon the present, under all its improvements, or under any other that can be imagined; but they thought, and thought rightly,—that it was but a strain or two more, and the same active power in their audience that could make them see places and actions of which there was not even the shadow, could picture others out to them of greater difficulty; such as—Pompey's entertainment on shipboard, and the monument scenes in this act."

# THE MAID'S TRAGEDY.

The first edition we meet with of this Tragedy was printed in 1619. The Commendatory Verses by Howard, Stanley, Herriek, and Waller, speak of Fletcher as the sole Author of it; those by Earle, ascribe it to Beaumont; but it is generally believed to be their joint production. It always met with great applause till the reign of Charles II. who forbid its representation. Mr. Waller then wrote a new fifth act, rendering the catastrophe fortunate, which is printed in a volume of that gentleman's poems; and with which Langbaine, and all the dramatic historiographers since, assert it was again brought on the stage, and received as much applause as ever. But this revival is much doubted; because Mr. Fenton, in his notes on Waller, says, he had been assured by his friend Southerne, that in the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, he had seen this play acted at the Theatre-Royal, as it was originally written by Fletcher; but never with Waller's alterations.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### MEN.

KING.  
LYSIPPUS, *brother to the King.*  
AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman.*  
MELANTIUS, } *brothers to Evadne.*  
DIPHILUS, }  
CALIANAX, *an old humorous lord, and father*  
CLEON, } *gentlemen.* [to Aspatia.  
STRATO, }  
DIAGORAS, *a servant to Calianax.*

### WOMEN.

EVADNE, *wife to Amintor.*  
ASPATIA, *troth-plight wife to Amintor.*  
ANTIPHILA, } *waiting-gentlewomen to*  
OLYMPIAS, } *Aspatia.*  
DULA, *a lady.*  
NIGHT,  
CYNTHIA, } *masquers.*  
NEPTUNE,  
ÆOLUS,

SCENE, *Rhodes.*

## ACT I.

*Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, and Diphilus.*

Cleon. THE rest are making ready, Sir.

Lys. So let them; there's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the king, my lord; we'll take your word.

Lys. Strato, thou hast some skill in poetry, What think'st thou of the masque? ' will it be well?

Strat. As well as masque can be.

Lys. As masque can be?

Strat. Yes; they must commend their king, and speak in praise of the assembly; bless the bride and bridegroom, in person of some god: They're ty'd to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my lord, who is return'd!

*Enter Melantius.*

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me, Welcomes thy virtues home to Rhodes.

Thou, that with blood abroad buy'st us our peace!

The breath of kings is like the breath of gods; My brother wish'd thee here, and thou art here. He will be too kind, and weary thee with Often welcomes. But the time doth give thee A welcome above his, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks; but these scratch'd limbs of mine

Have spoke my love and truth unto my friends, More than my tongue e'er could. My mind's the same

It ever was to you: Where I find worth, I love the keeper till he let it go, And then I follow it.

\* *What think'st thou of a masque?* It should be, *the masque.* It was not then to be formed; nor does the prince mean to ask, whether it will be well to have one; but whether this, which is prepared, will be a good one. This Strato's answer and the sequel of the play plainly shew.

*Diph.* Hail, worthy brother!  
He, that rejoices not at your return  
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

*Mel.* I thank thee, Diphilus. But thou  
art faulty;

I sent for thee to exercise thine arms  
With me at Patria: Thou cam'st not, Diphilus;  
'Twas ill.

*Diph.* My noble brother, my excuse  
Is my king's straight command; which you,  
my lord,  
Can witness with me.

*Lys.* 'Tis true, Melantius;  
He might not come, till the solemnity  
Of this great match was past.

*Diph.* Have you heard of it?

*Mel.* Yes, I have given cause to those, that  
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome:  
I have no other business here at Rhodes.

*Lys.* We have a masque to-night, and you  
must tread  
A soldier's measure. [me:

*Mel.* These soft and silken wars are not for  
The music must be shrill, and all confus'd,  
That stirs my blood; and then I dance with  
arms.

But is Amintor wed?

*Diph.* This day.

*Mel.* All joys upon him! for he is my  
friend.

Wonder not that I call a man so young my  
friend: [perate;

His worth is great; valiant he is, and tem-  
And one that never thinks his life his own,  
If his friend need it. When he was a boy,  
As oft as I return'd (as, without boast, [me,  
I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon  
And view me round, to find in what one limb  
The virtue lay to do those things he heard.  
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel  
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand  
Weigh it: He oft would make me smile at this.  
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years  
Will see it all perform'd.

*Enter Aspatia, passing by.*

Hail, maid and wife!  
Thou fair Aspatia, may the holy knot  
That thou hast ty'd to day, last till the hand  
Of age undo it! may'st thou bring a race  
Unto Amintor, that may fill the world  
Successively with soldiers' h

*Asp.* My hard fortunes

Deserve not scorn; for I was never proud,  
When they were good. [Exit.

*Mel.* How's this?

*Lys.* You are mistaken,  
For she is not married.

*Mel.* You said Amintor was.

*Diph.* 'Tis true; but—

*Mel.* Pardon me, I did receive  
Letters at Patria from my Amintor  
That he should marry her.

*Lys.* And so it stood

In all opinion long; but your arrival  
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

*Mel.* Who hath he taken then?

*Lys.* A lady, Sir,  
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead  
With flashes of her eye: the fair Evadne,  
Your virtuous sister.

*Mel.* Peace of heart betwixt them!  
But this is strange.

*Lys.* The king my brother did it  
To honour you; and these solemnities  
Are at his charge.

*Mel.* 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am sad  
My speech bears so unfortunate a sound  
To beautiful Aspatia. There is rage  
Hid in her father's breast, Calianax,  
Bent long against me; and he should not think,  
If I could call it back, that I would take  
So base revenges, as to scorn the state  
Of his neglected daughter. Holds he still  
His greatness with the king?

*Lys.* Yes. But this lady  
Walks discontented, with her watry eyes  
Bent on the earth. The unfrequented woods  
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank  
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell  
Her servants what a pretty place it were  
To bury lovers in; and make her maids  
Pluck 'em, and strew her over like a corpse.  
She carries with her an infectious grief,  
That strikes all her beholders; she will sing  
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard,  
And sigh and sing again; and when the rest  
Of our young ladies, in their wanton blood,  
Tell mirthful tales in course, that fill the room  
With laughter, she will with so sad a look  
Bring forth a story of the silent death  
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief  
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,  
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

*Mel.* She has a brother<sup>2</sup> under my com-  
mand,

<sup>2</sup> *She has a brother, &c.*] The critics in all ages, upon dramatic poems, have laid it down for a rule, that an incident should be prepared, but not prevented; that is, not foreseen, so as to take off the surprise: For then the whole pleasure of the incident is pall'd, and has no effect upon the audience or readers. These preparatives, therefore, must seem by chance to the spectators, though they are always designedly thrown in by the poet. "*In multis aronomia comicorum poetarum ita se habet, ut casu putet spectator venisse quod consilio scriptorum factum sit:*" says Donatus upon Terence. This is the most artful preparation, that I remember in all Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, for an incident which is in no kind suspected. Melantius says, he has a brother of Aspatia under his command, most like her in the softness of face and feature. This brother never appears in any scene through the play: But when Aspatia comes in boys clothes to fight with Amintor, to obtain her death from his hand, and tells him,

"For

Like her; a face as womanish as hers;  
But with a spirit that hath much out-grown  
The number of his years.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Cl.* My lord, the bridegroom!

*Mel.* I might run fiercely, not more hastily,  
Upon my foe. I love thee well, Amintor;  
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;  
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;  
Thou art my friend, but my disorder'd speech  
Cuts off my love.

*Amin.* Thou art Melantius;  
All love is spoke in that. A sacrifice,  
To thank the gods Melantius is return'd  
In safety! Victory sits on his sword, [dwell;  
As she was wont: May she build there and  
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,  
Only thy valour and thy innocence! [give,  
What endless treasures would our enemies  
That I might hold thee still thus!

*Mel.* I'm but poor [mother  
In words; but credit me, young man, thy  
Could do no more but weep for joy to see thee  
After long absence: All the wounds I have  
Fech'd not so much away, nor all the cries  
Of widowed mothers. But this is peace,  
And that was war.

*Amin.* Pardon, thou holy god  
Of marriage-bed, and frown not, I am forc'd,  
In answer of such noble tears as those,  
To weep upon my wedding-day. [hear

*Mel.* I fear thou'rt grown too fickle, for I  
A lady mourns for thee; men say, to death;  
Forsaken of thee; on what terms, I know not.

"For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face  
With these few blemishes, people would call me  
My sister's picture; and her, mine; in short,  
I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia;"

this fore-mention of the brother, here, makes the *incident* the more probable, and striking; as Amintor must have heard of such a brother, and could have no suspicion that he was going to draw his sword against Aspatia. The audience are equally amused with the fallacy.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Theobald's edition says here,

*Exeunt Lysippus, Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.*

but as we find no authority for this note of direction, we have not ventured to insert it, though we believe our Authors intended those persons to depart at this place.

<sup>4</sup> *We'll all attend you. We shall, &c.* An explanation of this and Melantius's speech seems requisite. News being brought that the masquers wait, Lysippus is calling on the company, and Amintor says, "We'll all attend you." They depart, and Amintor, turning to Melantius, continues, "We shall trouble you with [beg you to partake of] our solemnities." "No," replies Melantius; "though you may laugh at my being so uncourtly, you must excuse me: But I have a mistress to bring to your diversions." He then enters into a digression about this mistress; till recollecting that it was necessary for Amintor to attend the exhibition, and for him to fetch the lady, he interrupts himself with "But I detain you, and neglect my own engagement."

<sup>5</sup> *There is no place that I can challenge, gentlemen.* Thus the first edition reads; Mr. Theobald's,

*There's no place I can challenge gentle in't;*

All the intermediate copies exhibit the reading of the present text.

<sup>6</sup> At the end of this scene, the old editions say, *exit*; that of 1711, *exeunt*; Mr. Theobald's, *exennt severally*; which, we apprehend, is the proper reading.

*Amin.* She had my promise; but the king  
forbad it, [sister,  
And made me make this worthy change, thy  
Accompanied with graces far above her;  
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,  
And grow old in her arms.

*Mel.* Be prosperous!

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, the masquers rage for you.

*Lys.* We are gone. Cleon, Strato, Diphil-  
lus— [trouble you

*Amin.* We'll all attend you.<sup>4</sup> We shall  
With our solemnities.

*Mel.* Not so, Amintor:

But if you laugh at my rude carriage  
In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,  
When you come thither. Yet I have a mistress  
To bring to your delights; rough tho' I am,  
I have a mistress, and she has a heart,  
She says; but, trust me, it is stone, no better;  
There is no place that I can challenge in't.<sup>5</sup>  
But you stand still, and here my way lies.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter Calianax with Diagoras.*

*Cal.* Diagoras, look to the doors better for  
shame; you let in all the world, and anon the  
king will rail at me—why, very well said—  
by Jove, the king will have the show i'th'  
court.

*Diag.* Why do you swear so, my lord?  
You know he'll have it here. [not.

*Cal.* By this light, if he be wise, he will.

*Diag.* And if he will not be wise, you are  
forsworn.

*Cal.* One may swear out his heart with swearing, and get thanks on no side. I'll be gone—look to't, who will.

*Diag.* My lord, I shall never keep them out. Pray, stay; your looks will terrify them.

*Cal.* My looks terrify them, you coxcombsly ass, you! I'll be judg'd by all the company, whether thou hast not a worse face than I.

*Diag.* I mean, because they know you and your office.

*Cal.* Office! I would I could put it off: I am sure I sweat quite through my office. I might have made room at my daughter's wedding: they have near kill'd her amongst them; and now I must do service for him that hath forsaken her. Serve, that will. [Exit.]

*Diag.* He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken.—Hark, hark! there, there! so, so! Codes, Codes! [Knock within.] What now?

*Mel.* [within] Open the door.

*Diag.* Who's there?

*Mel.* [within] Melantius.

*Diag.* I hope your lordship brings no troop with you; for, if you do, I must return them.

*Enter Melantius and a Lady.*

*Mel.* None but this lady, Sir.

*Diag.* The ladies are all plac'd above, save those that come in the king's troop: The best of Rhodes sit there, and there's room.

*Mel.* I thank you, Sir. When I have seen you plac'd, madam, I must attend the king; but, the masque done, I'll wait on you again.

*Diag.* Stand back there—room for my lord Melantius—pray, bear back—this is no place for such youths and their trulls—let the doors shut again.—No!—do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you—So, now thrust and hang.—Again! who is't now?—I cannot blame my lord Calianax for going away: 'Would he were here! he would run raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own, in the twinkling of an eye.—What's the news now?

[Within.] I pray you, can you help me to the speech of the master-cook?

*Diag.* If I open the door, I'll cook some of your calves-heads. Peace, rogues!—Again! who is't?

*Mel.* [within.] Melantius.

*Enter Calianax.*

*Cal.* Let him not in.

*Diag.* O, my lord, I must. Make room there for my lord.

*Enter Melantius.*

Is your lady plac'd? [To Mel.]

*Mel.* Yes, Sir,

I thank you. My lord Calianax, well met. Your causeless hate to me, I hope, is buried.

*Cal.* Yes, I do service for your sister here, That brings my own poor child to timeless death:

She loves your friend Amintor; such another False-hearted lord as you.

*Mel.* You do me wrong, A most unmanly one, and I am slow In taking vengeance! But be well advis'd.

*Cal.* It may be so. Who plac'd the lady So near the presence of the king? [there,

*Mel.* I did.

*Cal.* My lord, she must not sit there.

*Mel.* Why? [worth.]

*Cal.* The place is kept for women of more

*Mel.* More worth than she? It mis-becomes your age,

And place, to be thus womanish. Forbear! What you have spoke, I am content to think The palsy shook your tongue to.

*Cal.* Why, 'tis well if I stand here to place men's wenches. [safety,

*Mel.* I shall forget this place, thy age, my And thorough all, cut that poor sickly week, Thou hast to live, away from thee. [whore.

*Cal.* Nay, I know you can fight for your

*Mel.* Bate the king, and be he flesh and blood,

He lies, that says it! Thy mother at fifteen Was black and sinful to her.

*Diag.* Good my lord!

*Mel.* Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man, [nour.

That I may kill him, and not stain mine ho! It is the curse of soldiers, that in peace

They shall be brav'd by such ignoble men, As, if the land were troubled, would with tears And knees beg succour from 'em. 'Would, that blood,

That sea of blood, that I have lost in fight, Were running in thy veins, that it might make Apt to say less, or able to maintain, [thee Should'st thou say more! This Rhodes, I see, is nought

But a place privileg'd to do men wrong.

*Cal.* Ay, you may say your pleasure.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* What vile injury Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow To fight with words as he is quick of hand?

*Mel.* That heap of age, which I should re- If it were temperate; but testy years [verence Are most contemptible.

*Amin.* Good Sir, forbear.

*Cal.* There is just such another as yourself.

*Amin.* He will wrong you, or me, or any And talk as if he had no life to lose, [man, Since this our match. The king is coming in: I would not for more wealth than I enjoy, He should perceive you raging. He did hear You were at difference now, which hast'ned

*Cal.* Make room there! [him, [Hautboys play within.

*Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, lords and ladies.*

*King.* Melantius, thou art welcome, and my love



Is with thee still: But this not a place  
To brabble in. Calianax, join hands.

*Cal.* He shall not have my hand.

*King.* This is no time  
To force you to it. I do love you both;  
Calianax, you look well to your office;  
And you, Melantius, are welcome home,  
Begin the masque! [echoice.

*Mel.* Sister, I joy to see you, and your  
You look'd with my eyes when you took that  
Be happy in him! [man:

[*Recorders play.*

*Erad.* O, my dearest brother!  
Your presence is more joyful, than this day  
Can be unto me.

### THE MASQUE.

*Night rises in mists.*

*Night.* OUR reign is come; for in the rag-  
ing sea

The sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day.  
Bright Cinthia, hear my voice; I am the Night,  
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrow'd  
light.

Appear; no longer thy pale visage shroud,  
But strike thy silver horns quite<sup>7</sup> through a  
cloud,

And send a beam upon my swarthy face;  
By which I may discover all the place  
And persons, and how many longing eyes  
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

*Enter Cinthia.*

How dull and black am I! I could not find  
This beauty without thee, I am so blind.  
Methinks, they shew like to those eastern  
streaks [breaks!  
That warn us hence, before the morning

Back, my pale servant, for these eyes know  
how

To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

*Cinth.* Great queen, they be a troop fur  
whom alone

One of my clearest moons I have put on;  
A troop, that looks as if thyself and I [by,  
Had pluck'd our reins in, and our whips laid  
To gaze upon these mortals, that appear  
Brighter than we.

*Night.* Then let us keep 'em here;  
And never more our chariots drive away,  
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.

*Cinth.* Great queen of shadows, you are  
pleas'd to speak [break

Of more than may be done: We may not  
The gods' decrees; but, when our time is come,  
Must drive away, and give the day our room.<sup>8</sup>

*Night.* Then shine at full, fair queen, and  
by thy pow'r

Produce a birth, to crown this happy hour,  
Of nymphs and shepherds: Let their songs  
discover,

Easy and sweet, who is a happy lover.  
Or, if thou woo't, then call thine own En-  
dymion,

From the sweet flow'ry bed he lies upon,  
On Latmus' top, thy pale beams drawn away;  
And of this long night let him make a day.

*Cinth.* Thou dream'st, dark queen; that  
fair boy was not mine,

Nor went I down to kiss him. Ease and wine  
Have bred these bold tales: Poets, when they  
rage,

Turn gods to men, and make an hour an age.  
But I will give a greater state and glory,

And raise to time a noble memory  
Of what these lovers are. Rise, rise, I say,  
Thou pow'r of deeps; thy surges lade away,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *Quite thro' a cloud.*] This is the reading of all the copies; but we think *quick* would be a much better word, and therefore more likely to have been used by our Authors.

<sup>8</sup> To this speech of Cinthia the ten following lines are first added in the edition of 1630, fifteen years after the death of Beaumont, five after that of Fletcher. They have maintained their situation in the text ever since; but as we apprehend they contain not the least poetie fire, nor ingenious imagery, which can entitle them to a place with the other parts of this masque, or induce us to believe they came from either Beaumont's or Fletcher's pen, we have ventured to remove them to this place; and apprehend, if any apology is necessary, it must be for not totally cutting off their association with the writings of such deservedly-admired poets.

"Yet, while our reign lasts, let us stretch our pow'r  
To give our servants one contented hour,  
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,  
As may for ever after force them hate  
Our brother's glorious beaus; and wish the night  
Crown'd with a thousand stars, and our cold light:  
For almost all the world their service bend  
To Phœbus, and in vain my light I lend;  
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise  
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes."

<sup>9</sup> *Thy surges lade away.*] The printed word hitherto has been *laid*; but I think it scarce sense. Neptune in leaving the ocean is never supposed either to bring his surges with him, or lay them aside, but barely to leave them. The word *lade* will signify his *parting the waves* with his trident to give him a free passage; which is an image quite poetical. *Mr. Scord.*

Neptune, great king of waters, and by me  
Be proud to be commanded.

*Neptune rises.*

*Nept.* Cinthia, see,  
Thy word hath fetch'd me hither: Let me  
Why I ascend? [know,

*Cinth.* Dost this majestic show  
Give thee no knowledge yet?

*Nept.* Yes, now I see  
Something intended, Cinthia, worthy thee.  
Go on; I'll be a helper.

*Cinth.* Hie thee then,  
And charge the wind fly from his rocky den.  
Let loose thy subjects; only Boreas,  
Too foul for our intention, as he was, [here  
Still keep him fast chain'd: We must have none  
But veral blasts, and gentle winds appear;  
Such as blow flow'rs, and thro' the glad  
boughs sing

Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring:  
These are our music. Next, thy watry race  
Bring on in couples (we are pleas'd to grace  
This noble night), each in their richest things  
Your own deeps, or the broken vessel, brings.<sup>10</sup>  
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,  
And shine at full upon you.

*Nept.* Ho! the "wind-  
Commanding Æolus!

*Enter Æolus out of a Rock.*

*Æol.* Great Neptune?

*Nept.* He.

*Æol.* What is thy will?

*Nept.* We do command thee free  
Favonius, and thy milder winds, to wait  
Upon our Cinthia; but tie Boreas straight;  
He's too rebellious.

*Æol.* I shall do it.

*Nept.* Do.<sup>11</sup>—

*Æol.* Great master of the flood, and all  
below,

Thy full command has taken.—Ho! the  
Neptune! [Main!

*Nept.* Here.

*Æol.* Boreas has broke his chain,  
And, struggling, with the rest has got away.

*Nept.* Let him alone, I'll take him up at  
sea;

He will not long be thence. Go once again,  
And call out of the bottoms of the main  
Blue Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on  
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling  
stone

The beaten rock breeds;<sup>12</sup> 'till this night is  
By me a solemn honour to the Moon. [done  
Fly, like a full sail.

*Æol.* I am gone.

<sup>10</sup> It has been suggested to us, by a gentlemen whose judgment we have the greatest reason to rely on, and whose assistance we are happy to enjoy, that this passage wants explanation. We apprehend it means, "Bring on in couples your watry race, naiads, tritons, &c, adorned with the richest ornaments your waters naturally produce, or which wrecked vessels can furnish them with." So afterwards, in Neptune's charge to Æolus, he says, "Tell them to put on their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone the beaten rock breeds."

<sup>11</sup> *Ho! the wind*

*Commanding Æolus!]* All the editions have mistaken the intention of the authors here. 'Tis well known Æolus, in poetie fable, was the master and controulor of the winds; which he was supposed to keep bound in a cave, and to let loose upon the ocean as he was commanded by Neptune. He is therefore called here the wind-commanding Æolus; a compound adjective which must be wrote with an *hyphen*, as I have reformed the text. The editors were led into a mistake by the word being divided, and put into two lines for the preservation of the rhyme. I ought to take notice, for two reasons, that both Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympson joined with me in starting this correction: Because it is doing justice to the sagacity of my friends; and, besides, it is certainly a great confirmation of the truth of an emendation, where three persons, all distant from one another, strike out the same observation.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>12</sup> In the first edition of this play we read,

*Nept.* Do, — master of the flood and oill below;  
*Thy full command has token.* *Æol.* Ho! the main;  
*Neptune.* *Nept.* Here.

In all the others, the blanks between *do* and *master* is filled up with the word *great*. Mr. Seward would fill it up with *We're*, and give the speech to Neptune; thus,

*Nept.* Do, .  
*We're master of the flood, and oill below*  
*Thy full command has taken.* *Æol.* Ho! the main!  
*Neptune!—Nept.* Here.

We have followed Mr. Theobald's edition; thinking his mode, however awkward and hasty the departures and re entrances of Æolus may be, preferable to Mr. Seward's conjecture; and also to the older editions, which cannot be followed; for our Authors could not mean to make Neptune call Æolus "master of the flood."

<sup>13</sup> *The beaten rock breeds.]* The old quarto's read, *beating*; the edition of 1711, *beating*; Mr. Theobald's, *beaten*; which we suppose to be the true reading.

*Cynth.* Dark Night,  
Strike a full silence; do a thorough right  
To this great chorus; that our music may  
Touch high as Heav'n, and make the East  
break day  
At mid-night.

[*Music.*]

## SONG.

Cynthia, to thy power and thee,  
We obey.  
Joy to this great company!  
And no day  
Come to steal this night away,  
'Till the rites of love are ended;  
And the lusty bridegroom say,  
Welcome, light, of all befriended.

Pace out, you watry pow'rs below;  
Let your feet,  
Like the galleys when they row,  
Even beat.  
Let your unknown measures, set  
To still the winds, tell to all,  
That gods are come, immortal, great,  
To honour this great nuptial.

[*The measure.*]

## SONG.

Hold back thy hours, dark Night, till we have  
The day will come too soon; [done:  
Young maids will curse thee if thou steal'st  
away,  
And leav'st their losses open to the day:  
Stay, stay, and hide  
The blushes of the bride. [cover  
Stay, gentle Night, and with thy darkness  
The kisses of her lover. [cryings,  
Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill  
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;  
Stay, and hide all;  
But help not, tho' she call.

*Nept.* Great queen of us and Heav'n, hear  
what I bring

To make this hour a full one,  
If not o'ernature.<sup>14</sup>

*Cynth.* Speak, sea's king.

*Nept.* The<sup>15</sup> tunes my Amphitrite joys to  
have,

When they will dance upon the rising wave,  
And court me as the sails. My Tritons, play  
Music to lead a storm; I'll lead the way.

[*Measure.*]

## SONG.

To bed, to bed; come, Hymen, lead the bride,  
And lay her by her husband's side:  
Bring in the virgins every one,  
That grieve to lie alone; [maid;  
That they may kiss while they may say, a  
To-morrow, 'twill be other, kiss'd, and said.  
Hesperus be long a-shining,  
Whilst these lovers are a-twining.

*Æol.* Ho! Neptune!

*Nept.* Æolus.

*Æol.* The seas go high,  
Boreas hath rais'd a storm: Go and apply  
Thy trident; else, I prophesy, ere day  
Many a tall ship will be cast away.  
Descend with all the gods, and' all their  
To strike a calm. [power,<sup>16</sup>

*Cynth.* A thanks to ev'ry one, and to con-  
gratulate

So great a service, done at my desire,  
Ye shall have many floods, fuller and higher  
Than you have wished for; no ebb shall dare  
To let the day see where your dwellings are.  
Now back unto your government in haste,  
Let your proud charge should swell above the  
And win upon the island. [waste,

*Nept.* We obey.

[*Neptune descends, and the sea gods.*]

*Cynth.* Hold up thy head, dead Night; seest  
thou not Day?  
The East begins to lighten: I must down,  
And give my brother place.

<sup>14</sup> *If not her measure.*] This is the reading of the old quarto's. Mr. Theobald not comprehending the passage, arbitrarily expunges it. The easy alteration admitted into the text is the emendation of Mr. Seward; which certainly (as he says) 'by a very slight change, restores good sense to the words.'

<sup>15</sup> *The tunes my Amphitrite joys, &c.*] The old editions read, *thy tunes*, which is plainly an error of the press. The meaning of the passage is briefly this: Neptune tells Cynthia, that in order to add to the celebrity of the present hour, he has brought those airs, with which Amphitrite was wont to be delighted, as the prelude to a storm; and which, accordingly, he orders his tritons to play.

<sup>16</sup> Mr. Theobald remarks, 'As the rhymes are here interrupted, something *must* be lost; a defect which is not to be supplied by conjecture.' However, in that gentleman's edition we find this defect partly supplied; for he reads,

*Descend with all thy Gods, and all their power,  
To strike a calm. Cynth.* We thank you for this hour:  
My favour to you all. *To gratulate  
So great a service, &c.*

We have followed the old copies; from which we never chuse to depart, as Mr. Theobald often does, without any authority, without improving the poetry, or adding to the sense.

*Night.* Oh, I could frown  
To see the Day, the Day that flings his light  
Upon my kingdom, and contemns old Night!  
Let him go on and flame! I hope to see  
Another wild-fire in his axletree; [queen.  
And all fall dreoch'd. But I forgot, speak,  
The day grows on; I must no more be seen.

*Cinth.* Heave up thy drowsy head again,  
A greater light, a greater majesty, [and see  
Between our set and us!<sup>17</sup> Whip up thy team!  
The day-break's here, and yon sun-flaring beam  
Shot from the South. Say which way wilt  
thou go?

*Night.* I'll vanish into mists.

*Cinth.* I into day.

[*Exeunt.*

THE MASQUE ENDS.

*King.* Take lights there. Ladies, get the  
bride to bed.

We will not see you laid. Good-night, Amin.  
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony.

Were it my case, I should think time run slow.  
If thou be'st noble, youth, get me a boy,  
That may defend my kingdom from my foes.

*Amin.* All happiness to you.

*King.* Good-night, Melantius. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other ladies.*

*Dula.* MADAM, shall we undress you for  
this fight?

The wars are naked, ynu must make to-night.

*Evad.* Ynu are very merry, Dula.

*Dula.* I should be merrier far, if 'twere  
With me as 'tis with you.

*Evad.* How's that?

*Dula.* That I might go to bed with him  
Wi' th' credit that ynu do.<sup>18</sup>

*Evad.* Why, how now, wench?

*Dula.* Come, ladies, will you help?

*Evad.* I am soon undone.

*Dula.* And as soon done:

Good store of clothes will trouble you at both.

*Evad.* Art thou drunk, Dula?

*Dula.* Why, here's none but we.

*Evad.* Thou think'st, belike, there is no  
modesty

When we are alone. [*aright.*

*Dula.* Ay, by my troth, you hit my thoughts

*Evad.* You prick me, lady.

*Dula.* 'Tis against my will.

Anon you must endure more, and lie still;  
You're best to practise.

*Evad.* Sure this wench is mad. [*had*

*Dula.* No, faith, this is a trick that I have  
Since I was fourteen.

*Evad.* 'Tis high time to leave it.

*Dula.* Nay, now I'll keep it, 'till the trick  
leave me.

A dozen wanton words, put in your head,  
Will make you livelier in your husband's bed.

*Evad.* Nay, faith, then take it.

*Dula.* Take it, madam? where?

We all, I hope, will take it, that are here.

*Evad.* Nay, then, I'll give you o'er.

*Dula.* So will I make

The ablest man in Rhodes, or his heart ake.

*Evad.* Wilt take my place to-night?

*Dula.* I'll hold your cards 'gainst any two I

*Evad.* What wilt thou do? [*know.*

*Dula.* Madam, we'll do't, and make 'em  
leave play too.

*Evad.* Aspatia, take her part.

*Dula.* I will refuse it. [*it.*

She will pluck down aside; she does not use

*Evad.* Why, do.

*Dula.* You will find the play

Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

*Evad.* I thank thee, Dula. 'Would, thou  
could'st instil

Some of thy mirth into Aspatia! [*dwell:*

Nothing but sad thought in her breast do  
Methinks, a mean betwixt you would do well.

*Dula.* She is in love: Hang me, if I were so,  
But I could run my country. I love, too,

To do those things that people in love do.

*Asp.* It were a timeless smile should prove  
my cheek:

It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,  
When at the altar the religious priest

Were pacifying the offended powers [*been*  
With sacrifice, than now. This should have

<sup>17</sup> *Between our set and us;* This is nonsense. The Night and Cinthia both talk of the morning's approach, and that they must go down; till the latter finds out, that they are only the rays of light shot from the king and court, which they mistook for the day-break. Hence it's plain, it should be wrote—*Between our set and us;* i. e. our setting, or, going down.

*Mr. Seward.*  
We admit the justice of Mr. Seward's explanation of the sense of this passage; but do not see the necessity for any alteration. We have therefore followed the old copies; which only imply, by an extravagant compliment, that the brightness of the court transcends that of the Sun, and is more repugnant to Night and her attendants than even the splendor of the Day.

<sup>18</sup> Mr. Theobald apprehends (we think with reason) that these and Dula's two preceding lines form a stanza of some old known ballad.

My night; and all your hands have been em-  
 In giving me a spotless offering [ploy'd  
 To young Amintor's bed, as we are now  
 For you. Pardon, Evadne; 'would, my worth  
 Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,  
 Or both thought so! Perhaps, he found me  
 worthless:

But, till he did so, in these ears of mine,  
 These credulous ears, he pour'd the sweetest  
 words

That art or love could frame. If he were false,  
 Pardon it, Heaven! and if I did want  
 Virtue, you safely may forgive that too;  
 For I have lost that I had from you.

*Erad.* Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

*Asp.* 'Would, I could! then should I leave  
 the cause. [mirth.

*Erad.* See, if you have not spoil'd all Dula's  
*Asp.* Thou think'st thy heart hard; but if  
 thou be'st caught,

Remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire  
 Shot suddenly into thee.

*Dula.* That not so good; let 'em shoot any  
 thing but fire, I fear 'em not.

*Asp.* Well, wench, thou may'st be taken.

*Erad.* Ladies, good-night: I'll do the rest  
 myself.

*Dula.* Nay, let your lord do some.

*Asp.* Lay a garland on my hearse,  
 Of the dismal yew.

*Erad.* That's one of your sad songs, madam.

*Asp.* Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

*Erad.* How is it, madam?

#### SONG.

*Asp.* Lay a garland on my hearse,  
 Of the dismal yew;  
 Maidens, willow brenches bear;  
 Say, I died true:  
 My love was false, but I was firm  
 From my hour of birth.  
 Upon my buried body lie  
 Lightly, gentle earth!

*Erad.* Fie on't, madam! the words are so  
 strange, they are able to make one dream of  
 hobgoblins. 'I could never have the pow'r'  
 Sing that, Dula.

*Dula.* I could never have the pow'r  
 To love one above an hour, [eye  
 But my heart would prompt mine  
 On some other man to fly:

Venus, fix thou mine eyes fast,  
 Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

*Erad.* So, leave me now.

*Dula.* Nay, we must see you laid.

*Asp.* Madam, good-night. May all the  
 marriage-joys

That longing maids imagine in their beds,  
 Prove so unto you. May no discontent [do,  
 Grow 'twixt your love and you! But, if there  
 Enquire of me, and I will guide your moon;  
 Teach you an artificial way to grieve,  
 Vol. J.

To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord  
 No worse than I; but if you love so well,  
 Alas! you may displease him; so did I.  
 This is the last time you shall look on me.  
 Ladies, farewell. As soon as I am dead,  
 Come all, and watch one night about my  
 hearse;

Bring each a mournful story, and a tear,  
 To offer at it when I go to earth.

With flatt'ring ivy elasp my coffin round;  
 Write on my brow my fortune; let my bier  
 Be borne by virgins that shall sing, by course,  
 The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

*Erad.* Alas, I pity thee. [Exit. *Erad.*

*Omnes.* Madam, good-night.

*Lady.* Come, we'll let in the bridegroom.

*Dula.* Where's my lord?

*Enter Amintor.*

*Lady.* Here, take this light.

*Dula.* You'll find her in the dark.

*Lady.* Your lady's scarce a-bed yet; you  
 must help her.

*Asp.* Go, and be happy in your lady's love.  
 May all the wrongs that you have done to me,  
 Be utterly forgotten in my death!

I'll trouble you no more; yet I will take  
 A parting kiss, and will not be deny'd.  
 You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep  
 When I am laid in earth, though you yourself  
 Can know no pity. Thus I wind myself  
 Into this willow garland, and am prouder  
 That I was once your love, though now refus'd,  
 Than to have had another true to me.  
 So with my prayers I leave you, and must try  
 Some yet unpractis'd way to grieve and die.

*Dula.* Come, ladies, will you go?  
*Omnes.* Good-night, my lord.

*Amin.* Much happiness unto you all!

[Exit ladies.

I did that lady wrong: Methinks, I feel  
 Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins.  
 Mine eyes run: This is strange at such a time.  
 It was the king first mov'd me to't; but he  
 Has not my will in keeping. Why do I  
 Perplex myself thus? Something whispers me,  
 'Go not to bed.' My guilt is not so great  
 As my own conscience, too sensible [mise,  
 Would make me think: I only break-a pro-  
 And 'twas the king that forc'd me. Tim'rous  
 flesh,

Why shak'st thou so? Away, my idle fears!

*Enter Evadne.*

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye  
 Can blot away the sad remembrance  
 Of all these things. Oh, my Evadne, spare  
 That tender body; let it not take cold.  
 The vapours of the night will not fall here:  
 To bed, my love. Hymen will punish us  
 For being slack performers of his rites.  
 Can'st thou to call me?

*Erad.* No.

*Amin.* Come, come, my love,

C

And let us loose ourselves to one another.

Why art thou up so long?

*Evad.* I am not well.

*Amin.* To bed then; let me wind thee in these arms,

Till I have banish'd sickness.

*Evad.* Good my lord,

I cannot sleep.

*Amin.* Evadne, we will watch;

I need no sleeping.

*Evad.* I'll not go to bed.

*Amin.* I prithee, do.

*Evad.* I will not for the world.

*Amin.* Why, my dear love?

*Evad.* Why? I have sworn I will not.

*Amin.* Sworn!

*Evad.* Ay.

*Amin.* How! sworn, Evadne?

*Evad.* Yes, sworn, Amintor; [me.]

And will swear again, if you will wish to hear

*Amin.* To whom have you sworn this?

*Evad.* If I should name him, the matter were not great. [bride.]

*Amin.* Come, this is but the coyness of a

*Evad.* The coyness of a bride? [thee.]

*Amin.* How prettily that frown becomes

*Evad.* Do you like it so? [a look,

*Amin.* Thou canst not dress thy face in such

But I shall like it.

*Evad.* What look likes you best?

*Amin.* Why do you ask?

*Evad.* That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

*Amin.* How's that?

*Evad.* That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

*Amin.* I prithee, put thy jests in milder

It shews as thou wert angry. [looks.]

*Evad.* So, perhaps,

I am indeed.

*Amin.* Why, who has done thee wrong?

Name me the man, and by thyself I swear,

Thy yet-unconquer'd self, I will revenge thee.

*Evad.* Now I shall try thy truth. If thou dost love me, [me:]

Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights

This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,

Or in the life to come, are light as air

To a true lover when his lady frowns,

And bids him *do this*. Wilt thou kill this man?

Swear, my Amintor, and I'll kiss the sin

Off from thy lips.

*Amin.* I will not swear, sweet love,

Till I do know the cause.

*Evad.* I would, thou would'st.

Why, it is thou that wrong'st me; I hate thee;

Thou should'st have kill'd thyself.

*Amin.* If I should know that, I should quickly kill

The man you hated.

*Evad.* Know it then, and do't.

*Amin.* Oh, no; what look soe'er thou shalt put on

To try my faith, I shall not think thee false:

I cannot find one blemish in thy face, [bed.]

Where falshood should abide. Leave, and to

If you have sworn to any of the virgins,

That were your old companions, to preserve

Your maidenhead a night, it may be done

Without this means.

*Evad.* A maidenhead, Amintor,

At my years? <sup>10</sup>

*Amin.* Sure, she raves. This cannot be

Thy natural temper. Shall I call thy maids?

Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,

Or else some fever rages in thy blood. [mad,

*Evad.* Neither, Amintor; Think you I am

Because I speak the truth?

*Amin.* Will you not lie with me to-night?

*Evad.* To-night! you talk as if I would hereafter.

*Amin.* Hereafter! yes, I do.

*Evad.* You are deceiv'd.

Put off amazement, and with patience mark

What I shall utter; for the oracle

<sup>10</sup> —A maidenhead, Amintor,

At my years?] Mr. Rhymer, (in his *Tragedies* of the last age consider'd and examin'd by the practice of the ancients) not without justice exclaims against the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character. But as the colouring of his critical reflections is generally so gross and glaring, I shall refer those readers, who have curiosity enough, to his book, without quoting from him on this subject. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald allows the justice of Mr. Rhymer's exclamation at the effrontery and impudence of Evadne's character; as if the poets were not as sensible of it as Mr. Rhymer, and had not sufficiently punished her for it. The anger of these gentlemen at the character, is the very passion designed to be raised by it; but they mistook the object of their anger, and were as much in the wrong as an audience would be, who were violently angry with a good player for representing Macbeth, Iago, or Richard, as such consummate villains. The questions which a critic should ask are, *whether the character is natural? and whether proper for the stage or not?* As to the first; Nature, we fear, gives but too many sad examples of such effrontery in women, who, when abandoned to their vices, are observed to be sometimes more reprobate in their than the worst of men. Beside this, there is a remarkable beauty in the effrontery and haughtiness of Evadne's character; she has a family likeness to her brother; she is a female Melantius depraved by vicious love. And if there are any of her expressions which seem now too gross for the stage, it is sufficient to say, they were far from being thought gross in the age they were wrote. *Mr. Seward.*

Much in support of this observation may be seen in Mr. Seward's preface.

Knows nothing truer: 'tis not for a night,  
Or two, that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

*Amin.* I dream! Awake, Amintor!

*Erad.* You hear right.

Sooner will find out the beds of snakes,  
And with my youthful blood warm their cold  
flesh,

Letting them curl themselves about my limbs,  
Than sleep one night with thee. This is not  
feign'd,

Not sounds it like the coyness of a bride.

*Amin.* Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?  
Are these the joys of marriage? Hymen, keep  
This story (that will make succeeding youth  
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears;  
Let it not rise up, for thy shame and mine,  
To after-ages: We will scorn thy laws,  
If thou no better bless them. Touch the heart  
Of her that thou hath sent me, or the world  
Shall know: There's not an altar that will  
smoke

In praise of thee; we will adopt us sons;  
Then virtue shall inherit, and not blood.  
If we do lust, we'll take the next we meet,  
Serving ourselves as other creatures do;  
And never take note of the female more,  
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vain;  
She can but jest. O, pardon me, my love!  
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,  
That I must break forth. Satisfy my fear;  
It is a pain, beyond the hand of death,  
To be in doubt: Confirm it with an oath,  
If this be true.

*Erad.* Do you invent the form:  
Let there be in it all the binding words  
Devils and conjurers can put together,  
And I will take it. I have sworn before,  
And here, by all things holy, do again,  
Never to be acquainted with thy bed.  
Is your doubt over now?

*Amin.* I know too much. 'Would I had  
doubted still!

Was ever such a marriage-night as this!  
Ye pow'rs above, if you did ever mean [way  
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a  
How he may bear himself, and save his ho-  
nour. There is no mean, no moderate course to run:  
I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer.  
Is there a third? Why is this night so calm?<sup>20</sup>  
Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us,  
And drown her voice?

*Erad.* This rage will do no good.

*Amin.* Evadne, hear me: Thou hast ta'en  
an oath,

But such a rash one, that, to keep it, were  
Worse than to swear it: Call it back to thee;

Such vows as those never ascend the Heav'n;  
A tear or two will wash it quite away.

Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,  
If thou be pitiful; for, without boast,  
This land was proud of me. What lady was  
there,

That men call'd fair and virtuous in this isle,  
That would have shun'd my love? It is in thee  
To make me hold this worth. Oh! we ruin  
That trust out all our reputation, [men,  
To rest upon the weak and yielding hand  
Of feeble woman! But thou art not stone;  
Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell  
The spirit of love; thy heart cannot be hard.  
Come, lead me from the bottom of despair,  
To know all the joys thou hast; I know, thou  
wilt;

And make me careful, lest the sudden change  
O'ercome my spirits.

*Erad.* When I call back this oath,  
The pains of hell environ me. [to bed]

*Amin.* I sleep, and am too temp'rate! Come  
Or by those hairs, which, if thou hadst a soul  
Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to  
About their arms— [wear

*Erad.* Why, so, perhaps, they are.

*Amin.* I'll drag thee to my bed, and make  
thy tongue

Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh  
I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life!

*Erad.* I fear thee not. Do what thou  
dar'st to me!

Ev'ry ill-sounding word, or threat'ning look,  
Thou shew'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.

*Amin.* It will not sure, Evadne?

*Erad.* Do not you hazard that.

*Amin.* Have you your champions? [bear

*Erad.* Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I for-  
To sleep with thee, because I have put on  
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,  
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood  
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart  
There dwells as much desire, and as much will  
To put that wish'd act in practice, as ever yet  
Was known to woman; and they have been  
shewn;

Both. But it was the folly of thy youth  
To think this beauty, to what land so'er  
It shall be call'd, shall stoop to any second.  
I do enjoy the best, and in that height  
Have sworn to stand or die: You guess the  
man.

*Amin.* No; let me know the man that  
wronged me so,

That I may cut his body into motes,  
And scatter it before the northern wind.

*Erad.* You dare not strike him.

<sup>20</sup> —Why is this night so calm?

Why does not Heaven speak in thunder to us?] The Poets seem manifestly to have had  
in their eye this passage of Seneca, in his Hippolytus.

—Magne regnator Deüm,  
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?  
Ecquando sava fulmen emittes manu,  
Si nunc serenum est?

Mr. Theobald.

*Amin.* Do not wrong me so.  
Yes, if his body were a pois'nous plant,  
That it were death to touch, I have a soul  
Will throw me on him.

*Evad.* Why, it is the king.

*Amin.* The king!

*Evad.* What will you do now?

*Amin.* 'Tis not the king!

*Evad.* What did he make this match for,  
dull Amintor?

*Amin.* Oh, thou hast nam'd a word, that  
wipes away

All thoughts revengeful! In that sacred name,  
'The king,' there lies a terror. What frail  
man

Dares lift his hand against it? Let the gods  
Speak to him when they please; 'till when, let  
Suffer and wait.

*Evad.* Why should you fill yourself so full  
of heat,

And haste so to my bed? I am no virgin.

*Amin.* What devil put it in thy fancy, then,  
To marry me?

*Evad.* Alas, I must have one

To father children, and to bear the name  
Of husband to me, that my sin may be  
More honourable.

*Amin.* What a strange thing am I!

*Evad.* A miserable one; one that myself  
Am sorry for.

*Amin.* Why, shew it then in this:

If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,  
Kill me; and all true lovers, that shall live  
In after-ages cross'd in their desires,  
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good;  
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,  
To rid a ling'ring wretch.

*Evad.* I must have one

To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead;  
Else, by this night, I would: I pity thee.

*Amin.* These strange and sudden injuries  
have fall'n

So thick upon me, that I lose all sense  
Of what they are. Methinks, I am not  
wrong'd;

Nor is it aught, if from the censuring world  
I can but hide it. Reputation! [shewn  
Thou art a word, no more.—But thou hast  
An impudence so high, that to the world,  
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thyself.

*Evad.* To cover shame, I took thee; never  
That I would blaze myself. [fear

*Amin.* Nor let the king  
Know I conceive he wrongs me; then mine  
honour

Will thrust me into action, tho' my flesh  
Could bear with patience. And it is some ease  
To me in these extremes, that I knew this  
Before I touch'd thee; else, had all the sins  
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the king,

I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.  
I have lost one desire: 'Tis not his crown

Shall buy me to thy bed now, I resolve,  
He has dishonour'd thee. Give me thy hand;

Be careful of thy credit, and sin close;

'Tis all I wish. Upon thy chamber-floor

I'll rest to-night, that morning-visitors

May think we did as married people use.

And, prithce, smile upon me when they come,  
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd  
With what we did.

*Evad.* Fear not; I will do this. [tonly

*Amin.* Come, let us practise; and, as wan-  
As ever loving bride and bridegroom met,  
Let's laugh and enter here.

*Evad.* I am content.

*Amin.* Down all the swellings of my  
troubled heart!

When we walk thus entwined, let all eyes see  
If ever lovers better did agree. [Exeunt.

<sup>21</sup> That *my flesh*, &c.] The sense plainly requires *tho'*. 'Tho' my nature, says Amintor,  
'could brook the injury, my honour would oblige me to revenge it.'

<sup>22</sup> *I have left one desire; 'Tis not his crown  
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve,  
He has dishonour'd thee; give me thy hand,  
Be careful, &c.]* Thus Mr. Theobald prints these lines, preferring the word *left* (which  
he found in no edition but the first) to *lost*. He has, as appears by his note, misunderstood the  
whole passage; the obvious meaning of which is, 'I have so totally given up the desire of con-  
'summating our nuptials, that, I resolve, even the regal power should not induce me to partake  
'your bed now, as the king has dishonour'd you.' Either word will make sense, *have left* mean-  
ing *have departed from, got rid of*.

Mr. Theobald's explanation is, 'I have one desire *left*; for it is not his crown should buy  
'me to thy bed, now I resolve, (i. e. am resolved, ascertained,) that he has dishonoured thee.  
'The desire is, to be careful of her credit, and sin close.' Had this been our Author's mean-  
ing, they surely would not have so glaringly bid defiance to grammar, as thus wantonly to use  
an active verb passively; we say *wantonly*, because, while the use of it embarrasses the sense,  
it does not in the least assist the poetry; to which *I'm resolv'd* would have been fully as agree-  
able; and, besides, it is most probable they would have said,

*'Tis not his crown  
Shall buy me to thy bed, now I'm convinc'd  
He has dishonour'd thee.*

We have followed the majority of the editions; to which our principal inducement was, that,  
as the word *lost* appears so early as 1622, it was probably a correction by Mr. Fletcher.



*Enter Aspatia, Antiphila and Olympias.*<sup>23</sup>

*Asp.* Away, you are not sad; force it no further. [colour  
Good gods, how will you look! Such a full  
Young bashful brides put on. Sure, you are  
new married!

*Ant.* Yes, madam, to your grief.

*Asp.* Alas, poor wenches!

Go learn to love first; learn to lose yourselves;  
Learn to be flatter'd, and believe, and bless  
The double tongue that did it.<sup>24</sup> Make a faith  
Out of the miracles of ancient lovers, [me,  
Such as spoke truth, and dy'd in't; and, like  
Believe all faithful, and be miserable.

Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? Speak,  
Olympias:

Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.

*Olym.* Never.

*Asp.* Nor you, Antiphila?

*Ant.* Nor I.

*Asp.* Then, my good girls, be more than  
women, wise:

At least, be more than I was; and be sure  
You credit any thing the light gives light to,  
Before a man. Rather believe the sea  
Weeps for the ruin'd merchant, when he  
roars;

Rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,  
When the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun  
Comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy Autumn,  
When all falls blasted. If you needs must love,  
(For'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bosoms  
Two dead-cold aspicks,<sup>25</sup> and of them make  
lovers:

They cannot flatter, nor forswear; one kiss  
Makes a long peace for all. But man,  
Oh, that beast man! Come, let's be sad, my  
girls!

That down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,  
Shews a fine sorrow. Mark, Antiphila;  
Just such another was the nymph Ceneo,  
When Paris brought home Helen. Now, a  
tear;

And then thou art a piece expressing fully

The Carthage queen, when, from a cold sea-  
rock,

Full with her sorrow, she ty'd fast her eyes  
To the fair Trojan ships; and, having lost them,  
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear. An-  
tiphila, [patia?

What would this wench do, if she were As-  
Here she would stand, till some more pitying  
god [wench!

Turn'd her to marble? 'Tis enough, my  
Shew me the piece of needlework you wrought.

*Ant.* Of Ariadne, madam?

*Asp.* Yes, that piece.

This should be Theseus; h'as a coo'ning face:  
You meant him for a man?

*Ant.* He was so, madam.

*Asp.* Why, then, 'tis well enough. Never  
look back; [Theseus!

You have a full wind, and a false heart,  
Does not the story say, his keel was split,  
Or his masts spent, or some kind rock or other  
Met with his vessel?

*Ant.* Not as I remember.

*Asp.* It should have been so. Could the  
gods know this,

And not, of all their number, raise a storm?  
But they are all as ill! This false smile was  
Well express'd; just such another caught me!  
You shall not go on so,<sup>26</sup> Antiphila:

In this place work a quicksand,  
And over it a shallow smiling water,  
And his ship ploughing it; and then a Fear:  
Do that Fear to the life, wench.

*Ant.* 'Twill wrong the story.

*Asp.* 'Twill make the story, wrong'd by  
wanton poets, [lady?

Live long, and be believ'd. But where's the  
*Ant.* There, madam, [phila;

*Asp.* Fie! you have miss'd it here, Anti-  
You are much mistaken, wench:  
These colours are not dull and pale enough  
To shew a soul so full of misery  
As this sad lady's was. Do it by me;  
Do it again, by me, the lost Aspatia,  
And you shall find all true, but the wild island.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Mr. Seward, in his Preface, proposes several alterations in the scene which is now coming on; all of which we intended mentioning, and giving our reasons for dissenting from, as the passages occurred. But as a gentleman, to whose opinion and abilities the greatest respect is due, has remarked to us, that thereby the pages would be so much occupied by notes as would be disagreeable to many readers, when the same observations might appear, with even more propriety, in our Preface, for that we shall reserve them.

<sup>24</sup> *The double tongue that did it.*

*Make a faith out of the miracles of ancient lovers.*

*Did you ne'er love yet, wenches? speak Olympias,*

*Such as speak truth and dy'd in't,*

*And, like me, believe all faithful, and be miserable;*

*Thou hast an easy temper, fit for stamp.]* The transposition in these lines is prescribed (with great propriety) by Mr. Theobald.

<sup>25</sup> *Two dead cold aspicks.]* These must not be two distinct epithets, but one compound adjective with a hyphen, *dead cold*, i. e. cold as death: for if the aspicks were dead, how could the kiss of them do any hurt? *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>26</sup> *You shall not go so.]* Mr. Seward here restores the verse, by introducing the particle *on*.

<sup>27</sup> *And you shall find all true but the wild island.]* Ariadne, the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, it is well known, was desperately in love with Theseus. She by the help of a clue ex-  
tricated

Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now,<sup>28</sup>  
Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with  
the wind,

Wild as that desert; and let all about me  
Tell that I am forsaken.<sup>29</sup> Do my face  
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
Thus, thus, Antiphila: Strive to make me look  
Like Sorrow's monument! And the trees  
about me,

Let them be dry and leafless; let the rocks  
Groan with continual surges; and, behind me,  
Make all a desolation. Look, look, wenches!  
A miserable life of this poor picture!

*Olym.* Dear madam!

*Asp.* I have done. Sit down; and let us  
Upon that point fix all our eyes; that point  
there.

Make a dull silence, till you feel a sudden sad-  
Give us new souls.

*Enter Calianax.*

*Cal.* The king may do this, and he may not  
do it;

My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd. Well, how  
now, huswives!

What, at your ease? Is this a time to sit still?  
Up, you young lazy whores, up, or I'll swinge

*Olym.* Nay, good my lord. [you!]

*Cal.* You'll lie down shortly. Get you in,  
and work!

What, are you grown so resty you want heats?<sup>30</sup>  
We shall have some of the court-boys heat  
you shortly.

*Aut.* My lord, we do no more than we are  
charged.

It is the lady's pleasure we be thus in grief:  
She is forsaken.

*Cal.* There's a rogue too;

A young dissembling slave! Well, get you in!  
I'll have a bout with that boy. 'Tis high time

Now to be valiant: I confess my youth [ass?  
Was never prone that way. What, made an

A court-stale? Well, I will be valiant,  
And beat some dozen of these whelps, I will!

And there's another of 'em, a trim cheating  
soldier;

I'll man! that rascal; h'as out-brav'd me twice:  
But now, I thank the gods, I am valiant.

Go, get you in! I'll take a course with all.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

*Enter Cleon, Strato, and Diphilus.*

*Cle.* YOUR sister is not up yet.

*Diph.* Oh, brides must take their  
morning's rest; the night is troublesome.

*Strato.* But not tedious.

*Diph.* What odds, he has not my sister's  
maidenhead to-night?

*Strato.* No; it's odds, against any bridegroom  
living, he ne'er gets it while he lives.

*Diph.* You're merry with my sister; you'll  
please to allow me the same freedom with  
your mother.

*Strato.* She's at your service.

*Diph.* Then, she's merry enough of her-  
self; she needs no tickling. Knock at the  
door.

*Strato.* We shall interrupt them.

*Diph.* No matter; they have the year be-  
fore them. Good-morrow, sister! Spare your-  
self to-day; the night will come again.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* Who's there? my brother! I'm no  
readier yet. Your sister is but now up.

tricated him from the labyrinth to which he was confined; and embark'd with him on his  
return to Athens: But he ungenerously gave her the drop on the shore of the island Naxos.  
*Aspatia* says, her case is in every particular similar, except as to the wild island.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>28</sup> *Suppose, I stand.*] This is one of those passages, where the poets, rapt into a glorious  
enthusiasm, soar on the rapid wings of fancy. Enthusiasm I would call the very essence of  
poetry, since, without it, neither the happy conduct of the fable, the justness of characters or  
sentiments, nor the utmost harmony of metre, can altogether form the poet. It is the frequency  
of such noble flights as these, and their amazing rapidity, that sets the immortal Shakespeare  
above all other dramatic poets; and suffers none of our own nation in any degree to approach  
him, but Beaumont and Fletcher.

*Mr. Seward.*

<sup>29</sup> *And let all about me*

*Be teachers of my story.*] Thus reads the oldest copies; from which *Mr. Theobald* alters  
the passage to 'be teachers of my story.' The second edition, printed in *Fletcher's* time, and  
every other till *Mr. Theobald's*, exhibit the reading we have adopted.

*Mr. Theobald's* reading, however, coming so near that of the oldest copy, and resembling  
the manner of our Authors, is extremely plausible.

<sup>30</sup> *What, are you grown so resty, &c.*] The old man, in this allusion, compares these young  
wenches to lazy, resty mares, that want to be rid so many heats. *Mr. Theobald.*

*Diph.* You look as you had lost your eyes to-night:

I think you have not slept.

*Amin.* I faith I have not.

*Diph.* You have done better, then.

*Amin.* We ventur'd for a boy: When he is twelve,

He shall command against the foes of Rhodes. Shall we be merry?

*Strat.* You cannot; you want sleep.

*Amin.* 'Tis true.—But she, As if she had drank Lethe, or had made Even with Heav'n, did fetch so still a sleep, So sweet and sound— [Aside.]

*Diph.* What's that?

*Amin.* Your sister frets [me, This morning; and does turn her eyes upon As people on their headsman. She does chafe, And kiss, and chafe again, and clap my cheeks: She's in another world.

*Diph.* Then I had lost: I was about to lay You had not got her maidenhead to-night.

*Amin.* Ha! he does not mock me?—You had lost, indeed;

I do not use to bungle.

*Cleo.* You deserve her. [breath,

*Amin.* I laid my lips to hers, and that wild That was so rude and rough to me last night, Was sweet as April. I'll be guilty too, If these be the effects. [Aside.]

*Enter Melantius.*

*Mel.* Good-day, Amintor! for, to me, the name

Of brother is too distant: We are friends, And that is nearer.

*Amin.* Dear Melantius!

Let me behold thee. Is it possible?

*Mel.* What sudden gaze is this?

*Amin.* 'Tis wondrous strange! [view

*Mel.* Why does thine eyes desire so strict A Of that it knows so well? There's nothing here That is not thine.

*Amin.* I wonder much, Melantius, To see those noble looks, that make me think How virtuous thou art: And, on the sudden, 'Tis strange to me thou shouldst have worth and honour;

Or not be base, and false, and treacherous, And every ill. But—

*Mel.* Stay, stay, my friend;

I fear this sound will not become our loves. No more; embrace me.

*Amin.* Oh, mistake me not:

I know thee to be full of all those deeds That we frail men call good; but, by the course

Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd As are the winds; dissembling as the sea, That now wears brows as smooth as virgins' be,

Tempting the merchant to invade his face, And in an hour calls his billows up, And shoots 'em at the sun, destroying all He carries on him.—Oh, how near am I To utter my sick thoughts! [Aside.]

*Mel.* But why, my friend, should I be so by nature? [trous thoughts

*Amin.* I've wed thy sister, who hath vir- Enough for one whole family; and it is strange That you should feel no want. [ning for me.

*Mel.* Believe me, this compliment's too eun-

*Diph.* What should I be then, by the course of nature,

They having both robb'd me of so much virtue?

*Strat.* Oh, call the bride, my lord Amintor, That we may see her blush, and turn her eyes

'Tis the prettiest sport! [down;

*Amin.* Evadne!

*Evad.* [within.] My lord!

*Amin.* Come forth, my love!

Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

*Evad.* I am not ready yet.

*Amin.* Enough, enough.

*Evad.* They'll mock me.

*Amin.* Faith, thou shalt come in.

*Enter Evadne.*

*Mel.* Good-morrow, sister! He that understands [joy;

Whom you have wed, need not to wish you You have enough: Take heed you be not proud.

*Diph.* Oh, sister, what have you done?

*Evad.* I done! why, what have I done?

*Strat.* My lord Amintor swears you are no *Evad.* Pish! [maid now.

*Strat.* I faith, he does.

*Evad.* I knew I should be mock'd.

*Diph.* With a truth.

*Evad.* If 'twere to do again, in faith, I would not marry.

*Amin.* Nor I, by Heav'n. [Aside.]

*Diph.* Sister, Dula swears she heard you cry two rooms off.

*Evad.* Fie, how you talk!

*Diph.* Let's see you walk, Evadne. By my troth, you're spoil'd.<sup>24</sup>

*Mel.* Amintor!

*Amin.* Ha?

*Mel.* Thou art sad.

*Amin.* Who, I? I thank you for that. Shall Diphilus, thou, and I, sing a catch?

*Mel.* How!

*Amin.* Prithee, let's.

*Mel.* Nay, that's too much the other way.

*Amin.* I am so light'ned with my happiness! How dost thou, love? kiss me. [me.

*Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell tales of

*Amin.* Nothing but what become us. Gen- tlemen, [world,

Would you had all such wives, and all the

<sup>24</sup> *Diph.* Let's see you walk.

*Evad.* By my troth, you're spoil'd.] This is the reading of all the editions, even Mr. Theobald's. As it is impossible the words thus given to Evadne should be spoken by her, we have varied from the copies, by given them to her brother.

That I might be no wonder! You're all sad:  
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,  
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

*Mel.* 'Tis well you are so [looks thus.

*Amin.* Well, how can I be other, when she  
Is there no music there? let's dance.

*Mel.* Why, this is strange, Amintor!

*Amin.* I do not know myself;

Yet I could wish my joy were less.

*Diph.* I'll marry too, if it will make one thus.

*Erad.* Amintor, hark. [Aside

*Amin.* What says my love? I must obey.

*Erad.* You do it scurvily, 'twill be perceiv'd.

*Cleo.* My lord, the king is here.

*Enter King and Lysipus.*

*Amin.* Where?

*Stra.* And his brother.

*King.* Good morrow, all!

Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon thee!

And, madam, you are alter'd since I saw you;  
I must salute you; you are now another's.

How lik'd you your night's rest;

*Erad.* Ill, Sir.

*Amin.* Ay, 'deed,

She took but little.

*Lys.* You'll let her take more,

And thank her too, shortly.

*King.* Amintor, wert

Thou truly honest 'till thou wert married?

*Amin.* Yes, Sir.

*King.* Tell me, then, how shews the sport

*Amin.* Why, well. [unto thee?

*King.* What did you do? [ples use;

*Amin.* No more, nor less, than other cou-  
you know, what 'tis; it has but a coarse  
name. [black eye,

*King.* But, prithee,<sup>12</sup> I should think, by her  
And her red cheek, she should be quick and  
In this same business; ha? [stirring

*Amin.* I cannot tell; I ne'er try'd other, Sir;  
But I perceive she is as quick as you deliver'd.

*King.* Well, you will trust me then, Amin-  
To chuse a wife for you again? [tor,

*Amin.* No, never, Sir.

*King.* Why, like you this so ill?

*Amin.* So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,

And unto Heav'n will pay my grateful tribute  
Hourly; and do hope we shall draw out  
A long contented life together here,  
And die both, full of grey hairs, in one day:  
For which the thanks are yours. But if the  
pow'r's

That rule us please to call her first away,  
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a  
Worthy to take her room. [wife

*King.* I do not like this.

All forbear the room, but you, Amintor,  
And your lady. I have some speech with you,  
That may concern you after living well. [her?

*Amin.* He will not tell me that he lies with  
If he do, something heav'nly stay my heart,  
For I shall be apt to thrust this arm of mine  
To acts unlawful!

*King.* You will suffer me to talk [pang?

With her, Amintor, and not have a jealous  
*Amin.* Sir, I dare trust my wife with whom  
To talk, and not be jealous. [she dares

*King.* How do you like

Amintor?

*Erad.* As I did, Sir.

*King.* How is that? [pleasure,

*Erad.* As one that, to fulfil your will and  
I have given leave to call me wife and love.

*King.* I see there is no lasting faith in sin,  
They, that break word with Heav'n, will break  
again

With all the world, and so dost thou with me.

*Erad.* How, Sir?

*King.* This subtle woman's ignorance  
Will not excuse you: thou hast taken oaths,  
So great, methought, they did not well become  
A woman's mouth, that thou would'st ne'er  
A man but me. [enjoy

*Erad.* I never did swear so; you do me

*King.* Day and night have heard it. [wrong-

*Erad.* I swore, indeed, that I would never  
love

A man of lower place; but, if your fortune  
Should throw you from this height, I bad you  
trust

I would forsake you, and would bend to him  
That won your throne: I love with my ambi-  
Not with my eyes. But, if I ever yet [tious,  
Touch'd any other, leprosy light here

<sup>12</sup> But, prithee, I should think, &c.] This king is a very vicious character throughout; first, in debauching the sister of his brave and victorious general; and then in marrying her to a young nobleman of great hopes, his general's darling friend; and forcing him to break a contract made with the daughter of his constable, or keeper, of his citadel. But why is his character so monstrously overcharged, that he should, to the impeachment of common decency, question the abused husband about his wife's complexion and vigour in conjugal caresses; and then withdraw her, out of the husband's hearing, to sift whether she had not submitted to let him pay the rites of an husband? This is a piece of conduct so flagrantly impudent, that, abandoned as we may be in private enormities, even our worst rakes would shew so much deference to the fair sex, as not to let it pass without a rebuke.

*Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald is much mistaken in his impeachment of the king's character.—He says, it is monstrously overcharged with vices. But does not history afford us a hundred instances of such royal monsters? Indeed, when a vicious king is once persuaded that he has a divinity about him, that protects his vices and exalts him above the reach of law or justice, there is no wonder that he should abandon himself to all manner of enormities. *Mr. Seward.*

Mr. Theobald's remark is sensible and natural.

Upon my face; which for your royalty  
I would not stain! [me

King. Why, thou dissemblest, and it is in  
To punish thee.

Evad. Why, it is in me, then, [body,  
Not to love you, which will more afflict your  
Than your punishment can mine. [there.

King. But thou hast let Amintor lie with  
Evad. I have not.

King. Impudence! he says himself so.

Evad. He lies.

King. He does not. [basely!

Evad. By this light he does, strangely and  
And I'll prove it so. I did not shun him  
For a night; but told him, I would never close  
With him.

King. Speak lower; 'tis false.

Evad. I am no man

To answer with a blow; or, if I were, [true.  
You are the king! But urge me not; it is most

King. Do not I know the uncontrolled  
thoughts [is high

That youth brings with him, when his blood  
With expectation, and desire of that

He long hath waited for? Is not his spirit,  
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain

As this our age hath known? What could he do,  
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,

But ruin thee for ever? If he had not kill'd thee,  
He could not bear it thus—(he is as we)—  
Or any other wrong'd man.<sup>33</sup>

Evad. It is dissembling.

King. Take him! farewell! henceforth I am  
thy foe;

And what disgraces I can blot thee, look for.

Evad. Stay, Sir!—Amintor!—You shall

Amin. What, my love? [hear.—Amintor!

Evad. Amintor, thou hast an ingenuous  
look,

And shouldst be virtuous: It amazeth me,  
That thou canst make such base malicious lies!

Amin. What, my dear wife!

Evad. Dear wife! I do despise thee.

<sup>33</sup> *He could not bear it thus; he is as we,*

*Or any other wrong'd man.*] Thus all the editions read; but as there is no making sense of the passage so, we have ventured at a slight alteration, which, we think, restores the Authors' meaning.

<sup>34</sup> *To this wild woman.*] Thus all the editions read. We have no doubt of *vile* being the original word.

<sup>35</sup> *Unless I send your Lives through all the land.*] To send people's *Lives* through all the land is certainly a very odd and unprecedented expression. The poets, doubtless, must have wrote *limbs*, i. e. Unless I hew you to pieces, and send your quarters, (as is done by malefactors) through the kingdom, to let your subjects know my injuries, and the justice of my revenge: Your bare deaths cannot satisfy me. *Mr. Symphon.*

We must differ from Mr. Symphon, even in the first observation of his we meet with. To send their *Lives* through all the land, means, to send an account through the land of their vicious mode of life, and criminal connection.

<sup>36</sup> ——— *but there is*

*Divinity about you, that strikes dead*

*My rising passions;*] So Shakspeare said, before our Poets, in his *Hamlet*:

*Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:*

*There's such divinity doth hedge a king,*

*That treason can but peep to what it would;*

*Acts little of its will.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

Why, nothing can be baser than to sow  
Dissention amongst lovers.

Amin. Lovers! who?

Erad. The king and me.

Amin. O, Heav'n! [out distaste,

Erad. Who should live long, and love with-  
Were it not for such pickthanks as thyself!

Did you lie with me? Swear now, and be pu-  
In hell for this! [nish'd

Amin. The faithless sin I made

To fair Aspatia, is not yet reveng'd;

It follows me. I will not lose a word

To this vile woman:<sup>34</sup> But to you, my king,  
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,

You are a tyrant! [thus,  
And not so much to wrong an honest man  
As to take a pride in talking with him of it.

Erad. Now, Sir, see how loud this fellow  
ly'd. [know how men

Amin. You that can know to wrong, should  
Must right themselves: What punishment is

From me to him that shall abuse my bed? [due  
Is it not death? Nor can that satisfy,

Unless I send your Lives through all the land,<sup>35</sup>  
To shew how nobly I have freed myself.

King. Draw not thy sword; thou know'st  
I cannot fear [weight

A subject's hand; but thou shalt feel the  
Of this, if thou dost rage.

Amin. The weight of that!

If you have any worth, for Heav'n's sake, think  
I fear not swords; for as you are mere man,

I dare as easily kill you for this deed,  
As you dare think to do it. But there is<sup>36</sup>

Divinity about you, that strikes dead  
My rising passions: As you are my king,

I fall before you, and present my sword  
To cut mine own flesh, if it be your will.

Alas! I'm nothing but a multitude  
Of walking griefs! Yet, should I murder you,

I might before the world take the excuse  
Of madness: For, compare my injuries,

And they will well appear too sad a weight

For reason to en-lure! But, fall I first  
Amongst my sornows, ere my treacherous hand  
Touch holy things! But why (I know not what  
I have to say) why did you chuse out me  
To make thus wretched? There were thousand  
Easy to work on, and of state enough, [fools  
Within the island.

*Erad.* I would not have a fool;  
It were no credit for me.

*Amin.* Worse and worse!  
Thou, that dar'st talk unto thy husband thus,  
Profess thyself a whore, and, more than so,  
Resolve to be so still—It is my fate  
To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs,  
To keep that little credit with the world!  
But there were wise ones too; you might have  
Another. [ta'en

*King.* No; for I believe thee honest,  
As thou wert valiant.

*Amin.* All the happiness  
Bestow'd upon me, turns into disgrace.  
Gods, take your honesty again, for I  
Am laden with it! Good my lord the king,  
Be private in it.

*King.* Thou may'st live, Amintor,  
Free as thy king, if thou wilt wink at this,  
And be a means that we may meet in secret.

*Amin.* A bawd! Hold, hold, my breast!

A bitter curse  
Scize me, if I forget not all respects  
That are religious, on another word  
Sounded like that; and, through a sea of sins,  
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call  
Pains here, and, after life, upon my soul! [her;

*King.* Well, I am resolute you lie not with  
And so I leave you. [Exit King.

*Erad.* You must needs be prating;  
And see what follows.

*Amin.* Prithee, vex me not!  
Leave me: I am afraid some sudden start  
Will pull a murder on me.

*Erad.* I am gone;  
I love my life well. [Exit Eradne.

*Amin.* I hate mine as much.  
This 'tis to break a troth! I should be glad,  
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.  
[Exit.

*Enter Melantius.*

*Mel.* I'll know the cause of all Amintor's  
Or friendship shall be idle. [griefs,

*Enter Calianax.*

*Cal.* O Melantius, my daughter will die.

*Mel.* Trust me, I am sorry.

'Would thou hadst ta'en her room!

*Cal.* Thou art a slave,  
A cut-throat slave, a bloody treacherous slave!

*Mel.* Take heed, old man; thou wilt be  
And lose thine offices. [heard to rave,

*Cal.* I am valiant grown,  
At all these years, and thou art but a slave!

*Mel.* Leave! Some company will come,  
and I respect [wish  
Thy years, not thee, so much, that I could  
To laugh at thee alone. [with thee.

*Cal.* I'll spoil your mirth: I mean to fight  
There lie, my cloak! This was my father's  
sword,

And he durst fight. Are you prepar'd?

*Mel.* Why wilt thou doat thyself out of thy  
life?

Hence, get thee to bed! have careful looking-  
And eat warm things, and trouble not me: [to,  
My head is full of thoughts, more weighty  
Than thy life or death can be.

*Cal.* You have a name in war, where you  
stand safe

Amongst a multitude; but I will try  
What you dare do unto a weak old man,  
In single fight. You will give ground, I fear.  
Come, draw. [death

*Mel.* I will not draw, unless thou pull'st thy  
Upon thee with a stroke. There's no more blow,  
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to  
kill me.

Tempt me not so far then: The pow'r of earth  
Shall not redeem thee.

*Cal.* I must let him alone;  
He's stout and able; and, to say the troth,  
However I may set a face, and talk,  
I am not valiant. When I was a youth,  
I kept my eredit with a testy trick I had,  
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

*Mel.* I will not promise to preserve your life,  
If you do stay.

*Cal.* I would give half my land  
That I durst fight with that proud man a little.  
If I had men to hold him, I would beat him  
Till he ask'd me mercy.

*Mel.* Sir, will you be gone? [beat

*Cal.* I dare not stay; but I'll go home, and  
My servants all over for this. [Exit Calianax.

*Mel.* This old fellow haunts me!  
But the distracted carriage of my Amintor  
Takes deeply on me: I will find the cause.  
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd Aspatia.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* Men's eyes are not so subtle to perceive  
My inward misery: I bear my grief [then?  
Hid from the world. How art thou wretched  
For aught I know, all husbands are like me;  
And every one I talk with of his wife,  
Is but a well-assembler of his woes,  
As I am. 'Would I knew it; for the rareness  
Afflicts me now.

*Mel.* Amintor, we have not enjoy'd our  
friendship of late, for we were wont to change  
our souls in talk.<sup>37</sup>

<sup>37</sup> For we were wont to charge our souls in talk ] This is flat nonsense, by the mistake of a single letter. The slight alteration I have made, [inserting charge for charge] gives us the true meaning. So, in *A King and No King*,

— or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, &c.

And,

*Amin.* Melantius, I can tell thee a good jest of Strato and a lady the last day.

*Mel.* How was't?

*Amin.* Why, such an odd one!

*Mel.* I have long'd to speak with you; not of an idle jest, that's forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

*Amin.* What is that, my friend?

*Mel.* I have observ'd your words [carriage fall from your tongue wildly; and all your like one that strove to shew his merry mood, When he were ill dispos'd: You were not wont

To put such scorn into your speech, or wear Upon your face ridiculous jollity. [would Some sadness sits here, which your cunning Cover o'er with smiles, and 'twill not be. What is it?

*Amin.* A sadness here! what cause Can fate provide for me, to make me so? Am I not lov'd through all this isle? The king Rains greatness on me. Have I not receiv'd A lady to my bed, that in her eye Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks<sup>12</sup> Immutable colour, in her heart A prison for all virtue? Are not you, Which is above all joys, my constant friend? What sadness can I have? No; I am light, And feel the courses of my blood more warm And stirring than they were. Faith, marry And you will feel so unexpress'd a joy [too; In chaste embraces, that you will indeed Appear another.

*Mel.* You may shape, Amintor, Causes to cozen the whole world withal, And yourself too; but 'tis not like a friend, To hide your soul from me. 'Tis not your nature

And, again,

*And then how dare you offer to change words with her?*

Mr. Seward and Mr. Symphon concurred with me in starting this emendation.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>12</sup> ———— and on her tender cheeks

Inevitable Colour.] This epithet, I know, signifies, not to be avoided, not to be eschewed; but I don't remember that it takes in the idea of not to be resisted; which is the sense required here. The old quarto of 1619 has it, *Immutable colour*,—but metre and emphasis prove that to be a corrupted reading; out of which, I dare be confident, I have extracted the genuine lection: *Inimitable colour*; i. e. a complexion not to be paragon'd by nature, nor imitated by art. We may easily account for the depravation at press. The hand-writing in those times was almost universally what we call secretary: And their i's were wrote without titles over them. Let us then see how minute is the difference betwixt the two words, and how liable they might be to be mistaken one for the other;

Inimitable,  
Immutable.

*Mr. Theobald.*

We have inserted Mr. Theobald's note, because we think his conjecture ingenious; but have not ventured to disturb the text.

<sup>13</sup> *Mel.* See, how you play'd with Friendship.] The quarrelling scene, which is now coming on, has been the subject of much criticism and controversy. Some have cry'd it up above that celebrated quarrel in Euripides's *Iphigenia at Aulis*, betwixt Agamemnon and his brother Menelaus: And others have decried it, as egregiously faulty in the motives, and progress; the working up, and declination of the passions. For my own part, I will venture to be no farther an umpire in the case, than in pronouncing that I have always seen it received with vehement applause; and that I think it very affecting on each side.

*Mr. Theobald.*

To be thus idle: I have seen you stand As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth; Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy So coldly!—World, what do I here? a friend Is nothing. Heav'n, I would have told that man

My secret sins! I'll search an unknown land, And there plant friendship; all is wither'd here. Come with a compliment! I would have fought, Or told my friend 'he ly'd,' ere sooth'd him so. Out of my bosom!

*Amin.* But there is nothing—

*Mel.* Worse and worse! farewell! [friend. From this time have acquaintance, but no

*Amin.* Melantius, stay: You shall know what it is.

*Mel.* See, how you play'd with friendship! Be advis'd

How you give cause unto yourself to say, You have lost a friend.

*Amin.* Forgive what I have done; For I am so o'ergone with injuries Unheard-of, that I lose consideration Of what I ought to do. Oh, oh!

*Mel.* Do not weep.

What is it? May I once but know the man Hath turn'd my friend thus!

*Amin.* I had spoke at first,

But that—

*Mel.* But what?

*Amin.* I held it most unfit

For you to know. Faith, do not know it yet.

*Mel.* Thou seest my love, that will keep company

With thee in tears; hide nothing then from me; For when I know the cause of thy distemper, With mine old armour I'll adorn myself, My resolution, and cut through thy foes,

Unto thy quiet; till I place thy heart  
As peaceable as spotless innocence.  
What is it?

*Amin.* Why, 'tis this—It is too big  
To get out—Let my tears make way awhile.  
*Mel.* Punish me strangely, Heav'n, if he  
escape [this]

Of life or fame, that brought this youth to

*Amin.* Your sister—

*Mel.* Well said.

*Amin.* You will wish't unknown,  
When you have heard it.

*Mel.* No.

*Amin.* Is much to blame,  
And to the king has given her honour up,  
And lives in whoredom with him.

*Mel.* How is this?  
Thou art run mad with injury, indeed;  
Thou couldst not utter this else. Speak again;  
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.

*Amin.* She's wanton: I am loth to say, 'a  
whore.'

Though it be true. [grow]

*Mel.* Speak yet again, before thine anger  
Up, beyond throwing down: What are thy  
griefs?

*Amin.* By all our friendship, these.

*Mel.* What, am I tame?

After mine actions, shall the name of Friend  
Blot all out: family, and stick the brand  
Of whore upon my sister, unreveng'd?  
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,  
With what unwillingness I go to scourge  
This railer, whom my folly hath call'd Friend!  
I will not take thee basely; thy sword  
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may  
whip

Thy rashness to repentance. Draw thy sword!

*Amin.* Not on thee, did thine anger swell  
as high

As the wild surges. Thou shouldst do me ease  
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand  
Would cut me from my sorrows.

*Mel.* This is base

And fearful. They that use to utter lies  
Provide not blows, but words, to qualify  
The men they wrong'd. Thou hast a guilty  
cause. [like this]

*Amin.* Thou pleasest me; for so much more  
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,  
(Which is a passion easier to be borne)  
And I shall then be happy.

*Mel.* Take then more

To raise thine anger: 'Tis mere cowardice  
Makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee  
dead,

However. But if thou art so much press'd  
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,  
I'll make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal  
Upon thy name for ever.

*Amin.* Then I draw,

As justly as our magistrates their swords  
To cut offenders off. I knew before, [you  
'twould grate your ears; but it was base in  
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,

And then rage at it. I shall be at ease,  
If I be kill'd; and if you fall by me,  
I shall not long out-live you.

*Mel.* Stay awhile.

The name of Friend is more than family,  
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!  
Thou searching human nature, that didst wake  
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,  
And thrust'st me upon questions that will take  
My sleep away! 'Would I had dy'd, ere  
known

This sad dishonour! Pardon me, my friend!  
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart;  
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand  
To thine. Behold the power thou hast in me!  
I do believe my sister is a whore,  
A leprous one! Put up thy sword, young man.

*Amin.* How should I bear it then, she  
being so?

I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;  
And I shall do a foul act on myself,  
Through these disgraces.

*Mel.* Better half the land  
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor;  
Thou shalt have ease. Oh, this adult'rous king,  
That drew her to it! Where got he the spirit  
To wrong me so?

*Amin.* What is it then to me,  
If it be wrong to you?

*Mel.* Why, not so much:

The credit of our house is thrown away.  
But from his iron den I'll waken Death,  
And hurl him on this king! My honesty  
Shall steel my sword; and on its horrid point  
I'll wear my cause, that shall amaze the eyes  
Of this proud man, and be too glittering  
For him to look on.

*Amin.* I have quite undone my fame.

*Mel.* Dry up thy watry eyes,  
And cast a manly look upon my face;  
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,  
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling  
breast!

I go thus from thee, and will never cease  
My vengeance till I find thy heart at peace.

*Amin.* It must not be so. Stay! Mine eyes  
would tell

How loth I am to this; but, love and tears,  
Leave me awhile; for I have hazarded  
All that this world calls happy. Thou hast  
wrought

A secret from me, under name of Friend,  
Which art could ne'er have found, nor tor-  
ture wrong

From out my bosom: Give it me again;  
For I will find it, wheresoe'er it lies,  
Hid in the mortal'st part! Invent a way  
To give it back.

*Mel.* Why would you have it back?

I will to death pursue him with revenge.

*Amin.* Therefore I call it back from thee;  
for I know

Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stir in this,  
And shame me to posterity. Take up thy  
weapon!



*Mel.* Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.

*Amin.* I will not hear! but draw, or I ——

*Mel.* Amintor! [lute

*Amin.* Draw then; for I am full as resolute as fame and honour can enforce me be! I cannot linger. Draw!

*Mel.* I do. But is not My share of credit equal with thine, If I do stir?

*Amin.* No; for it will be call'd Honour in thee to spill thy sister's blood, If she her birth abuse; and, on the king, A brave revenge: But on me, that have walk'd With patience in it, it will fix the name Of fearful cuckold. Oh, that word! Be quick.

*Mel.* Then join with me.

*Amin.* I dare not do a sin, or else I would. Be speedy. [that's a sin,

*Mel.* Then dare not fight with me; for His grief distracts him: Call thy thoughts again,

And to thyself pronounce the name of Friend, And see what that will work. I will not fight.

*Amin.* You must. [sions

*Mel.* I will be kill'd first. Though my passion Offer'd the like to you, 'tis not this earth Shall buy my reason to it. Think awhile, For you are (I must weep, when I speak that) Almost besides yourself.

*Amin.* Oh, my soft temper! So many sweet words from thy sister's mouth, I am afraid would make me take her [deed, To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad, in And know not what I do. Yet, have a care Of me in what thou dost.

*Mel.* Why, thinks my friend I will forget his honour? or, to save The brav'ry of our house, will lose his fame, And fear to touch the throne of majesty?

*Amin.* A curse will follow that; but rather live

And suffer with me. [no more.

*Mel.* I'll do what worth shall bid me, and

*Amin.* Faith, I am sick, and desprately, I hope;

Yet, leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease. [you.

*Mel.* Come, take again your mirth about

*Amin.* I shall never do't. [together;

*Mel.* I warrant you; look up; we'll walk Put thine arm here; all shall be well again.

*Amin.* Thy love (oh, wretched!) ay, thy love, Melantius!

Why, I have nothing else.

*Mel.* Be merry then. [Exeunt.

*Enter Melantius again.*

*Mel.* This worthy young man may do violence

Upon himself; but I have cherish'd him

<sup>40</sup> *Thou com'st as sent.*] This is, as *Horace* says of himself, *Brevi esse laboro, obscurus fio*. The meaning is, thou com'st as critically, as if I had sent for thee. *Mr. Theobald.*

*Melantius* means, you come at such a juncture, it seems as if Heaven had sent you to aid my scheme of vengeance.

To my best pow'r, and sent him smiling from me,  
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;  
My heart will never fail me. *Diphilus!*  
Thou com'st as sent.<sup>40</sup>

*Enter Diphilus.*

*Diph.* Yonder has been such laughing.

*Mel.* Betwixt whom?

*Diph.* Why, our sister and the king; I thought their spleens would break; they laugh'd us all out of the room.

*Mel.* They must weep, *Diphilus*.

*Diph.* Must they?

*Mel.* They must

Thou art my brother; and if I did believe Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out, Lie where it durst.

*Diph.* You should not; I would first mangle myself, and find it.

*Mel.* That was spoke according to our strain. Come, join thy hands to mine,

And swear a firmness to what project I Shall lay before thee.

*Diph.* You do wrong us both:

People hereafter shall not say, there pass'd A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives And deaths together.

*Mel.* It is as nobly said as I would wish.

And I'll tell you wonders: We are wrong'd. *Diph.* But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves.

*Mel.* Stay not: Prepare the armour in my house;

And what friends you can draw unto our side, Not knowing of the cause, make ready too.

Haste, *Diphilus*, the time requires it, haste! [Exit *Diphilus*.

I hope my cause is just; I know my blood Tells me it is; and I will credit it.

To take revenge, and lose myself withal, Were idle; and to 'scape impossible,

Without I had the fort, which (miserably) Remaining in the hands of my old enemy

*Calianax*——But I must have it. See,

*Enter Calianax.*

Where he comes shaking by me. Good my lord, [you,

Forget your spleen to me; I never wrong'd But would have peace with ev'ry man.

*Cal.* 'Tis well;

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

*Mel.* You're touchy without all cause.

*Cal.* Do, mock me.

*Mel.* By mine honour I speak truth.

*Cal.* Honour? where is't?

*Mel.* See, what starts you make into your hatred, to my love and freedom to you. I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.

*Cal.* A suit of me! 'Tis very like it should be granted, Sir.

*Mel.* Nay, go not hence: 'Tis this; you have the keeping of the fort, And I would wish you, by the love you ought To bear unto me, to deliver it Into my hands.

*Cal.* I am in hope thou'rt mad, To talk to me thus.

*Mel.* But there is a reason To move you to it: I would kill the king, That wrong'd you and your daughter.

*Cal.* Out, traitor!

*Mel.* Nay, but stay: I cannot 'scape, the deed once done, Without I have this fort.

*Cal.* And should I help thee? Now thy treacherous mind betrays itself.

*Mel.* Come, delay me not;

Give me a sudden answer, or already Thy last is spoke! refuse not offer'd love, When it comes clad in secrets.

*Cal.* If I say I will not, he will kill me; I do see't Write in his looks; and should I say I will, He'll run and tell the king. I do not shun Your friendship, dear Melantius, but this

cause

Is weighty; give me but an hour to think.

*Mel.* Take it. I know this goes unto the king;

But I am arm'd. [Exit Melantius.]

*Cal.* Methinks I feel myself But twenty now again! this fighting fool Wants policy: I shall revenge my girl, And make her real again. I pray, my legs Will last that pace that I will carry them: I shall want breath, before I find the king.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Melantius, Evadne, and a lady.*

*Mel.* SAVE you!

*Evad.* Save you, sweet brother!

*Mel.* In my blunt eye,

Methinks, you look, Evadne—

*Evad.* Come, you would make me blush.

*Mel.* I would, Evadne: I shall displease my ends else.

*Evad.* You shall, if you commend me; <sup>41</sup> I am bashful.

Come, Sir, how do I look? [re

*Mel.* I would not have your women hear Break into commendation of you; 'tis not seemly.

*Evad.* Go, wait me in the gallery. Now speak. [Exit ladies.]

*Mel.* I'll lock the door first.

*Evad.* Why? [dance

*Mel.* I will not have your gilded things, that In visitation with their Milan skins, Choke up my business.

*Evad.* You are strangely disposed, Sir.

*Mel.* Good madam, not to make you merry.

*Evad.* No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.

*Mel.* Such a sad commendation I have for you.

*Evad.* Brother, the court hath made you witty,

And learn to riddle.

*Mel.* I praise the court for't: Has it learnt you nothing?

*Evad.* Me? [handsome,

*Mel.* Ay, Evadne; thou art young and A lady of a sweet complexion,

And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot Chuse but inflame a kingdom.

*Evad.* Gentle brother! [man,

*Mel.* 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woe To make me gentle.

*Evad.* How is this?

*Mel.* 'Tis base; [all

And I could blush, at these years, thorough My honour'd scars, to come to such a party.

*Evad.* I understand you not.

*Mel.* You dare not, fool! [brance,

They, that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance. My faults, Sir! I would have you know, I care not [head,

If they were written here, here in my forehead.

*Mel.* Thy body is too little for the story; <sup>42</sup>

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>41</sup> You shall, if you commend me:] Thus all the editions; i. e. If you bid me blush, I

shall. Evadne is very obsequious in this condescension: but this, I dare say, was not the Poet's intention. They meant she should say; 'Nay, if you commend me, I am bashful, and shall blush at your praises.' And this is confirmed by what Melantius immediately subjoins to it.

<sup>42</sup> Thy body is too little for the story, The lusts of which would fill another woman,

Though she had twins within her.] This is mock-reasoning, and *prima facie* shews its absurdity. Surely, if a woman has twins within her, she can want very little more to fill her up. I dare be confident, I have restored the Poet's genuine reading. The propriety of the reasoning is a conviction of the certainty of the emendation. *Mr. Theobald.*

The lust of which would fill another woman,  
Though she had twins within her.

*Evad.* This is saucy: [way.

Look you intrude no more! There lies your

*Mel.* Thou art my way, and I will tread  
upon thee,

'Till I find truth out.

*Evad.* What truth is that you look for?

*Mel.* Thy long-lost honour. 'Would the  
gods had set me

Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
One of their loudest bolts! Come, tell me

quickly,

Do it without enforcement, and take heed

You swell me not above my temper. [port?

*Evad.* How, Sir! where got you this re-

*Mel.* Where there were people, in every  
place.

*Evad.* They and their secondals of it are base  
people:

Believe them not, they ly'd. [wretch!

*Mel.* Do not play with mine anger, do not,  
I came to know that desperate fool that drew

thee

From thy fair life: Be wise, and lay him open.

*Evad.* Unhand me, and learn manners!  
Such another

Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

*Mel.* Quench me this mighty humour, and  
then tell me [it.

Whose whore you are; for you are one, I know  
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,

Though he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be  
sudden;

There is no facing it, and be not flatter'd!

The burnt air, when the Dog reigns, is not  
fouler

Than thy contagious name, 'till thy repentance  
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.

*Evad.* Begone! You are my brother; that's  
your safety. [brother,

*Mel.* I'll be a wolf first! 'Tis, to be thy  
An infamy below the sin of coward.

I am as far from being part of thee,  
As thou art from thy virtue: Seek a kindred

'Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy  
brother;

A goat is cooler. Will you tell me yet?

*Evad.* If you stay here and rail thus, I shall  
tell you, [mand,

I'll have you whipp'd! Get you to your com-  
And there preach to your centinels, and tell

them

What a brave man you are: I shall laugh at  
you.

*Mel.* You're grown a glorious whore!

Where be your fighters?

What mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,

And I alive? By my just sword, h'ad safer

Bestrid a billow when the angry North

Plows up the sea, or made heav'n's fire his

food!

Work me no higher. Will you discover yet?

*Evad.* The fellow's mad: Sleep, and speak  
sense.

*Mel.* Force my swoll'n heart no further:  
I would save thee. [not:

Your great maintainers are not here, they dare  
'Would they were all, and arm'd! I would

speak loud; [tell me?

Here's one should thunder to'em! will you  
Thou hast no hope to 'scape: He that dares

most,

And damns away his soul to do thee service,  
Will sooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,

Than come to rescue thee; thou'st death about  
thee.<sup>43</sup> [virtue,

Who has undone thine honour, poison'd thy  
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?

*Evad.* Let me consider.

*Mel.* Do, whose child thou wert,  
Whose honour thou hast murder'd, whose

grave open'd,

And so pull'd on the gods, that in their justice  
They must restore him flesh again, and life,

And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal.

*Evad.* The gods are not of my mind; they  
had better [here.

Let 'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll sink  
*Mel.* Do you raise nirth out of my easiness?

Forsake me, then, all weaknesses of nature,  
That make men women! Speak, you whore,

speak truth!

Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,  
This sword shall be thy lover! Tell, or I'll

kill thee; [serve it.

And, when thou hast told all, thou wilt de-

*Evad.* You will not murder me?

*Mel.* No; 'tis a justice, and a noble one,  
To put the light out of such base offenders.

*Evad.* Help! [help thee,

*Mel.* By thy foul self, no human help shall  
If thou criest! When I have kill'd thee, as I

Vow'd to do if thou confess not, naked, [have

As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave  
thee;

Mr. Theobald reads,

— would fill another woman,

As though she had twins within her;

from which it is evident, he has misunderstood our Authors: They do not mean an internal, but an external filling. Your whole body, says Melantius, is so far from being large enough to contain an account of your lusts, that, if it were wrote all over, there would still remain enough of the story to cover the body of another woman, even though she were swelled with twins. Either way, however, it must be allowed, the thought and expression are rather uncouth.

<sup>43</sup> Thou'st death about thee:

[Has undone thine honour.] The latter editions read, 'he has undone' that it should be who, and that Melantius is still questioning Evadne about the destroyer of her innocence, is not, we think, to be doubted.

That on thy branded flesh the world may read  
Thy black shame, and my justice. Wilt thou

*Evad.* Yes. [bend yet?

*Mel.* Up, and begin your story.

*Evad.* Oh, I am miserable!

*Mel.* 'Tis true, thou art. Speak truth still.

*Evad.* I have offended;

Noble Sir, forgive me.

*Mel.* With what secure slave?

*Evad.* Do not ask me, Sir.

Mine own remembrance is a misery  
Too mighty for me.

*Mel.* Do not fall back again;

My sword's unsheathed yet.

*Evad.* What shall I do?

*Mel.* Be true, and make your fault less.

*Evad.* I dare not tell.

*Mel.* Tell, or I'll be this day a-killing thee.

*Evad.* Will you forgive me then?

*Mel.* Stay; I must ask [nature

Mine honour first.—I've too much foolish  
In me: Speak.

*Evad.* Is there none else here? [too many.

*Mel.* None but a fearful conscience; that's  
Who is't?

*Evad.* Oh, hear me gently. It was the king.

*Mel.* No more. My worthy father's and  
my services

Are lib'rally rewarded. King, I thank thee!  
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast  
paid me

In my own metal; These are soldiers' thanks!  
How long have you liv'd thus, *Evadne*?

*Evad.* Too long.

*Mel.* Too late you find it. Can you be sorry?

*Evad.* 'Would I were half as blameless.

*Mel.* *Evadne*, thou wilt to thy trade again!

*Evad.* First to my grave.

*Mel.* 'Would gods th' hadst been so blest.

Dost thou not hate this king now? prithee  
hate him. [thee, curse him.

Couldst thou not curse him? I command  
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him  
To thy just wishes! Yet, I fear, *Evadne*,

You had rather play your game out.

*Evad.* No; I feel

Too many sad confusions here, to let in  
Any loose flame hereafter. [one brave anger

*Mel.* Dost thou not feel, mong all those,  
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm  
To kill this base king?

*Evad.* All the gods forbid it!

*Mel.* No; all the gods require it, they are  
dishonour'd in him.

*Evad.* 'Tis too fearful. [enough

*Mel.* You're valiant in his bed, and bold  
To be a stale whore, and have your madam's  
name

Discourse for grooms and pages; and, hereafter,  
When his cool majesty hath laid you by,  
To be at pension with some needy Sir,

For meat and coarser cloaths: Thus far you  
Come, you shall kill him. [know no fear.

*Evad.* Good Sir! [smother him.

*Mel.* An 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'dst  
Be wise, and kill him. Canst thou live, and  
know

What noble minds shall make thee, see thyself  
Found out with ev'ry finger, made the shame  
Of all successions, and in this great ruin  
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?  
Thou shalt not live thus. Kneel, and swear to  
help me,

When I shall call thee to it; or by all  
Holy in Heav'n and earth, thou shalt not live  
To breathe a full hour longer; not a thought!  
Come, 'tis a righteous oath. Give me thy  
hands.<sup>44</sup> [weakly

And, both to Heav'n held up, swear, by that  
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,  
To let his foul soul out.

*Evad.* Here I swear it;

And, all you spirits of abused ladies,  
Help me in this performance!

*Mel.* Enough. This must be known to none  
But you and I, *Evadne*: not to your lord,  
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow  
Dares step as far into a worthy action  
As the most daring; ay, as far as justice.

Ask me not why. Farewel. [Exit *Mel.*

*Evad.* 'Would I could say so to my black  
disgrace! [friended,

Oh, where have I been all this time? how  
That I should lose myself thus desperately,  
And none for pity shew me how I wand'ring!

There is not in the compass of the light  
A more unhappy creature: Sure, I am mon-  
strous! [chiefly,

For I have done those follies, those mad mis-  
Would dare a woman.<sup>45</sup> Oh, my loaden soul,  
Be not so cruel to me; choke not up

*Enter Amintor.*

The way to my repentance! Oh, my lord!

*Amin.* How now?

*Evad.* My much-abused lord! [Kneels

*Amin.* This cannot be! [hope it;

*Evad.* I do not kneel to live; I dare not  
The wrongs I did are greater. Look upon me,  
Though I appear with all my faults.

*Amin.* Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow:<sup>46</sup>  
Heav'n knows I have too many! Do not mock  
me: [wrong,

Though I am tame, and bred up with my  
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap,

<sup>44</sup> Give me thy hand.] Thus say all the editions; but the sense of the following lines requires us to read hands, in the plural—'both to Heaven held up.'

<sup>45</sup> Would dare a woman.] i. e. would scare, would fright her out of her wits to commit.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>46</sup> This is no new way, &c.] This is the reading of the majority of the copies. It is undoubtedly sense; but that which we have followed is more elegant.

Like a hand-wolf, into my natural wildness,  
And do an outrage. Prithee, do not mock me.

*Evad.* My whole life is so leprous, it infects  
All my repentance. I would buy your pardon,  
Though at the highest set; even with my life.  
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice  
For what I have committed.

*Amin.* Sure I dazzle:

There cannot be a faith in that foul woman  
That knows no god more mighty than her  
mischiefs. [faults,

Thou dost still worse, still number on thy  
To press my poor heart thus. Can I believe  
There's any seed of virtue in that woman  
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin,  
Known, and so known as thine is? Oh,  
Evadne!

'Would there were any safety in thy sex,<sup>47</sup>  
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,  
And credit thy repentance! But I must not:  
Thou hast brought me to that dull calamity,  
To that strange misbelief of all the world,  
And all things that are in it, that I fear  
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,  
Only rememb'ring that I grieve.

*Evad.* My lord,

Give me your griefs: You are an innocent,  
A soul as white as Heav'n; let not my sins  
Perish your noble youth. I do not fall here  
To shadow, by dissembling with my tears,  
(As, all say, women can), or to make less,  
What my hot will hath done, which Heav'n  
and you

Know to be tougher than the hand of time  
Can cut from man's remembrance. No, I  
do not:

I do appear the same, the same Evadne, [ster!  
Drest in the shames I liv'd in; the same mon-  
But these are names of honour, to what I am:  
I do present myself the foulest creature,  
Most poisonous, dang'rous, and despis'd of  
men,

Lerna e'er bred, or Nilus! I am hell, [me,  
'Till you, my dear lord, shoot your light into  
The beams of your forgiveness. I am soul-sick,  
And wither with the fear of one condemn'd,  
'Till I have got your pardon.

*Amin.* Rise, Evadne. [thee,

Those heav'nly powers that put this good into  
Grant a continuance of it! I forgive thee:  
Make thyself worthy of it; and take heed,  
Take heed, Evadne, this be serious.  
Mock not the pow'rs above, that can and dare  
Give thee a great example of their justice  
To all ensuing eyes, if thou playest  
With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

*Evad.* I have done nothing good to win  
belief, [tures,  
My life hath been so faithless. All the crea-  
Made for Heav'n's honours, have their ends,  
and good ones,  
All but the coo'ning crocodiles, false women!

They reign here like those plagues, those kil-  
ling sores,

Men pray against; and when they die, like tales  
Ill told and unbeliev'd, they pass away,  
And go to dust forgotten! But, my lord,  
Those short days I shall number to my rest  
(As many must not see me) shall, though  
too late,

Though in my evening, yet perceive a will;  
Since I can do no good, because a woman,  
Reach constantly at something that is near it:  
I will redeem one minute of my age,  
Or, like another Niobe, I'll weep  
'Till I am water.

*Amin.* I am now dissolv'd:  
My frozen soul melts. May each sin thou hast,  
Find a new mercy! Rise; I am at peace.  
Hast thou been thus, thus excellently good,  
Before that devil king tempted thy frailty,  
Sure thou hadst made a star! Give me thy hand.  
From this time I will know thee; and, as far  
As honour gives me leave, be thy Amintor.  
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,  
And pray the gods to give thee happy days.  
My charity shall go along with thee,  
Though my embraces must be far from thee.  
I should have kill'd thee, but this sweet re-  
pentance [thee—

Licks up my vengeance; for which thus I kiss  
The last kiss we must take! And 'would to  
Heav'n

The holy priest, that gave our hands together,  
Had giv'n us equal virtues! Go, Evadne;  
The gods thus part our bodies. Have a care  
My honour falls no farther: I am well then.

*Evad.* All the dear joys here, and, above,  
hereafter, [lord;  
Crown thy fair soul! Thus I take leave, my  
And never shall you see the foul Evadne, [may  
'Till she have try'd all honour'd means, that  
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

[*Exeunt.*

BANQUET. *Enter King and Calanax.*

*Hautboys play within.*

*King.* I cannot tell how I should credit this  
From you, that are his enemy.

*Cal.* I'm sure

He said it to me; and I'll justify it [sword.

What way he dares oppose—but with my  
King. But did he break, without all cir-  
cumstance,

To you, his foe, that he would have the fort,  
To kill me, and then 'scape?

*Cal.* If he deny it,

I'll make him blush.

*King.* It sounds incredibly.

*Cal.* Ay, so does ev'ry thing I say of late.

*King.* Not so, Calanax.

*Cal.* Yes, I should sit

Mute, whilst a rogue with strong arms cuts  
your throat.

<sup>47</sup> *Would there were any safety in thy sex.*] i. e. any security, any trust, or belief, to be  
reposed in them. *Mr. Theobald.*

*King.* Well, I will try him; and, if this be I'll pawn my life I'll find it. If't be false [true, And that you clothe your hate in such a lye, You shall hereafter dote in your own house, Not in the court.

*Cal.* Why, if it be a lye, [it Mine ears are false; for, I'll be sworn, I heard Old men are good for nothing: You were best Put me to death for hearing, and free him For meaning it. You would have trusted me Once, but the time is alter'd.

*King.* And will still, Where I may do with justice to the world: You have no witness.

*Cal.* Yes, myself.

*King.* No more, I mean, there were that heard it.

*Cal.* How! no more?

Would you have more? why, am not I enough To hang a thousand rogues?

*King.* But, so, you may Hang honest men too, if you please.

*Cal.* I may!

'Tis like I will do so: There are a hundred Will swear it for a need too, if I say it—

*King.* Such witnesses we need not.

*Cal.* And 'tis hard

If my word cannot hang a boist'rous knave.

*King.* Enough. Where's Strato?

*Enter Strato.*

*Stra.* Sir! [Amintor in;

*King.* Why, where is all the company? Call Evadne. Where's my brother, and Melantius? Bid him come too; and Diphilus. Call all

[*Exit Strato.*

That are without there.—If he should desire The combat of you, 'tis not in the pow'r Of all our laws to hinder it; unless We mean to quit 'em.

*Cal.* Why, if you do think

'Tis fit an old man, and a counsellor, [it Do fight for what he says, then you may grant

*Enter Amintor, Evadne, Melantius, Diphilus, Lysippus, Cleon, Strato.*

*King.* Come, Sirs! Amintor, thou art yet a bridegroom, And I will use thee so: Thou shalt sit down. Evadne, sit; and you, Amintor, too: This banquet is for you, Sir. Who has brought A merry tale about him, to raise laughter Amongst our wine? Why, Strato, where art thou?

Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably,

When I desire them not.

[then.

*Stra.* 'Tis my ill luck, Sir, so to spend them

*King.* Reach me a bowl of wine. Melantius, thou art sad.<sup>43</sup>

*Mel.* I should be, Sir, the merriest here,

But I have ne'er a story of my own

Worth telling at this time.

*King.* Give me the wine.

Melantius, I am now considering

How easy 'twere, for any man we trust,

To poison one of us in such a bowl. [knave.

*Mel.* I think it were not hard, Sir, for a

*Cal.* Such as you are. [well

*King.* I'faith, 'twere easy: It becomes us

To get plain-dealing men about ourselves;

Such as you all are here. Amintor, to thee;

And to thy fair Evadne.

*Mel.* Have you thought of this, Calianax?

[*Apart.*

*Cal.* Yes, marry, have I.

*Mel.* And what's your resolution? [you.

*Cal.* You shall have it, soundly, I warrant

*King.* Reach to Amintor, Strato.

*Amin.* Here, my love,

This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set Blushes upon thy cheeks; and, 'till thou dost A fault, 'twere pity.

*King.* Yet, I wonder much At the strange desperation of these men, That dare attempt such acts here in our state: He could not 'scape, that did it.

*Mel.* Were he known, Impossible.

*King.* It would be known, Melantius.

*Mel.* It ought to be: If he got then away, He must wear all our lives upon his sword. He need not fly the island; he must leave No one alive.

*King.* No; I should think no man [man. Could kill me, and 'scape clear, but that old

*Cal.* But I! heaven bless me! I! should I, my liege?

*King.* I do not think thou would'st; but yet thou might'st;

For thou hast in thy hands the means to 'scape, By keeping of the fort. He has, Melantius, And he has kept it well.

*Mel.* From cobwebs, Sir, 'Tis clean swept: I can find no other art In keeping of it now: 'Twas ne'er besieg'd Since he commanded it.

*Cal.* I shall be sure Of your good word: But I have kept it safe From such as you.

*Mel.* Keep your ill temper in:

<sup>43</sup> *King.* Reach me a bowl of wine: Melantius, thou art sad.

*Amin.* I should be, Sir, &c.] I have adjusted the metre, which was confused; and, by the assistance of the old quarto in 1619, affixed the reply to the right character. The king addressed himself to Melantius; and what impertinence it is in Amintor to take his friend's answer out of his mouth.

*Mr. Theobald.*

We have no doubt but the answer belongs to Melantius; not only for the reason Mr. Theobald gives, which has some force, but because the king has just told Amintor, that 'the banquet was for him,' and asks, 'who has brought a merry tale about him?' and then immediately addresses Melantius, telling him 'he is sad;' to which it is natural for Melantius to reply.

I speak no malice. Had my brother kept it,  
I should have said as much.

*King.* You are not merry. [*Lianax,*  
Brother, drink wine. Sit you all still!—*Cal.*  
I cannot trust thus: I have thrown out words,  
That would have fetch'd warm blood upon the  
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd: [*cheeks*  
He knows no such thing. [*Apart.*

*Cal.* Impudence may 'scape,  
When feeble virtue is accus'd.

*King.* He must,  
If he were guilty, feel an alteration  
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him:  
You see he does not.

*Cal.* Let him hang himself:  
What care I what he does? This he did say.

*King.* Melantius, you can easily conceive  
What I have meant; for men that are in fault  
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim  
At what they do amiss. But I forgive  
Freely, before this man. Heav'n do so too!  
I will not touch thee, so much as with shame  
Of telling it. Let it be so no more.

*Cal.* Why, this is very fine.

*Mel.* I cannot tell

What 'tis you mean; but I am apt enough  
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault.  
But let me know it: Happily, 'tis nought  
But misconstruction; and, where I am clear,  
I will not take forgiveness of the gods,  
Much less of you.

*King.* Nay, if you stand so stiff,  
I shall call back my mercy.

*Mel.* I want smoothness  
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime—  
I never knew. [*to shew you*

*King.* Not to instruct your knowledge, but  
My ears are every where, you meant to kill me,  
And get the fort to 'scape.

*Mel.* Pardon me, Sir;  
My bluntness will be pardoned: You preserve  
A race of idle people here about you,  
Facers and talkers,<sup>49</sup> to defame the worth  
Of those that do things worthy. The man  
that utter'd this  
Had perish'd without food, be't who it will,  
But for this arm, that fenc'd him from the foe.  
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,  
The plainness of my nature would speak more.  
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't)  
To kill him that spake this.

*Cal.* Ay, that will be  
The end of all: Then I am fairly paid  
For all my care and service.

*Mel.* That old man,  
Who calls me enemy, and of whom I  
(Though I will never match my hate so low)  
Have no good thought, would yet, I think,  
excuse me,

And swear he thought me wrong'd in this.

*Cal.* Who, I? [*to me*  
Thou shameless fellow! Didst thou not speak  
Of it thyself?

*Mel.* Oh, then it came from him?

*Cal.* From me! who should it come from,  
but from me?

*Mel.* Nay, I believe your malice is enough:  
But I have lost my anger. Sir, I hope  
You are well satisfied.

*King.* Lysippus, cheer  
Amintor and his lady; there's no sound  
Comes from you; I will come and do't myself.

*Amin.* You have done already, Sir, for me,  
I thank you.

*King.* Melantius, I do credit this from him,  
How slight soe'er you make't.

*Mel.* 'Tis strange you should. [*man's word,*  
*Cal.* 'Tis strange he should believe an old  
That never ly'd in's life.

*Mel.* I talk not to thee!

Shall the wild words of this distemper'd man,  
Frantic with age and sorrow, make a breach  
Betwixt your majesty and me? 'Twas wrong  
To hearken to him; but to credit him,

As much, at least, as I have pow'r to bear.  
But pardon me—whilst I speak only truth,

I may commend myself—I have bestow'd  
My careless blood with you, and should be loth

To think an action that would make me lose  
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,

I thrust myself into my country's cause,  
And did a deed that pluck'd five years from  
time, [*King,*

And styl'd me man then. And for you, my  
Your subjects all have fed by virtue of

My arm. This sword of mine hath plow'd  
And reapt the fruit in peace;<sup>50</sup> [*the ground,*  
And you yourself have liv'd at home in ease.

So terrible I grew, that, without swords,  
My name hath fetch'd you conquest: And  
my heart

And limbs are still the same; my will as great  
To do you service. Let me not be paid  
With such a strange distrust.

*King.* Melantius,  
I held it great injustice to believe  
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,  
I do not; let that satisfy. What, struck  
With sadness all? More wine!

*Cal.* A few fine words [*villain!*  
I have overthrown my truth. Ah, th'art a

*Mel.* Why, thou wert better let me have  
the fort,

Dotard! I will disgrace thee thus for ever:  
There shall no credit lie upon thy words.

Think better, and deliver it. [*Apart.*

*Cal.* My liege,  
He's at me now again to do it. Speak;

<sup>49</sup> Eaters and talkers.] Most of the latter editions concur in this reading; which is evidently corrupt. *Facers*, and *facing*s, are words used by our Authors to express *shameless people* and *effrontery*.

<sup>50</sup> And they have reapt the fruit of it in peace.] Thus Mr. Seward prints this line. We think the alteration judicious; but do not chuse to depart so far from the old copies.

Deny it, if thou canst. Examine him  
While he is hot; for if he cool again,  
He will forswear it.

*King.* This is lunacy,

*I* hope, Melantius.

*Mel.* He hath lost himself

Much, since his daughter miss'd the happiness  
My sister gain'd; and, though he call me foe,  
*I* pity him.

*Cal.* Pity? a pox upon you! [the Masque,

*Mel.* Mark his disorder'd words! And, at  
Diogenes knows, he rag'd, and rail'd at me,  
And call'd a lady whore, so innocent  
She understood him not. But it becomes  
Both you and me too to forgive distraction:  
Pardon him, as *I* do.

*Cal.* I'll not speak for thee,  
For all thy cunning. If you will be safe,  
Chop off his head; for there was never known  
So impudent a rascal.

*King.* Some, that love him,  
Get him to-bed. Why, pity should not let  
Age make itself contemptible; we must be  
All old; have him away.

*Mel.* Calianax, [home,  
The king believes you; come, you shall go  
And rest; you have done well.—You'll give  
it up

When I have us'd you thus a month, *I* hope.

*Cal.* Now, now, 'tis plain, Sir; he does  
move me still. [Apert.

He says, he knows I'll give him up the fort.  
When he has us'd me thus a month. *I* am mad,  
Am *I* not, still?

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cal.* I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus!  
Why should you trust a sturdy fellow there  
(That has no virtue in him; all's in his sword)  
Before me? Do but take his weapons from him,  
And he's an ass; and *I*'m a very fool,  
Both with him, and without him, as you use

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha! [me.

*King.* 'Tis well, Calianax. But if you use  
This once again, *I* shall intreat some other  
To see your offices be well discharg'd.

Be merry, gentlemen; it grows somewhat late.  
Amintor, thou wouldst be a-bed again.

*Amin.* Yes, Sir.

*King.* And you, Evadne. Let me take  
Thee in my arms, Melantius, and believe  
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend  
Still, and for ever. Good Calianax,  
Sleep soundly; it will bring thee to thyself.

[Exeunt.

*Manent Melantius and Calianax.*

*Cal.* Sleep soundly! *I* sleep soundly now,  
*I* hope;

*I* could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay  
Alone with me, knowing how thou hast us'd  
me? [and that's

*Mel.* You cannot blast me with your tongue,  
The strongest part you have about you.

*Cal.* Ay,

Do look for some great punishment for this:  
For *I* begin to forget all my hate,  
And take't unkindly that mine enemy  
Should use me so extr'ordinarily scurvily.

*Mel.* *I* shall melt too, if you begin to take  
Unkindnesses: *I* never meant you hurt.

*Cal.* Thou'lt anger me again. Thou wretched  
foe,

[king;  
Meant me no hurt! Disgrace me with the  
Loss all my offices! This is no hurt,

Is it? *I* prithee, what dost thou call hurt? [not;

*Mel.* To poison men, because they love me  
To call the credit of mens' wives in question;  
To murder children betwixt me and land;  
This is all hurt.

*Cal.* All this thou think'st, is sport;  
For mine is worse: But use thy will with me;  
For, betwixt grief and anger, *I* could cry.

*Mel.* Be wise then, and be safe; thou  
may'st revenge. [o' thee.

*Cal.* Ay, o' the King? *I* would revenge

*Mel.* That you must plot yourself.

*Cal.* *I*'m a fine plotter. [the king

*Mel.* The short is, *I* will hold thee with

In this perplexity, till peevishness

And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave.

But if thou wilt deliver up the fort,

*I*'ll take thy trembling body in my arms,

And bear thee over dangers: Thou shalt hold

Thy wonted state.

*Cal.* If *I* should tell the king,

Canst thou deny't again?

*Mel.* Try, and believe. [about.

*Cal.* Nay then, thou canst bring any thing

Thou shalt have the fort.

*Mel.* Why, well;

Here let our hate be buried; and this hand

Shall right us both. Give me thy aged breast

To compass.

*Cal.* Nay, *I* do not love thee yet;

*I* cannot well endure to look on thee:

And, if *I* thought it were a courtesy, [grac'd;

Thou should'st not have it. But *I* am dis-

My offices are to be ta'en away;

And, if *I* did but hold this fort a day,

*I* do believe, the King would take it from me,

And give it thee, things are so strangely car-

ried. [know

Ne'er thank me for't; but yet the King shall

There was some such thing in't *I* told him of;

And that *I* was an honest man.

*Mel.* He'll buy

That knowledge very dearly. Diphilus,

*Enter Diphilus.*

What news with thee?

*Diph.* This were a night indeed

To do it in: The King hath sent for her.

*Mel.* She shall perform it then. Go, Di-

philus, [friend,

And take from this good man, my worthy

The fort; he'll give it thee.

*Diph.* Have you got that? [thou deny

*Cal.* Art thou of the same breed? Canst

This to the king too?



*Diph.* With a confidencee  
As great as his.

*Cal.* Faith, like enough.

*Mel.* Away, and use him kindly.

*Cal.* Touch not me;

I hate the whole strain. If thou follow me,  
A great way off, I'll give thee up the fort;  
And hang yourselves.

*Mel.* Be gone.

*Diph.* He's finely wrought.

[*Exeunt Cal. and Diph.*]

*Mel.* This is a night, 'spite of astronomers,  
To do the deed in. I will wash the stain,  
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

*Enter Amintor.*

*Amin.* Melantius, now assist me: If thou  
be'st

That which thou say'st, assist me. I have lost  
All my distempers, and have found a rage  
So pleasing! Help me.

*Mel.* Who can see him thus, [friend?  
And not swear vengeance? What's the matter,

*Amin.* Out with thy sword; and, hand in  
hand with me,

Rush to the chamber of this hated king;  
And sink him, with the weight of all his sins,  
To hell for ever.

*Mel.* 'Twere a rash attempt,  
Not to be done with safety. Let your reason  
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

*Amin.* If thou refusest me in these extremes,  
Thou art no friend: He sent for her to me;  
By Heav'n, to me, myself! And, I must tell  
you,

I love her, as a stranger; there is worth  
In that vile woman, worthy things, Melantius;  
And she repents. I'll do't myself alone,  
Though I be slain. Farewel.

*Mel.* He'll overthrow

My whole design with madness. Amintor,  
Think what thou dost: I dare as much as

Valour; [tor,

But 'tis the king, the king, the king, Amin-  
With whom thou fightest!—I know he's  
honest,

And this will work with him. [*Aside.*

*Amin.* I cannot tell

What thou hast said; but thou hast charm'd  
my sword

Out of my hand, and left me shaking here,  
Defenceless.

*Mel.* I will take it up for thee.

*Amin.* What a wild beast is uncollected  
man!

The thing, that we call honour, bears us all  
Headlong to sin, and yet itself is nothing.

*Mel.* Alas, how variable are thy thoughts!

*Amin.* Just like my fortunes: I was run to  
that

I purpos'd to have ehid thee for. Some plot,  
I did distrust, thou hadst against the king,  
By that old fellow's carriage. But take heed;  
There's not the least limb growing to a king,  
But carries thunder in it.

*Mel.* I have none

Against him. [ber,

*Amin.* Why, come then; and still remem-  
ber. We may not think revenge.

*Mel.* I will remember. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

*Enter Evadne and a gentleman.*

*Evad.* SIR, is the king a-bed?

*Gent.* Madam, an hour ago.

*Evad.* Give me the key then, and let none  
be near;

'Tis the king's pleasure. [twere mine.

*Gent.* I understand you, madam; 'would  
I must not wish good rest unto your ladyship.

*Evad.* You talk, you talk. [king

*Gent.* 'Tis all I dare do, madam; but the  
Will wake, and then—

*Evad.* Saving your imagination, pray, good  
night, Sir.

*Gent.* A good night be it then, and a long  
one, madam. I am gone. [*Exit.*

[*King a-bed.*]

*Evad.* The night grows horrible; and all  
about me

Like my black purpose. Oh, the conscience  
Of a lost virgin! whither wilt thou pull me?  
To what things, dismal as the depth of hell,  
Wilt thou provoke me? Let no woman dare  
From this hour bedisloyal, if her heart be flesh,  
If she have blood, and can fear: 'Tis a daring  
Above that desperate fool's that left his peace,  
And went to sea to fight. 'Tis so many sins,  
An age cannot repent 'em; and so great,  
The gods want mercy for! Yet, I must through  
em.

I have begun a slaughter on my honour,  
And I must end it there. He sleeps. Good  
Heav'n's!

Why give you peace to this untemperate breast,  
That hath so long transgress'd you? I must  
kill him,

And I will do it bravely: The merc'ry joy  
Tells me, I merit in it. Yet I must not

<sup>58</sup> ————— 'tis so many sins.

An age cannot prevent 'em;] Mr. Theobald, we think judiciously, makes the alteration we have followed.

Thus tamely do it, as he sleeps; that were  
To rock him to another world: My vengeance  
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him  
The number of his wrongs and punishments.  
I'll shake his sins like furies, till I waken  
His evil angel, his sick conscience;

And then I'll strike him dead. King, by your  
leave: [Ties his arms to the bed.]

I dare not trust your strength. Your Grace  
and I

Must grapple upon even terms no more.

So: If he rail me not from my resolution,  
I shall be strong enough. My lord, the king!  
My lord! He sleeps, as if he meant to wake  
No more. My lord! Is he not dead already?  
Sir! My lord!

King. Who's that?

Evad. Oh, you sleep soundly, Sir!

King. My dear Evadne,  
I have been dreaming of thee. Come to-bed.

Evad. I am come at length, Sir; but how  
welcome?

King. What pretty new device is this,  
What, do you tie me to you? By my love  
This is a quaint one. Come, my dear, and  
kiss me;

I'll be thy Mars;<sup>32</sup> to-bed, my queen of love:  
Let us be caught together, that the gods  
May see, and envy our embraces.

Evad. Stay, Sir, stay;

You are too hot, and I have brought you physic  
To temper your high veins. [warm;

King. Prithee, to-bed then; let me take it  
There thou shalt know the state of my body  
better. [body;

Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul  
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed!

Evad. Ay, you shall bleed! Lie still; and,  
if the devil, [steel  
Your lust, will give you leave, repent. This

Comes to redeem the honour that you stole,  
King, my fair name; which nothing but thy  
Can answer to the world. [death

King. How's this, Evadne?

Evad. I am not she; nor bear I in this

So much cold spirit to be call'd a woman.

I am a tyger; I am any thing  
That knows not pity. Stir not! If thou dost,  
I'll take thee unprepar'd; thy fears upon thee,  
That make thy sins look double; and so send  
thee [ments<sup>33</sup>

(By my revenge, I will) to look those tor-  
Prepar'd for such black souls. [possible:

King. Thou dost not mean this; 'tis im-  
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not.

I am as foul as thou art, and can number  
As many such hells here. I was once fair,  
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose  
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou foul  
canker, [virtue,

(Stir not) didst poison me. I was a world of  
Till your curst court and you (Hell bless you  
for't!)

With your temptations on temptations,  
Made me give up mine honour; for which,  
I'm come to kill thee. [King,

King. No!

Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not! [gentle,  
I prithee speak not these things: Thou art  
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace, and hear me. [mercy

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for  
To those above us; by whose lights I vow,

Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,  
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,

I would kill that too; which, being past my  
steel,<sup>34</sup>

My tongue shall reach. Thou art a shameless  
villain!

A thing out of the overcharge of nature;  
Sent, like a thick cloud, to disperse a plague  
Upon weak catching women! such a tyrant,  
That for his lust would sell away his subjects;  
Ay, all his Heav'n hereafter!

King. Hear, Evadne,  
Thou soul of sweetness, hear! I am thy King.

Evad. Thou art my shame! Lie still, there's  
none about you,

Within your cries: All promises of safety

<sup>32</sup> *I'll be thy Mars;*] The allusion here is to the words of Ovid in the fourth book of his *Metamorphoses*, where Mars and Venus are caught in conjunction by a subtle net which her husband Vulcan had bound over them, and exposed them to the view of the Gods.

—*Turpes jaculæ ligati*

*Turpiter, atque aliquis de Diis nan tristibus optat  
Sic fieri turpis.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>33</sup> ——— *to look those torments*

*Prepar'd for such black souls.*] *Look* occurs in the line immediately preceding; and the repetition of it is no manner of elegance. Besides, *to look* those torments, is no English expression: It must either be, *seek* or *brook*. *Mr. Theobald.*

*Look*, from the days of our Authors down to our own, has frequently been used for *look* FOR, or *seek*. With respect to the elegance, it is our province to give our Authors' own words, not (supposing we could) to substitute better.

<sup>34</sup> ——— *which, being past my steel,*

*My tongue shall reach.*] 'Tis evident from common-sense, that I have retrieved the true reading here. A corruption, exactly the same, had possessed a passage in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, till I corrected it. Mr. Seward likewise started this emendation here. *Mr. Theobald.*

Are but deluding dreams. Thus, thus, thou  
fool man,

Thus I begin my vengeance! [Stabs him.

King. Hold, Evadne!

I do command thee, hold.

Evad. I do not mean, Sir,  
To part so fairly with you; we must change  
More of these love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain  
Provok'd thee to this murder?

Evad. Thou, thou monster.

King. Oh!

Evad. Thou kept'st me brave at court, and  
whor'd'st me, King;

Then married me to a young noble gentleman,  
And whor'd'st me still.

King. Evadne, pity me.

Evad. Hell take me then! This for my lord  
Amintor!

This for my noble brother! and this stroke  
For the most wrong'd of women! [Kills him.

King. Oh! I die.

Evad. Die all our faults together! I forgive  
thee. [Exit.

*Enter two of the bedchamber.*

1. Come, now she's gone, let's enter; the  
King expects it, and will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench; we'll have a snap at  
her one of these nights, as she goes from him.

1. Content. How quickly he had done  
with her! I see, kings can do no more that  
way than other mortal people.

2. How fast he is! I cannot hear him  
breathe.

1. Either the tapers give a feeble light,  
Or he looks very pale.

2. And so he does:

Pray Heaven he be well; let's look. Alas!  
He's stiff, wounded and dead. Treason, trea-

1. Run forth and call. [son!

2. Treason, treason! [Exit.

1. This will be laid on us:

Who can believe a woman could do this?

*Enter Cleon and Lysippus.*

Cleon. How now! Where's the traitor?

1. Fled, fled away; but there her woful  
act lies still.

Cleon. Her act! a woman!

Lys. Where's the body?

1. There.

Lys. Farewel, thou worthy man! There  
were two bonds

That tied our loves, a brother and a king;  
The least of which might fetch a flood of tears:  
But such the misery of greatness is,  
They have no time to mourn; then pardon me!  
Sir, which way went she?

*Enter Strato.*

Strato. Never follow her;  
For she, alas! was but the instrument.  
News is now brought in, that Melantius  
Has got the fort, and stands upon the wall;

And with a loud voice calls those few, that pass  
At this dead time of night, delivering  
The innocence of this act.

Lys. Gentlemen, I am your king.

Strato. We do acknowledge it. [this

Lys. I would I were not! Follow, all; for  
Must have a sudden stop. [Exeunt.

*Enter Melantius, Diphilus, and Calianax,  
on the walls.*

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am  
arm'd,

(Be constant, Diphilus!) now we have time,  
Either to bring our banish'd honours home,  
Or create new ones in our ends.

Diph. I fear not; [nax.

My spirit lies not that way. Courage, Calia-  
Cal. 'Would I had any! you should quick-

ly know it. [quent.

Mel. Speak to the people: Thou art elo-

Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the  
gallows! [you!

You were born to be my end. The devil take  
Now must I hang for company. 'Tis strange,  
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

*Enter Lysippus, Diagoras, Cleon, Strato,  
and guard.*

Lys. See where he stands, as boldly con-  
fident

As if he had his full command about him. [Sir;

Strato. He looks as if he had the better cause,  
Under your gracious pardon, let me speak it!

Though he be mighty-spirited, and forward  
To all great things; to all things of that danger  
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet, cer-  
tainly,

I do believe him noble; and this action  
Rather pull'd on, than sought: His mind was  
As worthy as his hand. [ever

Lys. 'Tis my fear, too.

Heaven forgive all! Summon him, lord Cleon.

Cleon. Ho, from the walls there.

Mel. Worthy Cleon, welcome. [honest.

We could have wish'd you here, lord: You are  
Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave,  
though

I dare not tell thee so — [Aside.

Lys. Melantius!

Mel. Sir. [old love

Lys. I am sorry that we meet thus; our  
Never requir'd such distance. Pray Heaven,  
You have not left yourself, and sought this  
safety

More out of fear than honour! You have lost  
A noble master; which your faith, Melantius,  
Some think, might have preserv'd: Yet you  
know best. [dares fight,

Cal. When time was, I was mad; some, that  
I hope will pay this rascal.

Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look  
lovely on thee;

Had they been shed for a deserving one,  
They had been lasting monuments! Thy bro-  
ther,

While he was good, I call'd him king; and serv'd him

With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour,

Pull'd people from the farthest sun to seek him, And beg his friendship.<sup>55</sup> I was then his soldier,

But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,

And brand my noble actions with his lust (That never-cur'd dishonour of my sister, Base stain of whore! and, which is worse, The joy to make it still so) like myself, Thus I have flung him off with my allegiance; And stand here mine own justice, to revenge What I have suffer'd in him; and this old man, Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

*Cal.* Who is?

You would draw me in. I have had no wrong, I do disclaim ye all.

*Mel.* The short is this:

'Tis no ambition to lift up myself Urgeth me thus; I do desire again To be a subject, so I may be free. If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild This goodly town. Be speedy, and be wise, In a reply.

*Stra.* Be sudden, Sir, to tie All up again: What's done is past recall, And past you to revenge; and there are thousands,

That wait for such a troubled hour as this. Throw him the blank.

*Lys.* Melantius, write in that

Thy choice: My seal is at it.

*Mel.* It was our honours drew us to this act, Not gain; and we will only work our pardons.

*Cal.* Put my name in too.

*Diph.* You disclaim'd us all But now, Calianax.

*Cal.* That is all one;

I'll not be hang'd hereafter by a trick: I'll have it in.

*Mel.* You shall, you shall. [king, Come to the back gate, and we'll call you And give you up the fort.

*Lys.* Away, away. [Exeunt omnes.]

*Enter Aspatia in man's apparel.*

*Asp.* This is my fatal hour. Heav'n may forgive

My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid Grievs on me that will never let me rest; And put a woman's heart into my breast. It is more honour for you, that I die; For she, that can endure the misery That I have on me, and be patient too, May live and laugh at all that you can do. God save you, Sir!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* And you, Sir. What's your business?

*Asp.* With you, Sir, now; to do me the fair office

To help me to your lord.

*Ser.* What, would you serve him?

*Asp.* I'll do him any service; but, to haste, For my affairs are earnest, I desire To speak with him.

*Ser.* Sir, because you're in such haste, I would be loth to delay you any longer: You cannot.

*Asp.* It shall become you, though, to tell your lord.

*Ser.* Sir, he will speak with nobody; but, in particular, I have in charge, about no weighty matters.<sup>56</sup> [proof?

*Asp.* This is most strange. Art thou gold-There's for thee; help me to him.

*Ser.* Pray be not angry, Sir. I'll do my best. [Exit.]

*Asp.* How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me!

There is a vile dishonest trick in man, More than in women: All the men I meet Appear thus to me, are all harsh and rude; And have a subtilty in every thing, Which love could never know. But we fond women

Harbour the easiest and the smoothest thoughts, And think all shall go so! It is unjust, That men and women should be match'd together.

*Enter Amintor and his man.*

*Amin.* Where is he?

*Ser.* There, my lord.

*Amin.* What would you, Sir? [your man

*Asp.* Please it your lordship to command Out of the room, I shall deliver things

Worthy your hearing.

*Amin.* Leave us. [Exit servant.]

*Asp.* Oh, that that shape Should bury falsehood in it! [Aside.]

*Amin.* Now your will, Sir.

*Asp.* When you know me, my lord, you needs must guess

My business; and I am not hard to know; For till the chance of war mark'd this smooth face

With these few blemishes, people would call My sister's picture, and her mine. In short, I am the brother to the wrong'd Aspatia.

*Amin.* The wrong'd Aspatia! 'Would thou wert so too

Unto the wrong'd Amintor! Let me kiss That hand of thine, in honour that I bear Unto the wrong'd Aspatia. Here I stand,

<sup>55</sup> And beg his friendship.] This is the reading of the edition of 1619: That of 1630 says, *Imp.*

<sup>56</sup> But in particular I have in charge, about no weighty matters.] These words, which shew an impertinence so common in all servants, and a desire of sifting into every body's business, are only to be found in the first quarto, in 1619.

*Mr. Theobald.*

That did it: 'Would he could not! Gentle youth,

Leave me; for there is something in thy looks,  
That calls my sins, in a most hideous form,  
Into my mind; and I have grief enough  
Without thy help.

*Asp.* I would I could with credit.  
Since I was twelve years old, I had not seen  
My sister till this hour; I now arriv'd:  
She sent for me to see her marriage;  
A woful one! But they, that are above,  
Have ends in every thing.<sup>37</sup> She us'd few

words;  
But yet enough to make me understand  
The baseness of the injuries you did her.  
That little training I have had, is war:  
I may behave myself rudely in peace; [you,  
I would not, though. I shall not need to tell  
I am but young, and would be loth to lose  
Honour, that is not easily gain'd again.  
Fairly I mean to deal: The age is strict  
For single combats; and we shall be stopp'd,  
If it be publish'd. If you like your sword,  
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,  
Change; for the ground is this, and this the  
time,

To end our difference.

*Amin.* Charitable youth,  
(If thou be'st such) think not I will maintain  
So strange a wrong: And, for thy sister's sake,  
Know, that I could not think that desperate  
thing

I durst not do; yet, to enjoy this world,  
I would not see her; for, beholding thee,  
I am I know not what. If I have aught,  
That may content thee, take it, and be gone;  
For death is not so terrible as thou.  
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

*Asp.* Thus, she swore, [words  
Thou wouldst behave thyself; and give me  
That would fetch tears into my eyes; and so  
Thou dost, indeed. But yet she bade me  
watch,

Lest I were cozen'd; and be sure to fight,  
Ere I return'd.

*Amin.* That must not be with me.  
For her I'll die directly; but against her  
Will never hazard it.

*Asp.* You must be urg'd.  
I do not deal uncivilly with those  
That dare to fight; but such a one as you  
Must be us'd thus. [She strikes him.

*Amin.* I prithee, youth, take heed.  
Thy sister is a thing to me so much  
Above mine honour, that I can endure  
All this. Good gods! a blow I can endure!  
But stay not, lest thou draw a timeless death  
Upon thyself.

<sup>37</sup> ——— But they that are above,

Have ends in every thing.] How nobly, and to what advantage, Mrs SHAKESPEARE expressed this sentiment, in his *Hamlet*!

——— And that should teach us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*Mr. Theobald.*

*Asp.* Thou art some prating fellow;  
One, that hath studied out a trick to talk,  
And move soft-hearted people; to be kick'd

[She kicks him.  
Thus, to be kick'd!—Why should I be so  
slow

In giving me my death? [Aside.

*Amin.* A man can bear [then!  
No more, and keep his flesh. Forgive me,  
I would endure yet, if I could. Now shew  
The spirit thou pretend'st, and understand,  
Thou hast no hour to live.—— [They fight.

What dost thou mean? [at me  
Thou canst not fight: The blows thou mak'st  
Are quite besides; and those I offer at thee,  
Thou spread'st thine arms, and tak'st upon  
thy breast,  
Alas, defenceless!

*Asp.* I have got enough,  
And my desire. There is no place so fit  
For me to die as here.

*Enter Evadne, her hands bloody,  
with a knife*

*Evad.* Amintor, I am loaden with events,  
That fly to make thee happy. I have joys,  
That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,  
And settle thee in thy free state again.  
It is Evadne still that follows thee,

But not her mischiefs. [again;  
*Amin.* Thou canst not fool me to believe  
But thou hast looks and things so full of news,  
That I am stay'd.

*Evad.* Noble Amintor, put off thy amaze,  
Let thine eyes loose, and speak: Am I not  
fair? [now?  
Looks not Evadne beauteous, with these rites  
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,  
When our hands met before the holy man?  
I was too foul within to look fair then:  
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

*Amin.* There is presage of some important  
thing [lost.  
About thee, which, it seems, thy tongue hath  
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife!

*Evad.* In this consists thy happiness and  
mine.

Joy to Amintor! for the king is dead.

*Amin.* Those have most pow'r to hurt us,  
that we love;

We lay our sleeping lives within their arms!  
Why, thou hast rais'd up mischief to his  
height,

And found one, to out-name thy other faults.  
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,  
But all thy life is a continued ill.

Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.  
Joy to Amintor! Thou hast touch'd a life,

The very name of which had pow'r to chain  
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

*Evad.* 'Tis done; and since I could not find  
a way

To meet thy love so clear as through his life,  
I cannot now repent it.

*Amin.* Couldst thou procure the gods to  
speak to me,

To bid me love this woman, and forgive,  
I think I should fall out with them. Behold,  
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my  
breast,

Sent by his violent fate, to fetch his death  
From my slow hand; And, to augment my woe,  
You now are present, stain'd with a king's  
blood,

Violently shed. This keeps night here,  
And throws an unknown wilderness about

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh! [mc.<sup>34</sup>

*Amin.* No more; pursue me not. [bed.

*Evad.* Forgive me then, and take me to thy  
We may not part.

*Amin.* Forbear! Be wise, and let my rage  
Go this way.

*Evad.* 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

*Amin.* Take heed; it will return with me.

*Evad.* If it must be, I shall not fear to  
Take me home. [meet it:

*Amin.* Thou monster of cruelty, forbear!

*Evad.* For Heaven's sake, look more calm:

Thine eyes are sharper than thou canst make

*Amin.* Away, away! [thy sword.

Thy knees are more to me than violence.

I'm worse than sick to see knees follow me,

For that I must not grant. For Heaven's  
sake, stand.

*Evad.* Receive me, then.

*Amin.* I dare not stay thy language:

In midst of all my anger and my grief,

Thou dost awake something that troubles me,

And says, 'I lov'd thee once.' I dare not stay;

There is no end of woman's reasoning.

[Leaves her.

*Evad.* Amintor, thou shalt love me now  
again:

Go; I am calm. Farewel, and peace for ever!

*Evadne*, whom thou hat'st, will die for thee.

[Kills herself.

*Amin.* I have a little human nature yet,

That's left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

[Returns.

*Evad.* Thy hand was welcome, but it came  
too late.

Oh, I am lost! the heavy sleep makes haste.

[She dies.

*Asp.* Oh, oh, oh! [I feel

*Amin.* This earth of mine doth tremble, and

A stark affrighted motion in my blood:

My soul grows weary of her house, and I

All over am a trouble to myself. [things,

There is some hidden pow'r in these dead

That calls my flesh unto 'em: I am cold!

Be resolute, and bear 'em company. [leave.

There's something, yet, which I am loth to

There's man enough in me to meet the fears

That death can bring; and yet, 'would it were  
done!

I can find nothing in the whole discourse

Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way;

Yet still, betwixt the reason and the act,

The wrong I to Aspatia did stands up;

I have not such another fault to answer.

Though she may justly arm herself with scorn

And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled,

When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow.

I will not leave this act unsatisfied,

If all that's left in me, can answer it.

*Asp.* Was it a dream? There stands Amintor  
still;

Or I dream still.

*Amin.* How dost thou? Speak: receive my

love and help.

Thy blood climbs up to his old place again:

There's hope of thy recovery.

*Asp.* Did you not name Aspatia?

*Amin.* I did. [her?

*Asp.* And talk'd of tears and sorrow unto

*Amin.* 'Tis true; and 'till these lumpy signs  
in thee

Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

*Asp.* Thou'rt there already, and these wounds  
are hers:

Those threats, I brought with me, sought not  
revenge;

But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand.

I am Aspatia yet.

*Amin.* Dare my soul ever look abroad again?

*Asp.* I shall surely live, Amintor; I am well:

A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

*Amin.* The world wants lives to excuse thy  
loss!<sup>35</sup>

Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

<sup>34</sup> ————— an unknown wilderness.] This is a word here appropriated by the Poets to signify *wildness*; from the verb *be-wilders*.

Milton seems to have been pleased with the liberty of using it in this sense, as he has copied it in his *Paradise Lost*, B. ix. v. 245.

*The paths and lowers don't not but our joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>35</sup> *The world wants lives to excuse thy loss.*] The sense and verse are both spoiled; I hope. I have restored both. My emendation gives this meaning. All the *lives* of all the women in the world cannot to me atone for the loss of thine. I guess that some transcriber, or editor, had first by mere accident changed *lives* to *lines*; and the word, *expiate*, not making the least sense with that, occasioned some future editor, without regard to the metre, to substitute *excuse* instead of it; which does carry some shadow of sense, though but an empty one.—This is the

*Asp.* Amintor, thou must stay; I must rest here;

My strength begins to disobey my will. [live  
How dost thou, my best soul? I would fain  
Now, if I could: Wouldst thou have lov'd  
me, then?

*Amin.* Alas!

All that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

*Asp.* Give me thy hand; my hands grope  
up and down,

And cannot find thee: I am wondrous sick:

Have I thy hand, Amintor?

*Amin.* Thou greatest blessing of the world,  
thou hast.

*Asp.* I do believe thee better than my sense.

Oh, I must go. Farewell! [*Dies.*

*Amin.* She swoons! Aspatia! Help! for  
Heav'n's sake, water!

Such as may chain life ever to this frame.

*Aspatia, speak!* What, no help yet? I fool!

I'll chafe her temples: Yet there's nothing  
stirs:

Some hidden power tell her, Amintor calls,

And let her answer me! Aspatia, speak!

I've heard, if there be any life, but bow

The body thus, and it will shew itself.

Oh, she is gone! I will not leave her yet.

Since out of justice we must challenge nothing,

I'll call it mercy, if you'll pity me, [years,

Ye heavenly powers! and lend, for some few

The blessed soul to this fair seat again.

No comfort comes; the gods deny me too!

I'll bow the body once again. Aspatia!

The soul is fled for ever; and I wrong

Myself, so long to lose her company.

Must I talk now? Here's to be with thee,

love! [*Kills himself.*

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* This is a great grace to my lord, to  
have the new king come to him: I must tell  
him he is coterling. Oh, Heav'n! Help,  
help!

*Enter Lysippus, Melantius, Calianax, Cleon,  
Diphilus, and Strato.*

*Lys.* Where's Amintor.

*Serv.* Oh, there, there.<sup>60</sup>

*Lys.* How strange is this!

*Cal.* What should we do here?

*Mel.* These deaths are such acquainted  
things with me,

That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand

Stiff here for ever! Eyes, call up your tears!

This is Amintor: Heart! he was my friend;

Melt; now it flows. Amintor, give a word

To call me to thee.

*Amin.* Oh! [Oh, thy arms

*Mel.* Melantius calls his friend Amintor.

Are kinder to me than thy tongue! Speak,  
speak!

*Amin.* What? [sounds

*Mel.* That little word was worth all the

That ever I shall hear again.

*Diph.* Oh, brother!

Here lies your sister slain; you lose yourself  
In sorrow there

*Mel.* Why, Diphilus, it is

A thing to laugh at, in respect of this:

Here was my sister, father, brother, son:

All that I had! Speak once again: What

Lies slain there by thee? [youth

*Amin.* 'Tis Aspatia.

My last is said. Let me give up my soul

Into thy bosom. [*Dies.*

*Cal.* What's that? what's that? Aspatia!

*Mel.* I never did

Repent the greatness of my heart till now:

It will not burst at need.

*Cal.* My daughter dead here too! And you  
have all fine new tricks to grieve; but I ne'er  
knew any but direct crying.

*Mel.* I am a prattler; but no more.

[*Offers to kill himself.*

*Diph.* Hold, brother.

*Lys.* Stop him.

the emendation and comment of the ingenious Mr. Seward.—Long before I received his thoughts upon this passage, I had substituted with less variation from the text:

*The world wants limits to excuse thy loss.*

i. e. Were the world ever so wide and large, the loss of thee is so great, that its whole vastity, as Shakespeare says, would not be sufficient to excuse, or compensate for it. I have adopted my friend's conjecture into the text, because I would be always willing to shew a diffidence of my own poor efforts. The readers will have the benefit of both our conjectures. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have inserted these gentlemen's conjectures, lest the omission of them might be thought unjust; but cannot allow propriety in either. From Mr. Theobald's alteration we dissent, because *limits* is so very different from *lines*, and from the same reasoning we object to Mr. Seward's word *expiate*. Our Authors were often defective in their measure, often redundant; and we find this line less exceptionable than multitudes which might be instanced. With respect to the word *lines*, the vowel *u* was formerly used for the consonant *v*; and the vowel *u* being inverted (a very common error at the press) appears to be an *n*; hence, then, we derive the word *lines* for *lines*.

<sup>60</sup> *Strato.* Oh, there, there.] We cannot believe, our Poets intended these words to be spoken by *Strato*. *Strato* is following *Lysippus* into the room, yet is the first to give information of what that prince must have seen before him. The speech appears to us to belong to the *Servant*; to whom therefore we have assigned it.

*Diph.* Fie! how unmanly was this offer in  
Does this become our strain? [you;

*Cal.* I know not what the matter is, but I  
am grown very kind, and am friends with  
you. You have given me that among you  
will kill me quickly; but I'll go home, and  
live as long as I can.

*Mel.* His spirit is but poor, that can be kept  
From death for want of weapons.

Is not my hand a weapon sharp enough  
To stop my breath? or, if you tie down those,

I vow, Amintor, I will never eat,  
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that  
That may preserve life! This I swear to keep.

*Lys.* Look to him tho', and bear those  
bodies in.

May this a fair example be to me,  
To rule with temper: For, on lustful kings,<sup>61</sup>  
Unlook'd-for, sudden deaths from Heav'n are  
sent;

But curst is he that is their instrument.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

<sup>61</sup> ——— *For, on lustful kings.*] Mr. Rymer has very justly remarked in his *Criticisms* on Tragedy, that as the *moral* is a lesson on the dangers attending *incontinence*, the play ought to take its name from the King: Whereas the whole distress of the story lying on Aspatia being abandoned, and the gross injury done to Amintor, the *moral*, that we have, is in no kind to the purpose. Amintor is every where, indeed, condemning himself for his perfidy to his betrothed mistress; and inculcating, that the Heavens are strict in punishing him for that crime; and so we have another *moral* in the body of the *fab/e*. *Mr. Theobald.*

Mr. Rymer and Mr. Theobald concur again in blaming our Authors for making the *title* of the play relate to the distress of Aspatia, and the *moral* at the close only to the ill consequences of vice in kings. But these gentlemen did not remember, that good writers have frequently avoided giving their plays a name which might forestall the event, and open too much of the main plot: Thus, *Venice Preserv'd*, or the *Plot Discover'd*, has been much blamed for discovering the plot too soon. Whereas many of Shakespeare's and our Author's plays take their names from some character or incident that gives not the least insight into the main design.

*Mr. Seward.*

We cannot help owning, that, in our opinion, there is more justice in the remark of Rymer and Theobald, than in that of Mr. Seward.



# PHILASTER;

OR,

## LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

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The Commendatory Verses by Lovelace, Stanley, and Herrick, speak of Fletcher as sole Author of this Play; those by Earle, of Beaumont. It is supposed, however, to have been wrote conjunctively. The first edition we find, was printed in 1628. This was one of the plays performed at the Old Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when the women acted alone; a prologue for it was then wrote by Mr. Dryden. In the reign of Charles II. some alterations were made in this play, by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; when it was entitled, "The Restoration, or Right will take Place;" but, some writers say it was never brought on the stage. In 1695, Mr. Settle wrote a new fourth and fifth act to it, with which it was then performed. In 1673, Philaster, after having been suffered to lie many years dormant, was again introduced to the stage, with some few alterations, by George Colman, Esq. when that excellent performer, Mr. William Powell, made his first appearance, in the character of Philaster.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

KING.  
 PHILASTER, *heir to the crown.*  
 PHARAMOND, *prince of Spain.*  
 DION, *a lord.*  
 CLEREMONT, } *noble gentlemen, his as-*  
 THRASILINE, } *sociates.*  
*An old captain.*  
*Five citizens.*  
*A country fellow.*  
*Two woodmen.*  
*The king's guard and train.*

#### WOMEN.

ARETHUSA, *the king's daughter.*  
 GALATEA, { *a wise modest lady, attending*  
                   *the princess.*  
 MEGRA, *a lascivious lady.*  
*An old wanton lady, or crone.<sup>1</sup>*  
*Another lady attending the princess.*  
 EUPHRASIA, { *daughter of Dion, but dis-*  
                   *guised like a page, and*  
                   *called Bellario.*

SCENE, *Sicily.*

## ACT I.

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.*

Cler. HERE'S nor lords nor ladies.

Dion. Credit me, gentlemen, I wonder at it. They received strict charge

from the king to attend here. Besides, it was boldly published,<sup>2</sup> that no officer should forbid any gentleman that desire to attend and hear.

Cler. Can you guess the cause?

<sup>1</sup> *An old wanton lady, or crone.*] We find this character in all the editions, but Mr. Theobald's.

<sup>2</sup> *It was boldly published.*] This adverb can have no sort of propriety here. What boldness is there in publishing an order from the king, that no gentleman or lady should be refused admittance?

*Dion.* Sir, it is plain, about the Spanish prince, that's come to marry our kingdom's heir, and be our sovereign.

*Thra.* Many, that will seem to know much, say, she looks not on him like a maid in love.

*Dion.* Oh, Sir, the multitude (that seldom know any thing but their own opinions) speak that they would have; but the prince, before his own approach, receiv'd so many confident messages from the state, that I think she's resolv'd to be rul'd.

*Cle.* Sir, it is thought, with her he shall enjoy both these kingdoms of Sicily and Calabria.

*Dion.* Sir, it is, without controversy, so meant. But 'twill be a troublesome labour for him to enjoy both these kingdoms, with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind, and lamenting his injuries.

*Cle.* What Philaster?

*Dion.* Yes; whose father, we all know, was by our late king of Calabria unrighteously depos'd from his fruitful Sicily. Myself drew some blood in those wars, which I would give my hand to be wash'd from.

*Cle.* Sir, my ignorance in state policy will not let me know why, Philaster being heir to one of these kingdoms, the king should suffer him to walk abroad with such free liberty.

*Dion.* Sir, it seems your nature is more constant than to enquire after state news. But the king, of late, made a hazard of both the kingdoms, of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster. At which the city was in arms, not to be charm'd down by any state-order or proclamation, till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleas'd, and without a guard; at which they threw their hats, and their arms from them; some to make bonfires, some to drink, all for his

deliverance. Which, wise men say, is the cause the king labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation, to awe his own with.

*Enter Galatea, Megra, and a lady.*

*Thra.* See, the ladies. What's the first?

*Dion.* A wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the princess.

*Cle.* The second?

*Dion.* She is one that may stand still discreetly enough, and ill favour'dly dance her measure; simpler when she is courted by her friend, and slight her husband.

*Cle.* The last?

*Dion.* Marry, I think she is one whom the state keeps for the agents of our confederate princes. She'll cog and lie with a whole army, before the league shall break: Her name is common through the kingdom, and the trophies of her dishonour advanced beyond Hercules' pillars. She loves to try the several constitutions of men's bodies; and, indeed, has destroyed the worth of her own body, by making experiment upon it, for the good of the commonwealth.

*Cle.* She's a profitable member.

*La.* Peace, if you love me! You shall see these gentlemen stand their ground, and not court us.

*Gal.* What if they should?

*Meg.* What if they should?

*La.* Nay, let her alone. What if they should? Why, if they should, I say they were never abroad. What foreigner would do so? It writes them directly untravell'd.

*Gal.* Why, what if they be?

*Meg.* What if they be?

*La.* Good ma'am, let her go on. What if they be? Why, if they be, I will justify, they cannot maintain discourse with a judicious lady, nor make a leg, nor say 'excuse me.'

mittance? I make no doubt but it is an error of the press, and that the original word was what I have substituted for it. *Mr. Seward.*

*Mr. Seward,* therefore, reads *loudly*; but as we see not the least reason for such an alteration, we have followed the old copies.

<sup>3</sup> *Peace, if you love me.*] I have made a transposition in the speakers here, from the following accurate criticism of *Mr. Seward.* *Mr. Theobald.*

'The character given of the last of these three ladies so exactly suits Megra, and all the speeches which the *anonymous lady* speaks, her excessive fondness for the courtship of men, and of foreigners in particular, are so entirely in her strain; that I am persuaded, she has been unjustly deprived of them. It is not the custom of any good writer to give a long and distinguishing character of, and to make a person the chief speaker in any scene, who is a mere cypher in the whole play besides: Particularly, when there is another in the same scene, to whom both the character and the speeches exactly correspond. I should guess it to have been some jumble of the players; she, who acted Megra, having given up so much of her part to initiate some younger actress. The entrance should have been thus regulated:

*'Enter Galatea, a lady, and Megra.*

*'And all the speeches of the two latter transposed.'*

*Mr. Seward.*

Had *Mr. Seward* been altering this play for representation, his right to make this transposition would certainly be allowable, but is not as an editor. It was, however, necessary to mention his conjecture. The person here speaking is doubtless the *old scanton lady, or cown,* whose character is left out of the drama in *Mr. Theobald's* edition.

*Gal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*La.* Do you laugh, madam?

*Dion.* Your desires upon you, ladies.

*La.* Then you must sit beside us.

*Dion.* I shall sit near you then, lady.

*La.* Near me, perhaps: But there's a lady induces no stranger; and to me you appear a very strange fellow.

*Meg.* Methinks, he's not so strange; he would quickly be acquainted.

*Thra.* Peace, the king.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, and train.*

*King.* To give a stronger testimony of love Than sickly promises (which commonly In princes find both birth and burial [Sir, In one breath] we have drawn you, worthy To make your fair endearments to our daughter,

And worthy services known to our subjects, Now lov'd and wonder'd at. Next, our intent, To plant you deeply, our immediate heir, Both to our blood and kingdoms. For this lady,

(The best part of your life, as you confirm me, And I believe) though her few years and sex Yet teach her nothing but her fears and blushes, Desires without desire, discourse and knowledge

Only of what herself is to herself, Make her feel moderate health; and when she sleeps,

In making no ill day, knows no ill dreams. Think not, dear Sir, these undivided parts, That must mould up a virgin, are put on To shew her so, as borrow'd ornaments, To speak her perfect love to you, or add An artificial shadow to her nature:

No, Sir; I boldly dare proclaim her, yet No woman. But woo her still, and think her modesty

A sweeter mistress than the offer'd language Of any dame, were she a queen, whose eye Speaks common loves and comforts to her servants.

Last, noble son (for so I now must call you) What I have done thus public, is not only To add a comfort in particular To you or me, but all; and to confirm The nobles, and the gentry of these kingdoms, By oath to your succession, which shall be Within this month at most.

*Thra.* This will be hardly done.

*Cle.* It must be ill done, if it be done.

*Dion.* When 'tis at best, 'twill be but half done, whilst

So brave a gentleman's wrong'd and flung off.

*Thra.* I fear.

*Cle.* Who does not? [too.]

*Dion.* I fear not for myself, and yet I fear Well, we shall see, we shall see. No more.

*Pha.* Kissing your white hand, mistress, I take leave

To thank your royal father; and thus far, To be my own free trumpet. Understand, Great king, and these your subjects, mine that must be,

(For so deserving you have spoke me, Sir, And so deserving I dare speak myself) To what a person, of what eminence, Ripe expectation, of what faculties, Manners and virtues, you would wed your kingdoms: [try!]

You in me have your wishes. Oh, this count By more than all my hopes I hold it happy; Happy, in their dear memories that have been Kings great and good; happy in yours, that is; And from you (as a chronicle to keep Your noble name from eating age) do I Open myself, most happy.\* Gentlemen,

Believe me in a word, a prince's word, There shall be nothing to make up a kingdom Mighty, and flourishing, defended, fear'd, Equal to be commanded and obey'd, But through the travels of my life I'll find it, And tie it to this country. And I vow My reign shall be so easy to the subject, That every man shall be his prince himself, And his own law (yet I his prince and law.) And, dearest lady, to your dearest self (Dear, in the choice of him whose name and lustre

Must make you more and mightier) let me say, You are the blessed'st living; for, sweet princes,

You shall enjoy a man of men, to be Your servant; you shall make him yours, for whom

Great queens must die.

*Thra.* Miraculous!

*Cle.* This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but a large inventory of his own recommendations.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Dion.* I wonder what's his price? For certainly

He'll sell himself, he has so prais'd his shape. But here comes one more worthy those large speeches,

Than the large speaker of them.

Let me be swallow'd quick, if I can find, In all th' anatomy of you man's virtues, One sinew sound enough to promise for him, He shall be constable.

By this sun, he'll ne'er make king Unless it be for trifles, in my poor judgment.

*Phi.* Right noble Sir, as low as my obedience,

And with a heart as loyal as my knee,

I beg your favour.

*King.* Rise; you have it, Sir.

\* Open myself most happy.] Mr. Seward reads, *Do I open it [this country] in myself most happy.*

Dion. Mark but the king, how pale he looks with fear! [jades us!]

Oh! this same whomson conscience,<sup>5</sup> how it

King. Speak your intents, Sir.

Phi. Shall I speak 'em freely?

Be still my royal sovereign.

King. As a subject.

We give you freedom.

Dion. Now it heats.

Phi. Then thus I turn [man!]

My language to you, Prince; you, foreign Ne'er stare, nor put on wonder, for you must endure me, and you shall. This earth you tread upon<sup>6</sup>

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess) By my dead father (oh, I had a father, Whose memory I bow to!) was not left To your inheritance, and I up and living; Having myself about me, and my sword, The souls of all my name, and memories, These arms, and some few friends besides the To part so calmly with it, and sit still, gods; And say, 'I might have been.' I'll tell thee, Pharamond, [ten,

When thou art king, look I be dead and rot- And my name ashes: For, hear me, Pharamond!

This very ground thou gnest in, this fat earth, My father's friends made fertile with their faiths, [low

Before that day of shame, shall gape and swallow thee and thy nation, like a hungry grave, Into her hidden bowels. Prince, it shall; By Nemesis, it shall!

Phi. He's mad; beyond cure, mad.

Dion. Here is a fellow has some fire in's veins: [drawer.

The outlandish prince looks like a tooth-

Phi. Sir, prince of poppingjays, I'll make To you, I am not mad. [it well appear

King. You displease us: You are too bold.

<sup>5</sup> Oh! this same whomson conscience, how it jades us! This sentiment Shakespeare has finely, and as concisely, expressed in his Hamlet.

<sup>6</sup> 'Tis conscience, that makes cowards of us all. Mr. Theobald.

————— This earth you tread on

(A dowry, as you hope, with this fair princess,

Whose memory I bow to) was not left

By my dead father (Oh, I had a father)

To your inheritance, &c.] This transposition is rectified by Mr. Seward.

<sup>7</sup> If thou wert sole inheritor to him

Who made the world his ] i. e. Alexander the Great. So Mr. Lee in his Tragedy of the Rival Queens.

But see, the master of the world approaches.

This is as fine an introduction, as possibly can be, to the first entrance of that great conqueror; and raises the expectation of the audience to give a due attention to every line he speaks.

Mr. Theobald.

<sup>8</sup> This would have been a pattern of succession,

Had he ne'er met this mischief.] Mr. Seward chooses to substitute submission for succession. I submit his conjecture to the readers, though I have not ventured to disturb the text; because the Poets, perhaps, might mean, that Philaster might have been a pattern to succeeding kings, had not he fallen under the misfortune of having his right to the kingdom usurped upon.

Mr. Theobald.

Phi. No, Sir, I am too tame, [sion, Too much a turtle, a thing born without passion, A faint shadow, that every drunken cloud sails And makes nothing. [over,

King. I do not fancy this. [tainted, Call our physicians: Sure he is somewhat Thra. I do not think 'twill prove so.

Dion. If 'as giv'n him a general purge already, for all the right he has; and now he means to let him bleed. Be constant, gentlemen: By these hilts, I'll run his hazard, although I run my name out of the kingdom.

Cle. Peace, we are all one soul. [fence,

Phi. What you have seen in me to stir of- I cannot find; unless it be this lady,

Offer'd into mine arms, with the succession; Which I must keep, though it hath pleas'd your fury

To mutiny within you; without disputing Your genealogies, or taking knowledge

Whose branch you are. The king will leave it me; [swer,

And I dare make it mine. You have your answer.

Phi. If thou wert sole inheritor to him? That made the world his, and couldst see no sun [mond

Shine upon any thing but thine; were Pharamond

As truly valiant as I feel him cold, And ring'd among the choicest of his friends

(Such as would blush to talk such serious fol- Or back such belied commendations) [lies,

And from this presence, spite of all these bugs, You should hear further from me.

King. Sir, you wrong the prince: I gave you not this freedom to brave our best friends. [temper'd,

You deserve our frown. Go to; be better

Phi. It must be, Sir, when I am nobler us'd.

Gal. Ladies, This would have been a pattern of succession,<sup>8</sup>

Had he ne'er met this mischief. By my life,

There

He is the worthiest the true name of man  
This day within my knowledge.

*Meg.* I cannot tell what you may call your knowledge;

But th' other is the man set in my eye.

Oh, 'tis a prince of wax!

*Gal.* A dog it is.

*King.* Philaster, tell me

The injuries you aim at, in your riddles.

*Phi.* If you had my eyes, Sir, and sufferance,

My griefs upon you, and my broken fortunes,  
My wants great, and now nought but hopes  
and fears,

My wrongs would make ill riddles to be laugh'd  
Dare you be still my king, and right me not?

*King.* Give me your wrongs in private.

[*They whisper.*]

*Phi.* Take them,

And ease me of a load would bow strong Atlas.

*Cle.* He dares not stand the shock.

*Dion.* I cannot blame him: there's danger  
in't. Every man in this age has nnt a soul  
of crystal, for all men to read their actions  
through: Mens' hearts and faces are so far  
asunder, that they hold no intelligence. Do  
but view yon stranger well, and you shall see  
a fever through all his bravery, and feel him  
shake like a true recreant.<sup>9</sup> If he give not  
back his crown again, upon the report of an  
elder gun, I have no augury.

*King.* Go to!

Be more yourself as you respect our favour;  
You'll stir us else. Sir, I must have you know,  
That you're, and shall be, at our pleasure,  
what fashion we

[*the gods—*]

Will put upon you. Smooth your brow, or by

*Phi.* I am dead, Sir; you're my fate. It  
was not I

Said, I was wrong'd: I carry all about me  
My weak stars lead me to, all my weak for-  
tunes.

Who dares in all this presence speak (that is  
But man of flesh, and may be mortal) tell me,  
I do not most entirely love this prince,  
And honour his full virtues!

*King.* Sure he's possess'd.

*Phi.* Yes, with my father's spirit: It's  
here, O king!

A dangerous spirit. Now he tells me, king,  
I was a king's heir, bids me be a king;  
And whispers to me, these are all my subjects.

There can be no doubt, if we consider the two following speeches, as well as the present, but that Mr. Theobald's explanation, though so doubtfully delivered, gives the true sense of the passage, and confirms the old reading.

<sup>9</sup> *And feel him shake like a true tenant.* This is the reading of the old copies; Mr. Theobald alters *tenant* to *recreant*; i. e. a person remarkable for meanness and cowardice.

<sup>10</sup> *I am no minion.* i. e. No favourite of influence enough to carry any suits at court. The word is frequently used by Shakespeare.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>11</sup> *In whose name*

*We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up*

*The rods of vengeance, the abused people.* This puts me in mind of a passage in Hesiod, in his "Εργα καὶ Ημέραι, v. 260.

'Tis strange he will not let me sleep, but dives  
Into my fancy, and there gives me shapes  
That kneel, and do me service, cry me 'king';  
But I'll suppress him; he's a factious spirit,  
And will undo me. Noble Sir, your hand:  
I am your servant.

*King.* Away, I do not like this:

I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you

Both of life and spirit: For this time

I pardon your wild speech, without so much  
As your imprisonment.

[*Exit. King, Phi. and Arc.*]

*Dion.* I thank you, Sir; you dare not for  
the people.

*Gal.* Ladies, what think you now of this  
brave fellow?

*Meg.* A pretty talking fellow; hot at hand.  
But eye yon stranger: Is he not a fine com-  
plete gentleman? Oh, these strangers, I do  
affect them strangely: They do the rarest  
home things, and please the fullest! As I live,  
I could love all the nation over and over for  
his sake.

[*lady!*]

*Gal.* Pride comfort your poor head-piece,  
'Tis a weak one, and had need of a night-cap.

*Dion.* See, how his fancy labours! Has he  
not

[*train*]

Spoke home, and bravely? What a dang'rous  
Did he give fire to! How he shook the king,  
Made his soul melt within him, and his blood  
Run into whey! It stood upon his brow,  
Like a cold winter dew.

*Phi.* Gentlemen,

You have no suit to me? I am no minion:<sup>10</sup>  
You stand, methinks, like men that would be  
courtiers,

If you could well be flatter'd at a price,  
Not to undo your children. You're all honest:  
Go, get you home again, and make your  
country

[*may,*]

A virtuous court; to which your great ones  
In their diseased age, retire, and live recluse.

*Cle.* How do you, worthy Sir!

*Phi.* Well, very well;

And so well, that, if the king please, I find  
I may live many years.

*Dion.* The king must please, [*are,*]

Whilst we know what you are, and who you  
Your wrongs and injuries. Shrink not,  
worthy Sir,

But add your father to you: In whose name,<sup>11</sup>  
We'll waken all the gods, and conjure up

The rods of vengeance, the abused people;  
Who, like to raging torrents, shall swell high,  
And so begirt the deus of these male-dragons,  
That, through the strongest safety, they shall  
For mercy at your sword's point. [heg]

*Phi.* Friends, no more;  
Our ears may be corrupted: 'Tis an age  
We dare not trust our wills to. Do you love me?

*Thra.* Do we love Heav'n and honour?

*Phi.* My lord Dion, [father;  
You had a virtuous gentlewoman called you  
Is she yet alive?

*Dion.* Most honour'd Sir, she is:  
And, for the penance but of an idle dream,  
Has undertook a tedious pilgrimage.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Phi.* Is it to me, or any of these gentlemen  
you come?

*Lady.* To you, brave lord: The princess  
would entreat your present company.

*Phi.* The princess send for me! You are  
mistaken.

*Lady.* If you be call'd Philaster, 'tis to you.

*Phi.* Kiss her fair hand, and say I will at-  
tend her.

*Dion.* Do you know what you do?

*Phi.* Yes; go to see a woman. [in?

*Cle.* But do you weigh the danger you are

*Phi.* Danger in a sweet face!

By Jupiter, I must not fear a woman. [sent?

*Thra.* But are you sure it was the princess  
It may be some foul train to catch your life.

*Phi.* I do not think it, gentlemen; she's  
noble;

Her eye may shoot me dead, or those true red  
And white friends in her face may steal my  
soul out: [may,

There's all the danger in't. But, be what  
Her single name hath armed me. [Exit *Phi.*

*Dion.* Go on:

And be as truly happy as thou'rt fearless.  
Come, gentlemen, let's make our friends ac-  
Lest the king prove false. [quainted,

[*Exeunt gentlemen.*

*Enter Arethusa and a lady.*

*Are.* Comes he not?

*Lady.* Madam?

*Are.* Will Philaster come?

*Lady.* Dear madam, you were wont  
To credit me at first.

*Are.* But didst thou tell me so?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength

Is so o'ercharg'd with dangers like to grow  
About my marriage, that these under things  
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea.

How look'd he, when he told thee he would  
*Lady.* Why, well. [come?

*Are.* And not a little fearful!

*Lady.* Fear, madam? sure, he knows not  
what it is. [court

*Are.* Ye are all of his faction; the whole  
Is bold in praise of him; whilst I

May live neglected, and do noble things,  
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,

Drown'd in the doing. But, I know he fears.

*Lady.* Fear? Madam, methought, his looks  
Of love than fear. [hid more

*Are.* Of love? to whom? to you?

Did you deliver those plain words I sent,  
With such a winning gesture, and quick look,  
That you have caught him?

*Lady.* Madam, I mean to you.

*Are.* Of love to me? alas! thy ignorance  
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births.

Nature, that loves not to be questioned  
Why she did this, or that, but has her ends,

And knows she does well, never gave the world  
Two things so opposite, so contrary,

As he and I am: If a bowl of blood, [thee,  
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison

A draught of his would cure thee. Of love  
to me?

*Lady.* Madam, I think I hear him.

*Are.* Bring him in. [withstood,

Ye gods, that would not have your dooms  
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is,

To make the passion of a feeble maid

The way unto your justice, I obey.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Lady.* Here is my lord Philaster.

*Are.* Oh! 'tis well.

Withdraw yourself.

*Phi.* Madam, your messenger

Made me believe you wish'd to speak with me.

*Are.* 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words  
are such

I have to say, and do so ill bescem

The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,  
And yet am loth to speak them. Have you

known,

That I have ought detracted from your worth?

Have I in person wrong'd you? Or have set  
My baser instruments to throw disgrace

Upon your virtues?

*Phi.* Never, madam, you. [public place,

*Are.* Why, then, should you, in such a

— ὅτι ἀποτίσθαι  
Δῆμιον ἀταξίαν βασιλέων

This has been generally understood, as if the people should suffer for the faults of their prince;  
and Horace is quoted in support of this opinion.

*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur achiui.*

But would it not be better to understand it in Fletcher's words, for the people to be raised up  
to punish the crimes and misdemeanors of the prince? *Mr. Symson.*

Injure a princess, and a scandal lay  
Upon my fortunes, fann'd to be so great;  
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

*Phi.* Madam, this truth which I shall speak,  
will be

Foolish: But, for your fair and virtuous self,  
I could afford myself to have no right  
To any thing you wish'd.

*Are.* Philaster, know,  
I must enjoy these kingdoms.

*Phi.* Madam! Both? [*laster,*

*Are.* Both, or I die: By fate, I die, *Phi.*  
If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

*Phi.* I would do much to save that noble  
life:

Yet would be loth to have posterity  
Find in our stories, that Philaster gave  
His right unto a sceptre, and a crown,  
To save a lady's longing.

*Are.* Nay then, hear!

I must and will have them, and more——

*Phi.* What more? [*par'd,*

*Are.* Or lose that little life the gods pre-  
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

*Phi.* Madam, what more?

*Are.* Turn, then, away thy face.

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Do.

*Phi.* I can't endure it. Turn away my face?

I never yet saw enemy that look'd  
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself  
As great a basilisk as he; nor spake  
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue  
Bore thunder underneath, as much as his;  
Nor beast that I could turn from: Shall I then  
Begin to fear sweet sounds! a lady's voice,  
Whom I do love? Say, you would have my  
life?

Why, I will give it you; for it is of me  
A thing so loath'd, and unto you that ask  
Of so poor use, that I shall make no price:  
If you entreat, I will unmov'dly hear.

*Are.* Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy  
looks.

*Phi.* I do. [*thee.*

*Are.* Then know, I must have them, and

*Phi.* And me?

*Are.* Thy love; without which, all the land  
Discover'd yet, will serve use for no use,  
But to be buried in.

*Phi.* Is't possible?

*Are.* With it, it were too little to bestow  
On thee. Now, though thy breath do strike  
me dead, [*breast.*

(Which, know, it may) I have unript my

*Phi.* Madam, you are too full of noble  
thoughts,

To lay a train for this contemned life,  
Which you may have for asking: To suspect  
Were base, where I deserve no ill. Love you,  
By all my hopes, I do, above my life:

But how this passion should proceed from you

So violently, would amaze a man  
That would be jealous.

*Are.* Another soul, into my body shot,  
Could not have fill'd me with more strength  
and spirit, [*time,*

Than this thy breath. But spend not hasty  
In seeking how I came thus: 'Tis the gods,  
The gods, that make me so; and, sure, our  
love

Will be the nobler, and the better blest,  
In that the secret justice of the gods

Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss;  
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall be-  
twixt us,

And we should part without it.

*Phi.* 'Twill be ill

I should abide here long.

*Are.* 'Tis true; and worse [*vise*

You should come often. How shall we de-  
To hold intelligence that our true loves,

On any new occasion, may agree

What path is best to tread?

*Phi.* I have a boy,

Sent by the gods, I hope, in this intent,  
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,  
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,  
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his  
thirst,

And paid the nymph again as much in tears.

A garland lay him by,<sup>12</sup> made by himself,  
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay.

Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness  
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd

His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,

As if he meant to make 'em grow again.

Seeing such pretty helpless innocence

Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.

He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,

Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,

Which gave him roots; and of the crystal  
springs,

Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,  
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his  
light.

Then took he up his garland, and did shew  
What every flower, as country people hold,

Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,

Express'd his grief: And, to my thoughts,  
did read

The prettiest lecture of his country art

That could be wish'd; so that, methought, I

could

Have study'd it. I gladly entertain'd him,

Who was as glad to follow; and have got

The truest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy,

That ever master kept. Him will I send

To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

*Enter Lady.*

*Are.* 'Tis well; no more.

*Lady.* Madam, the prince is come to do  
his service.

<sup>12</sup> A garland lay him by.] Thus read the old copies. Mr. Theobald, with more freedom,  
and perhaps as much elegance, says, A garland lay by him.

*Are.* What will you do, Philaster, with yourself:

*Phi.* Why, that which all the gods have appointed out for me. [prince.]

*Are.* Dear, hide thyself. Bring in the *Phi.* Hide me from Pharamond! [Jove,

When thunder speaks, which is the voice of Though I do reverence, yet I hide me not; And shall a stranger prince have leave to brag Unto a foreign nation, that he made Philaster hide himself?

*Are.* He cannot know it. [world]

*Phi.* Though it should sleep for ever to the It is a simple sin to hide myself, Which will for ever on my conscience lie.

*Are.* Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way

In what he says; for he is apt to speak What you are loth to hear: For my sake, do. *Phi.* I will.

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Pha.* My princely mistress, as true lovers ought,

I come to kiss these fair hands; and to shew, In outward ceremonies, the dear love Writ in my heart.

*Phi.* If I shall have an answer no directlier, I am gone.

*Pha.* To what would he have answer?

*Are.* To his claim unto the kingdom.

*Pha.* Sirrah, I forbore you before the king.

*Phi.* Good Sir, do so still: I would not talk with you.

*Pha.* But now the time is fitter: Do but offer To make mention of your right to any kingdom, Though it be scarce habitable—

*Phi.* Good Sir, let me go.

*Pha.* And by my sword—

*Phi.* Peace, Pharamond! If thou—

*Are.* Leave us, Philaster.

*Phi.* I have done. [you back.]

*Pha.* You are gone: By Heav'n, I'll fetch

*Phi.* You shall not need.

*Pha.* What now?

*Phi.* Know, Pharamond,

I loath to brawl with such a blast as thou, Who art nought but a valiant voice: But if Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say 'Thou wert,' and not lament it.

*Pha.* Do you slight [princess?] My greatness so, and in the chamber of the

*Phi.* It is a place, to which, I must confess, I owe a reverence: But were't the church, Ay, at the altar, there's no place so safe, [thee. Where thou dar'st injure me, but I dare kill And for your greatness, know, Sir, I can grasp You, and your greatness thus, thus into nothing. Give not a word, not a word back! Farewell.

[Exit Philaster.]

*Pha.* 'Tis an odd fellow, madam: We must stop [ried.]

His mouth with some office, when we are married.

*Are.* You were best make him your controller.

*Pha.* I think he would discharge it well. But, madam,

I hope our hearts are knit; and yet, so slow The ceremonies of state are, that 'twill be long Before our hands be so. If then you please, Being agreed in heart, let us not wait For dreaming form, but take a little stol'n Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

*Are.* If you dare speak such thoughts, I must withdraw in honour. [Exit.]

*Pha.* The constitution of my body will never hold out till the wedding. I must seek elsewhere. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

*Enter Philaster and Bellario.*

*Phi.* AND thou shalt find her honourable, boy;

Full of regard unto thy tender youth, For thine own modesty; and, for my sake, Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask,

Ay, or deserve. [nothing;]

*Bel.* Sir, you did take me up when I was And only yet am something, by being yours. You trusted me unknown; and that which

you were apt To construe a simple innocence in me, ' Perhaps, might have been craft; the cunning

of a boy Hard'ned in lies and theft: Yet ventur'd you To part my miseries and me; for which,

I never can expect to serve a lady That bears more honour in her breast than you.

*Phi.* But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art young,

And bear'st a childish overflowing love To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak

thee fair yet. [passions,]

But when thy judgment comes to rule those Thou wilt remember best those careful friends,

That plac'd thee in the noblest way of life. She is a princess I prefer thee to. [the world,

*Bel.* In that small time that I have seen I never knew a man hasty to part [ber,

With a servant he thought trusty: I remember My father would prefer the boys he kept

To greater men than he; but did it not Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

*Phi.* Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all In thy behaviour.

*Bel.* Sir, if I have made A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth:



I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge: And if I have done  
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,  
For once. What master holds so strict a hand  
Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,  
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,  
That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee.  
Alas! I do not turn thee off; thou know'st  
It is my business that doth call thee hence;  
And, when thou art with her, thou dwell'st  
with me.

Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full,  
That thou hast well discharg'd this heavy trust,  
Laid on so weak a one, I will again  
With joy receive thee; as I live, I will. [time  
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than  
Thou did'st attend the princess.

*Bel.* I am gone.  
But since I am to part with you, my lord,  
And none knows whether I shall live to do  
More service for you, take this little prayer:  
Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all your  
designs! [well;

May sick men, if they have your wish, be  
And Heav'n hate those you curse, though I  
be one! [Exit.

*Phi.* The love of boys unto their lords is  
strange:

I have read wonders of it: Yet this boy,  
For my sake (if a man may judge by looks  
And speech) would out-do story. I may see  
A day to pay him for his loyalty. [Exit I hi.

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Phi.* Why should these ladies stay so long?  
They must come this way: I know the queen  
employs 'em not; for the reverend mother  
sent me word, they would all be for the garden.  
If they should all prove honest now, I  
were in a fair taking. I was never so long  
without sport in my life; and, in my conscience,  
'tis not my fault. Oh, for our country  
ladies! Here's one bolted; I'll hound at her.

*Enter Galatea.*

*Gal.* Your grace!

*Phi.* Shall I not be a trouble?

*Gal.* Not to me, Sir.

*Phi.* Nay, nay, you are too quick. By  
this sweet hand—

*Gal.* You'll be forsworn, Sir; 'tis but an old  
glove. If you will talk at distance, I am for  
you: But, good prince, be not bawdy, nor do  
not brag; these two I bar: And then, I think,

I shall have sense enough to answer all the  
weighty apothegms your royal blood shall  
manage.<sup>13</sup>

*Phi.* Dear lady, can you love?

*Gal.* Dear, prince! how dear? I ne'er cost  
you a coach yet, nor put you to the dear re-  
pentance of a banquet. Here's no scarlet, Sir,  
to blush the sin out it was given for. This  
wire mine own hair covers; and this face has  
been so far from being dear to any, that it  
ne'er cost penny painting. And, for the rest  
of my poor wardrobe, such as you see, it leaves  
no hand behind it, to make the jealous mer-  
cer's wife curse our good doings.

*Phi.* You mistake me, lady.

*Gal.* Lord, I do so: 'Would you, or I,  
could help it!

*Phi.* Do ladies of this country use to give  
no more respect to men of my full being?

*Gal.* Full being! I understand you not, un-  
less your grace means growing to fatness; and  
then your only remedy (upon my knowledge,  
prince) is, in a morning, a cup of neat white-  
wine, brew'd with carduus; then fast till sup-  
per; about eight you may eat; use exercise,  
and keep a sparrow-hawk; you can shoot in a  
tiller:<sup>14</sup> But, of all, your grace must fly phle-  
botomy, fresh pork, conger, and clarified  
whey: They are all dullers of the vital spirits.

*Phi.* Lady, you talk of nothing all this  
while.

*Gal.* 'Tis very true, Sir; I talk of you.

*Phi.* This is a crafty wench; I like her wit  
well; 'twill be rare to stir up a leaden ap-  
petite. She's a Danæe, and must be courted in  
a shower of gold. Madam, look here: All  
these, and more than—

*Gal.* What have you there, my lord? Gold:  
Now, as I live, 'tis fair gold! You would have  
silver for it, to play with the pages: You could  
not have taken me in a worse time; but, if  
you have present use, my lord, I'll send my  
man with silver, and keep your gold for you.

*Phi.* Lady, lady!

*Gal.* She's coming, Sir, behind, will take  
white money. Yet, for all this I'll match  
you. [Exit Gal. behind the hangings.

*Phi.* If there be but two such more in this  
kingdom, and near the court, we may even  
hang up our harps. Ten such camphire con-  
stitutions as this, would call the golden age  
again in question, and teach the old way for  
every ill-fac'd husband to get his own chil-  
dren; and what a mischief that will breed, let  
all consider!

*Enter Megra.*

Here's another: If she be of the same last,

<sup>13</sup> Your royal blood shall manage.] This word is used as the French do their *mesnager*; and the Italians, *maneggiare*. So we likewise have adopted it, and say, *manage* (or, handle) a dispute or argument. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>14</sup> You can shoot in a tiller.] i. e. a stand; a small tree left in a wood for growth, till it is felleable: Or it may mean rather, in a steel bow; *quasi dicas, a steeler*: i. e. *Arcus chalybeatus*, as Skinner says in his *Etymologicum*. *Mr. Theobald.*

the devil shall pluck her on. Many fair mornings, lady.

*Meg.* As many mornings bring as many Fair, sweet, and hopeful to your grace.

*Pha.* She gives good words yet; sure, this wench is free.

If your more serious business do not call you, Let me hold quarter with you; we'll talk an Out quickly.

*Meg.* What would your grace talk of?

*Pha.* Of some such pretty subject as yourself. I'll go no further than your eye, or lip;

There's theme enough for one man for an age.

*Meg.* Sir, they stand right, and my lips are yet even,

Smooth, young enough, ripe enough, red Or my glass wrongs me.

*Pha.* Oh, they are two twinn'd cherries dy'd in blushes,

Which those fair suns above, with their bright Reflect upon and ripen. Sweetest beauty,

Bow down those branches, that the longing taste

Of the faint looker-on may meet those bles- And taste and live.

*Meg.* Oh, delicate sweet prince! She that hath snow enough about her heart,

To take the wanton spring of ten such lines off, May be a nun without probation. Sir,

You have, in such neat poetry, gather'd a kiss, That if I had but five lines of that number,

Such pretty begging blanks, I should commend Your forehead, or your cheeks, and kiss you

too.

*Pha.* Do it in prose; you cannot miss it, *Meg.* I shall, I shall.

*Pha.* By my life, you shall not. I'll prompt you first: Can you do it now?

*Meg.* Methinks 'tis easy, now I ha' don't But yet I should stick at it.

*Pha.* Stick till to-morrow; I'll ne'er part you, sweetest. But we lose time. Can you love me?

*Meg.* Love you, my lord? How would you have me love you?

*Pha.* I'll teach you in a short sentence, 'cause I will not load your memory: This is all; love me, and lie with me.

*Meg.* Was it lie with you, that you said? 'Tis impossible.

*Pha.* Not to a willing mind, that will endeavour: If I do not teach you to do it as easily, in one night, as you'll go to bed, I'll lose my royal blood for't.

*Meg.* Why, prince, you have a lady of your own, that yet wants teaching.

*Pha.* I'll sooner teach a mare the old measures, than teach her any thing belonging to the function. She's afraid to lie with herself, if she have but any masculine imaginations

about her. I know, when we are married, I must ravish her.

*Meg.* By my honour, that's a foul fault, indeed; but time and your good help will wear it out, Sir.

*Pha.* And for any other I see, excepting your dear self, dearest lady, I had rather be Sir Tim the school-master, and leap a dairy-maid.

*Meg.* Has your grace seen the court-star, Galatea?

*Pha.* Out upon her! She's as cold of her favour as an apoplex: She sail'd by but now.

*Meg.* And how do you hold her wit, Sir?

*Pha.* I hold her wit? The strength of all the guard cannot hold it, if they were tied to it; she would blow 'em out of the kingdom. They talk of Jupiter; he's but a squib-cracker to her: Look well about you, and you may find a tongue-bolt. But speak, sweet lady, shall I be freely welcome?

*Meg.* Whither?

*Pha.* To your bed. If you mistrust my faith, you do me the unnobler wrong.

*Meg.* I dare not, prince, I dare not.

*Pha.* Make your own conditions, my purse shall seal 'em; and what you dare imagine you can want, I'll furnish you withal: Give two hours to your thoughts every morning about it. Come, I know you are bashful; speak in my ear, will you be mine? Keep this, and with it me: Soon I will visit you.

*Meg.* My lord, my chamber's most unsafe; but when 'tis night, I'll find some means to slip into your lodging; till when—

*Pha.* Till when, this, and my heart go with thee! [Exeunt several ways.]

*Enter Galatea from behind the hangings.*

*Gal.* Oh, thou pernicious petticoat-prince! are these your virtues? Well, if I do not lay a train to blow your sport up, I am no woman: And, lady Dowsabel, I'll fit you for't.

[Exit.]

*Enter Arethusa and a Lady.*

*Are.* Where's the boy?

*Lady.* Within, madam.

*Are.* Gave you him gold to buy him cloaths?

*Lady.* I did.

*Are.* And has he don't?

*Lady.* Yes, madam.

*Are.* 'Tis a pretty sud-talking boy, is it not? Ask'd you his name?

*Lady.* No, madam.

*Enter Galatea.*

*Are.* Oh, you are welcome. What good news?

*Gal.* As good as any one can tell your grace,

<sup>25</sup> And, lady Dowsabel, I'll fit you for't.] There's no such word as Dowsabel, that I know, or that is acknowledged by any of the Dictionaries. I think, by the change of a single letter, I have retriev'd the genuine word of our poets, Dowsabel. This is of French extraction, *douce et belle*; i. e. sweet and fair: But it is here intended ironically, and in derision. *Mr. Theobald.*

That says, she has done that you would have wish'd.

*Are.* Hast thou discover'd? [you.]

*Gal.* I have strain'd a point of modesty for

*Are.* I prithee, how?

*Gal.* In list'n'g after bawdry. I see, let a lady live never so modestly, she shall be sure to find a lawful time to hearken after bawdry. Your prince, brave Pharamond, was so hot on't!

*Are.* With whom?

*Gal.* Why, with the lady I suspected: I can tell the time and place.

*Are.* Oh, when, and where?

*Gal.* To-night, his lodging. [there again]

*Are.* Run thyself into the presence; mingle with other ladies; leave the rest to me.

If Destiny (to whom we dare not say, [so 'Why, thou did'st this!']) have not decreed it In lasting leaves (whose smallest characters Were never altered) yet, this match shall Where's the boy? [break.]

*Lady.* Here, madam.

*Enter Bellario.*

*Are.* Sir, you are sad to change your service; is't not so? [on you,

*Bel.* Madam, I have not chang'd; I wait To do him service.

*Are.* Thou disclaim'st in me.

Tell me thy name.

*Bel.* Bellario.

*Are.* Thou can'st sing, and play? [can.]

*Bel.* If grief will give me leave, madam, I

*Are.* Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know? [to school?

Hadst thou a eurst master when thou went'st Thou art not capable of other grief.

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be, When no breath troubles them: Believe me,

boy, [eyes,

Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow And builds himself caves, to abide in them.

Come, Sir, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

*Bel.* Love, madam? I know not what it is.

*Are.* Can'st thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?

Thou art deceiv'd, boy. Does he speak of me, As if he wish'd me well?

*Bel.* If it be love,

To forget all respect of his own friends, In thinking of your face; if it be love,

To sit cross-arm'd, and sigh away the day, Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud

And hastily as men i' th' streets do fire;

If it be love, to weep himself away, When he but hears of any lady dead [chancee;

Or kill'd, because it might have been your If, when he goes to rest (which will not be)

'Twixt ev'ry prayer he says, to name you once,

As others drop a bead; be to be in love, Theo, madam, I dare swear he loves you. [lie,

*Are.* Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to For your lord's credit; but thou know's't a lie,

That bears this sound, is welcome to me Than any truth, that says he loves me not. Lead the way, boy. Do you attend me too. 'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus. Away. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, Megra, and Galatea.*

*Dion.* Come, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men

Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour, After supper: 'Tis their exercise.

*Gal.* 'Tis late.

*Meg.* 'Tis all

My eyes will do to lead me to my bed. [find

*Gal.* I fear, they are so heavy, you'll scarce The way to your lodging with 'em to-night.

*Enter Pharamond.*

*Thra.* The prince! [ters-up.]

*Pha.* Not a-bed, ladies? You're good sit- What think you of a pleasant dream, to last Till morning?

*Meg.* I should chuse, my lord, a pleasing wake before it.

*Enter Arethusa and Bellario.*

*Are.* 'Tis well, my lord; you're courting of Is't not late, gentlemen? [ladies.

*Cle.* Yes, madam.

*Are.* Wait you there. [Exit.]

*Meg.* She's jealous, as I live. Look you, my lord,

The princess has a Hylas, an Adonis.

*Pha.* His form is angel-like. [wed,

*Meg.* Why, this is he must, when you are Sit by your pillow, like young Apollo, with

His hand and voice, binding your thoughts in sleep: [for herself.

The princess does provide him for you, and

*Pha.* I find no music in these boys.

*Meg.* Nor I:

They can do little, and that small they do, They have not wit to hide.

*Dion.* Serves he the princess?

*Thra.* Yes.

*Dion.* 'Tis a sweet boy; how brave she

*Pha.* Ladies all, good rest; I mean to kill a buck

To-morrow morning, ere you've done your dreams. [Exit.]

*Meg.* All happiness attend your grace!

Gentlemen, good rest.

Come, shall we go to-bed?

*Gal.* Yes; all good night.

[Exeunt Gal. and Meg.]

*Dion.* May your dreams be true to you. What shall we do, gallants? 'tis late. The king

Is up still; see, he comes; a guard along With him.

*Enter King, Arethusa, and guard.*

*King.* Look your intelligence be true.

*Are.* Upon my life, it is: And I do hope,

Your highness will not tie me to a man,  
That, in the heat of wooing, throws me off,  
And takes another.

*Dion.* What should this mean?

*King.* If it be true,  
That lady had much better have embrac'd  
Curseless diseases: Get you to your rest.

[*Exeunt Arc. and Bel.*

You shall be righted. Gentlemen, draw near;  
We shall employ you. Is young Pharamond  
Come to his lodging?

*Dion.* I saw him enter there. [*discover*

*King.* Haste, some of you, and cunningly  
If Megra be in her lodging.

*Cle. Sir,*

She parted hence but now, with other ladies.

*King.* If she be there, we shall not need to  
A vain discovery of our suspicion. [*make*

Ye gods, I see, that who unrighteously  
Holds wealth, or state, from others, shall be  
curst

In that which meaner men are blest withall.

Ages to come shall know no male of him

Left to inherit; and his name shall be

Blotted from earth. If he have any child,

It shall be crossly match'd; the gods themselves

Shall sow wild strife betwixt her lord and her.

Yet, if it be your wills, forgive the sin

I have committed; let it not fall

Upon this under-standing child of mine;

She has not broke your laws. But how can I<sup>16</sup>

Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,

Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

*Enter Dion.*

*Dion.* Sir, I have asked, and her women  
swear she is within; but they, I think, are  
bawds: I told 'em, I must speak with her;  
they laugh'd, and said, their lady lay speech-  
less. I said, my business was important;  
they said, their lady was about it: I grew  
hot, and cried, my business was a matter that  
concerned life and death; they answer'd, so was  
sleeping, at which their lady was. I urg'd  
again, she had scarce time to be so since last I  
saw her; they smil'd again, and seem'd to in-  
struct me, that sleeping was nothing but lying  
down and winking. Answers more direct I  
could not get: In short, Sir, I think she is  
not there. [*guard,*

*King.* 'Tis then no time to dally. You o'th'  
Wait at the back door of the prince's lodging,  
And see that none pass thence, upon your lives.

Knock, gentlemen! Knock loud! Louder yet!  
What, has their pleasure taken off their  
hearing?

I'll break your meditations. Knock again!

Not yet? I do not think he sleeps, having this  
Larum by him. Once more. Pharamond!  
prince!

*Pharamond above.*

*Pha.* What saucy groom knocks at this  
dead of night?

Where be our waiters? By my vexed soul,  
He meets his death, that meets me, for this  
boldness.

*King.* Prince, you wrong your thoughts;  
we are your friends.

Come down.

*Pha.* The king?

*King.* The same, Sir; come down.

We have cause of present counsel with you.

*Pha.* If your grace please to use me, I'll  
attend you

To your chamber. [*Pha. below.*

*King.* No, 'tis too late, prince; I'll make  
bold with yours.

*Pha.* I have some private reasons to myself,  
Make me unmannerly, and say, 'you cannot.'  
Nay, press not forward, gentlemen; he must  
Come through my life, that comes here.

[*Enters.*

*King.* Sir, be resolv'd.

I must and will come.

*Pha.* I'll not be disbonour'd.

He that enters, enters upon his death.

Sir, 'tis a sign you make no stranger of me,  
To bring these renegadoes to my chamber,  
At these unseason'd hours.

*King.* Why do you [*shall be;*

Chafe yourself so? You are not wrong'd, nor

Only I'll search your lodging, for some cause  
To ourself known: Enter, I say.

*Pha.* I say, no. [*Meg. above.*

*Meg.* Let 'em enter, prince; let 'em enter;

I am up, and ready: I know their business:

'Tis the poor breaking of a lady's honour,

They hunt so hotly after; let 'em enjoy it.

You have your business, gentlemen; I lay  
here.

Oh, my lord the king, this is not noble in you  
To make public the weakness of a woman.

*King.* Come down.

*Meg.* I dare, my lord. Your whootings  
and your clamours,

<sup>16</sup> ——— but how can I

Look to be heard of Gods, that must be just,

Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong? In this sentiment our Authors seem to be  
copying Shakespeare, in a noble passage of his Hamlet:

——— Forgive me my foul murder!

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd

Of those effects for which I did the murder;

My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence? &c. Mr. Theobald.

Your private whispers, and your broad-fleerings;<sup>17</sup>

Can no more vex my soul, than this base earriage.

But I have vengeance yet in store for some, Shall, in the most contempt you can have of Be joy and nourishment. [me,

*King.* Will you come down?

*Meg.* Yes, to laugh at your worst; But I shall wring you,

If my skill fail me not. [looseness.

*King.* Sir, I must dearly chide you for this You have wrong'd a worthy lady; but, no more. Conduct him to my lodging, and to-bed.

*Cle.* Get him another wench, and you bring him to-bed indeed.

*Dion.* 'Tis strange a man cannot ride a stag Or two,<sup>18</sup> to breathe himself, without a warrant.

If this gear hold, that lodgings be search'd thus, Pray Heav'n, we may lie with our own wives in safety, [taken.

That they be not by some trick of state mis-

*Enter Megra.*

*King.* Now, lady of honour, where's your honour now? now?

No man can fit your palate, but the prince.

Thou most ill-shippow'd rottenness; thou piece

Made by a painter and a 'pothecary;

Thou troubled sea of lust; thou wilderness,

Inhabited by wild thoughts; thou swol'n cloud

Of infection; thou ripe mine of all diseases;

'Thou all sin, all hell, and last, all devils, tell

me,

Had you none to pull on with your courtesies,

But he that must be mine, and wrong my

daughter?

By all the gods, all these, and all the pages,

And all the court, shall boot thee through the

court;

Fling rotten oranges, make ribald rhymes,

And sear thy name with candles upon walls.

Do you laugh, lady Venus?

*Meg.* Faith, Sir, you must pardon me;

I cannot choose but laugh to see you merry.

If you do this, oh, king! nay, if you dare do it,

By all those gods you swore by, and as many

More of mine own, I will have fellows, and

Such fellows in it, as shall make noble mirth.

The princess, your daughter, shall stand by me

On walls, and sung in ballads, any thing.

Urge me no more; I know her and her haunts,

Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover

all;

Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy

She keeps; a handsome boy, about eighteen;

Know what she does with him, where, and

when.

Come, Sir, you put me to a woman's madness,

The glory of a fury; and if I do not

Do it to the height —

*King.* What boy is this she raves at?

*Meg.* Alas! good-minded prince, you know

not these things;

I am loth to reveal 'em. Keep this fault,

As you would keep your health, from the hot

Of the corrupted people, or, by Heav'n, [air

I will not fall alone. What I have known,

Shall be as public as a print; all tongues

Shall speak it, as they do the language they

Are born in, as free and commonly; I'll set it,

Like a prodigious star, for all to gaze at;

And so high and glowing, that other kingdoms,

Far and foreign, [they find

Shall read it there, nay, travel with it, 'till

No tongue to make it more, nor no more

people;

And then behold the fall of your fair princess.

*King.* Has she a boy? [wait

*Cle.* So please your grace, I have seen a boy

On her; a fair boy.

*King.* Go, get you to your quarter:

For this time I'll study to forget you. [study

*Meg.* Do you study to forget me, and I'll

To forget you. [Ex. King, Meg. and guard.

*Cle.* Why, here's a male spirit for Hercules.

If ever there be nine worthies of women,

this wench shall ride astride, and be

their captain.

*Dion.* Sure she has a garrison of devils in

her tongue, she uttereth such balls of wild-

fire. She has so nettled the king, that all the

doctors in the country will scarce cure him.

That boy was a strange found-out antidote to

cure her infection: That boy; that princess'

boy; that brave, chaste, virtuous lady's boy;

and a fair boy, a well-spoken boy! All these

considered, can make nothing else. But there

I leave you, gentlemen.

*Thra.* Nay, we'll go wander with you.

[Exeunt.

<sup>17</sup> *Your private whispers and your broad fleerings.*] This is no verse, however it has currently passed the ears of all the editors. The addition, which I have made, of a single syllable, both improves the sense and retrieves the metre.

*Mr. Theobald*

*Mr. Theobald* for *broad* reads *browder*; but we have followed the elder editions.

<sup>18</sup> *To ride a stagge.*] This is the reading of the old copies. *Stagge* was, after some editions, printed according to the modern orthography, *stag*. The Authors probably, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, meant *stage*; but the seeming reference to a *luck-warrant*, in the next line, has induced us to retain *stag*.

## ACT III.

*Enter Cleremont, Dion, and Thrasiline.*

*Cle.* **N**AY, doubtless, 'tis true.

*Dion.* Ay; and 'tis the gods  
That rais'd this punishment, to scourge the king  
With his own issue. Is it not a shame  
For us, that should write noble in the land,  
For us, that should be freemen, to behold  
A man, that is the bravery of his age,  
Philaster, press'd down from his royal right,  
By this regardless king? and only look  
And see the sceptre ready to be cast  
Into the hands of that lascivious lady, [be  
That lives in lust with a smooth boy, now to  
Married to yon strange prince, who, but that  
people

Please to let him be a prince, is born a slave  
In that which should be his most noble part,  
His mind? [you]

*Thra.* That man, that would not stir with  
To aid Philaster, let the gods forget  
That such a creature walks upon the earth.

*Cle.* Philaster is too backward in't himself.  
The gentry do await it, and the people,<sup>19</sup>  
Against their nature, are all bent for him,  
And like a field of standing corn, that's mov'd  
With a stiff gale, their heads bow all one way.

*Dion.* The only cause, that draws Philaster  
back

From this attempt, is the fair princess' love,  
Which he admires, and we can now confute.

*Tera.* Perhaps, he'll not believe it.

*Dion.* Why, gentlemen,  
'Tis without question so.

*Cle.* Ay, 'tis past speech,  
She lives dishonestly: But how shall we,  
If he be curious, work upon his faith?

*Thra.* We all are satisfied within ourselves.

*Dion.* Since it is true, and tends to his own  
good,

I'll make this new report to be my knowledge:  
I'll say I know it; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

*Cle.* It will be best.

*Thra.* 'Twill move him.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Dion.* Here he comes.

Good-morrow to your honour! We have spent  
Some time in seeking you.

*Phi.* My worthy friends,  
You that can keep your memories to know

Your friend in miseries, and cannot frown  
On men disgrac'd for virtue, a good day  
Attend you all! What service may I do  
Worthy your acceptation?

*Dion.* My good lord,  
We come to urge that virtue, which we know  
Lives in your breast, forth! Rise, and make a  
head,

The nobles and the people are all dull'd  
With this usurping king; and not a man,  
That ever heard the word, or knew such a  
thing

As virtue, but will second your attempts.

*Phi.* How honourable is this love in you  
To me, that have deserv'd none? Know, my  
friends, [laster

(You, that were born to shame your poor Phi-  
With too much courtesy) I could afford  
To melt myself in thanks: But my designs  
Are not yet ripe; suffice it, that ere long  
I shall employ your loves; but yet the time  
Is short of what I would. [pect:

*Dion.* The time is fuller, Sir, than you ex-  
That which hereafter will not, perhaps, be  
reach'd [king,

By violence, may now be caught. As for the  
You know the people have long hated him;  
But now the princess, whom they lov'd—

*Phi.* Why, what of her?

*Dion.* Is loath'd as much as he.

*Phi.* By what strange means?

*Dion.* She's known a whore.

*Phi.* Thou ly'st.

*Dion.* My lord—

*Phi.* Thou ly'st,

[Offers to draw and is held.

And thou shalt feel it. I had thought, thy mind  
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady  
Of her good name, is an infectious sin,  
Not to be pardon'd: Be it false as hell,  
'Twill never be redeem'd, if it be sown  
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase  
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,  
That I may cut off falsehood, whilst it springs!  
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
That utters this, and I will scale them all,  
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,  
Like thunder from a cloud.

*Dion.* This is most strange:  
Sure he does love her.

*Phi.* I do love fair truth:

<sup>19</sup> ——— and the people,

[Against their nature, are all bent for him.] This seems, at first view, an odd passage. How are the people against their natures for Philaster? What, was there never any people unanimous in their choice of a governor? I take it, he must be understood, as meaning, the people (whose nature for the most part is unconstant, giddy, and wavering) are now so well assured of Philaster's worth, and right to the crown, join'd to his present ill usage, that they are resolved and steady to do him justice. This is properly styled, against their nature, or custom.

*Mr. Symson.*

She is my mistress, and who injures her,  
Draws vengeance from me. Sirs, let go my  
arms.

*Thra.* Nay, good my lord, be patient.

*Cle.* Sir, remember this is your honour'd  
friend,

That comes to do his service, and will shew  
You why he utter'd this.

*Phi.* I ask you pardon, Sir;

My zeal to truth made me unmannerly:  
Should I have heard dishonour spoke of you,  
Behind your back untruly, I had been  
As much distemper'd and enrag'd as now.

*Dion.* But this, my lord, is truth.

*Phi.* Oh, say not so! good Sir, forbear to  
say so!

'Tis then truth, that all womankind is false!  
Urge it no more; it is impossible.

Why, should you think the princess light?

*Dion.* Why, she was taken at it.

*Phi.* 'Tis false! Oh, Heav'n! 'tis false! it  
cannot be! [speak!]

Can it? Speak, gentlemen; for love of truth,  
Is't possible? Can women all be damn'd?

*Dion.* Why, no, my lord.

*Phi.* Why, then, it cannot be.

*Dion.* And she was taken with her boy.

*Phi.* What boy?

*Dion.* A page, a boy that serves her.

*Phi.* Oh, good gods!

A little boy?

*Dion.* Ay; know you him, my lord?

*Phi.* Hell and sin know him!—Sir, you  
are deceiv'd;

I'll reason it a little coldly with you:

If she were lustful, would she take a boy,  
That knows not yet desire? She would have  
one [he acts,

Should meet her thoughts, and know the sin  
Which is the great delight of wickedness.

You are abus'd, and so is she, and I.

*Dion.* How you, my lord?

*Phi.* Why, all the world's abus'd

In an unjust report.

*Dion.* O! noble Sir, your virtues  
Cannot look into the subtle thoughts of woman.

In short, my lord, I took them; I myself.

*Phi.* Now, all the devils, thou didst! Fly  
from my rage! [plagues,

'Would thou hadst ta'en devils engend'ring  
When thou didst take them! Hide thee from  
my eyes!

'Would thou hadst taken thunder on thy breast,  
When thou didst take them; or been stricken  
dumb

For ever; that this foul deed might have slept  
In silence!

*Thra.* Have you known him so ill-temper'd?

*Cle.* Never before.

*Phi.* The winds, that are let loose

From the four sev'ral corners of the earth,  
And spread themselves all over sea and land,  
Kiss not a chaste one. What friend bears a  
sword

To run me through?

*Dion.* Why, my lord, are you so mov'd at  
this? [triet;]

*Phi.* When any falls from virtue, I in dic-  
I have an int'rest in't.

*Dion.* But, good my lord, recall yourself,  
And think what's best to be done.

*Phi.* I thank you; I will do it.

Please you to leave me: I'll consider of it.

To-morrow I will find your lodging forth,  
And give you answer.

*Dion.* All the gods direct you  
The readiest way!

*Thra.* He was extreme impatient.

*Cle.* It was his virtue, and his noble mind.

[Exeunt Dion, Cle. and Thra.]

*Phi.* I had forgot to ask him where he took  
them.

I'll follow him. Oh, that I had a sea  
Within my breast, to quench the fire I feel!  
More circumstances will but fan this fire.  
It more afflicts me now, to know by whom  
This deed is done, than simply that 'tis done:  
And he, that tells me this, is honourable,  
As far from lies as she is far from truth.

Oh, that, like beasts, we could not grieve our-  
selves, [fight]

With that we see not! Bulls and rams will  
To keep their females, standing in their sight;  
But take 'em from them, and you take at once  
Their spleens away; and they will fall again  
Unto their pastures, growing fresh and fat;  
And taste the water of the springs as sweet  
As 'twas before, finding no start in sleep.  
But miserable man—See, see, you gods,

*Enter Bellario.*

He walks still; and the face, you let him wear  
When he was innocent, is still the same,  
Not blasted! Is this justice? Do you mean  
To intrap mortality, that you allow  
Treason so smooth a brow? I cannot now  
Think he is guilty.

*Bel.* Health to you, my lord!

The princess doth commend her love, her life,  
And this, unto you.

*Phi.* Oh, Bellario!

Now I perceive she loves me; she does shew  
In loving thee, my boy: Sh'as made thee brave.

*Bel.* My lord, she has attir'd me past my  
wish,

Past my desert; more fit for her attendant,  
Though far unfit for me, who do attend.

*Phi.* Thou art grown courtly, boy.—Oh,  
let all women,

'That love black deeds, learn to dissemble here,  
Here, by this paper! She does write to me,

As if her heart were mines of adamant

To all the world besides; but, unto me,

A maiden-snow that melted with my looks.

Tell me, my boy, how doth the princess use  
thee?

For I shall guess her love to me by that.

*Bel.* Scarce like her servant, but as if I were  
Something ally'd to her: or had preserv'd  
Her life three times by my fidelity.

As mothers fond do use their only sons;  
As I'd use one, that's left unto my trust,  
For whom my life should pay, if he met harm,  
So she does use me.

*Phi.* Why, this is wondrous well: [with?] But what kind language does she feed thee

*Bel.* Why, she does tell me, she will trust my youth

With all her loving secrets; and does call me Her pretty servant; bids me weep no more For leaving you; she'll see my services Regarded; and such words of that soft strain, That I am nearer weeping when she ends Than ere she spake.

*Phi.* This is much better still.

*Bel.* Are you not ill, my lord?

*Phi.* Ill? No, Bellario.

*Bel.* Methinks, your words Fall not from off your tongue so evenly, Nor is there in your looks that quietness, That I was wont to see.

*Phi.* Thou art deceiv'd, boy: And she strokes thy head?

*Bel.* Yes.

*Phi.* And she does clap thy cheeks?

*Bel.* She does, my lord.

*Phi.* And she does kiss thee, boy? ha!

*Bel.* How, my lord?

*Phi.* She kisses thee?

*Bel.* Not so, my lord.

*Phi.* Come, come, I know she does.

*Bel.* No, by my life. [she does.]

*Phi.* Why then she does not love me. Come, I bad her do it; I charg'd her, by all charms Of love between us, by the hope of peace We should enjoy, to yield thee all delights Naked, as to her bed: I took her oath Thou should'st enjoy her. Tell me, gentle boy, Is she not parallelless? Is not her breath Sweet as Arabian winds, when fruits are ripe? Are not her breasts two liquid ivory balls? Is she not all a lasting mine of joy?

*Bel.* Ay, now I see why my disturbed thoughts

Were so perplex'd: When first I went to her, My heart held augury. You are abus'd;

Some villain has abus'd you! I do see Where to you tend: Fall rocks upon his head,

That put this to you: 'Tis some subtle train, To bring that noble frame of yours to nought.

*Phi.* Thou think'st I will be angry with thee. Come, [more]

Thou shalt know all my drift: I hate her Than I love happiness, and plac'd thee there,

To pry with narrow eyes into her deeds. Hast thou discover'd? Is she fall'n to lust,

As I would wish her? Speak some comfort to me. [sent:]

*Bel.* My lord, you did mistake the boy you Had she the lust of sparrows, or of goats; Had she a sin that way, hid from the world, Beyond the name of lust, I would not aid Her base desires; but what I came to know

As servant to her, I would not reveal, To make my life last ages.

*Phi.* Oh, my heart!

This is a salue worse than the main disease.

Tell me thy thoughts; for I will know the least

That dwells within thee, or will rip thy heart To know it: I will see thy thoughts as plain As I do now thy face.

*Bel.* Why, so you do.

She is (for ought I know) by all the gods, As chaste as ice: But were she foul as hell, And I did know it thus, the breath of kings, The points of swords, tortures, nor bulls of Should draw it from me. [brass,<sup>20</sup>]

*Phi.* Then it is no time

To dally with thee; I will take thy life, For I do hate thee: I could curse thee now.

*Bel.* If you do hate, you could not curse me worse:

The gods have not a punishment in store Greater for me, than is your hate.

*Phi.* Fie, fie, so young and so dissembling! Tell me when and where thou didst enjoy her, Or let plagues fall on me, if I destroy thee not.

*Bel.* Heav'n knows I never did; and when I lie

To save my life, may I live long and loath'd. Hew me asunder, and, whilst I can think, I'll love those pieces you have cut away, Better than those that grow; and kiss those Because you made 'em so. [limbs]

*Phi.* Fear'st thou not death? Can boys condemn that?

*Bel.* Oh, what boy is he Can be content to live to be a man, That sees the best of men thus passionate, Thus without reason?

*Phi.* Oh, but thou dost not know What 'tis to die.

*Bel.* Yes, I do know, my lord: 'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep, A quiet resting from all jealousy; A thing we all pursue. I know besides, It is but giving over of a game that must be lost.

*Phi.* But there are pains, false boy, [then For perjur'd souls: Think but on these, and Thy heart will melt, and thou wilt utter all.]

*Bel.* May they fall all upon me whilst I live, If I be perjur'd, or have ever thought Of that you charge me with. If I be false, Send me to suffer in those punishments You speak of; kill me.

*Phi.* Oh, what should I do? [swear] Why, who can but believe him? He does So earnestly, that if it were not true, The gods would not endure him. Rise, Bellario!

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou Dost look so truly, when thou utter'st them, That though I know 'em false, as were my hopes,

<sup>20</sup> Bulls of brass.] An explanation of this will be found in A King and No King.



I cannot urge thee farther. But thou wert  
To blame to injure me, for I must love  
Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon  
Thy tender youth: A love from me to thee  
Is firm, what'er thou dost. It troubles me  
That I have call'd the blood out of thy cheeks,  
That did so well become thee. But, good boy,  
Let me not see thee more: Something is done,  
That will distract me, that will make me mad,  
If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,  
Let me not see thee.

*Bel.* I will fly as far  
As there is morning, ere I give distaste  
To that most honour'd mind. But through  
these tears,

Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see  
A world of treason practis'd upon you,  
And her, and me. Farewell, for evermore!  
If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,  
And after find me loyal, let there be  
A tear shed from you in my memory,  
And I shall rest at peace. *[Exit.]*

*Phi.* Blessing be with thee,  
Whatever thou deserv'st! Oh, where shall I  
Go bathe this body? Nature, too unkind,  
That made no medicine for a troubled mind!  
*[Exit.]*

*Enter Arethusa.*

*Arc.* I marvel my boy comes not back again:  
But that I know my love will question him  
Over and over, how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;  
How I rememb'ed him when his dear name  
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd,  
wept, sung, *[his stay.]*  
And ten thousand such; I should be angry at

*Enter King.*

*King.* What, at your meditations? Who  
attends you? *[guard.]*

*Arc.* None but my single self. I need not  
I do no wrong, nor fear none.

*King.* Tell me, have you not a boy?

*Arc.* Yes, Sir.

*King.* What kind of boy?

*Arc.* A page, a waiting-boy.

*King.* A handsome boy?

*Arc.* I think he be not ugly:

Well qualified, and dutiful, I know him;  
I took him not for beauty.

*King.* He speaks, and sings, and plays?

*Arc.* Yes, Sir.

*King.* About eighteen?

*Arc.* I never ask'd his age.

*King.* Is he full of service?

*Arc.* By your pardon, why do you ask?

*King.* Put him away.

*Arc.* Sir!

*King.* Put him away, he's as done you that  
good service,

Shames me to speak of.

*Arc.* Good Sir, let me understand you.

*King.* If you fear me,  
Shew it in duty: Put away that boy.

*Arc.* Let me have reason for it, Sir, and then  
Your will is my command. *[off.]*

*King.* Do not you blush to ask it? Cast him  
Or I shall do the same to you. You're one  
Shame with me, and so near unto myself,  
That, by my life, I dare not tell myself,  
What you, myself, have done.

*Arc.* What have I done, my lord? *[learn:]*

*King.* 'Tis a new language, that all love to  
The common people speak it well already;  
They need un grammar. Understand me well;  
There be foul whispers stirring. Cast him off,  
And suddenly: Do it! Farewell. *[Exit King.]*

*Arc.* Where may a maiden live securely  
free, *[ing:]*

Keeping her honour safe? Not with the liv-  
They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,  
And make 'em truths; they draw a nourish-  
ment

Out of defanings, grow upon disgraces;  
And, when they see a virtue fortify'd  
Strongly above the batt'ry of their tongues,  
Oh, how they cast to sink it; and, defeated,  
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments  
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they  
sweet,

And the cold marble melt.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest  
mistress.

*Arc.* Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war  
within me.

*Phi.* He must be more than man, that  
makes these crystals

Run into rivers. Sweetest faif, the cause?  
And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,  
Your creature, made again from what I was,  
And newly-spirited, I'll right your honour.

*Arc.* Oh, my best love, that boy!

*Phi.* What boy?

*Arc.* The pretty boy you gave me—

*Phi.* What of him?

*Arc.* Must be no more mine.

*Phi.* Why?

*Arc.* They are jealous of him.

*Phi.* Jealous! who?

*Arc.* The king.

*Phi.* Oh, my fortune!

Then 'tis no idle jealousy. Let him go.

*Arc.* Oh, cruel! are you hard-hearted too?  
Who shall now tell you, how much I lov'd  
you? *[I send:]*

Who shall swear it to you, and weep the tears  
Who shall now bring you letters, rings, brace-  
lets?

I lose his health in service? Wake tedious nights  
In strains of your praise? Who shall sing  
Your crying elegies? And strike a sad soul  
Into senseless pictures, and make them mourn?  
Who shall take up his lute, and touch it, till  
He crown a silent sleep upon my eye-lid,  
Making me dream, and cry, 'Oh, my dear,  
dear Philaster!

*Phi.* Oh, my heart!  
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know

This lady was not loyal. Mistress, forget  
The boy: I'll get thee a far better.

*Are.* Oh, never, never such a boy again,  
as my Bellario?

*Phi.* 'Tis but your fond affection.

*Are.* With thee, my boy, farewell for ever  
All secrecy in servants! Farewell faith!

And all desire to do well for itself!  
Let all that shall succeed thee, for thy wrongs,  
Sell and betray chaste love!

*Phi.* And all this passion for a boy? [*me,*

*Are.* He was your boy, and you put him to  
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

*Phi.* Oh, thou forgetful woman!

*Are.* How, my lord?

*Phi.* False Arethusa!

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,  
When I have lost 'em? If not, leave to talk,  
And do thus.

*Are.* Do what, Sir? Would you sleep?

*Phi.* For ever, Arethusa. Oh, ye gods,  
Give me a worthy patience! Have I stood  
Naked, alone, the shock of many fortunes?  
Have I seen mischiefs numberless, and mighty,  
Grow like a sea upon me? Have I taken  
Danger as stern as death into my bosom,  
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a mirth,  
And flung it by? Do I live now like him,  
Under this tyrant king, that languishing  
Hears his sad bell, and sees his mourners? Do I  
Bear all this bravely, and must sink at length  
Under a woman's falsehood? Oh, that boy,  
That cursed boy! None but a villain boy  
To ease your lust?

*Are.* Nay, then I am betray'd:

I feel the plot east for my overthrow.

Oh, I am wretched! [*have*

*Phi.* Now you may take that little right I  
To this poor kingdom: Give it to your joy;  
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,  
Where never womankind durst set her foot,  
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,  
And live to curse you:

There dig a cave, and preach to birds and  
beasts, [*you:*

What woman is, and help to save them from  
How Heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts,  
More hell than hell has: How your tongues,  
like scorpions, [*woven*

Both heal and poison: How your thoughts are  
With thousand changes in one subtle web,  
And worn so by you: How that foolish man  
That reads the story of a woman's face,  
And dies believing it, is lost for ever:

How all the good you have is but a shadow,  
I th' morning with you, and at night behind  
you,

Past and forgotten! How your vows are frosts,  
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone:  
How you are, being taken all together,  
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,  
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,  
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.  
So farewell all my woe, all my delight!

[*Exit Phi.*

*Are.* Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me  
dead! [*breast*

What way have I deserv'd this? Make my  
Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,  
Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought  
My heart holds. Where shall a woman turn  
her eyes,

To find out constancy? Save me, how black

(*Enter Bellario.*)

And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now!<sup>11</sup>  
Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou  
spak'st,

Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies,  
And betray innocents! Thy lord and thou  
May glory in the ashes of a maid

Fool'd by her passion; but the conquest is  
Nothing so great as wicked. Fly away!

Let my command force thee to that, which  
shame

Would do without it. If thou understood'st  
The loathed office thou hast undergone, [hills,  
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of  
Lest men should dig and find thee.

*Bel.* Oh, what god,

Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease  
Into the noblest minds? Madam, this grief  
You add unto me is no more than drops

To seas, for which they are not seen to swell:  
My lord hath struck his anger through my  
And let out all the hope of future joys. [*heart,*

You need not bid me fly; I came to part,  
To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever!  
I durst not run away, in honesty,

From such a lady, like a boy that stole, [*gods*  
Or made some grievous fault. The pow'r of  
Assist you in your sufferings! Hasty time  
Reveal the truth to your abused lord

And mine, that he may know your worth;  
whilst I

Go seek out some forgotten place to die!

[*Exit Bel.*

*Are.* Peace guide thee! Thou hast over-  
thrown me once;

Yet, if I had another Troy to lose,  
Thou, or another villain, with thy looks,  
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,  
My hair dishevel'd, through the fiery streets.

*Enter a lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, the king would hunt, and  
With earnestness. [*calls for you*

<sup>11</sup> ————— Save me, how black

And guilty, methinks, that boy looks now!] Nothing betrays a corruption so evidently at  
the first glance, as a lameness in the metre. The epithet here must necessarily be turned into  
an adverb, and that supports the versification.

*Mr. Theobald.*

*Are.* I am in tune to hunt!  
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid  
As with a man, let me discover thee  
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,

That I may die pursu'd by cruel hounds,  
And have my story written in my wounds.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter King, Pharamond, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline, and attendants.*

*King.* WHAT, are the hounds before, and all the woodmen;

Our horses ready, and our bows bent?

*Dion.* All, Sir. [forgotten]

*King.* You're cloudy, Sir; Come, we have Your venial trespass; let not that sit heavy Upon your spirit; none dare utter it.

*Dion.* He looks like an old surfeited stallion after his leaping, dull as a dormouse. See how he sinks! The weuch has shot him between wind and water, and, I hope, sprung a leak.

*Thra.* He needs no teaching, he strikes sure enough; his greatest fault is, he hunts too much in the purlieus. 'Would, he would leave off poaching!

*Dion.* And for his horn, he's left it at the lodge where he lay late. Oh, he's a precious lime-hound! Turn him loose upon the pursuit of a lady, and if he lose her, hang him up i'th' slip. When my fox-bitch Beauty grows proud, I'll borrow him.

*King.* Is your boy turn'd away? [you.]

*Are.* You did command, Sir, and I obey'd

*King.* 'Tis well done. Hark ye further.

*Cle.* Is't possible this fellow should repent? methinks, that were not noble in him; and yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in's mouth.<sup>22</sup> If a worse man had done this fault now, some physical justice or other would presently (without the help of an almanack) have opened the obstructions of his liver, and let him blood with a dog-whip.

*Dion.* See, see, how modestly yon lady looks, as if she came from churching with her

neighbour. Why, what a devil can a man see in her face, but that she's honest?

*Thra.* Troth, no great matter to speak of;<sup>23</sup> a foolish twinkling with the eye, that spoils her coat; but he must be a cunning herald that finds it.

*Dion.* See how they muster one another! Oh, there's a rank regiment where the devil carries the colours, and his dam drum-major! Now the world and the flesh come behind with the carriage.

*Cle.* Sure, this lady has a good turn done her against her will: Before, she was common talk; now, none dare say, cantharides can stir her. Her face looks like a warrant, willing and commanding all tongues, as they will answer it, to be tied up and bolted when this lady means to let herself loose. As I live, she has got her a goodly protection, and a gracious; and may use her body discretely, for her health's sake, once a week, excepting Lent and Dog-days. Oh, if they were to be got for money, what a great sum would come out of the city for these licenses!

*King.* To horse, to horse! we lose the morning, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two Woodmen.*

1 *Wood.* What, have you lodg'd the deer?

2 *Wood.* Yes, they are ready for the bow.

1 *Wood.* Who shoots?

2 *Wood.* The princess.

1 *Wood.* No, she'll hunt.

2 *Wood.* She'll take a stand, I say.

1 *Wood.* Who else?

2 *Wood.* Why, the young stranger prince.

1 *Wood.* He shall shoot in a stone bow for me. I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings:<sup>24</sup>

<sup>22</sup> And yet he looks like a mortified member, as if he had a sick man's salve in his mouth.] We must, surely, read *slaver*. Every body must, I think, assent to this; and therefore it needs no note in confirmation. *Mr. Seward.*

We beg our readers forgiveness for presenting them with this specimen of Mr. Seward's delicate ideas; but it is a justice he could not be denied; as we are determined to rob him of no part of the honour due to his ingenuity. A small portion, however, of that attention to the old copies, which is so largely boasted of by the editors of 1750, would have spared him this conjectural labour, and induced him to restore *salve* to the text.

<sup>23</sup> *Pha.* Troth, no great matter to speak of, &c. How comes Pharamond to interpose in this argument, and reply to what Dion, Cleremont, and those whom he knew to be of Philaster's party, are talking of, and that *under the rose*, as we say? The speech must certainly be placed to Thrasiline. *Pha.* and *Thra.* (The abbreviation of the characters speaking) might easily be mistaken at press. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>24</sup> I never lov'd his beyond-sea-ship, since he forsook the say, for paying ten shillings:] When a deer is hunted down, and to be cut up, it is a ceremony for the keeper to offer his knife to a man of the first distinction in the field, that he may rip up the belly, and take an assay of the

He was there at the fall of a deer, and would needs (out of his mightiness) give ten groats for the dowcets; marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to tuff his hat withal.<sup>24</sup> I think he should love venery; he is an old Sir Tristram; for, if you be remember'd, he forsook the stag once, to strike a rascal mitching in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye.<sup>25</sup> Who shoots else?

2 Wood. The lady Galatea.

1 Wood. That's a good wench, an she would not chide us for tumbling of her women in the brakes. She's liberal, and, hy my bow, they say, she's honest; and whether that be a fault, I have nothing to do. There's all?

2 Wood. No, one more; Megra.

1 Wood. That's a firker, i' faith, boy; there's a wench will ride her haunches as hard after a kennel of hounds, as a hunting saddle; and when she comes home, get 'em clapt, and all is well again. I have known her lose herself three times in one afternoon (if the woods have been answerable) and it has been work enough for one man to find her; and he has sweat for it. She rides well, and she pays well. Hark! let's go. [Exeunt.]

Enter Philaster.

Phi. Oh, that I had been<sup>26</sup> nourish'd in these woods,  
With milk of goats, and acorns, and not known  
The right of crowns, nor the dissembling  
trains  
Of womens' looks; but digg'd myself a cave,  
Where I, my fire, my cattle, and my bed,  
Might have been shut together in one shed;  
And then had taken me some mountain girl,  
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rocks  
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd  
my bed [beasts,  
With leaves, and reeds, and with the skins of

Our neighbours; and have borne at her big  
breasts  
My large coarse issue. This had been a life  
Free from vexation.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. Oh, wicked men!  
An innocent may walk safe among beasts;  
Nothing assaults me here. See, my griev'd lord  
Sits as his soul were searching out a way  
To leave his body. Pardon me, that must  
Break thy last commandment; for I must  
speak.

You, that are griev'd, can pity: Hear, my lord!  
Phi. Is there a creature yet so miserable,  
That I can pity?

Bel. Oh, my noble lord!  
View my strange fortune; and bestow on me,  
According to your bounty (if my service  
Can merit nothing) so much as may serve  
To keep that little piece I hold of life  
From cold and hunger.

Phi. Is it thou? Begone! [wear'st,  
Go, sell those misbecoming clothes thou  
And feed thyself with them. [them;

Bel. Alas! my lord, I can get nothing for  
The silly country people think 'tis treason  
To touch such gay things.

Phi. Now, by my life, this is  
Unkindly done, to vex me with thy sight.  
Thou'rt fall'n again to thy dissembling trade:  
How should'st thou think to cozen me again?  
Remains there yet a plague untry'd for me?  
Ev'n so thou wept'st, and look'd'st, and spok'st,  
when first

I took thee up: Curse on the time! If thy  
Commanding tears can work on any other,  
Use thy art; I'll not betray it. Which way  
Wilt thou take, that I may shun thee?  
For thine eyes are poison to mine; and I [way?  
Am loth to grow in rage. This way, or that

the plight and fatness of the game. But this, as the Woodman says, Pharamond declined, to save the customary fee of ten shillings.

Mr. Theobald.

<sup>24</sup> *Marry, the steward would have the velvet-head into the bargain, to turf his hat withal:]* What consonancy is there betwixt velvet and turf? The original word must certainly have been, *tuff*; which corresponds with the soft pile of the velvet. *Velouté*, tufted, as the French dictionaries explain it to us.

Mr. Theobald.

<sup>25</sup> *He forsook the stage once to strike a rascal milking in a meadow, and her he kill'd in the eye.]* A rascal is a lean deer, or doe; but what sense is there in a deer milking in a meadow? I hope I have retriev'd the true reading, *mitching*, i. e. creeping, solitary, and withdrawn from the herd. To kill her in the eye, is a sarcasm on Pharamond as a bad shooter; for all good ones level at the heart.

Mr. Theobald.

<sup>26</sup> *Oh, that I had been nourish'd, &c.]* Mr. Lee, in his Theodosius, has given Varanes a speech so very similar to this, that we must look on it as a mere copy. Lee, however, in some parts has been more refined in his expression.

- ‘ Oh, that I had been born some happy swain,
- ‘ And never known a life so great, so vain!
- ‘ Where I extremes might not be forc'd to choose,
- ‘ And, bless'd with some mean wife, no crown could lose;
- ‘ Where the dear partner of my little state,
- ‘ With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
- ‘ Blessing my labours, night my coming wait:
- ‘ Where in our humble beds all safe might lie,
- ‘ And not in cursed courts for glory die.

*Bel.* Any will serve. But I will chuse to have  
That path in chase that leads unto my grave.  
[*Exeunt Phi. and Bel. severally.*]

*Enter Dion and the Woodmen.*

*Dion.* This is the strangest sudden chance!  
You, Woodmen!

*1 Wood.* My lord Dion!

*Dion.* Saw you a lady come this way, on a  
sable horse studded with stars of white?

*2 Wood.* Was she not young and tall?

*Dion.* Yes. Rode she to the wood or to  
the plain?

*2 Wood.* Faith, my lord, we saw none.

[*Exeunt Wood.*]

*Enter Cleremont.*

*Dion.* Pox of your questions then! What,  
is she found?

*Cle.* Nor will be, I think.

*Dion.* Let him seek his daughter himself.  
She cannot stray about a little necessary na-  
tural business, but the whole court must be  
in arms: When she has done, we shall have  
peace.

*Cle.* There's already a thousand fatherless  
tales amongst us: Some say, her horse run  
away with her; some, a wolf pursued her;  
others, it was a plot to kill her, and that armed  
men were seen in the wood: But, question-  
less, she rode away willingly.

*Enter King and Thrasiline.*

*King.* Where is she?

*Cle.* Sir, I cannot tell.

*King.* How is that? Answer me so again!

*Cle.* Sir, shall I lie? [me that.]

*King.* Yes, lie and damn, rather than tell  
I say again, where is she? Mutter not!

*Sir,* speak you; where is she?

*Dion.* Sir, I do not know. [Heav'n,

*King.* Speak that again so boldly, and, by  
it is thy last. You, fellows, answer me;

Where is she? Mark me, all, I am your king;

I wish to see my daughter; shew her me;

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

To shew her me! What, am I not your king?

If 'ay,' then am I not to be obey'd?

*Dion.* Yes, if you command things possible  
and honest. [me, thou,

*King.* Things possible and honest! Hear  
Thou traitor! that dar'st confine thy king to  
things

Possible and honest; shew her me,

Or, let me perish, if I cover not

All Sicily with blood!

*Dion.* Indeed I cannot, unless you tell me  
where she is. [lose

*King.* You have betray'd me; y'have let me  
The jewel of my life: Go, bring her me,

And set her here, before me: 'Tis the king  
Will have it so; whose breath can still the

winds, [sea,  
Uncloud the sun, charm down the swelling

Vol. I.

And stop the floods of Heav'n. Speak, can  
it not?

*Dion.* No. [this?

*King.* No! cannot the breath of kings do

*Dion.* No; nor smell sweet itself, if once  
Be but corrupted. [the lungs

*King.* Is it so? Take heed! [pow'r

*Dion.* Sir, take you heed, how you dare the  
That must be just.

*King.* Alas! what are we kings?

Why do you, gods, place us above the rest,

To be serv'd, flatter'd and ador'd, till we

Believe we hold within our hands your thunder;

Aod, when we come to try the pow'r we have,

There's not a leaf shakes at our threa'nings.

I have sinn'd, 'tis true, and here stand to be

punish'd;

Yet would not thus be punish'd. Let me chuse

My way, and lay it on.

*Dion.* He articles with the gods: 'Would  
somebody would draw bonds, for the perform-  
ance of covenants betwixt them!

*Enter Pharamond, Galatea, and Megra.*

*King.* What, is she found?

*Pha.* No; we have ta'en her horse:

He gallop'd empty by. There's some treason.

You, Galatea, rode with her into the wood:

Why left you her?

*Gal.* She did command me.

*King.* Command! You should not. [birth,

*Gal.* 'Twould ill become my fortunes and my

To disobey the daughter of my king.

*King.* You're all cunning to obey us, for  
our hurt;

But I will have her.

*Pha.* If I have her not,

By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

*Dion.* What, will he carry it to Spain in's  
pocket? [the king,

*Pha.* I will not leave one man alive, but  
A cook, and a tailor.

*Dion.* Yet you may do well

To spare your lady-bedfellow; and her

You may keep for a spawner.

*King.* I see the injuries I have done must  
be reveng'd. [out.

*Dion.* Sir, this is not the way to find her

*King.* Run all; disperse yourselves! The  
man that finds her,

Or, (if she be kill'd) the traitor, I'll make  
him great.

*Dion.* I know some would give five thou-  
sand pounds to find her.

*Pha.* Come, let us seek. [self.

*King.* Each man a several way; here I my-

*Dion.* Come, gentlemen, we here.

*Cle.* Lady, you must go search too.

*Meg.* I had rather be search'd myself.  
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Arethusa.*

*Are.* Where am I now? Feet, find me out  
a way,

Without the counsel of my troubled head:  
I

I'll follow you, boldly, about these woods,  
O'er mountains, thorough brambles, pits, and  
floods.

Heaven, I hope, will ease me. I am sick.

*Enter Bellario.*

*Bel.* Yonder's my lady: Heav'n knows I  
want nothing,  
Because I do not wish to live; yet I  
Will try her charity. Oh, hear, you that  
have plenty!

From that flowing store, drop some on dry  
ground. See,

The lively red is gone to guard her heart!  
I fear she faints. Madam, look up! She  
breathes not.

Open once more those rosy twins, and send  
Unto my lord your latest farewell. Oh, she  
stirs:

How is it, madam? Speak comfort.

*Are.* 'Tis not gently done,  
To put me in a miserable life,  
And hold me there: I prithee, let me go;  
I shall do best without thee; I am well.

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* I am to blame to be so much in rage:  
I'll tell her coolly, when and where I heard  
This killing truth. I will be temperate  
In speaking, and as just in hearing.  
Oh, monstrous! Tempt me not, ye gods!  
good gods,

Tempt not a frail man! What's he, that has  
But he must ease it here?

*Bel.* My lord, help the princess.

*Are.* I am well: Forbear.

*Phi.* Let me love light'ning, let me be cur-  
And kiss'd by scorpions, or adore the eyes  
Of basilisks, rather than trust the tongues  
Of hell-bred women! Some good gods look  
down,

And shrink these veins up; stick me here a  
Lasting in ages, in the memory [ones]  
Of this damn'd act! Hear me, you wicked  
You have put hills of fire into this breast,  
Not to be quench'd with tears; fur which  
may guilt

Sit on your bosoms! at your meals, and beds,  
Despair await you! What, before my face?  
Poison of asps between your lips! Diseases  
Be your best issues! Nature make a curse,  
And throw it on you!

*Are.* Dear Philaster, leave  
To be enrag'd, and hear me.

*Phi.* I have done;  
Forgive my passion. Not the calmed sea,  
When Æolus locks up his windy brood,  
Is less disturb'd than I: I'll make you know it.  
Dear Arethusa, do but take this sword,

And search how temperate a heart I have;  
Then you, and this your boy, may live and  
reign [larion?

In lust without controul. Wilt thou, Bel-  
I prithee, kill me: Thou art poor, and may'st  
Nourish ambitious thoughts, when I am dead:  
This way were freer. Am I raging now?

If I were mad, I should desire to live.  
Sirs, feel my pulse: Whether have you known  
A man in a more equal tune to die?

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, your pulse keeps mad-  
man's time,

So does your tongue.

*Phi.* You will not kill me, then?

*Are.* Kill you?

*Bel.* Not for a world.

*Phi.* I blame not thee,  
Bellario: Thou hast done but that, which gods  
Would have transform'd themselves to do.

Be gone;

Leave me without reply; this is the last  
Of all our meeting. Kill me with this sword;  
Be wise, or worse will follow: We are two  
Earth cannot bear at once. Resolve to do, or  
suffer.

*Are.* If my fortune be so good to let me fall  
Upon thy hand, I shall have peace in death.

Yet tell me this, will there be no slanders,  
No jealousy, in the other world; no ill there?

*Phi.* No.

*Are.* Shew me, then, the way.

*Phi.* Then guide

My feeble hand, you that have pow'r to do it,  
For I must perform a piece of justice. If your  
youth

Have any way offended Heav'n, let pray'st  
Short and effectual reconcile you to it.

*Are.* I am prepar'd.

*Enter a country fellow.*

*Coun.* I'll see the king, if he be in the  
forest; I have hunted him these two hours;  
if I should come home and not see him, my  
sisters would laugh at me. I can see nothing  
but people better hors'd than myself, that out-  
ride me; I can hear nothing but shouting.  
These kings had need of good brains; this  
whooping is able to put a mean man out of  
his wits. There's a courtier with his sword  
drawn; by this hand, upon a woman, I think.

*Phi.* Are you at peace?

*Are.* With Heav'n and earth.

*Phi.* May they divide thy soul and body!

*Coun.* Hold, dastard, strike a woman!  
Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee: Thou  
would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies  
at wasters<sup>22</sup> with a good fellow for a broken  
head.

*Phi.* Leave us, good friend.

<sup>22</sup> *Thou would'st be loth to play half a dozen of venies at wasters.* i. e. cudgels. Minshew, in his Dictionary of Eleven Languages, has given us a most ridiculous reason for the etymology of this word: That cudgels were called *wasters*, because, in frequently clashing against each other, they splintered and *wasted*. I'll venture to advance a more probable conjecture. We find in our old law-books, that the statute of Westminster (3<sup>d</sup> Edwardi tertii, chap. 14)

*Are.* What ill-bred man art thou, to intrude thyself

Upon our private sports, our recreations?

*Coun.* God uds, I understand you not; but, I know, the rogue has hurt you.

*Phi.* Pursue thy own affairs: It will be ill To multiply blood upon my head; Which thou wilt force me to.

*Coun.* I know not your rhetoric; but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

[*They fight.*]

*Phi.* Slave, take what thou deserv'st.

*Are.* Heav'n's guard my lord!

*Coun.* Oh, do you breathe?

*Phi.* I hear the tread of people. I am hurt: The gods take part against me: Could this

boor Have held me thus else? I must shift for life, Though I do loathe it. I would find a course To lose it rather by my will, than force.

[*Exit Phi.*]

*Coun.* I cannot follow the rogue. I prize thee, wench, come and kiss me now.

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, Thra-siline, and Woodmen.*

*Phi.* What art thou?

*Coun.* Almost kill'd I am for a foolish woman; a knave has hurt her.

*Phi.* The princess, gentlemen! Where's the wound, madam?

Is it dangerous?

*Are.* He has not hurt me.

*Coun.* I'faith, she lies; 'h'as hurt her in the breast; look else.

*Phi.* Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

*Dion.* 'Tis above wonder! Who should dare this?

*Are.* I felt it not. [cess?]

*Phi.* Speak, villain, who has hurt the prin-

*Coun.* Is it the princess?

*Dion.* Ay.

*Coun.* Then I have seen something yet.

*Phi.* But who has hurt her?

*Coun.* I told you, a rogue; I ne'er saw him before, I.

*Phi.* Madam, who did it?

*Are.* Some dishonest wretch;

Alas! I know him not, and do forgive him.

*Coun.* He's hurt too; he cannot go far; I made my father's old fox fly about his ears.

*Phi.* How will you have me kill him?

*Are.* Not at all;

'Tis some distracted fellow.

*Phi.* By this hand, [mut, I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a And bring him all in my hat.

*Are.* Nay, good Sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,

And I will study for a punishment, Great as his fault.

*Phi.* I will.

*Are.* But swear.

*Phi.* By all my love, I will. Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king, and bear that wounded fellow to dressing. Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close.

[*Exeunt. Are. Phi. Dion, Cle. Thra. and 1 Woodman.*]

*Coun.* I pray you, friend, let me see the king.

*2 Wood.* That you shall, and receive thanks.

*Coun.* If I get clear with this, I'll go to see no more gay sights. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bellario.*

*Bel.* A heaviness near death sits on my brow,

And I must sleep. Bear me, thou gentle bank, For ever, if thou wilt. You sweet ones all, Let me unworthy press you: I could wish, I rather were a cone strew'd o'er with you, Than quick above you. Dulness shuts mine eyes,

And I am giddy. Oh, that I could take So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

*Enter Philaster.*

*Phi.* I have done ill; my conscience calls me false,

To strike at her that would not strike at me. When I did fight, methought I heard her pray The gods to guard me. She may be abus'd, And I a loathed villain: If she be, She will conceal who hurt her. He has wounds, And cannot follow; neither knows he me. Who's this? Bellario sleeping? If thou be'st Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep Should be so sound; and mine, whom thou hast wrong'd,

So broken. Hark! I am pursued. Ye gods, I'll take this offer'd means of my escape:

They have no mark to know me, but my wounds,

If she be true; if false, let mischief light On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds

Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think, Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee.

[*Wounds him.*]

*Bel.* Oh! Death, I hope is come: Blest be that hand!

It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake!

*Phi.* I have caught myself: [*Phi. falls.*]  
The loss of blood hath stay'd my flight.

Here, here,

Is he that struck thee: Take thy full revenge; Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death: I'll teach thee to revenge. This luckless hand

was made against night-walkers, and suspected persons called roberdesmen, *weastours*, and draw-kiches. These *weastours*, or plunderers, derived their name from the Latin term, *vastatores*; and thence the mischievous weapons, or bludgeons, with which they went armed, were called *weasters*; i. e. destroyers. *Mr. Theobald.*

Wounded the princess; tell my followers,  
Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,  
And I will second thee: Get a reward.

*Bel.* Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself.

*Phi.* How's this?

'Wouldst thou I should be safe?

*Bel.* Else were it vain

For me to live. These little wounds I have  
Have not bled much; reach me that noble  
I'll help to cover you. [hand;

*Phi.* Art thou true to me?

*Bel.* Or let me perish loath'd! Come, my  
good lord,

Creep in among those bushes: Who does know,  
But that the gods may save your much-lov'd  
breath? [this,

*Phi.* Then I shall die for grief, if not for  
That I have wounded thee. What wilt thou  
do? [em come.

*Bel.* Shift for myself well. Peace! I hear

*Within.* Follow, follow, follow! that way  
they went. [own sword.

*Bel.* With my own wounds I'll bloody my  
I need not counterfeit to fall; Hear'n knows  
That I can stand no longer.

*Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, and  
Thrasiline.*

*Phi.* To this place we have track'd him by  
his blood.

*Cle.* Yonder, my lord, creeps one away.

*Dion.* Stay, Sir! what are you? [woods

*Bel.* A wretched creature, wounded in these  
By beasts: Relieve me, if your names be men,  
Or I shall perish.

*Dion.* This is he, my lord,  
Upon my soul, that hurt her: 'Tis the boy,  
That wicked boy, that serv'd her.

*Phi.* Oh, thou damn'd in thy creation!  
What cause could'st thou shape to hurt the  
princess?

*Bel.* Then I am betray'd.

*Dion.* Betray'd! no, apprehended.

*Bel.* I confess,

Urge it no more, that, big with evil thoughts,  
I set upon her, and did take my aim,  
Her death. For charity, let fall at once  
The punishment you mean, and do not load  
This weary flesh with tortures.

*Phi.* I will know

Who hir'd thee to this deed.

*Bel.* Mine own revenge.

*Phi.* Revenge! for what?

*Bel.* It pleas'd her to receive

Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,  
That men strid o'er them careless, she did  
shower

Her welcome graces on me, and did swell  
My fortunes, 'till they overflow'd their banks,  
Threat'ning the men that crost 'em; when,  
as swift

As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes  
To burning suns upon me, and did dry  
The streams she had bestow'd; leaving me  
worse,

And more contemn'd, than other little brooks,  
Because I had been great. In short, I knew  
I could not live, and therefore did desire  
To die reveng'd.

*Phi.* If tortures can be found,  
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel  
The utmost rigour.

[*Philaster creeps out of a bush.*

*Cle.* Help to lend him hence.

*Phi.* Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!  
Know ye the price of that you bear away  
So rudely?

*Phi.* Who's that?

*Dion.* 'Tis the lord Philaster.

*Phi.* 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one,  
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl  
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh  
down

That virtue! It was I that hurt the princess.  
Place me, some god, upon a Piramis,  
Higher than hill of earth, and lend a voice  
Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence  
I may discourse to all the under-world  
The worth that dwells in him!

*Phi.* How's this?

*Bel.* My lord, some man  
Weary of life, that would be glad to die.

*Phi.* Leave these untimely courtesies, Bel-  
lario. [me on?

*Bel.* Alas, he's mad! Come, will you lead

*Phi.* By all the oaths that men ought most  
to keep,

And gods to punish most when men do break,  
He touch'd her not. Take heed, Bellario,  
How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast  
shown,

With perjury. By all that's good, 'twas I!  
You know, she stood betwixt me and my right.

*Phi.* Thy own tongue be thy judge.

*Cle.* It was Philaster.

*Dion.* Is't not a brave boy?

Well, Sirs, I fear me, we were all deceiv'd.

*Phi.* Have I no friend here?

*Dion.* Yes.

*Phi.* Then shew it:

Some good body lend a hand to draw us nearer.  
Would you have tears shed for you when you  
die?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there  
I may weep floods, and breathe out my spirit.  
'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold  
Lock'd in the heart of earth, can buy away  
This arm-ful from me: This had been a ran-  
som

To have redeem'd the great Augustus Caesar,  
Had he been taken. You hard-hearted men,  
More stony than these mountains, can you see  
Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your  
flesh

To stop his life? To bind whose bitter wounds,  
Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their  
tears

Bathe 'em. Forgive me, thou that art the  
wealth

Of poor Philaster.



*Enter King, Arethusa, and a guard.*

*King.* Is the villain ta'en?

*Pha.* Sir, here be two confess the deed; but, say it was Philaster?

*Phi.* Question it no more; it was.

*King.* The fellow that did fight with him, will tell us that.

*Are.* Ah me! I know he will.

*King.* Did not you know him?

*Are.* Sir, if it was he, he was disguised.

*Phi.* I was so. Oh, my stars! that I should live still.

*King.* Thou ambitious fool!

Thou, that hast laid a train for thy own life!

Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk.

Bear him to prison.

*Are.* Sir, they did plot together to take hence This harmless life; should it pass unreveng'd, I should to earth go weeping: Grant me, then, (By all the love a father bears his child) Their custodies, and that I may appoint Their tortures, and their death.

*Dion.* Death? Soft! our law

Will not reach that, for this fault. [*a guard.*]

*King.* 'Tis granted; take 'em to you, with Come, princely Pharamond, this business past, We may with more security go on To your intended match.

*Cle.* I pray, that this action lose not Philaster the hearts of the people.

*Dion.* Fear it not; their over-wise heads will think it but a trick. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

*Enter Dion, Clerement, and Thrasiline.*

*Thra.* **H**AS the king sent for him to death? *Dion.* Yes; but the king must know, 'tis not in his power to war with Heav'n.

*Cle.* We linger time; the king sent for Philaster and the headsman an hour ago.

*Thra.* Are all his wounds well?

*Dion.* All; they were but scratches; but the loss of blood made him faint.

*Cle.* We dally, gentlemen.

*Thra.* Away!

*Dion.* We'll scuffle hard, before he perish. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario.*

*Are.* Nay, dear Philaster, grieve not; we are well.

*Bel.* Nay, good my lord, forbear; we are wondrous well.

*Phi.* Oh, Arethusa! oh, Bellario! leave to be kind; [*earth,*]

I shall be shot from Heav'n, as now from If you continue so. I am a man, False to a pair of the most trusty ones

That ever earth bore: Can it bear us all?

Forgive, and leave me! But the king hath sent

To call me to my death: Oh, shew it me,

And then forget me! And for thee, my boy,

I shall deliver words will mollify

The hearts of beasts, to spare thy innocence.

*Bel.* Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing Worthy your noble thoughts: 'Tis not a life; 'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

Should I out-live you, I should then out-live Virtue and honour; and, when that day comes, If ever I should close these eyes but once,

May I live spotted for my perjury, And waste my limbs to nothing! [*was,*]

*Are.* And I (the woful'st maid that ever Fore'd with my hands to bring my lord to death)

Do, by the honour of a virgin, swear,

To tell no hours beyond it.

*Phi.* Make me not hated so.

*Are.* Come from this prison, all joyful to our deaths. [*ye true*]

*Phi.* People will tear me, when they find To such a wretch as I; I shall die loath'd.

Enjoy your kingdoms peaceably, whilst I

For ever sleep, forgotten with my fault!

Ev'ry just servant, ev'ry maid in love,

Will have a piece of me, if ye be true.

*Are.* My dear lord, say not so.

*Bel.* A piece of you?

He was not born of woman that can cut It and look on.

*Phi.* Take me in tears betwixt you,<sup>22</sup>

For else my heart will break with shame and

*Are.* Why, 'tis well. [*sorrow.*]

*Bel.* Lament no more.

*Phi.* What would you have done

If you had wrong'd me basely, and had found

<sup>22</sup> *Phi.* Take me in tears betwixt you,

For my heart will break with shame and sorrow.

*Are.* Why, 'tis well.] The reader will see, that the second line is no verse; and how absurd is it for the tender Arethusa to answer, that it is well that his heart will break. Beside, a flood of tears eases the heart over-charged with grief, and hinders it from breaking. By restoring the particle *else*, we shall recover both measure and sense. The tears are to prevent the bursting of his heart; and this is what Arethusa says is well. *Mr. Seward.*

My life no price, compar'd to yours? For  
Deal with me truly. [love, Sirs,

*Bel.* 'Twas mistaken, Sir.

*Phi.* Why, if it were?

*Bel.* Then, Sir, we would have ask'd you  
pardon.

*Phi.* And have hope to enjoy it?

*Are.* Enjoy it? ay.

*Phi.* Would you, indeed? Be plain.

*Bel.* We would, my lord.

*Phi.* Forgive me, then.

*Are.* So, so.

*Bel.* 'Tis as it should be now.

*Phi.* Lead to my death. [Exeunt.

*Enter King, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline.*

*King.* Gentlemen, who saw the prince?

*Cle.* So please you, Sir, he's gone to see  
the city,

And the new platform, with some gentlemen  
Attending on him.

*King.* Is the priocess ready

To bring her prisoner out?

*Thra.* She waits your grace.

*King.* Tell her we stay.

*Dion.* King, you may be deceiv'd yet:

The head, you aim at, cost more setting on  
Than to be lost so lightly. If it must off,

Like a wild overthrow, that swoops before him  
A golden stack, and with it shakes down  
bridges, [roots

Cracks the strong hearts of pines, whose cable  
Held out a thousand storms, a thousand thun-  
ders,

And, so made mightier, takes whole villages  
Upon his back, and in that heat of pride,  
Charges strong towns, tow'rs, castles, palaces,  
And lays them desolate; so shall thy head,  
Thy noble head, bury the lives of thousands,  
That must bleed with thee like a sacrifice,  
In thy red ruins.

*Enter Philaster, Arethusa, and Bellario in a  
robe and garland.*

*King.* How now! what masque is this?

*Bel.* Right royal Sir, I should

Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers,  
But, having lost my best airs with my fortunes,

And wanting a celestial harp to strike  
This blessed union on, thus in glad story

I give you all. These two fair cedar-branches,  
The noblest of the mountain, where they grew

Straitest and tallest, under whose still shades  
The worthier beasts have made their layers,  
and slept [stroke,

Free from the Sirian star, and the fell thunder-  
Free from the clouds, when they were big

with humour,

And deliver'd, in thousand spouts, their issues  
to the earth:

Oh, there was none but silent quiet there!

'Till never pleased Fortune shot up shrubs,  
Base under-brambles, to divorce these branches;

And for a while they did so; and did reign  
Over the mountain, and choak up his beauty

With brakes, rude thorns and thistles, till the  
sun [them there:

Scorch'd them ev'n to the roots, and dry'd  
And now a gentle gale hath blown again,

That made these branches meet, and twine  
together,

Never to be divided. The god, that sings  
His holy numbers over marriage-beds, [stand

Hath knit their noble hearts, and here they  
Your children, mighty king; and I have done.

*King.* How, how!

*Are.* Sir, if you love it to plain truth, [man,  
(For there's no masquing<sup>29</sup> in't) this gentle-

The prisoner that you gave me, is become  
My keeper, and through all the bitter throes

Your jealousies and his ill fate have wrought  
him,

Thus nobly hath he struggled, and at length  
Arriv'd here my dear husband.

*King.* Your dear husband! Call in  
The captain of the citadel; there you shall keep

Your wedding. I'll provide a masque shall  
make [cost,

Your Hymen turn his saffron into a sullen  
And sing sad requiems to your departing souls:

Blood shall put out your torches; and, instead  
Of gaudy flow'rs about your wanton necks,

An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor,  
Ready to crop your loves' sweets. Hear, ye

From this time do I shake all tide off [gods!  
Of father to this woman, this base woman;

And what there is of vengeance, in a lion  
Cast among dogs, or robb'd of his dear young,

The same, enforc'd more terrible, more mighty,  
Expect from me! [swear by,

*Are.* Sir, by that little life I have left to  
There's nothing that can stir me from myself.

What I have done, I've done without repent-  
ance;

For death can be no bugbear unto me,  
So long as Pharamond is not my headsmen.

*Dion.* Sweet peace upon thy soul, thou  
worthy maid, [cuse thee,

Whene'er thou diest! For this time I'll ex-  
Or be thy prologue.

*Phi.* Sir, let me speak next;

And let my dying words be better with you  
Than my dull living actions. If you aim

At the dear life of this sweet innocent,  
You are a tyrant and a savage monster;

Your memory shall be as foul behind you,

<sup>29</sup> For now there is no masquing in't.] Here Mr. Theobald, whose passion for interpolating mischievous monosyllables exceeds not only example but credibility, puzzles us with the word now. Arethusa does not mean to say there had been any masquing, which now implies, but in reply to the king's question at the beginning of the scene, *What masque is this?*—Sir, if Bellario is too florid, understand, in plain truth (for there is no masquing in it), that my prisoner is become my keeper.

As you are, living; all your better deeds<sup>30</sup>  
 Shall be in water writ, but this in marble;  
 No chronicle shall speak you, though your  
 own,

But for the shame of men. No monument  
 (Though high and big as Pelion)<sup>31</sup> shall be  
 To cover this base murder: Make it rich [able  
 With brass, with purest gold, and shining  
 jasper,

Like the Pyramids; lay on epitaphs,  
 Such as make great men gods; my little marble  
 (That only clothes my ashes, not my faults)  
 Shall far out-shine it. And, for after issues,  
 Think not so madly of the heav'nly wisdoms,  
 That they will give you more for your mad  
 rage

To cut off, 'less it be some snake, or something  
 Like yourself, that in his birth shall strangle  
 you.

Remember my father king! There was a fault,  
 But I forgive it. Let that sin persuade you  
 To love this lady: If you have a soul,  
 Think, save her, and be saved. For myself,  
 I have so long expected this glad hour,  
 So languish'd under you, and daily wither'd,  
 That, Heaven knows, it is my joy to die:  
 I find a recreation in't.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where's the king?

*King.* Here.

*Mes.* Get you to your strength  
 And rescue the prince Pharamond from danger:  
 He's taken prisoner by the citizens,  
 Fearing the lord Philaster.

*Dion.* Oh, brave followers!  
 Mutiny, my fine dear countrymen, mutiny!

Now, my brave valiant foremen, shew your  
 In honour of your mistresses. [weapons

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mes.* Arm, arm, arm!

*King.* A thousand devils take 'em!

*Dion.* A thousand blessings on 'em!

*Mes.* Arm, oh, king! The city is in mutiny,  
 Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on  
 In rescue of the lord Philaster.

[*Exit with Arc. Phi. Bel.*

*King.* Away to th' citadel: I'll see them  
 safe, [guard

And then cope with these burghers. Let the  
 And all the gentlemen give strong attendance, [Exit.

*Mutant Dion, Cleremont, Thrasiline.*

*Cle.* The city up! this was above our wishes.

*Dion.* Ay, and the marriage too. By my  
 life,

This noble lady has deceiv'd us all.

A plague upon myself, a thousand plagues,  
 For having such unworthy thoughts of her  
 dear honour!

Oh, I could beat myself! or, do you beat me,  
 And I'll beat you; for we had all one thought.

*Cle.* No, no, 'twill but lose time.

*Dion.* You say true. Are your swords  
 sharp? Well, my dear countrymen, What ye-  
 lack,<sup>32</sup> if you continue, and fall not back upon  
 the first broken shin, I'll have you chronicled  
 and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and  
 sung in all-to-be-praised sonnets, and grav'd  
 in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall  
 trouble you in *sæcula sæculorum*, my kind can-  
 carriers.<sup>33</sup>

*Thra.* What if a toy take 'em i' th' heels

<sup>30</sup> ——— all your better deeds

Shall be in water writ, but this in marble:] This sentiment seems to have been shadow'd  
 out from Shakespeare in his King Henry the Eighth.

*Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues  
 We write in water.*

Though perhaps, our several poets might have had Catullus for their original.

*In vento & rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>31</sup> Though high and big as Pelion), &c.] Some of the old quarto's ridiculously have it *Pe-  
 lican*; (as, I remember, some of the old editions of Shakespeare read *Politician* instead of  
*Pelican*.) The true reading, undoubtedly, is *Pelion*, a mountain very amply celebrated by the  
 classics; and mentioned by our own choicest classic in his Hamlet.

*Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
 T' o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head  
 Of blue Olympus.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>32</sup> Well, my dear countrymen, what ye lack,] We apprehend, *What ye lack* to be a name  
 given to, or epithet intended to depict, the lower class of tradesmen and shopkeepers.

<sup>33</sup> I'll have you chronicled, and chronicled, and cut and chronicled, and all-to-be-prais'd, and  
 sung in sonnets, and bath'd in new brave ballads, that all tongues shall trouble you in *sæcula  
 sæculorum*, my kind can-carriers.] I thought this for a long time to be such desperate nonsense,  
 that the meaning of the Poets would be quite irretrievable, as no one of the editions gives the  
 least glimpse of light or assistance. But (thanks to plodding industry!) I hope, I have found  
 the certain cure.

*Mr. Theobald.*

now, and they run all away, and cry, 'the devil take the hindmost!' <sup>34</sup>

*Dion.* Then the same devil take the foremost too, and souse him for his breakfast! If they all prove cowards, my curses fly amongst them, and be speeding! May they have murrains rain to keep the gentlemen at home, unbrund in easy frieze! May the moths branch their velvets, and their silks only be worn before sore eyes! May their false lights undo 'em, and discover presses, holes, stains, and oldness in their stuffs, and make them shop-rid! May they keep whores and horses, and break; and live mewed up with necks of beef and turnips! May they have many children, and none like the father! May they know no language but that gibberish they prattle to their parents; <sup>35</sup> unless it be the <sup>36</sup> Gothic Latin they write in their bonds; and may they write that false, and lose their debts!

*Enter the King.*

*King.* Now the vengeance of all the gods confound them, how they swarm together! What a hum they raise! Devils choke your wild throats! If a man had need to use their valours, he must pay a brokerage for it, and then bring 'em on, and they will fight like sheep. 'Tis Philaster, none but Philaster, must allay this heat: They will not hear me speak, but fling dirt at me, and call me tyrant. Oh, run, dear friend, and bring the lord Philaster: Speak him fair; call him prince; do him all the courtesy you can; commend me to him! Oh, my wits, my wits! [*Exit Cle.*]

*Dion.* Oh, my brave countrymen! as I live, I will not buy a pin out of your walls for this: Nay, you shall cizen me, and I'll thank you; and send you brawn and bacon, and soil you every lung vacation a brace of foremen, that at Michaelmas shall come up fat and kicking.

*King.* What they will do with this poor prince, the gods know, and I fear.

*Dion.* Why, Sir, they'll flea him, and make church-buckets on's skin, to quench rebel-

lion; then clap a rivet in's sconce, and hang him up for a sign.

*Enter Cleremont and Philaster.*

*King.* Oh, worthy Sir, forgive me! Do not make

Your miseries and my faults meet together, To bring a greater danger. Be yourself, [you, Still sound amongst diseases. I have wrong'd And though I find it last, and beaten to it, Let first your goodness know it. Calm the people,

And be what you were born to: Take your And with her my repentance, and my wishes, And all my pray'rs. By th' gods, my heart speaks this;

And if the least fall from me nnt perform'd, May I be struck with thunder!

*Phi.* Mighty Sir,

I will not do your greatness so much wrong, As not to make your word truth. Free the princess,

And the poor boy, and let me stand the shock Of this mad sea-breach; which I'll either turn, Or perish with it.

*King.* Let your own word free them.

*Phi.* Then thus I take my leave, kissing your hand,

And hanging on your royal word. Be kindly, And be not mov'd, Sir: I shall bring you Or never bring myself back. [*peace*

*King.* All the gods go with thee! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter an old captain and citizens, with Pharamond.*

*Cap.* Come, my brave myrmidons, let's fall on! let our caps swarm, my boys, and your nimble tongues forget your mothers gibberish, of what do you lack, and set your mouths up, echildren, till your palates fall frighted, half a fathom past the cure of bay-salt and gross pepper. And then cry Philaster, brave Philaster! Let Philaster be deeper in request, my ding-dongs, my pairs of dear indentures, kings of clubs, than your cold water canlets, or your paintings spotted with copper. <sup>37</sup> Let

<sup>34</sup> And cry, the devil take the hindmost.] *Occupet extremum scabies*, says Horace: To which execration, no doubt, our authors had an eye.

*Mr. Theobald.*

We rather imagine, our Authors looked down to the mob, than up to Horace, for this long used vulgar phrase.

<sup>35</sup> They prattle to their parcels.] Shakespeare sometimes uses the word *parcels* as a contemptuous mode of expressing companions, families, &c. It here refers to tradesmen talking to their goods.

<sup>36</sup> Unless it be the goarish Latin.] Thus the folio edition in 1679; but there is no such word in English, and, consequently, it is stark nonsense. The quarto of 1628 has it, *goatish*; but there is nothing wanton, or lascivious, in a bond; therefore, this reading is as unmeaning as the other. I dare warrant, that I have retrieved the authors' genuine text, in the word *Gothic*; i. e. barbarous: No greater barbarisms than in Law Latin. So, in Wit without Money,

No more sense spoke, all things Goth and Vandal. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>37</sup> ——— or your paintings

Spitted with copper.] This to me is quite unintelligible; I have ventured to substitute spotted, i. e. sprinkled with copper, as our painted papers for hangings are, to resemble gold, and look gaudy. *Mr. Theobald.*

not your hasty silks, or your branch'd cloth of bodkin, or your tissues, dearly beloved of spice cake and custard, your Robinhoods, Scarlets and Johns, tie your affections in darkness to your shops. No, dainty duckers, up with your three-pil'd spirits, your wrought valours; and let your uneat choler make the king feel the measure of your mightiness. Philaster! cry, my rose-nobles, cry.

*All.* Philaster! Philaster!

*Cap.* How do you like this, my lord prince? These are mad boys, I tell you; these are things that will not strike their top-sails to a foist; and let a man of war, an argosy,<sup>38</sup> hull and cry cockles.

*Pha.* Why, you rude slave, do you know what you do?

*Cap.* My pretty prince of puppets, we do know; and give your greatness warning, that you talk no more such bug-words, or that sold-red erown shall be scratch'd with a musquet. Dear prince Pippen, down with your noble blood; or, as I live, I'll have you coddled. Let him loose, my spirits! Make us a round ring with your bills, my Heectors, and let us see what this trim uan dares do. Now, Sir, have at you! Here I lie, and with this swashing blow (do you sweat, prince?) I could bulk your grace, and hang you up cross-legg'd, like a hare at a poulter's,<sup>39</sup> and do this with this wiper.

*Pha.* You will not see me murder'd, wicked villains?

1 *Cit.* Yes, indeed, will we, Sir: We have not seen one foe a great while.<sup>40</sup>

*Cap.* He would have weapons, would he! Give him a broadside, my brave boys, with your pikes; branch me his skin in flowers like a satio, and between every flower a mortal cut. Your royalty shall ravel! Jag him, gentlemen: I'll have him cut to the kell, then down the seams. Oh! for a whip to make him galloon-laces! I'll have a coach-whip.

<sup>38</sup> *An argosy hull and cry cockles.*] Any large vessel, so called from Jason's large ship Argo. A vessel is said to *hull*, when she floats, or rides idle to and fro upon the water. *Mr. Theobald.*  
A *foist* is an old word for a smaller vessel. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, 'When the galley foist is afloat to Westminster.'

<sup>39</sup> *Like a hare at a poulter's.*] We now say *poulterer*: however, there is a company in the city of London, which still retains its old name of *Poulters*.

<sup>40</sup> *Yes, indeed, will we, Sir; we have not seen one foe a great while.*] This is a typographical error, which, however, makes nonsense of the passage. *For* is mistakenly put for *so*.

*Mr. Symphon.*

We apprehend the old reading, *for*, to be right; and that this passage is meant to express their not having for a long time been engaged in war.

<sup>41</sup> *He shall for this time only be seal'd up, with a feather through the nose.*] There is a difference, which the printers did not know, betwixt *seal'd* and *seef'd*; the latter is a term in falconry. When a hawk is first taken, a thread is run through its eyelids, so that she may see very little, to make her the better endure the hood. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>42</sup> *Thou royal ring-tail.*] A *ring-tail* is a sort of a kite, with a whitish tail. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>43</sup> *He had no horns, Sir, had he?*] We have made a small alteration here, which, from the other parts of the dialogue, seems absolutely necessary.

<sup>44</sup> *No, Sir, he's a pollard.*] A *pollard*, among gardeners, is an old tree, which has been often lopped: but, among hunters, a stag, or male deer, which has east its head, or horns.

*Mr. Theobald.*

*Pha.* Oh, spare me, gentlemen!

*Cap.* Hold, hold; the man begins to fear, and know himself; he shall for this time only be seal'd up, with a feather through his nose,<sup>41</sup> that he may only see Heaven, and think whether he is going. Nay, my beyond-sea Sir, we will proclaim you: You would be king! Thou tender heir apparent to a church-ale, thou slight prince of single sarcenet; thou royal ring-tail,<sup>42</sup> fit to fly at nothing but poor mens' poultry, and have every boy beat thee from that too with his bread and butter!

*Pha.* Gods keep me from these hell-hounds!

2 *Cit.* Shall's geld him, captain?

*Cap.* No, you shall spare his dowcets, my dear donnels; as you respect the ladies, let them flourish: The curses of a longing woman kill as speedy as a plague, boys.

1 *Cit.* I'll have a leg, that's certain.

2 *Cit.* I'll have an arm.

3 *Cit.* I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build a college, and elap it upon the gate.

4 *Cit.* I'll have his little gut to string a kit with; for, certainly, a royal gut will sound like silver.

*Pha.* 'Would they were in thy belly, and I past my pain once!

5 *Cit.* Good captain, let me have his liver to feed ferrets.

*Cap.* Who will have parcels else? speak.

*Pha.* Good gods, consider me! I shall be tortur'd.

1 *Cit.* Captain, I'll give you the trimming of your two-hand sword, and let me have his skin to make false scabbards.

2 *Cit.* He has no horns, Sir, has he?<sup>43</sup>

*Cap.* No, Sir, he's a pollard,<sup>44</sup> What would'st thou do with horns?

2 *Cit.* Oh, if he had, I would have made rare hafts and whistles of 'em; but his shin-bones, if they be sound, shall serve me.

*Enter Philaster.*

*All.* Long live Philaster, the brave Prince Philaster!

*Phi.* I thank you, gentlemen. [are these] But why Rude weapons brought abroad, to teach your Uneivil trades? [hands]

*Cap.* My royal Rosiclear,  
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarsers!  
And when thy noble body is in durance,  
Thus do we clap our musty murrions on,  
And trace the streets in terror. Is it peace,  
Thou Mars of men? Is the king sociable,  
And bids thee live? Art thou above thy foe-  
men, [stand]  
And free as Phœbus? Speak. If not, this  
Of royal blood shall be abroach, a-tilt,  
And run even to the lees of honour.

*Phi.* Hold, and be satisfied: I am myself;  
Free as my thoughts are: By the gods, I am.

*Cap.* Art thou the dainty darling of the king?  
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?

Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets  
Kiss their gum'd golls,<sup>45</sup> and cry, 'we are  
your servants!'

Is the court navigable, and the presence stuck  
With flags of friendship? If not, we are thy  
And this man sleeps. [castle]

*Phi.* I am what I do desire to be, your friend;  
I am what I was born to be, your prince.

*Phi.* Sir, there is some humanity in you;  
You have a noble soul; forget my name,  
And know my misery: Set me safe aboard  
From these wild cannibals, and, as I live,  
I'll quit this land for ever. There is nothing,  
Perpetual imprisonment,<sup>46</sup> cold, hunger, sickness  
Of all sorts, of all dangers, and all together,  
The worst company of the worst men, mad-  
ness, age.

To be as many creatures as a woman,  
And do as all they do; nay, to despair;  
But I would rather make it a new nature,  
And live with all those, that endure one hour  
Amongst these wild dogs. [fears]

*Phi.* I do pity you. Friends, discharge your

Deliver me the prince: I'll warrant you,  
I shall be old enough to find my safety.

*3 Cit.* Good Sir, take heed he does not hurt  
He's a fierce man, I can tell you, Sir. [you:]  
*Cap.* Prince, by your leave, I'll have a  
surcingle, and mail you like a hawk. [He stirs.]

*Phi.* Away, away; there is no danger in him!  
Alas, he had rather sleep to shake his fit off.  
Look ye, friends, how gently he leads. Upon  
my word, [ing]  
He's tame enough, he needs no further watch-  
Good my friends, go to your houses,  
And by me have your pardons, and my love;  
And know, there shall be nothing in my pow'r  
You may deserve, but you shall have your  
wishes.

To give you more thanks, were to flatter you.  
Continue still your love; and, for an earnest,  
Drink this. [brave prince!]

*All.* Long may'st thou live, brave prince!  
Brave prince! [Ex. Phi. and Pha.]

*Cap.* Thou art the king of courtesy!  
Fall off again, my sweet youths. Come, and  
every man trace to his house again, and hang  
his pewter up; then to the tavern, and bring  
your wives in muffs. We will have music;  
and the red grape shall make us dance, and  
rise, boys. [Exeunt.]

*Enter King, Arethusa, Galatea, Megra, Cle-  
mont, Dion, Thrasiline, Bellario, and at-  
tendants.*

*King.* Is it appear'd?  
*Dion.* Sir, all is quiet as the dead of night,<sup>47</sup>  
As peaceable as sleep. My lord Philaster  
Brings on the prince himself.

*King.* Kind gentleman!<sup>48</sup>  
I will not break the least word I have giv'n  
In promise to him: I have heap'd a world  
Of grief upon his head, whieb yet I hope  
To wash away.

*Enter Philaster and Pharamond.*

*Cle.* My lord is come.

<sup>45</sup> *Kiss their gum'd golls.* *Golls*, in old English authors, means *hands*, or *paws*. *Gum'd* we apprehend to be form'd from the substantive *gum*; and the whole passage to signify, 'Do the nobility kiss their hands in token of civility, and say, "We are your servants?"' Mr. Theobald reads, *kiss the gum golls*.

<sup>46</sup> *Perpetual imprisonment, cold, hunger, sickness,*  
All dangers of all sorts, and all together.] In this manner Mr. Seward alters these lines; and, indeed, we think his alteration preferable to the old reading, in our text.

The same gentleman complains of there being great difficulties in the latter part of this speech. It is very probable, Mr. Seward conceived our Authors to have had a deeper meaning in it than they really had; otherwise, we know not where the difficulty lies. We apprehend the Poets intended Pharamond simply to declare, that he had rather suffer any thing, than to be thus baited any longer by the mob.

<sup>47</sup> *Sir, all is quiet as this dead of night.* There is no hint of the scene being at midnight; we must therefore read the dead of night. Mr. Seward.

<sup>48</sup> *My lord Philaster*  
*Brings on the prince himself.* *King.* Kind gentlemen!] It is plain, that the king is speaking here of the kindness of Philaster in appeasing the people, and redeeming Pharamond; and not of the kindness of Dion, and the others present, who only informed him of it. We must therefore read *gentleman*. Mr. Seward.

*King.* My son!

Blest be the time, that I have leave to call  
Such virtue mine! Now thou art in mine arms,  
Methinks I have a salve unto my breast,  
For all the stings that dwell there. Streams  
of grief

That I have wrong'd thee, and as much of joy  
That I repent it, issue from mine eyes: [her;  
Let them appease thee. Take thy right; take  
She is thy right too; and forget to urge  
My vexed soul with that I did before.

*Phi.* Sir, it is blotted from my memory,  
Past and forgotten. For you, Prince of Spain,  
Whom I have thus redeem'd, you have full  
To make an honourable voyage home. [leave  
And if you would go furnish'd to your realm  
With fair provision, I do see a lady,  
Methinks, would gladly bear you company:  
How like you this piece?

*Meg.* Sir, he likes it well;  
For he hath tried it, and found it worth  
His princely liking. We were ta'en a-bed;  
I know your meaning. I am not the first  
That Nature taught to seek a fellow forth:  
Can shame remain perpetually in me,  
And not in others? or, have princes salves  
To cure ill names, that meaner people want?

*Phi.* What mean you?

*Meg.* You must get another ship,  
To bear the princess and the boy together.

*Dion.* How now! [him

*Meg.* Others took me, and I took her and  
At that all women may be ta'en some time.  
Ship us all four, my lord; we can endure  
Weather and wind alike. [for father.

*King.* Clear thou thyself, or know not me

*Are.* This earth, how false it is! What  
means is left

For me to clear myself? It lies in your belief.  
My lords, believe me; and let all things else  
Struggle together to dishonour me.

*Bel.* Oh, stop your ears, great king, that I  
may speak.

As freedom would; then I will call this lady  
As base as be her actions! Hear me, Sir:  
Believe your heated blood when it rebels  
Against your reason, sooner than this lady.

*Meg.* By this good light, he bears it hand-  
somely. [wind

*Phi.* This lady? I will sooner trust the  
With feathers, or the troubled sea with pearl,  
Than her with any thing. Believe her not!  
Why, think you, if I did believe her words,  
I would outlive 'em? Honour cannot take  
Revenge on you; then, what were to be  
But death? [known

*King.* Forget her, Sir, since all is knit  
Between us. But I must request of you  
One favour, and will sadly be denied.<sup>49</sup>

*Phi.* Command, whate'er it be.

*King.* Swear to be true  
To what you promise.

*Phi.* By the pow'rs above,  
Let it not be the death of her or him,  
And it is granted.

*King.* Bear away that boy

To torture: I will have her clear'd or buried.

*Phi.* Oh, let me call my words back, wor-  
thy Sir!

Ask something else! Bury my life and right  
In one poor grave; but do not take away  
My life and fame at once. [cable.

*King.* Away with him! It stands irrevocable.

*Phi.* Turn all your eyes on me: Here stands  
a man,

The falsest and the basest of this world.  
Set swords against this breast, some honest  
For I have liv'd till I am pitied! [man,  
My former deeds were hateful, but this last  
Is pitiful; for I, unwillingly,  
Have given the dear preserver of my life  
Unto his torture! Is it in the pow'r  
Of flesh and blood to carry this, and live?

[Offers to kill himself.

*Are.* Dear Sir, be patient yet! Oh, stay  
that hand.

*King.* Sirs, strip that boy.

*Dion.* Come, Sir; your tender flesh will  
try your constancy.

*Bel.* Oh, kill me, gentlemen!

*Dion.* Nol Help, Sirs.

*Bel.* Will you torture me?

*King.* Haste there! why stay you?

*Bel.* Then I shall not break my vow.

You know, just gods, though I discover all.

*King.* How's that? will he confess?

*Dion.* Sir, so he says.

*King.* Speak then.

*Bel.* Great king, if you command  
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue,  
Urg'd by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts  
My youth hath known; and stranger things  
You hear not often. [than these

*King.* Walk aside with him.

*Dion.* Why speak'st thou not?

*Bel.* Know you this face, my lord?

*Dion.* No.

*Bel.* Have you not seen it, nor the like?

*Dion.* Yes, I have seen the like, but readily  
I know not where.

*Bel.* I have been often told

In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,  
And daughter to you; betwixt whom and me  
They, that would flatter my bad face, would  
swear [two

There was such strange resemblance, that we  
Could not be known asunder, dress'd alike.

*Dion.* By Heav'n, and so there is.

*Bel.* For her fair sake, [life  
Who now doth spend the spring-time of her  
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king,  
That I may 'scape this torture.

*Dion.* But thou speak'st  
As like Euphrasia, as thou dost look.

<sup>49</sup> ——— and will sadly be denied.] i. e. shall be very sorry to be denied.

How came it to thy knowledge that she lives  
In pilgrimage?

*Bel.* I know it not, my lord;

But I have heard it; and do scarce believe it.

*Dion.* Oh, my shame! Is't possible? Draw near,

That I may gaze upon thee. Art thou she,  
Or else her murderer? Where wert thou born?

*Bel.* In Siracusa.

*Dion.* What's thy name?

*Bel.* Euphrasia.

*Dion.* Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she! [died,  
Now I do know thee. Oh, that thou hadst  
And I had never seen thee nor my shame!  
How shall I owe thee? shall this tongue of  
mine

E'er call thee daughter more? [too:

*Bel.* 'Would I had died indeed; I wish it  
And so I must have done by vow, ere published  
What I have told, but that there was no means  
To hide it longer. Yet I joy in this,  
The princess is all clear.

*King.* What have you done?

*Dion.* All is discover'd.

*Phi.* Why then hold you me?

[*He offers to stab himself.*

All is discover'd! Pray you, let me go.

*King.* Stay him

*Are.* What is discover'd?

*Dion.* Why, my shame!

It is a woman: Let her speak the rest.

*Phi.* How? that again!

*Dion.* It is a woman.

*Phi.* Bless'd be you pow'rs that favour in-

*King.* Lay hold upon that lady.

*Phi.* It is a woman, Sir! Hark, gentlemen!  
It is a woman! Arethusa, take

My soul into thy breast, that would begone

With joy. It is a woman! Thou art fair,

And virtuous still to ages, in despite of malice.

*King.* Speak you, where lies his shame?

*Bel.* I am his daughter.

*Phi.* The gods are just. [two,

*Dion.* I dare accuse none; but, before you  
The virtue of our age, I bend my knee  
For mercy.

*Phi.* Take it freely; for, I know, [done,  
Though what thou didst were indiscreetly  
'Twas meant well.

*Are.* And for me,

I have a power to pardon sins, as oft

As any man has power to wrong me.

*Cle.* Noble and worthy!

*Phi.* But, Bellario,

(For I must call thee still so) tell me why  
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a fault;  
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds

Of truth outweigh'd it: All these jealousies  
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discover'd  
What now we know.

*Bel.* My father oft would speak<sup>30</sup>

Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow  
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this  
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost  
As soon as found; till sitting in my window,  
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,  
I thought, (but it was you) enter our gates.  
My blood flew out, and back again as fast,  
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in  
Like breath: Then was I call'd away in haste  
To entertain you. Never was a man,  
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, rais'd  
So high in thoughts as I: You left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,  
Far above singing! After you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd  
What stir'd it so: Alas! I found it love;  
Yet far from lust; for could I but have liv'd  
In presence of you, I had had my end.  
For this I did delude my noble father  
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself  
In habit of a boy; and, for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of having you; and understanding well,  
That when I made discov'ry of my sex,  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a maid  
Could call together, never to be know'd,  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's  
eyes,

For other than I seem'd, that I might ever  
Abide with you: Then sat I by the fount,  
Where first you took me up.

*King.* Search out a match [wilt,  
Withio our kingdom, where and when thou  
And I will pay thy dowry; and thyself  
Wilt well deserve him.

*Bel.* Never, Sir, will I  
Marry; it is a thing withio my vow:  
But if I may have leave to serve the princess,  
To see the virtues of her lord and her,  
I shall have hope to live.

*Are.* I, Philaster,  
Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady  
Dress'd like a page to serve you; nor will I  
Suspect her living here. Come, live with me;  
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,  
Must be the wife that hates her! [earth

*Phi.* I grieve such virtues should be laid in  
Without an heir. Hear me, my royal father:  
Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much,  
To think to take revenge of that base woman;

<sup>30</sup> — *My father oft would speak, &c.*] The beauty, the innocence, of Euphrasia's character is finely depicted in this narration from her own mouth. Our poets, when they intended it, seldom failed in the art of moving the passions. The young lady from her father's encomiums first, had fallen in love with Philaster; though she knew she could have no pretensions to his bed. But as her next, and only, happiness was to live in his sight, she disguised her sex, and entered into his service. Her resolution, and vow, never to marry any other, is a fine heightening of the character. *Mr. Theobald.*



Her malice cannot hurt us. Set her free  
As she was born, saving from shame and sin.

*King.* Set her at liberty; but leave the  
court;

This is no place for such! You, Pharamond,  
Shall have free passage, and a conduct home  
Worthy so great a prince. When you come  
there,

Remember, 'twas your faults that lost you her,  
And not my purpos'd will.

*Pha.* I do confess,  
Renowned Sir.

*King.* Last, join your hands in one. En-  
joy, Philaster,

This kingdom, which is yours, and after me  
Whatever I call mine. My blessing on you!

All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,  
That you may grow yourselves over all lands,

And live to see your plenteous branches spring  
Where-ever there is sun! Let princes learn

By this, to rule the passions of their blood,  
For what Heav'n wills can never be withstood.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



# A KING AND NO KING.

The Commendatory Verses by Howard and Herrick ascribe this Play to Fletcher; by Earle, to Beaumont. The first edition bears date 1619. Notwithstanding its prodigious merit, it has not been performed for many years past; nor do we find that it ever received any alterations. The sudden bursts, and quick transitions of passion, in the character of Arbaces, are, however, supposed to have given rise to a burlesque drama, or parody (by Tate) sometimes represented, under the title of "Duke and No Duke."

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### MEN.

ARBACES, *king of Iberia.*  
TIGRANES, *king of Armenia.*  
GOBRIAS, { *lord protector, and father of*  
                  *Arbaces.*  
BACURIUS, *another lord.*  
MAROONIUS, } *two captains.*  
BESSUS, }  
LIGONES, *father of Spaconia.*  
Two Gentlemen.  
Two Sword-men.

### WOMEN.

ARANE, *the queen mother.*<sup>1</sup>  
PANTHEA, *her daughter.*  
SPACONIA, *a lady, daughter of Ligones.*  
MANDANE, { *a waiting-woman; and other*  
                  *attendants.*  
*Three men and a woman.*  
PHILIP, *a servant, and two citizens' wives.*  
*A Messenger.*  
*A servant to BACURIUS.*  
*A boy.*

SCENE, *on the frontiers of ARMENIA; and, afterwards, in the metropolis of Iberia.*<sup>2</sup>

## ACT I.

*Enter Mardonius and Bessus.*<sup>3</sup>

Mar. BESSUS, the king has made a fair hand on't; he has ended the wars at a blow. 'Would my sword had a close basket hilt, to hold wine, and the blade would make knives; for we shall have nothing but eating and drinking.

Bes. We that are commanders shall do well enough.

Mar. Faith, Bessus, such commanders as thou may: I had as lieve set thee *perdue* for a pudding i'th' dark, as Alexander the Great,

Bes. I love these jests exceedingly.

Mar. I think thou lov'st 'em better than quarrelling, Bessus; I'll say so much in thy

<sup>1</sup> *Arane, the queen's mother.*] The trifling alteration we have here made is not only necessary, but warranted by different passages in the play. In the beginning of the third act we find, *'And the queen-mother and the princess wait.'*

<sup>2</sup> *Scene, on the frontiers, &c.*] For this information we are indebted to Mr. Theobald.

<sup>3</sup> The character of Bessus, I think, must be allowed in general a fine copy from Shakespeare's inimitable Falstaff. He is a coward, yet would fain set up for a hero; ostentatious, without any grain of merit to support his vain-glory; a liar throughout, to exalt his assumed qualifications; and lewd, without any countenance from the ladies to give him an unshrage for it. As to his wit and humour, the precedence must certainly be adjudged to Falstaffe, the great original.

Mr. Theobald.

To these remarks on the character of Bessus, it may not be improper to add, that it has a strong Bobadilian tincture, and that, in all probability, the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus, and *Thrasus* of Terence, furnished both Jonson and our Authors with hints for the respective characters. Falstaffe is more an original.

behalf. And yet thou'rt valiant enough upon a retreat: I think thou wouldst kill any man that stopp'd thee, if thou couldst.

*Bes.* But was not this a brave combat, Mar-donius?

*Mar.* Why, didst thou see it?

*Bes.* You stood wi' me.

*Mar.* I did so; but methought thou wink'dst every blow they struck.

*Bes.* Well, I believe there are better soldiers than I, that never saw two princes fight in lists.

*Mar.* By my troth, I think so too, Bessus; many a thousand: But, certainly, all that are worse than thou have seen as much.

*Bes.* 'Twas bravely done of our king.

*Mar.* Yes, if he had not ended the wars. I'm glad thou dar'st talk of such dangerous businesses.

*Bes.* To take a prince prisoner in the heart of his own country, in single combat.

*Mar.* See, how thy blood curdles at this! I think thou couldst be contented to be beaten i' this passion.

*Bes.* Shall I tell you truly?

*Mar.* Ay.

*Bes.* I could willingly venture for it.

*Mar.* Hum! no venture neither, Bessus.

*Bes.* Let me not live, if I do not think 'tis a braver piece of service than that I'm so fam'd for.

*Mar.* Why, art thou fam'd for any valour?

*Bes.* Fam'd? I warrant you.

*Mar.* I'm e'en heartily glad on't: I have been with thee e'er since thou cam'st to the wars, and this is the first word that ever I heard on't. Prithee, who fames thee?

*Bes.* The Christian world.

*Mar.* 'Tis heathenishly done of 'em, in my conscience: Thou deserv'st it not.

*Bes.* Yes, I ha' done good service.

*Mar.* I do not know how thou may'st wait of a man in's chamber, or thy agility in shifting of a trencher; but otherwise no service, good Bessus.

*Bes.* You saw me do the service yourself.

*Mar.* Not so hasty, sweet Bessus! Where was it? is the place vanish'd?

*Bes.* At Bessus' Desp'rate Redemption.

*Mar.* At Bessus' Desp'rate Redemption! where's that?

*Bes.* There, where I redeem'd the day; the place bears my name.

*Mar.* Prithee, who christen'd it?

*Bes.* The soldiers.

*Mar.* If I were not a very merrily-disposed man, what would become of thee? One that had but a grain of choler in the whole composition of his body, would send thee on an errand to the worms, for putting thy name upon that field: Did not I beat thee there, i' th' head o' th' troops, with a truncheon, because thou wouldst needs run away with thy company, when we should charge the enemy?

*Bes.* True; but I did not run.

*Mar.* Right, Bessus: I beat thee out on't.

*Bes.* But came I not up when the day was gone, and redeem'd all?

*Mar.* Thou knowest, and so do I, thou meant'st to fly, and thy fear making thee mistake, thou ran'st upon the enemy; and a hot charge thou gav'st; as, I'll do thee right, thou art furious in running away; and, I think, we owe thy fear for our victory. If I were the king, and were sure thou wouldst mistake always, and run away upon th' enemy, thou shouldst be general, by this light.

*Bes.* You'll never leave this, till I fall foul.

*Mar.* No more such words, dear Bessus; for though I have ever known thee a coward, and therefore durst never strike thee, yet if thou proceed'st, I will allow thee valiant, and beat thee.

*Bes.* Come, our king's a brave fellow.

*Mar.* He is so, Bessus; I wonder how thou can'st to know it. But, if thou wert a man of understanding, I would tell thee, he is vain-glorious and humble, and angry and patient, and merry and dull, and joyful and sorrowful, in extremity, in an hour. Do not think me thy friend for this; for if I ear'd who knew it, thou shouldst not hear it, Bessus. Here he is, with his prey in his foot.

*Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and two gentlemen.*

*Arb.* Thy sadness, brave Tigranes, takes away

From my full victory: Am I become Of so small fame, that any man should grieve When I o'ercome him? They that plac'd me here,

Intended it an honour, large enough For the most valiant living, but to dare Oppose me single, though he lost the day. What should afflict you? You're as free as I. To be my prisoner, is to be more free Than you were formerly. And never think, The man, I held worthy to combat with me, Shall be us'd servilely. Thy ransom is, To take my only sister to thy wife:

A heavy one, Tigranes; for she is A lady, that the neighbour princes send Blanks to fetch home. I have been too unkind To her, Tigranes: She, but nine years old, I left her, and ne'er saw her since: Your wars I have held me long, and taught me, though a youth,

The way to victory. She was a pretty child; Then, I was little better; but now fame Cries loudly on her, and my messengers Make me believe she is a miracle. She'll make you shrink, as I did, with a stroke, But of her eye, Tigranes.

*Tigr.* Is't the course

Of Iberia to use her prisoners thus? Had fortune thrown my name above Arbaces', I should not thus have talk'd, Sir: In Armenia,

We hold it base. You should have kept your temper.

Till you saw home again, where 'tis the fashion,  
Perhaps, to brag.

*Arb.* Be you my witness, earth,  
Need I to brag? Doth not this captive prince  
Speak me sufficiently, and all the wets  
That I have wrought upon his suffering land?  
Should I then boast? Where lies that foot of  
ground,

Within his whole realm, that I have not past,  
Fighting and conquering: Far then from me  
Be ostentation. I could tell the world,  
How I have laid his kingdom desolate,  
By this sole arm, prop'd by divinity;  
Strip him out of his glories; and have sent  
The pride of all his youth to people graves;  
And made his virgins languish for their loves;  
If I would brag. Should I that have the  
pow'r

To teach the neighbour world humility,  
Mix with vain-glory?

*Mar.* Indeed, this is none. [*Aside.*]

*Arb.* Tigranes, nay, did I but take delight  
To stretch my deeds as others do, on words,  
I could amaze my hearers.

*Mar.* So you do. [*desty,*]

*Arb.* But he shall wrong his and my mo-  
That thinks me apt to boast: Aiter an act  
Fit for a god to do upon his foe,  
A little glory in a soldier's mouth  
Is well-becoming; be it far from vain.

*Mar.* 'Tis pity that valour should be thus  
drunk. [*Aside.*]

*Arb.* I offer you my sister, and you answer,  
I do insult: A lady that no suit,  
Nor treasure, nor thy crown, could purchase  
thee,

But that thou fought'st with me.

*Tigr.* Though this be worse  
Than that you spake before, it strikes me not;  
But, that you think to over-grace me with  
The marriage of your sister, troubles me.

I would give worlds for ransoms, were they  
Rather than have her. [*mine,*]

*Arb.* See, if I insult,  
That am the conqueror, and for a ransom  
Offer rich treasure to the conquered,  
Which he refuses, and I bear his scorn?  
It cannot be self-flattery to say,  
The daughters of your country, set by her,  
Would see their shame, run home, and blush  
to death

At their own foulness. Yet she is not fair,  
Nor beautiful; those words express her not:  
They say, her looks have something excellent,  
That wants a name. Yet, were she odious,  
Her birth deserves the empire of the world:  
Sister in such a brother; that hath ta'en  
Victory prisoner, and throughout the earth  
Carries her bound, and, should he let her loose,  
She durst not leave him. Nature did her  
wrong,

To print continual conquest on her cheeks,  
And make no man worthy for her taste,  
But me, that am too near her; and as strangely  
She did for me: But you will think I brag.

*Mar.* I do, I'll be sworn. Thy valour and  
thy passions sever'd, would have made two ex-  
cellent fellows in their kinds. I know not,  
whether I should be sorry thou art so valiant,  
or so passionate: 'Would one of 'em were  
away! [*Aside.*]

*Tigr.* Do I refuse her, that I doubt her  
worth?

Were she as virtuous as she would be thought;  
So perfect, that no one of her own sex  
Could find a want she had;<sup>4</sup> so tempting fair,  
That she could wish it off, for damning souls;<sup>5</sup>  
I would pay any ransom, twenty lives,  
Rather than meet her married in my bed.  
Perhaps, I have a love, where I have fix'd  
Mine eyes, not to be mov'd, and she on me:  
I am not fickle.

<sup>4</sup> *Could find a want*, had she *so tempting fair*,  
*That she could wish it off*, &c.] Thus say the copies prior to Mr. Theobald, who (without  
noticing it) alters the passage thus;

*Could find a want*; Were she *so tempting fair*, &c.

The deficiency of sense in the old copies, we apprehend, was occasioned by one of those errors  
which the press is most subject to, a transposition.

<sup>5</sup> *so tempting fair*,

*That she could wish it off, for damning souls.*] This passage is so obscure in the expres-  
sion, that, I believe, it will want a short comment to the generality of readers. The Authors  
mean, 'Were she so temptingly fair, that she could wish to be less beautiful, for fear of  
'damning souls, in their coveting to enjoy her charms, &c.' So Shakespeare in his *Othello*;

*A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,*

i. e. grown so uxorious through the attractions of her beauty, as to neglect all his duty towards  
Heaven, and consequently incur the danger of damnation. This sentiment is explained in  
another passage of that immortal author, in his *Merchant of Venice*.

*— it is very meet*

*The lord Bassanio live an upright life,  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of Heaven here on earth;  
And if on earth he do not merit it,  
In reason he should never come to Heaven.*

*Mr. Theobald*

2 *Gent.* I hope your majesty——

*Arb.* Thou draw'st thy words,  
That I must wait an hour, where other men  
Can hear in instants: Throw your words away  
Quick, and to purpose; I have told you this.

*Bes.* An please your majesty——

*Arb.* Wilt thou devour me? This is such a  
rudeness

As yet you never shew'd me: And I want  
Pow'r to command too; else, Mardonius  
Would speak at my request. Were you my  
king,

I would have answer'd at your word, Mardo-  
I pray you speak, and truly, did I boast?

*Mar.* Truth will offend you.

*Arb.* You take all great care what will of-  
fend me,

When you dare to utter such things as these.

*Mar.* You told Tigranes, you had won his  
land

With that sole arm, prop'd by divinity:

Was not that bragging, and a wrong to us

That daily ventur'd lives?

*Arb.* Oh, that thy name [wealth  
Were great as mine! 'would I had paid my  
It were as great, as I might combat thee!  
I would, through all the regions habitable,  
Search thee, and, having found thee, wi' my  
sword

Drive thee about the world, 'till I had met

Some place that yet man's curiosity

Hath miss'd of: There, there would I strike  
thee dead:

Forgotten of mankind, such funeral rites

As beasts would give thee, thou shouldst have.

*Bes.* The king rages extremely; shall we  
slink away?

He'll strike us.

2 *Gent.* Content.

*Arb.* There I would make you know, 'twas  
this sole arm.

I grant, you were my instruments, and did

As I commanded you; but 'twas this arm

Mov'd you like wheels; it mov'd you as it  
pleas'd.

Whither slip you now? What, 'are you too

\* As it may be some entertainment to the curious reader to see an humble critic poring in the  
dark, if he by that means has at last opened the door to day-light, I will give the process of  
this emendation. Every one must see, that the text, as it stood, was absolutely nonsense: and  
Mr. Theobald informed me, that it has stood so through all the editions: and, not having hit  
upon any emendation himself, he had looked upon it as one of the *loci desperati* of our Au-  
thors. It is easy to observe, that the sense required must be either, *that I am grown not to*  
*have what I say observed:* or, *to have my will contradicted in every thing.* I had advanced  
several conjectures, but they departed too much from the traces of the letters. In rejecting  
them, therefore, I observed, that had any of them been clear, as to the sense; yet they made  
a syllable too much in the verse. Nothing is so great an assistance in retrieving the sense, as  
a due attendance to the metre; for a redundant syllable having crept into the former reading,  
one may easily see that it most probably was in the words, *I defy*, that being evidently a  
corruption. The word, therefore, that I have hit upon, gives the full idea required; and  
suppose, *defie*, to have been written with a final *y* instead of *ie*, it drops only one vowel, and  
changes an *f* into an *i*.\*

As the measure used by our Authors, like that of all the other old dramatic writers, is often  
very licentious, and as, in the passionate starts of Arbaces, we find it frequently disregarded, we  
cannot, in the present case, admit the deviation from poetry to be a proof of error in the words;  
especially as they are not repugnant to sense. It is probable our Authors intended Arbaces (in  
that unconnected mode so frequent in the character) to exclaim, '*I am grown to balk,*' i. e. 'I  
'am become a man who is to be disappointed, disregarded, in every command.'—'But I defy  
'—'when he interrupts himself by repeating his command for some one to speak to him.  
As, however, there seems a harshness in the expression, '*I am grown to balk,*' we have adopted  
Mr. Seward's word *talk*, which covers as forcible a meaning by itself, as when accompanied  
with '*but idly.*' The alteration of the subsequent words to '*idly,*' (though the conjecture is  
ingenious) we think departs too much from the old copies to be admitted; particularly as the  
preservation of them greatly heightens the picture drawn of Arbaces, and paints the workings  
of ungovernable pride much more nervously than is done by the complaint, '*I am grown to*  
*talk but idly.*'

\* *Are you too good, &c.*] In the old editions, this passage stands, *literally*, as follows:

—— are you too good

To wait on me? (*puffe,*) I had need have temper, &c.

But Mr. Theobald makes the word *puffe* a part of the text, and reads, *also literally*, thus:

—— are you too good

To wait on me, Puffe? I had need have temper, &c.

From the old mode of printing this word, we are inclined to suppose, that it was meant as a  
direction to the performer of the character of Arbaces, to shew signs of strong agitation from  
passion and pride: And though it may be urged, that directions to performers are not common  
in old plays; yet as, whenever they were inserted, it was in *italics*; and as, beside, we find the  
word

should be you; or for honesty to interchange my bosom with, it should be you; or wisdom to give me counsel, I would pick out you; or valour to defend my reputation, still I should find you out; for you are fit to fight for all the world, if it could come in question. Now I have spoke: Consider to yourself; find out a use; if so, then what shall fall to me is not material.

*Arb.* Is not material? more than ten such As mine, Mardennius! It was nobly said; Thou hast spoke truth, and boldly such a truth As might offend another. I have been Too passionate and idle; thou shalt see A swift amendment. But I want those parts You praise me for: I fight for all the world! Give thee a sword, and thou wilt go as far Beyond me, as thou art beyond in years; I know thou dar'st and wilt. It troubles me That I should use so rough a phrase to thee: Impute it to my folly, what thou wilt, So thou wilt pardon me. That thou and I Should differ thus!

*Mar.* Why, 'tis no matter, Sir. [take

*Arb.* Faith, but it is: But thou dost ever All things I do thus patiently; for which I never can requite thee, but with love; And that thou shalt be sure of. Thou and I Have not been merry lately: Prithce tell me, Where hadst thou that same jewel in thine

*Mar.* Why, at the taking of a town. [ear?

*Arb.* A wench, upon my life, a wench, Mardonius, gave thee that jewel.

*Mar.* Wench! They respect not me; I'm old and rough, and every limb about me, but that which should, grows stiffer. I those businesses, I may swear I am truly honest; for I pay justly for what I take, and would be glad to be at a certainty.

*Arb.* Why, do the wenches encroach upon

*Mar.* Ay, by this light, do they.

*Arb.* Didst thou sit at an old rent with 'em?

*Mar.* Yes, faith.

*Arb.* And do they improve themselves?

*Mar.* Ay, ten shillings to me, every new young fellow they come acquainted with.

*Arb.* How canst live on't?

*Mar.* Why, I think, I must petition to you.

*Arb.* Thou shalt take them up at my price.

*Enter two gentlemen and Bessus.*

*Mar.* Your price?

*Arb.* Ay, at the king's price.

*Mar.* That may be more than I'm worth.

*2 Gent.* Is he not merry now?

*1 Gent.* I think not.

*Bes.* He is, he is: We'll shew ourselves.

*Arb.* Bessus! I thought you had been in Iberia by this; I had you haste; Gobrias will want entertainment for me.

*Bes.* An please your majesty I have a suit.

*Arb.* Is't not lousy, Bessus? what is't?

*Bes.* I am to carry a lady with me.

*Arb.* Then thou hast two suits.

*Bes.* And if I can prefer her to the lady

Panthea, your majesty's sister, to learn fashions, as her friends term it, it will be worth something to me.

*Arb.* So many nights' lodging as 'tis thither; will't not?

*Bes.* I know not that, Sir; but gold I shall be sure of.

*Arb.* Why, thou shalt bid her entertain her from me, so thou wilt resolve me one thing.

*Bes.* If I can.

*Arb.* Faith, 'tis a very disputable question; and yet, I think, thou canst decide it.

*Bes.* Your majesty has a good opinion of my understanding.

*Arb.* I have so good an opinion of it: 'Tis, whether thou be valiant.

*Bes.* Somebody has traduced me to you: Do you see this sword, Sir?

*Arb.* Yes.

*Bes.* If I do not make my back-biters eat it to a knife within this week, say I am not valiant.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Health to your majesty!

*Arb.* From Gobrias?

*Mes.* Yes, Sir.

*Arb.* How does he? is he well?

*Mes.* In perfect health.

*Arb.* Take that for thy good news.

A trustier servant to his prince there lives not, Than is good Gobrias.

*1 Gent.* The king starts back.

*Mar.* His blood goes back as fast.

*2 Gent.* And now it comes again.

*Mar.* He alters strangely. [far

*Arb.* The hand of Heaven is on me: Be it From me to struggle! If my secret sins Have pull'd this curse upon me, lend me tears Enow to wash me white, that I may feel A child-like innocence within my breast! Which, once perform'd, oh, give me leave to stand

As fix'd as constancy herself; my eyes Set here unmov'd, regardless of the world, Though thousand miseries encompass me!

*Mar.* This is strange! Sir, how do you?

*Arb.* Mardonius! my mother—

*Mar.* Is she dead?

*Arb.* Alas, she's not so happy! Thou dost How she hath labour'd, since my father died, To take by treason hence this loathed life, That would but be to serve her. I have pardon'd,

And pardon'd, and by that have made her fit To practise new sins, not repent the old. She now had hir'd a slave to come from thence, And strike me here; whom Gobrias, sifting out,

Took, and condemn'd, and executed there. The careful'st servant! Heav'n, let me but live To pay that man! Nature is poor to me, That will not let me have as many deaths As are the times that he hath sav'd my life, That I might die 'em over all for him.

*Mar.* Sir, let her bear her sins on her own  
Vex not yourself. [head;

*Arb.* What will the world  
Conceive of me? with what unnatural sins  
Will they suppose me laden, when my life  
Is sought by her, that gave it to the world?  
But yet he writes me comfort here: My sister,  
He says, is grown in beauty and in grace;  
In all the innocent virtues that become  
A tender spotless maid: She stains her cheeks  
With mourning tears, to purge her mother's ill;  
And 'mongst that sacred dew she mingles  
prayer,

Her pure oblations, for my safe return.  
If I have lost the duty of a son;  
If any pomp or vanity of state  
Made me forget my natural offices;  
Nay, further, if I have not every night  
Expostulated with my wand'ring thoughts,  
If aught unto my parent they have err'd,  
And call'd 'em back; do you<sup>11</sup> direct her arm  
Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.  
But if I have been just to her, send out  
Your pow'r to compass me, and hold me safe  
From searching treason; I will use no means  
But prayer: For, rather suffer me to see  
From mine own veins issue a deadly flood,  
Than wash my danger off with mother's blood.

*Mar.* I never saw such sudden extremities.  
[Exeunt.

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Tigr.* Why, wilt thou have me die, Spa-  
What should I do? [conia?

*Spa.* Nay, let me stay alone;  
And when you see Armenia again,  
You shall behold a tomb more worth than I.  
Some friend, that ever lov'd me or my cause,  
Will build me something to distinguish me  
From other women; many a weeping verse  
He will lay on, and much lament those maids  
That plac'd their loves unfortunately high,  
As I have done, where they can never reach.  
But why should you go to Iberia? [man

*Tigr.* Alas, that thou wilt ask me! Ask the  
That rages in a fever, why he lies  
Distemper'd there, when all the other youths  
Are coursing o'er the meadows with their loves?  
Can I resist it? am I not a slave  
To him that conquer'd me?

*Spa.* That conquer'd thee,  
Tigranes! He has won but half of thee,  
Thy body; but thy mind may be as free

As his: His will did never combat thine,  
And take it prisoner.

*Tigr.* But if he by force  
Convey my body hence, what helps it me,  
Or thee, to be unwilling?

*Spa.* Oh, Tigranes!  
I know you are to see a lady there;  
To see, and like, I fear: Perhaps, the hope  
Of her makes you forget me, ere we part.  
Be happier than you know to wish! farewell!

*Tigr.* Spaconia, stay, and hear me what I  
say.

In short, destruction meet me that I may  
See it, and not avoid it, when I leave  
To be thy faithful lover! Part with me [love,  
Thou shalt not; there are none that know our  
And I have given gold unto a captain,  
That goes unto Iberia from the king,  
That he will place a lady of our land  
With the king's sister that is offer'd me;  
Thither shall you, and being once got in,  
Persuade her, by what subtle means you can,  
To be as backward in her love as I.

*Spa.* Can you imagine that a longing maid,  
When she beholds you, can be pull'd away  
With words from loving you?

*Tigr.* Dispraise my health,  
My honesty, and tell her I am jealous.

*Spa.* Why, I had rather lose you: Can my  
heart

Consent to let my tongue throw out such words?  
And I, that ever yet spoke what I thought,  
Shall find it such a thing at first to lye!

*Tigr.* Yet, do thy best.

*Enter Bessus.*

*Bes.* What, is your majesty ready?

*Tigr.* There is the lady, captain.

*Bes.* Sweet lady, by your leave. I could  
wish myself more full of courtship for your  
fair sake.

*Spa.* Sir, I shall feel no want of that.

*Bes.* Lady, you must haste; I have re-  
ceiv'd new letters from the king, that require  
more haste than I expected; he will follow  
me suddenly himself; and begins to call for  
your majesty already.

*Tigr.* He shall not do so long.

*Bes.* Sweet lady, shall I call you my Charge  
hereafter?

*Spa.* I will not take upon me to govern  
your tongue, Sir: You shall call me what  
you please. [Exeunt.

<sup>11</sup> ————— do you direct her arm

Unto this foul dissembling heart of mine.] Who is to direct her arm? The gods, I suppose, must be meant; but they are neither invoked, nor mentioned. This is a bold ellipse; but yet not infrequent with our Poets. *Mr. Symonds.*

These ellipses are certainly very allowable in dramatic writings, as the action of the performer gives full information when he addresses.



## ACT II.

*Enter Gobrias, Bacurius, Arane, Panthea, and Mandane, waiting-women, with attendants.*

Gob. MY lord Bacurius, you must have regard

Unto the queen; she is your prisoner;  
Tis at your peril, if she make escape. [ner;

Bac. My lord, I know't; she is my prisoner  
From you committed: Yet she is a woman;  
And, so I keep her safe, you will not urge me  
To keep her close. I shall not shame to say,  
I sorrow for her.

Gob. So do I, my lord:  
I sorrow for her, that so little grace [arm  
Doth govern her, that she should stretch her  
Against her king; so little womanhood  
And natural goodness, as to think the death  
Of her own son.

Ara. Thou know'st the reason why,  
Dissembling as thou art, and wilt not speak.

Gob. There is a lady takes not after you;  
Her father is within her; that good man,  
Whose tears weigh'd down his sins. Mark,  
how she weeps;

How well it does become her! And if you  
Can find no disposition in yourself  
To sorrow, yet, by gracefulness in her,  
Find out the way, and by your reason weep.  
All this she does for you, and more she needs,  
When for yourself you will not lose a tear.  
Think, how this want of grief discredits you;  
And you will weep, because you cannot weep.<sup>12</sup>

Ara. You talk to me, as having got a time  
Fit for your purpose; but, you know, I know  
You speak not what you think.

Pan. I would my heart  
Were stone, before my softness should be urg'd

<sup>12</sup> This passage is quaint; but the two lines together evidently signify, 'Think, how disgraceful it is to you not to grieve, and you will grieve that you cannot grieve.'

<sup>13</sup> Nay, should I join with you, should we not both be torn, and yet both die uncredited? I can't think, this word came from the Poets, or was designed by them to stand for tortured; neither do I know how to apply an healing hand to the text, unless we transpose and read thus,

— should we both be sworn,

Yet should not we both die uncredited. Mr. Symson.

My friend does not seem much to like his conjecture: But as the passage is certainly corrupted without it, and as it retrieves plain sense, I have ventured to insert it; and, I am verily persuaded, it will not do him any discredit. Mr. Theobald.

It is plain, Mr. Symson had at first hit upon the Poets' meaning, however widely he afterwards departed from it. Gobrias means, 'Though we should be rack'd, torn even to death, we should die uncredited.' There is a weakness of expression, a poverty of imagination, in the passage when thus altered, which, we think, our Authors never betray.—Had the Editors of 1750 adhered to the rule which they often mention, of making the poetry a test for the words, they would not have altered nor transposed a syllable. But, by some strange mishap, though the elder copies of this play give us well-divided metre, this part of the scene, in their edition, is most strikingly confused: part of it being printed as prose, and part ranged in such lines as we believe never to have appeared under the name of poetry.

<sup>14</sup> I must preserve my own. i. e. Must protect my son, Arbaces, against your endeavours to destroy him.

Against my mother! A more troubled thought  
No virgin bears about! Should I excuse  
My mother's fault, I should set light a life,  
In losing which a brother and a king  
Were taken from me: If I seek to save  
That life so lov'd, I lose another life,  
That gave me being; I shall lose a mother;  
A word of such a sound in a child's ear,  
That it strikes reverence through it. May  
the will

Of Heav'n be done, and if one needs must fall,  
Take a poor virgin's life to answer all!

Ara. But, Gobrias, let us talk. You know,  
Is not in me as in another mother. [this fault

Gob. I know it is not.

Ara. Yet you make it so. [help?

Gob. Why, is not all that's past beyond your

Ara. I know it is.

Gob. Nay, should you publish it [liev'd?

Before the world, think you 'twould be be-

Ara. I know, it would not.

Gob. Nay, should I join w<sup>th</sup> you, [die

Should we not both be torn,<sup>13</sup> and yet both  
Uncredited?

Ara. I think we should.

Gob. Why, then,

Take you such violent courses? As for me,

I do but right in saving of the king

From all your plots.

Ara. The king!

Gob. I had you rest [me

With patience, and a time would come for

To reconcile all to your own content:

But, by this way, you take away my pow'r.

And what was done, unknown, was not by me,

But you; your urging. Being done, [bring

I must preserve my own;<sup>14</sup> but time may

All this to light, and happily for all

*Ara.* Accused be this over-curious brain,  
That gave that plot a birth! Accurs'd this  
womb,

That after did conceive, to my disgrace!

*Bac.* My lord-protector, they say, there are  
divers letters come from Armenia, that Bessus  
has done good service, and brought again a  
day by his particular valour: Receiv'd you  
any to that effect?

*Gob.* Yes; 'tis most certain.

*Bac.* I'm sorry for't; not that the day was  
won, but that 'twas won by him. We held  
him here a coward: He did me wrong once,  
at which I laugh'd, and so did all the world;  
for nor I, nor any other, held him worth my  
sword.

*Enter Bessus and Spaconia.*

*Bes.* Health to my lord-protector! From  
the king these letters; and to your grace, ma-  
dam, these.

*Gob.* How does his majesty?

*Bes.* As well as conquest, by his own means  
and his valiant commanders, can make him:  
Your letters will tell you all.

*Pan.* I will not open mine, till I do know  
My brother's health: Good captain, is he well?

*Bes.* As the rest of us that fought are.

*Pan.* But how's that? is he hurt? [knock.]

*Bes.* He's a strange soldier that gets not a

*Pan.* I do not ask how strange that soldier is  
That gets no hurt, but whether he have one.

*Bes.* He had divers.

*Pan.* And is he well again?

*Bes.* Well again, an't please your grace.  
Why, I was run twice through the body, and  
shot i' th' head with a cross-arrow, and yet  
am well again. [well?]

*Pan.* I do not care how thou dost: Is he

*Bes.* Not care how I do? Let a man, out  
of the mightiness of his spirit, fructify foreign  
countries with his blood, for the good of his

own, and thus he shall be answered. Why,  
I may live to relieve, with spear and shield,  
such a lady as you distressed.

*Pan.* Why, I will care: I am glad that  
thou art well; I prithee, is he so? [morrow.]

*Gob.* The king is well, and will be here to-

*Pan.* My prayer is heard. Now will I  
open mine. [change.]

*Gob.* Bacurius, I must ease you of your  
Madam, the wonted mercy of the king,

That overtakes your faults, has met with this,  
And struck it out; he has forgiven you freely.

Your own will is your law; be where you  
*Ara.* I thank him. [please.]

*Gob.* You will be ready to wait upon his  
majesty to-morrow?

*Ara.* I will. [Exit Ara.]

*Bac.* Madam, be wise hereafter. I am  
glad I have lost this office. [course]

*Gob.* Good captain Bessus, tell us the dis-  
Betwixt Tigranes and our king, and how  
We got the victory.

*Pan.* I prithee do;  
And if my brother were in any danger,

Let not thy tale make him abide there long,  
Before thou bring him off; for all that while  
My heart will beat.

*Bes.* Madam, let what will beat, I must  
tell the truth, and thus it was: They fought  
single in lists, but one to one. As for my own  
part, I was dangerously hurt but three days  
before; else, perhaps, we had been two to  
two; I cannot tell, some thought, we had.  
And the occasion of my hurt was this; the  
enemy had made trenches—

*Gob.* Captain, without the manner of your  
hurt be much material to this business, we'll  
hear't some other time. [brother.]

*Pan.* I prithee, leave it, and go on with my

*Bes.* I will; but 'twould be worth your  
hearing. To the lists they came, and single  
sword and gauntlet was their fight.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>15</sup> *To the lists they came, and single sword and gauntlet was their fight.* I know, in all ages  
of the world, that soldiers had a steel glove, or *gauntlet*, to defend the back of their hands from  
the cuts of a broad sword; but, surely, this is an odd word for a weapon of war; and for two  
combatants to fight with their gloves on, was no great sign of courage or dexterity. A *target*,  
(as I suspect, the original word to have been) gracefully and artfully managed, was a defence  
for the whole body.

So the words are again joined in the *Mad Lover*.

— *This fellow,*  
*With all his frights about him and his furies,*  
*His lances, and his lauces, swords, and targets, &c.*

And so we find in the *Coronation*.

*Enter Seleucus and Arcadius at several doors; their pages before them, bearing their  
targets. Mr. Symphon.*

As this alteration is countenanced by none of the old copies, so the reason for which it is  
made will hardly be deemed a sufficient one, when it is understood, that every combatant was  
provided with a gauntlet when he fought. In a book entitled, 'Honor Military and Civil,'  
'contained in foure Bookes. By W. Segar,' *fo.* 1602, p. 140, is the following passage: 'He  
'that loseth his gauntlet in fight, is more to be blamed than he who is desarmed of his poul-  
'dron. For the gauntlet armeth the hand, without which member no fight can be performed;  
'and therefore that part of the armor is commonly sent in signe of defiance.' R.

*Pan.* Alas!

*Bes.* Without the lists there stood some dozen captains of either side mingled, all which were sworn, and one of those was I: And 'twas my chance to stand next a captain o' th' enemies' side, call'd Tiribasus; valiant, they said, he was. Whilst these two kings were stretching themselves, this Tiribasus cast something a scornful look on me, and ask'd me, whom I thought would overcome? I smil'd, and told him, if he would fight with me, he should perceive by the event of that whose king would win. Something he answer'd, and a scuffle was like to grow, when one Zipetus offered to help him: I—

*Pan.* All this is of thyself: I pray thee, Bessus,

Tell something of my brother; did he nothing?

*Bes.* Why, yes; I'll tell your grace. They were not to fight till the word given; which, for my own part, by my troth, I confess, I was not to give.

*Pan.* See, for his own part!

*Bac.* I fear, yet, this fellow is abus'd with a good report.

*Bes.* But I—

*Pan.* Still of himself!

*Bes.* Cry'd, 'Give the word;' when, as some of them say, Tigranes was stooping; but the word was not given then; yet one Cosroes, of the enemies' part, held up his finger to me, which is as much, with us martialists, as, 'I will fight with you.' I said not a word, nor made sign during the combat; but that once done—

*Pan.* He slips o'er all the fight.

*Bes.* I call'd him to me; Cosroes, said I—

*Pan.* I will hear no more.

*Bes.* No, no, I lye.

*Bac.* I dare be sworn thou dost.

*Bes.* Captain, said I; so it was.

*Pan.* I tell thee, I will hear no further.

*Bes.* No? Your grace will wish you had.

*Pan.* I will not wish it. What, is this the My brother writes to me to take? [lady

*Bes.* An't please your grace, this is she. Charge, will you come near the princess?

*Pan.* You're welcome from your country; and this land

Shall shew unto you all the kindnesses

That I can make it. What's your name?

*Spa.* Thalestris. [a letter

*Pan.* You're very welcome: You have got To put you to me that has power enough [you, To place mine enemy here; then much more That are so far from being so to me,

That you ne'er saw me. [truth.

*Bes.* Madam, I dare pass my word for her

*Spa.* My truth?

*Pan.* Why, captain, do you think I am afraid she'll steal?

*Bes.* I cannot tell; servants are slippery; but I dare give my word for her: And for honesty, she came along with me, and many favours she did me by the way; but, by this

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light, none but what she might do with modesty, to a man of my rank.

*Pan.* Why, captain, here's nobody thinks otherwise.

*Bes.* Nay, if you should, your grace may think your pleasure; but I am sure I brought her from Armenia, and in all that way, if ever I touch'd any bare of her above her knee, I pray God I may sink where I stand.

*Spa.* Above my knee?

*Bes.* No, you know I did not; and if any man will say I did, this sword shall answer. Nay, I'll defend the reputation of my Charge, whilst I live. Your grace shall understand, I am secret in these businesses, and know how to defend a lady's honour.

*Spa.* I hope your grace knows him so well already. I shall not need to tell you he's vain and foolish.

*Bes.* Ay, you may call me what you please, but I'll defend your good name against the world. And so I take my leave of your grace, and of you, my lord-protector. I am likewise glad to see your lordship well.

*Bac.* Oh, captain Bessus, I thank you. I would speak with you anon.

*Bes.* When you please, I will attend your lordship. [Exit *Bes.*

*Bac.* Madam, I'll take my leave too.

*Pan.* Good Bacurins! [Exit *Bac.*

*Gob.* Madam, what writes his majesty to

*Pan.* Oh, my lord, [you?

The kindest words! I'll keep 'em while I live, Here in my bosom; there's no art in 'em; They lie disorder'd in this paper, just As hearty nature speaks 'em.

*Gob.* And to me.

He writes, what tears of joy he shed, to hear How you were grown in every virtuous way; And yields all thanks to me, for that dear care Which I was bound to have in training you. There is no princess living that enjoys A brother of that worth.

*Pan.* My lord, no maid

Longs more for any thing, and feels more heat And cold within her breast, than I do now, In hope to see him.

*Gob.* Yet I wonder much

At this: He writes, he brings along with him A husband for you, that same captive prince; And if he love you, as he makes a shew,

He will allow you freedom in a choice. [you; *Pan.* And so he will, my lord, I warrant He will but offer, and give me the power To take or leave.

*Gob.* Trust me, were I a lady,

I could not like that man were bargain'd with, Before I chose him.

*Pan.* But I am not built [thy,

On such wild humours; and if I find him worse He is not less because he's offered. [seem less!

*Spa.* 'Tis true he is not; 'would, he would

*Gob.* I think there is no lady can affect Another prince, your brother standing by; He doth eclipse mens' virtues so with his.

M

*Spa.* I know a lady may, and, more I fear,  
Another lady will.

*Pan.* Would I might see him!

*Gob.* Why, so you shall. My businesses  
are great:

I will attend you when it is his pleasure to see

*Pan.* I thank you, good my lord. [you.

*Gob.* You will be ready, madam?

*Pan.* Yes. [Exit Gob.

*Spa.* I do beseech you, madam, send away  
Your other women, and receive from me  
A few sad words, which, set against your joys,  
May make 'em shine the more.

*Pan.* Sirs, leave me all. [Exit women.

*Spa.* I kneel a stranger here, to beg a thing  
Unfit for me to ask, and you to grant.

'Tis such another strange ill-laid request,  
As if a beggar should intreat a king  
To leave his sceptre and his throne to him,  
And take his rags to wander o'er the world,  
Hungry and cold.

*Pan.* That were a strange request.

*Spa.* As ill is mine.

*Pan.* Then, do not utter it.

*Spa.* Alas, 'tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd, ay, and granted, or I die!  
I am asham'd to speak it; but where life  
Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman,  
That will not talk something unreasonably  
To hazard saving of it.<sup>16</sup> I shall seem  
A strange petitioner, that wish all ill  
To them I beg of, ere they give me aught;  
Yet so I must: I would you were not fair,  
Nor wise, for in your ill consists my good:  
If you were foolish, you would hear my prayer;  
If foul, you had not power to hinder me;  
He would not love you.

*Pan.* What's the meaning of it? [bounds

*Spa.* Nay, my request is more without the  
Of reason yet; for 'tis not in the pow'r  
Of you to do, what I would have you grant.

*Pan.* Why, then, 'tis idle. Prithce, speak  
it out.

*Spa.* Your brother brings a prince into this  
land,

Of such a noble shape, so sweet a grace,  
So full of worth withal, that every maid  
That looks upon him gives away herself  
To him for ever; and for you to have

He brings him: And so mad is my demand,  
That I desire you not to have this man, [die,  
This excellent man; for whom you needs must  
If you should miss him. I do now expect  
You should laugh at me.

*Pan.* Trust me, I could weep

Rather; for I have found in all thy words

A strange disjointed sorrow.

*Spa.* 'Tis by me

His own desire so, that you would not love him.

*Pan.* His own desire! Why, credit me,

Thalestris,

I am no common wooer: If he shall woo me,  
His worth may be such, that I dare not swear  
I will not love him; but if he will stay  
To have me woo him, I will promise thee  
He may keep all his graces to himself,  
And fear no ravishing from me.

*Spa.* 'Tis yet

His own desire; but when he sees your face,  
I fear, it will not be; therefore I charge you,  
As you have pity, stop those tender ears  
From his enchanting voice; close up those eyes,  
That you may neither catch a dart from him,  
Nor be from you. I charge you, as you hope  
To live in quiet; for when I am dead,  
For certain I will walk to visit him,  
If he break promise with me: For as fast  
As oaths, without a formal ceremony,  
Can make me, I am to him.

*Pan.* Then be fearless;

For if he were a thing 'twixt God and man,  
I could gaze on him, if I knew it sin [eyes;  
To love him, without passion.<sup>17</sup> Dry your  
I swear, you shall enjoy him still for me;  
I will not hinder you. But I perceive [lestris,  
You are not what you seem: Rise, rise, Tha-  
If your right name be so.

*Spa.* Indeed, it is not:

Spaonia is my name; but I desire  
Not to be known to others.

*Pan.* Why, by me

You shall not; I will never do you wrong;  
What good I can, I will: Think not my birth  
Or education such, that I should injure  
A stranger virgin. You are welcome hither.  
In company you wish to be commanded;  
But, when we are alone, I shall be ready  
To be your servant. [Exit.

<sup>16</sup> ———— *but where life*

*Lies at the stake, I cannot think her woman*

*That will not take something unreasonably,*

*To hazard saving of it.]* But what was the woman to take in this case? I think, I may venture to say, I have restored the original word of the Poets: My emendation is confirmed by what she says three lines above.

*Alas! 'Tis of that nature, that it must  
Be utter'd.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>17</sup> *For if he were a thing 'twixt god and man,*

*I could gaze on him, if I knew it sin*

*To love him, without passion:] i. e.* If she knew it a sin to fall in love with him, let him be ever so lovely, she could avoid it. The confidence with which she speaks this, is extremely natural, to shew how little we know our own weakness: For she soon after falls in love with one, whom she took for her own brother.

*Mr. Seward.*

*Enter three men and a woman.*

1 *Man*. Come, come, run, run, run.

2 *Man*. We shall outgo her.

3 *Men*. One were better be hang'd than carry out women fiddling to these shows.

*Wom*. Is the king hard by?

1 *Man*. You heard he with the bottles said, he thought we should come too late. What abundance of people here is?

*Wom*. But what had he in those bottles?

3 *Man*. I know not.

2 *Man*. Why, ink, goodman fool.

3 *Man*. Ink, what to do?

1 *Man*. Why, the king, look you, will many times call for those bottles, and break his mind to his friends.

*Wom*. Let's take our places; we shall have no room else.

2 *Man*. The man told us, he would walk o' foot through the people.

3 *Man*. Ay, marry, did he.

1 *Man*. Our shops are well look'd-to now.

2 *Man*. 'Slife, yonder's my master, I think.

1 *Man*. No, 'tis not he.

*Enter Philip, with two citizens' wives.*

1 *Cit*. Lord, how fine the fields be. What sweet living 'tis in the country!

2 *Cit*. Ay, poor souls, God help 'em, they live as contentedly as one of us.

1 *Cit*. My husband's cousin would have had me gone into the country last year. Wert thou ever there? [once.

2 *Cit*. Ay, poor souls, I was amongst 'em

1 *Cit*. And what kind of creatures are they, for love of God?

2 *Cit*. Very good people, God help 'em.

1 *Cit*. Wilt thou go down with me this summer when I am brought to-bed?

2 *Cit*. Alas, it is no place for us.

1 *Cit*. Why, prithee?

2 *Cit*. Why, you can have nothing there; there's nobody erics brooms.

1 *Cit*. No?

2 *Cit*. No truly, nor milk.

1 *Cit*. Nor milk! how do they?

2 *Cit*. They are fain to milk themselves i' the country.

1 *Cit*. Good lord! But the people there, I think, will be very dutiful to one of us.

2 *Cit*. Ay, God knows will they; and yet they do not greatly care for our husbands.

1 *Cit*. Do they not? alas! i' good faith, I cannot blame them: For we do not greatly care for them ourselves. Philip, I pray, chuse us a place.

*Phil*. There's the best, forsooth.

1 *Cit*. By your leave, good people, a little.

3 *Man*. What's the matter?

*Phi*. I pray you, my friend, do not thrust my mistress so; she's with child.

2 *Man*. Let her look to herself then; has she not had thrusting enough yet? If she stay shouldering here, she may, haps, go home with a cake in her belly.

3 *Man*. How now, goodman Squitter-breech! why do you lean on me?

*Phil*. Because I will.

3 *Man*. Will you, Sir Sauce-box?

1 *Cit*. Look, if one ha' not struck Philip. Come hither, Philip; why did he strike thee?

*Phil*. For leaning on him.

1 *Cit*. Why didst thou lean on him?

*Phil*. I did not think he would have struck me.

1 *Cit*. As God save me, la, thou'rt as wild as a buck; there's no quarrel, but thou'rt at one end or other on't.

3 *Man*. It's at the first end then, for he'll ne'er stay the last.

1 *Cit*. Well, Slip-string, I shall meet with you.

3 *Man*. When you will.

1 *Cit*. I'll give a crown to meet with you.

3 *Man*. At a bawdy-house.

1 *Cit*. Ay, you're full of your rognery; but if I du meet you, it shall cost me a fall.

*Flourish. Enter one running.*

4 *Man*. The king, the king, the king, the king! Now, now, now, uow!

*Flourish. Enter Arbaces, Tigranes, and Mardonius.*

*All*. God preserve your majesty! [full,

*Arb*. I thank you all. Now are my joys at When I behold you safe, my loving subjects.

By you I grow; 'tis your united love

That lifts me to this height.

All the account that I can render you

For all the love you have bestow'd on me,

All your expences to maintain my war,

Is but a little word: You will imagine

'Tis slender payment; yet 'tis such a word

As is not to be bought but with your bloods:

'Tis peace!

*All*. God preserve your majesty!

*Arb*. Now you may live securely i' your towns, Your children round about you; you may sit

Under your vines, and make the miseries

Of other kingdoms a discourse for you, [may

And lend them sorrows. For yourselves, you

Safely forget there are such things as tears:

And you may all, whose goods thoughts I have

gain'd, Hold me unworthy, when I think my life

A sacrifice too great to keep you thus

In such a calm estate!

*All*. God bless your majesty! [the man,

*Arb*. See, all good people; I have brought Whose very name you fear'd, a captive home.

Behold him; 'tis Tigranes! In your hearts Sing songs of gladness and deliverance.

1 *Cit*. Out upon him!

2 *Cit*. How he looks.

3 *Wom*. Hang him, hang him!

*Mar*. These are sweet people.

*Tigr*. Sir, you do nie wrong,

To render me a scorned spectacle

To common people.

*Arb*. It was far from me

To mean it so. If I have aught deserv'd,  
My loving subjects, let me beg of you  
Not to revile this prince, in whom there dwells  
All worth, of which the nature of a man  
Is capable; valour beyond compare:  
The terror of his name has stretch'd itself  
Where-ever there is sun: And yet for you  
I fought with him single, and won him too.  
I made his valour stoop, and brought that name,  
Soar'd to so unbelov'd a height, to fall [loves,  
Beneath mine. This, inspir'd with all your  
I did perform; and will, for your content,  
Be ever ready for a greater work.

*All.* The Lord bless your majesty!

*Fig.* So, he has made me amends now with  
a speech in commendation of himself: I would  
not be so vain-glorious.

*Arb.* If there be any thing in which I may  
Do good to any creature here, speak out;  
For I must leave you: And it troubles me,  
That my occasions, for the good of you,  
Are such as call me from you: Else, my joy  
Would be to spend my days among you all.  
You shew your loves in these large multitudes  
That come to meet me. I will pray for you.  
Heav'n prosper you, that you may know old  
And live to see your children's children [years,  
Sit at your boards with plenty! When there is

A want of any thing, let it be known  
To me, and I will be a father to you.  
God keep you all!

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt kings and their train.*]

*All.* God bless your majesty, God bless your  
majesty!

1 *Man.* Come, shall we go? all's done.

*Wom.* Ay, for God's sake; I have not made  
a fire yet.

2 *Man.* Away, away! all's done.

3 *Man.* Content. Farewell, Philip.

1 *Cit.* Away, you halter-sack, you! [face.

2 *Man.* Philip will not fight; he's afraid on's

*Phil.* Ay, marry; am I afraid of my face?

3 *Man.* Thou wouldst be, Philip, if thou  
saw'st it in a glass; it looks so like a visor.

[*Exeunt the three men and woman.*]

1 *Cit.* You'll be hang'd, sirrah. Come,  
Philip, walk before us homewards. Did not  
his majesty say he had brought us home peas  
for all our money? <sup>12</sup>

2 *Cit.* Yes, marry, did he.

1 *Cit.* They're the first I heard of this year,  
by my troth. I long'd for some of 'em. Did  
he not say, we should have some?

2 *Cit.* Yes, and so we shall anon, I warrant  
you, have every one a peck brought home to  
our houses. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

*Enter Arbaces and Gobrias.*

*Arb.* MY sister take it ill?

*Gob.* Not very ill:

Something unkindly she does take it, Sir,  
To have her husband chosen to her hands.

*Arb.* Why, Gobrias, let her: I must have  
her know,

My will, and not her own, must govern her.  
What, will she marry with some slave at home?

*Gob.* Oh, she is far from any stubbornness;  
You much mistake her; and, no doubt, will  
like [hold her,

Where you will have her. But, when you be-  
you will be loth to part with such a jewel.

*Arb.* To part with her? Why, Gobrias, art  
She is my sister. [thou mad?

*Gob.* Sir, I know she is:

But it were pity to make poor our land,  
With such a beauty to enrich another.

*Arb.* Pish! Will she have him?

*Gob.* I do hope she will not. [*Aside.*]

I think she will, Sir.

*Arb.* Were she my father, and my mother  
too,

And all the names for which we think folks  
friends,

She should be forc'd to have him, when I know  
'Tis fit. I will not hear her say, she's loth.

*Gob.* Heav'n, bring my purpose luckily to  
pass! [strait,

You know 'tis just.—She will not need con-  
She loves you so.

*Arb.* How does she love me? Speak.

*Gob.* She loves you more than people love  
their health,

That live by labour; more than I could love  
A man that died for me, if he could live  
Again

*Arb.* She is not like her mother, then.

*Gob.* Oh, no! When you were in Armenia,  
I durst not let her know when you were hurt:  
For at the first, on every little scratch, [eat,  
She kept her chamber, wept, and could not  
Till you were well; and many times the news  
Was so long coming, that, before we heard,  
She was as near her death; as you your health.

*Arb.* Alas, poor soul! But yet she must be  
ru'd.

I know not how I shall requite her well.

<sup>12</sup> Did not his majesty say, he had brought us home peas for all our money.] This ridiculous blunder from the ignorance of the citizen in mistaking *peace* for *peas*, might have an effect, perhaps, (at least of laughter) on the gross audiences of those times; though I question whether it would not meet with a rebuke from the nicer tastes in ours. *Mr. Theobald.*

I long to see her: Have you sent for her,  
To tell her I am ready?

Gob. Sir, I have.

*Enter 1 gentleman and Tigranes.*

1 Gent. Sir, here is the Armenian king.

Arb. He's welcome. *[princess wait]*

1 Gent. And the queen-mother and the  
Without. *[Exit Gobrias.]*

Arb. Good Gobrias, bring 'em in.

Tigranes, you will think you are arriv'd  
In a strange land, where mothers cast to poison  
Their only sons: Think you, you shall be safe?

Tig. Too safe I am, Sir.

*Enter Gobrias, Arane, Panthea, Spaconia,  
Bacurius, Mardonius, Bessus, and two gentlemen.*

Ar. As low as this I bow to you;<sup>19</sup> and  
As low as is my grave, to shew a mind *[would]*  
Thankful for all your mercies.

Arb. Oh, stand up,

And let me kneel! the light will be asham'd  
To see observance done to me by you.

Ar. You are my king.

Arb. You are my mother. Rise!

As far be all your faults from your own soul,  
As from my memory; then you shall be  
As white as Innocence herself.

Ar. I came

Only to shew my duty, and acknowledge  
My sorrows for my sins: Longer to stay,  
Were but to draw eyes more attentively *[safe]*  
Upon my shame. That pow'r, that kept you  
From me, preserve you still!

Arb. Your own desires shall be your guide.  
*[Exit Arane.]*

Pan. Now let me die!

Since I have seen my lord the king return  
In safety, I have seen all good that life  
Can shew me. I have ne'er another wish  
For Heaven to grant; nor were it fit I should;  
For I am bound to spend my age to come,  
In giving thanks that this was granted me.

Gob. Why does not your majesty speak?

Arb. To whom?

Gob. To the princess.

Pan. Alas, Sir, I am fearful! You do look  
On me, as if I were some loathed thing.  
That you were finding out a way to shun.

Gob. Sir, you should speak to her.

Arb. Ha?

Pan. I know I am unworthy, yet not ill:  
Arm'd with which innocence, here I will kneel  
'Till I am one with earth, but I will gain  
Some words and kindness from you.

Tigr. Will you speak, Sir?

Arb. Speak! am I what I was?

What art thou, that dost creep into my breast,  
And dar'st not see my face? Shew forth thyself.  
I feel a pair of fiery wings display'd *[there!]*  
Hither, from thence. You shall not tarry  
Up, and be gone; if thou be'st love, be gone!  
Or I will tear thee from my wounded breast,  
Pull thy lov'd down away, and with a quill  
By this right arm drawn from thy wanton wing,  
Write to thy laughing mother i' thy blood,<sup>20</sup>

That you are pow'r's bely'd, and all your darts  
Are to be blown away, by men resolv'd,

Like dust. I know thou fear'st my words;  
away! *[slow?]*

Tigr. Oh, misery! why should he be so  
There can no falsehood come of loving her.

Though I have given my faith, she is a thing  
Both to be lov'd and serv'd beyond my faith.  
I would, he would present me to her quickly.

Pan. Will you not speak at all? Are you  
so far

From kind words? Yet, to save my modesty,  
That must talk till you answer, do not stand  
As you were dumb; say something, though it be  
Poison'd with anger that may strike me dead.

Mar. Have you no life at all? For manhood  
sake,

Let her not kneel, and talk neglected thus.

A tree would find a tongue to answer her,  
Did she but give it such a lov'd respect.

Arb. You mean this lady. Lift her from  
the earth:

Why do you let her kneel so long? Alas!

Madam, your beauty uses to command,

And not to beg. What is your suit to me?

<sup>19</sup> As low as this I bow to you, &c.] Mr. Theobald compares this speech, and Arbaces' reply, to the following passage in Coriolanus, on a similar occasion, 'to which, says he, our Authors might possibly have an eye.'

Vol. Oh, stand up bless'd!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint  
I kneel before thee; and unproperly  
Shew duty as mistaken all the while  
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?  
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillop the stars; then let the mutinous winds  
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;  
Murdering impossibility, to make  
What cannot be slight work.

<sup>20</sup> Thy laughing mother.] The old poets, both Greek and Latin, as Mr. Seward observes, apply this epithet to Venus.

It shall be granted; yet the time is short,  
And my affairs are great. But where's my sister?  
I bade she should be brought. [ter?]

*Mar.* What, is he mad?

*Arb.* Goblins, where is she?

*Gob.* Sir!

*Arb.* Where is she, man?

*Gob.* Who, Sir?

*Arb.* Who? hast thou forgot my sister?

*Gob.* Your sister, Sir? [a wit,

*Arb.* Your sister, Sir? Some one that hath

Answer, where is she?

*Gob.* Do you not see her there?

*Arb.* Where?

*Gob.* There.

*Arb.* There? where?

*Mar.* 'Slight, there! are you blind?

*Arb.* Which do you mean? That little one?

*Gob.* No, Sir. [can see

*Arb.* No, Sir? Why, do you mock me? I  
No other here, but that petitioning lady.

*Gob.* That's she.

*Arb.* Away!

*Gob.* Sir, it is she.

*Arb.* 'Tis false.

*Gob.* Is it?

*Arb.* As Hell! By Heav'n, as false as Hell!  
My sister!—Is she dead? If it be so,  
Speak boldly to me; for I am a man,  
And dare not quarrel with Divinity;  
And do not think to cozen me with this.  
I see, you all are mute and stand amaz'd,  
Fearful to answer me. It is too true;  
A decreed instant cuts off ev'ry life,  
For which to mourn, is to repine. She died  
A virgin though, more innocent than sleep,  
As clear as her own eyes; and blessedness  
Eternal waits upon her where she is.  
I know, she could not make a wish to change  
Her state for new; and you shall see me bear  
My crosses like a man. We all must die,  
And she hath taught us how.

*Gob.* Do not mistake,  
And vex yourself for nothing; for her death  
Is a long life off yet, I hope. 'Tis she;  
And if my speech deserve not faith, lay death  
Upon me, and my latest words shall force  
A credit from you.

*Arb.* Which, good Goblins?  
That lady, dost thou mean?

*Gob.* That lady, Sir:  
She is your sister; and she is your sister  
That loves you so; 'tis she for whom I weep,  
To see you use her thus.

*Arb.* It cannot be.

*Tigr.* Pish! this is tedious:  
I cannot hold; I must present myself.  
And yet the sight of my Spaconia

Touches me, as a sudden thunder-clap  
Does one that is about to sin.

*Arb.* Away! [tor,

No more of this! Here I pronounce him traitor—

The direct plotter of my death, that names

Or thinks her for my sister: 'Tis a lie,

The most malicious of the world, invented

To mad your king. He that will say so o'ert,

Let him draw out his sword and sheath it here;

It is a sin fully as pardonable.

She is no kin to me, nor shall she be:

If she were ever, I create her none.

And which of you can question this? My pow'r

Is like the sea, that is to be obey'd,

And not disputed with. I have decreed her

As far from having part of blood with me,

As the naked Indians. Come and answer me,

He that is boldest now: Is that my sister?

*Mar.* Oh, this is fine!

*Bes.* No, marry, she is not, an't please your  
majesty. [you.

I never thought she was; she's nothing like

*Arb.* No; 'tis true, she is not.

*Mar.* Thou shouldst be hang'd.

*Pan.* Sir, I will speak but once: By the  
same pow'r

You make my blood a stranger unto yours,  
You may command me dead; and so much  
love

A stranger may importune; pray you, do.

If this request appear too much to grant,

Adopt me of some other family,

By your unquestion'd word; else I shall live

Like sinful issues, that are left in streets

By their regardless mothers, and no name

Will be found for me.

*Arb.* I will hear no more.

Why should there be such music in a voice,

And sin for me to hear it? All the world

May take delight in this; and 'tis damnation

For me to do so. You are fair, and wise,

And virtuous, I think; and he is bless'd

That is so near you as a brother is;

But you are nought to me but a disease;

Continual torment without hope of ease.

Such an ungodly sickness I have got,

That he, that undertakes my cure, must first

O'erthrow divinity, all moral laws,

And leave mankind as unconfin'd as beasts;

Allowing 'em to do all actions,

As freely as they drink when they desire.

Let me not hear you speak again; yet so

I shall but languish for the want of that,

The having which would kill me. No man

Offer to speak for her; for I consider [here

As much as you can say; I will not toil

My body and my mind too; rest thou there;

Here's one within will labour for you both.

<sup>21</sup> ——— and 'tis damnation

[For me to do so.] To make sense and true reasoning, the conjunction *and* must be changed into the disjunctive particle *yet*. The king means, all the world, besides himself, may take delight in the music of her tongue; but it would be damnation in him to do so. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have followed the old reading, which we think easy and familiar. *And* often stands for *and yet*; and clearly conveys that sense in the passage before us.



*Pan.* I would I were past speaking.

*Gob.* Fear not, madam;

The king will alter: 'Tis some sudden rage,  
And you shall see it end some other way.

*Pan.* Pray Heav'n it do! [I cannot

*Tigr.* Though she to whom I swore be here,  
Suffice my passion longer; if my father  
Should rise again, disquieted with this,  
And change me to forbear, yet it would out.  
Madam, a stranger, and a pris'n'r, begs  
To be bid welcome.

*Pan.* You are welcome, Sir,  
I think; but if you be not, 'tis past me  
To make you so; for I am here a stranger  
Greater than you: We know from whence  
you come;

But I appear a lost thing, and by whom  
Is yet uncertain; found here i' the court,  
And only suffer'd to walk up and down,  
As one not worth the owning.

*Spa.* Oh, I fear

Tigranes will be caught; he looks, methinks,  
As he would exchange his eyes with her. Some  
help

There is above for me, I hope! [fast,

*Tigr.* Why do you turn away, and weep so  
And utter things that mis-become your looks?  
Can you want owning?

*Spa.* Oh, 'tis certain so.

*Tigr.* Acknowledge yourself mine.

*Art.* How now?

*Tigr.* And then see if you want an owner.

*Art.* They are talking!

*Tigr.* Nations shall own you for their queen.

*Art.* Tigranes! art not thou my prisoner?

*Tigr.* I am.

*Art.* And who is this?

*Tigr.* She is your sister.

*Art.* She is so.

*Mar.* Is she so again? that's well.

*Art.* And how, then, dare you offer to exchange  
words with her?

*Tigr.* Dare do it! Why, you brought me  
hither, Sir,

To that intent.

*Art.* Perhaps, I told you so:

If I had sworn it, had you so much folly  
To credit it? The least word that she speaks  
Is worth a life. Rule your disorder'd tongue,  
Or I will temper it!

<sup>15</sup> ———— *This is tyranny,*

*Arbaces, subtler than the burning bull's.* The allusion here is to the tyranny of Phalaris, who inclosed the wretches that had offended him, in a bull of brass, and burned them alive; being delighted to hear their groans express the bellowing of a bull. One Perillus, we are told, made this savage present to Phalaris; and the tyrant made the first experiment upon him of his own cruel ingenuity: Upon which Ovid has very properly observed,

————— *Nec lex est justior ulla,  
Quàm necis artifices arte perire sua.*

<sup>16</sup> 'There is no more equal justice, than that the artificers of mischief should suffer by their own bad arts.' *Mr Theobald.*

<sup>17</sup> *Or that sam'd tyrant's bed.* The poets allude to the bed of the inhuman Procrustes, an infamous robber of Attica, who compelled all his prisoners to lie in it; and, if they were too short, he by racks stretched out their limbs to the extent of it; if they were of too tall a stature, he lopped off their feet, and reduced them to a length suitable to his bed. *Mr. Theobald.*

*Spa.* Blest be that breath!

*Tigr.* Temper my tongue! Such incivilities  
As these no barbarous people ever knew:  
You break the laws of nature, and of nations;  
You talk to me as if I were a prisoner [speak,  
For theft. My tongue be temper'd? I must  
If thunder check me, and I will.

*Art.* You will?

*Spa.* Alas, my fortune!

*Tigr.* Do not fear his frown.

Dear madam, hear me. [base in me

*Art.* Fear not my frown? But that 'twere  
To fight with one I know I can o'ercome,  
Again thou shouldst be conquered by me.

*Mar.* He has one ransom with him already;  
methinks, 'twere good to fight double or quit.

*Art.* Away with him to prison! Now, Sir,  
see

If my frown be regardless. Why delay you?  
Seize him, Bacurius! You shall know my word  
Sweeps like a wind; and all it grapples with,  
Are as the chaff before it.

*Tigr.* Touch me not.

*Art.* Help there!

*Tigr.* Away!

1 *Gent.* It is in vain to struggle.

2 *Gent.* You must be forc'd.

*Bac.* Sir, you must pardon us;  
We must obey.

*Art.* Why do you dally there?

Drag him away by any thing.

*Bac.* Come, Sir.

*Tigr.* Justice, thou ought'st to give me  
strength enough

To shake all these off. This is tyranny,  
Arbaces, subtler than the burning huff's,<sup>23</sup>  
Or that sam'd tyrant's bed.<sup>24</sup> Thou mightst  
as well

Search i' the deep of winter through the snow  
For half-starv'd people, to bring home with  
thee,

To shew 'em fire and send 'em back again,  
As use me thus.

*Art.* Let him be close, Bacurius.

[*Exeunt Tigranes and Bacurius.*

*Spa.* I ne'er rejoic'd at any ill to him,  
But this imprisonment: What shall become  
Of me forsaken?

*Gob.* You will not let your sister  
Depart thus discontented from you, Sir?

*Arb.* By no means, Gobrias: I have done her wrong,  
And made myself believe much of myself,  
That is not in me. You did kneel to me  
Whilst I stood stubborn and regardless by,  
And, like a god incensed, gave no ear  
To all your prayers. Behold, I kneel to you:  
Shew a contempt as large as was my own,  
And I will suffer it; yet, at the last, forgive me.

*Pan.* Oh, you wrong me more in this  
Than in your rage you did: You mock me  
now, [worst

*Arb.* Never forgive me, then; which is the  
Can happen to me.

*Pan.* If you be in earnest,  
Stand up, and give me but a gentle look,  
And two kind words, and I shall be in Heav'n.

*Arb.* Rise you then too: <sup>24</sup> Here I acknowledge thee

My hope, the only jewel of my life,  
The best of sisters, dearer than my breath,  
A happiness as high as I could think;  
And when my actions call thee otherwise,  
Perdition light upon me!

*Pan.* This is better  
Than if you had not frown'd; it comes to me  
Like mercy at the block: And when I leave  
To serve you with my life, your curse be with  
me!

*Arb.* Then thus I do salute thee; and again,  
To make this knot the stronger. Paradise  
Is there! It may be, you are yet in doubt;  
This third kiss blots it out.—I wade in sin,  
And foolishly intice myself along!  
Take her away; see her a prisoner  
In her own chamber, closely, Gobrias!

*Pan.* Alas! Sir, why?

*Arb.* I must not stay the answer. Do it!

*Gob.* Good Sir!

*Arb.* No more! Do it, I say!

*Mar.* This is better and better.

*Pan.* Yet, hear me speak.

*Arb.* I will not hear you speak.

Away with her! Let no man think to speak  
For such a creature! for she is a witch,  
A poisoner, and a traitor!

*Gob.* Madam, this office grieves me.

*Pan.* Nay, 'tis well; the king is pleased  
with it.

*Arb.* Bessus, go you along too with her. I  
will prove

All this that I have said, if I may live  
So long. But I am desperately sick;  
For she has given me poison in a kiss:

She had it 'twixt her lips; and with her eyes  
She witches people. Go, without a word!

[*Exeunt Gob. Pan. Bes. and Spar.*]

Why should you, that have made me stand in  
war

Like Fate itself, cutting what threads I pleas'd,  
Decease such an unworthy end of me,  
And all my glories? What am I, alas,  
That you oppose me? If my secret thoughts  
Have ever harbour'd swellings against you,  
They could not hurt you; and it is in you  
To give me sorrow, that will render me  
Apt to receive your mercy: Rather so,  
Let it be rather so, than punish me  
With such unmanly sips. I owest<sup>25</sup> is in me  
Dwelling already; and it must be holy,  
That pulls it thence. Where art, Mardonius?

*Mar.* Here, Sir.

*Arb.* I pray thee, bear me, if thou canst.

Am I not grown a strange weight?

*Mar.* As you were.

*Arb.* No heavier?

*Mar.* No, Sir.

*Arb.* Why, my legs

Refuse to bear my body! Oh, Mardonius,  
Thou hast in field beheld me, when thou  
know'st

I could have gone, though I could never run.

*Mar.* And so I shall again.

*Arb.* Oh, no, 'tis past.

*Mar.* Pray you, go rest yourself. [of me,

*Arb.* Wilt thou, hereafter, when they talk  
As thou shalt hear nothing but infamy,  
Remember some of those things?

*Mar.* Yes, I will.

*Arb.* I pray thee, do; for thou shalt never  
see me so again. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Bessus, alone.*

*Bes.* They talk of Fame; I have gotten it  
in the wars, and will afford any man a reason-  
able penny-worth. Some will say, they could  
be content to have it, but that it is to be at-  
chiev'd with danger; but my opinion is other-  
wise: For if I might stand still in cannon-  
proof, and have Fame fall upon me, I would  
refuse it. My reputation came principally by  
thinking to run away, which nobody knows  
but Mardonius; and, I think, he conceals it to  
anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came  
to the town a young fellow, without means  
or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts  
persuaded me to lye, and abuse people, for my  
meat; which I did, and they beat me. Then

<sup>24</sup> Rise you then to hear; I acknowledge thee, &c.] The alteration, which is Mr. Theobald's, we doubt not will appear proper, to every reader who considers the preceding speeches.

<sup>25</sup> I owest Incest is in me

Dwelling already, and it must be holy

That pulls it thence.] The obscurity of this passage, puzzled me a great while; but by pondering often over it, I think, I have traced the intention of the Poets. The king would say, that incest has already taken up its residence in him; and is a sin of so horrid a die, that nothing but the assistance of the holy powers can expel it. Mr. Theobald.

As it stands so frequently for that which, it is surprising Mr. Theobald should have been puzzled about this passage.

would I fast two days, till my hunger cry'd out on me, 'Rail still.' Then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again, and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by th' heels, and beat me w' ha-le-sticks, at if they would have baked me, and have enzen'd some body w' me for venison. After this I rail'd, and eat quietly: For the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled whip'd fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger, of which I was glad. I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven call'd an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, rais'd a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgel'd me: Yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do; but fled with my whole company amongst mine enemies, and overthrew 'em: Now the report of my valour is come over before me, and they say I was a raw young fellow, but now I am improv'd: A plague on their eloquence! 'twill cost me many a beating; and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honour on me, and all the men I have abo'd call me freshly to account, (worthily, as they call it) by the way of challenge.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Good-morrow, captain Bessus.

*Bes.* Good-morrow, Sir.

*Gent.* I come to speak with you——

*Bes.* You're very welcome.

*Gent.* From one that holds himself wrong'd by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is fam'd, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as becoms a soldier.

*Bes.* A pox on 'em, so they cry all!

*Gent.* And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: It is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you; since I desire but right on both sides.

*Bes.* 'Tis a challenge, Sir, is it not?

*Gent.* 'Tis an inviting to the field.

*Bes.* An inviting? Oh, cry you mercy! what a compliment he delivers it with! he might, as agreeably to my nature, present me person with such a speech. Um, um, um—*Reputation*—um, um, um—*call you to account*—um, um, um—*forc'd to this*—um, um, um—*with my sword*—um, um, um—*like a gentleman*—um, um, um—*dear to me*—um, um, um—*satisfaction*. 'Tis very well, Sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

*Vol. I.*

*Gent.* Why, Sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

*Bes.* Sir, upon my credit, I am already engag'd to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wip'd off, if that be the word, before him.

*Gent.* Sir, if you be truly engag'd but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

*Bes.* Upon my faith, Sir, to two hundred and twelve: And I have a spent body, too much bruise'd in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain, above three combats a-day. All the kindness I can shew him, is to set him resolutely in my roll, the two hundred and thirteenth man, which is something; for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you commend me to him, and tell him this.

*Gent.* I will, Sir. Good-morrow to you.

*[Exit gentleman.]*

*Bes.* Good-morrow, good Sir. Certainly, my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours: Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that's referred. The place where it must be ended is four days journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartain ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I liv'd, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a-day o' th' paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently, that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, 'my reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction.' Who's there? more paper, I hope. No; 'tis my lord Bacurius. I fear, all is not well betwixt us.

*Enter Bacurius.*

*Bac.* Now, captain Bessus! I come about a frivolous matter, caus'd by as idle a report: You know, you were a coward.

*Bes.* Very right.

*Bac.* And wrong'd me.

*Bes.* True, my lord.

*Bac.* But now, people will call you valiant; desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

*Bes.* Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements——

*Bac.* Tell not me of your engagements, captain Bessus! It is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the

N

multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

*Bes.* My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

*Bac.* Who, then, pray?

*Bes.* Bessus the Coward wrong'd you.

*Bac.* Right.

*Bes.* And shall Bessus the Valiant maintain what Bessus the Coward did?

*Bac.* I prithee leave these cheating tricks! I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely, and kick'd.

*Bes.* Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds, but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

*Bac.* Your leg? why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up!

*Bes.* My lord, this is not noble in you.

*Bac.* What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee.

*Bes.* My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

*Bac.* When thou wert? confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

*Bes.* Why, I am one.

*Bac.* Are you so, Sir? and why do you wear a sword then? Come, unbuckle! quick!

*Bes.* My lord?

*Bac.* Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

*Bes.* It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's-gift.

*Bac.* I thank you very heartily, sweet captain! Farewell.

*Bes.* One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

*Bac.* Marry, by all means, captain. Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain! we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain!

[*Exit Bac.*]

*Bes.* I will make better use of this, than of my sword. A base spirit has this 'vantage of a brave one; it keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promis'd the king, in a great audience, that I would make my back-biters eat my sword to a knife: How to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit, but impudence: Therefore I will out-swear him and all his followers, that this is all that's left uneaten of my sword.

[*Exit Bessus.*]

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* I'll move the king; he is most strangely alter'd: I guess the cause, I fear, too right. Heaven has some secret end in't, and 'tis a scourge, no question, justly laid upon him. He has follow'd me through twenty rooms; and ever, when I stay to wait his command, he blushes like a girl, and looks upon me as if modesty kept in his business; so turns away from me; but, if I go on, he follows me again.

*Enter Arbaces.*

See, here is. I do not use this, yet, I know not how, I cannot choose but weep to see him: His very enemies, I think, whose wounds have bred his fame, if they should see him now, would find tears in their eyes.

*Arb.* I cannot utter it! Why should I keep

<sup>26</sup> *I'll move the king, &c.*] This and all the subsequent scene betwixt the king and Mardonius has all along been printed as prose; but it came from the poets strictly in metre. To such I have reduced it with no small difficulty, and with the great assistance of the ingenious Mr. Seward: Not without the necessity of throwing out, here and there, some few trifling monosyllables, which were foisted in, as I presume, by the players, to support a cadence more to their minds; but which, indeed, much incumber the versification.

*Mr. Theobald.*

We have hitherto forborn to notice the unpardonable Disregard to Veracity discovered by the Editors of 1750; who have certainly made as large sacrifices to Vanity, as ever Coquet did to the Graces.—We now mean just to inform our Readers of the falsehood contained in the above note; after which we shall (unless constrained to the contrary) consign their similar assertions to the contemptuous oblivion they merit.

Mr. Theobald says, 'All the subsequent scene between the king and Mardonius has all along been printed as prose.' This is so very untrue, that all the editions (even that of 1655, the worst, we believe, ever printed) exhibit every speech of Arbaces in verse; and even those of Mardonius are not all printed in prose. We have, as nearly as possible, (that is, allowing for typographical errors) followed the old Editions in metre and lection; and are firmly persuaded, that our Poets intended Mardonius to talk plain prose, except in two or three passages, which his indignation raises to the sublime.—It is scarcely possible for a good writer, even when he intends the simplest prose, to avoid having some poetical passages; but are we therefore to count off his words upon our fingers (for the ear, in the present case, must have been out of the question) and range them like heroics?—If this is too great a liberty to take, how then shall we venture (with the Critics of 1750) to interpolate or discard whatever we think proper; especially if the consequence should be, that we produce matter infinitely inferior to the original text. It is rather a matter of surprize, that, when these Gentlemen were about it, they did not arrange the whole of the conversations between Bessus, the Sword-men, Mardonius, &c. in the same manner; for which they undoubtedly had as much reason, and equal authority.

A breast to harbour thoughts I dare not speak?  
Darkness is in my bosom; and there lie [light.  
A thousand thoughts that cannot brook the  
How wilt thou vex me, when this deed is done,  
Conscience, that art afraid to let me name it!

*Mar.* How do you, Sir?

*Arb.* Why, very well, Mardonius:

How dost thou do?

*Mar.* Better than you, I fear. [thee,

*Arb.* I hope, thou art; for, to be plain with  
Thou art in bell else! Secret scorching flames,  
That far transcend earthly material fires,  
Are crept into me, and there is no cure.  
Is it not strange, Mardonius, there's no cure?

*Mar.* Sir, either I mistake, or there is something  
hid, that you would utter to me.

*Arb.* So there is; but yet I cannot do it.

*Mar.* Out with it, Sir. If it be dangerous,  
I will not shrink to do you service: I  
shall not esteem my life a weightier matter  
than indeed it is. I know, 'tis subject to  
more chances than it has hours; and I were  
better lose it in my king's cause, than with  
an ague, or a fall, or (sleeping) to a thief; as  
all these are probable enough. Let me but  
know what I shall do for you. [brias,

*Arb.* It will not out! Were you with Go-  
And bad him give my sister all content  
The place affords, and give her leave to send  
And speak to whom she please?

*Mar.* Yes, Sir, I was.

*Arb.* And did you to Baeurius say as much  
About Tigranes?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Arb.* That's all my business.

*Mar.* Oh, say not so; you had an answer of  
this before: Besides, I think this business  
might be utter'd more carelessly. [seeth thee,

*Arb.* Come, thou shalt have it out. I do be-  
By all the love thou hast profess'd to me,  
To see my sister from me.

*Mar.* Well; and what?

*Arb.* That's all. [to her?

*Mar.* That's strange! Shall I say nothing?

*Arb.* Not a word:

But, if thou lov'st me, find some subtle way  
To make her understand by signs. [stand?

*Mar.* But what shall I make her under-

*Arb.* Oh, Mardonius, for that I must be  
pardon'd.

*Mar.* You may; but I can only see her then.

*Arb.* 'Tis true;

Bear her this ring, then; and, on more advice,  
Thou shalt speak to her: Tell her I do love  
My kindred all; wilt thou?

*Mar.* Is there no more?

*Arb.* Oh, yes! And her the best;  
Better than any brother loves his sister:  
That is all.

*Mar.* Methinks, this need not have been  
deliver'd with such a caution. I'll do it.

*Arb.* There is more yet: Wilt thou be faith-  
ful to me?

*Mar.* Sir, if I take upon me to deliver it,  
after I hear it, I'll pass through fire to do it.

*Arb.* I love her better than a brother ought.  
Dost thou conceive me?

*Mar.* I hope you do not, Sir. [fore her,  
*Arb.* No! thou art dull. Kneel down be-  
And ne'er rise again, 'till she will love me.

*Mar.* Why, I think she does. [way;

*Arb.* But, better than she does; another  
As wives love husbands.

*Mar.* Why, I think there are few wives that  
love their husbands better than she does you.

*Arb.* Thou wilt not understand me! Is it fit  
This should be utter'd plainly? Take it, then,  
Naked as it is: I would desire her love

Lasciviously, lowly, ineestuously,  
To do a sin that needs must damn us both;

And thee too. Dost thou understand me now?

*Mar.* Yes; there's your ring again. What  
have I done

Dishonestly, in my whole life, name it,  
That you should put so base a business to me?

*Arb.* Didst thou not tell me, thou wouldst do

*Mar.* Yes, if I undertook it: But if all [it?  
My hairs were lives, I would not be engag'd  
In such a cause to save my last life.

*Arb.* Oh, guilt, how poor and weak a thing  
art thou?

This man, that is my servant, whom my breath  
Might blow about the world, might beat me  
here, [with sin,

Having this cause; whilst I, press'd down  
Could not resist him. Hear, Mardonius!

It was a motion mis-beseeming man,  
And I am sorry for it.

*Mar.* Heav'n grant you may be so! You  
must understand, nothing that you can utter  
can remove my love and service from my  
prince; but, otherwise, I think, I shall not  
love you more: For you are sinful, and, if you  
do this crime, you ought to have no laws; for,  
after this, it will be great injustice in you to  
punish any offender, for any crime. For my-  
self, I find my heart too big; I feel, I have  
not patience to look on, whilst you run these  
forbidden courses. Means I have none but  
your favour; and I am rather glad that I  
shall lose 'em both together, than keep 'em  
with such conditions: I shall find a dwelling  
amongst some people, where, though our gar-  
ments perhaps be coarser, we shall be richer  
far within, and harbour no such vices in 'em.  
The gods preserve and mend you! [though

*Arb.* Mardonius! Stay, Mardonius! for,  
My present state requires nothing but knives  
To be about me, such as are prepar'd  
For every wicked act, yet who does know,  
But that my loathed fate may turn about,  
And I have use for honest men again?  
I hope, I may; I prithee, leave me not.

*Eater Bessus.*

*Bes.* Where is the king?

*Mar.* There. [knife.

*Bes.* An't please your majesty, there's the

*Arb.* What knife?

*Bes.* The sword is eaten.

*Mar.* Away, you fool! the king is serious, And cannot now admit your vanities.

*Bes.* Vanities! I am no honest man, if my enemies have not brought it to this. What, do you think I lie?

*Arb.* No, no, 'tis well, Bessus; 'tis very well. I'm glad on't.

*Mar.* If your enemies brought it to this, your enemies are cutlers. Come, leave the king.

*Bes.* Why, may not valour approach him?

*Mar.* Yes; but he has affairs. Depart, or I shall be something unmanly with you!

*Arb.* No; let him say, Mardonius; let him I have occasion with him very weighty, [stay; And I can spare you now.

*Mar.* Sir!

*Arb.* Why, I can spare you now. [affairs.

*Bes.* Mardonius, give way to the state-

*Mar.* Indeed, you are fitter for his present purpose. [Exit *Mar.*

*Arb.* Bessus, I should employ thee: Wilt thou do't?

*Bes.* Do't for you? By this air, I will do any thing, without exception, be it a good, bad, or indifferent thing.

*Arb.* Do not swear. [whatsoever.

*Bes.* By this light, but I will; any thing

*Arb.* But I shall name the thing

Thy conscience will not suffer thee to do.

*Bes.* I would fain hear that thing. [for me;

*Arb.* Why, I would have thee get my sister Thou understand'st me, in a wicked manner.

*Bes.* Oh, you would have a bout with her? I'll do't, I'll do't, I'll do't. [on't?

*Arb.* Wilt thou? dost thou make no more

*Bes.* More? No, Why, is there any thing else? If there be, trust me, it shall be done too.

*Arb.* Hast thou no greater sense of such a Thou art too wicked for my company, [sin? Though I have ill-will to me, and may'st yet Corrupt me further! P. thee, answer me, How do I shew to thee after this motion?

*Bes.* Why, your majesty looks as well, in

my opinion, as ever you did since you were born. [groat,

*Arb.* But thou appear'st to me, after thy The ugliest, loathed, detestable thing, That I have ever met with. Thou hast eyes Like flames of sulphur, which, methinks, do Infection on me; and thou hast a mouth [dart enough to take me in, where there do stand Four rows of iron teeth.

*Bes.* I feel no such thing: But 'tis no matter how I look; I'll do your business as well as they that look better. And when this is dispatch'd, if you have a mind to your mother, tell me, and you shall see I'll set it hard.

*Arb.* My mother! Heav'n forgive me, to hear this!

I am inspir'd with horror. Now I hate thee Worse than my sin; which, if I could come by, Should suffer death eternal, ne'er to rise In any breast again. Know, I will die Languishing mad, as I resolve I shall, Ere I will deal by such an instrument: Thou art too sinful to employ in this. Out of the world, away!

*Bes.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Arb.* Hung round with curses, take thy fearful flight

Into the deserts; where, 'mongst all the mon- If thou find'st one so beastly as thyself, [sters, Thou shalt be held as innocent!

*Bes.* Good Sir—— [thou,<sup>27</sup>

*Arb.* If there were no such instruments as We kings could never act such wicked deeds! Seek out a man that mocks divinity, [man, That breaks each precept both of God and And nature too, and does it without lust, Merely because it is a law, and good, [spoil. And live with him; for him thou canst not Away, I say!—I will not do this sin.

[Exit *Bessus*.

I'll press it here, 'till it do break my breast: It heaves to get out; but thou art a sin, And, spite of torture, I will keep thee in.

[Exit.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Gobrias, Panthea, and Spacina.*

*Gob.* HAVE you written, madam?

*Pan.* Yes, good Gobrias. [words

*Gob.* And with a kindness and such winning

As may provoke him, at one instant, feel His double fault, your wrong, and his own rashness? [may win him

*Pan.* I have sent words enough, if words From his displeasure; and such words, I hope,

<sup>27</sup> If there were no such instruments as thou, &c.) The following passage, in Shakespeare's King John, conveys the same sentiment, and is similar to this before us.

*It is the ease of kings, to be attended  
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant,  
To break into the bloody house of life;  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law, to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty; when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.*

As shall gain much upon his goodness, Gobrias.  
Yet fearing, since they're many, and a woman's,  
A poor belief may follow, I have worn  
As many truths within 'em, to speak for me,  
That if he be but gracious, and receive 'em—

Gob. Good lady, be not fearful: Though  
he should not

Give you your present end in this, believe it,  
You shall feel, if your virtue can induce you  
To labour out this tempest (which, I know,  
Is but a poor proof 'gainst your patience)  
All those contents, your spirit will arrive at,  
Newer and sweeter to you. Your royal brother,

When he shall once collect himself, and see  
How far he has been asunder from himself,  
What a mere stranger to his golden temper,  
Must, from those roots of virtue, never dying,  
Though somewhat stopt with humour, shoot  
again [branches

into a thousand glories, hearing his fair  
High as our hopes can look at, strait as justice,  
Loaden with ripe contents. He loves you  
dearly,

I know it, and, I hope, I need not further  
Win you to understand it.

Pan. I believe it;

But, howsoever, I am sure I love him dearly:  
So dearly, that if any thing I write  
For my enlarging should beget his anger,  
Heav'n be a witness with me, and my faith,  
I had rather live entomb'd here.

Gob. You shall not feel a worse stroke than  
your grief;

I am sorry 'tis so sharp. I kiss your hand,  
And this night will deliver this true story,  
With this hand, to your brother.

Pan. Peace go with you! You are a good  
man. [Exit Gob.]

My Spaconia, why are you ever sad thus?

Spa. Oh, dear lady.

Pan. Pristhee discover not a way to sadness,  
Nearer than I have in me. Our two sorrows  
Work, like two eager hawks, who shall get  
highest.

How shall I lessen thine? for mine, I fear,  
Is easier known than cur'd.

Spa. Heaven comfort both,  
And give yours happy ends, however I  
Fall in my stubborn fortunes.

Pan. This but teaches  
How to be more familiar with our sorrows,  
That are too much our masters. Good Spa—  
How shall I do you service? [conia,

Spa. Noblest lady, [ness,  
You make me more a slave still to your good—  
And only live to purchase thanks to pay you;  
For that is all the business of my life now.

I will be bold, since you will have it so,  
To ask a noble favour of you. [a virtue,

Pan. Speak it; 'tis yours; for, from so sweet  
No ill demand has issue. [will

Spa. Then, ever-virtuous, let me beg your  
In helping me to see the prince Tigranes;  
With whom I'm equal prisoner, if not more.

Pan. Reserve me to a greater end, Spaconia;  
Racurius cannot want so much good-manners  
As to deny your gentle visitation, [mand.  
Though you came only with your own com-

Spa. I know they will deny me, gracious  
Being a stranger, and so little fam'd, [madam,  
So utter empty of those excellencies

That tame authority:<sup>22</sup> But in you, sweet lady,  
All these are natural; beside, a pow'r  
Deriv'd immediate from your royal brother,  
Whose least word in you may command the  
kingdom. [shall carry,

Pan. More than my word, Spaconia, you  
For fear it fail you.

Spa. Dare you trust a token?

Madam, I fear I am grown too bold a beggar.

Pan. You are a pretty one; and, trust me,  
It joys me I shall do a good to you. [lady,  
Though to myself I never shall be happy.  
Here, take this ring, and from me as a token  
Deliver it: I think they will not stay you.  
So, all your own desires go with you, lady!

Spa. And sweet peace to your Grace!

Pan. Pray Heav'n, I find it! [Exit.

Enter Tigranes, in prison.

Tigr. Fool that I am! I have undone myself,  
And with my own hand turn'd my fortune  
round,

That was a fair one. I have childishly  
Play'd with my hope so long, 'till I have  
broke it, [conia!

And now too late I mourn'd for't. Oh, Spa—  
Thou hast found an even way to thy revenge  
now.

Why didst thou follow me, like a faint shadow,  
To wither my desires? But, wretched fool,  
Why did I plant thee 'twixt the sun and me,  
To make me freeze thus? why did I prefer her  
To the fair princess? Oh, thou fool, thou fool,  
Thou family of fools, live like a slave still!  
And in thee bear thine own hell and thy tor-  
ment, [lady,

Thou hast deserv'd it. Couldst thou find no  
But she that has thy hopes, to put her to,  
And hazard all thy peace? none to abuse,  
But she that lov'd thee ever, poor Spaconia?  
And so much lov'd thee, that, in honesty  
And honour, thou art bound to meet her vir-  
tues!

She, that forgot the greatness of her grief

<sup>22</sup> So utter empty of those excellencies

That tame authority;] The oldest quarto in 1619 reads, that have, &c. but the quarto's in 1631, 1661, and 1676, all concur in giving us the word *tame*, which, without doubt, is the true reading. She means, she is utterly void of those talents that can have any controul over people in office and power. Mr. Theobald.

And miseries,<sup>29</sup> that must follow such mad passions,  
 Endless and wild in women! she, that for thee,  
 And with thee, left her liberty, her name,  
 And country! You have paid me, equal  
 heav'ns,  
 And sent my own rod to correct me with,  
 A woman! For inconstancy I'll suffer;  
 Lay it on, Justice, 'till my soul melt in me,  
 For my unmanly, beastly, sudden doting,  
 Upon a new face; after all my oaths,  
 Many, and strange ones,  
 I feel my old fire flame again and burn  
 So strong and violent, that, should I see her  
 Again, the grief, and that, would kill me.

*Enter Bacurius and Spaconia.*

*Bac. Lady,*  
 Your token I acknowledge; you may pass;  
 There is the king.

*Spa. I thank your lordship for it. [Exit Bac.]*

*Tigr. She comes, she comes! Shame hide me ever from her!*

'Would I were hurry'd, or so far remov'd [her.  
 Light might not find me out! I dare not see

*Spa. Nay, never hide yourself! Or, were you hid,* [centre,  
 Where earth hides all her riches, near her  
 My wrongs, without more day, would light  
 me to you: [ness

I must speak, ere I die. Were all your great-  
 Doubled upon you, you're a perjurd man,  
 And only mighty in your wickedness [prince!  
 Of wronging women! Thou art false, false,  
 I live to see it; poor Spaconia lives [more!  
 To tell thee thou art false;<sup>30</sup> and then no  
 She lives to tell thee, thou art more inconstant  
 Than all ill women ever were together.  
 Thy faith is firm as raging overflows,  
 That no bank can command; as lasting  
 As boys' gay bubbles, blown i' th' air and  
 broken.

The wind is fix'd to thee; and sooner shall  
 The beaten mariner, with his shrill whistle,  
 Calm the loud murmur of the troubled main,  
 And strike it smooth again, than thy soul fall  
 To have peace in love with any: Thou art all

That all good men must hate; and if thy story  
 Shall tell succeeding ages what thou wert,  
 Oh, let it spare me in it, lest true lovers,  
 In pity of my wrongs, burn thy black legend,  
 And with their curses shake thy sleeping ashes!

*Tigr. Oh! oh!* [out

*Spa. The destinies, I hope, have pointed*  
 Our ends alike, that thou may'st die for love,  
 Though not for me; for, this assure thyself,  
 'The princess hates thee deadly, and will sooner  
 Be won to marry with a bull, and safer,  
 Than such a beast as thou art.—I have strack,  
 I fear, too deep; beslaw me for it! Sir.  
 This sorrow works me, like a cunning friend-  
 ship,

Into the same piece with it; 'tis asham'd!  
 Alas, I have been too rugged. Dear my lord,  
 I am sorry I have spoken any thing,  
 Indeed I am, that may add more restraint  
 To that too much you have. Good Sir, be  
 pleas'd

To think it was a fault of love, not malice;  
 And do as I will do, forgive it, prince.

I do and can forgive the greatest sins

To me you can repent of. Pray believe.

*Tigr. Oh, my Spaconia! Oh, thou virtuous*

*Spa. No more; the king, Sir. [woman!*

*Enter Arbaces, Bacurius, and Mardonius.*

*Arb. Have you been careful of our noble*  
 prisoner,

That he want nothing fitting for his greatness?

*Bac. I hope his grace will quit me for my*  
 care, Sir.

*Arb. 'Tis well. Royal Tigranes, health!*

*Tigr. More than the strictness of this place*  
 can give, Sir,

I offer back again to great Arbaces.

*Arb. We thank you, worthy prince; and*  
 pray excuse us,

We have not seen you since your being here.

I hope your noble usage has been equal

With your own person: Your imprisonment,

If it be any, I dare say, is easy;

And shall not outlast two days.

*Tigr. I thank you.*

My usage here has been the same it was,

<sup>29</sup> *And miseries that must follow such mad passions,*

*Endless and wild as women?* Why must Tigranes, whilst he is speaking in praise of one woman, abuse all women in general? Besides, had he a mind to abuse 'em, and apply the epithet *wild* to them, he could with no propriety add the other, *endless*. I hope, I have restor'd the true particle, which gives a very different and a very good sense to the whole sentence, i.e. when women, so weak to defend themselves, have such strong passions as to fly their friends, and follow a prisoner into an enemy's country, they must run the hazard of *endless and wild* miseries. Or if the epithets *endless and wild* be apply'd to passions, the sense will be much the same, and the emendation as necessary.

<sup>30</sup> ——— *poor Spaconia lies*

*To tell thee thou art false; and then no more.* Mr. Simpson asks, Should not Spaconia then have held her tongue? But as she goes on, he thinks the passage corrupt, and reads, *and tell thee more*. I by no means admit the change, but think the old text not only unexceptionable, but much preferable to the new one. *To tell thee thou art false*, signifies, to shew thy falsehood in its true colours, which she accordingly afterwards paints pretty strongly. *And then no more*, i.e. this shall be the last time I will upbraid you with it. Mr. Seward.



Worthy a royal conqueror. For my restraint, It came unkindly, because much unlook'd-for; But I must bear it.

*Arb.* What lady's that, Baeurius?

*Bac.* One of the princess' women, Sir,

*Arb.* I fear'd it. Why comes she hither?

*Bac.* To speak with the prince Tigranes.

*Arb.* From whom, Baeurius?

*Bac.* From the princess, Sir.

*Arb.* I knew I had seen her.

*Mar.* His fit begins to take him now again. 'Tis a strange fever, and 'twill shake us all anon, I fear. 'Would he were well cur'd of this raging folly: Give me the wars, where men are mad, and may talk what they list, and hold the bravest fellows; this pelting praising peace is good for nothing: Drunking's a virtue to't.

*Arb.* I see there's truth in no man, or obedience,

But for his own ends: Why did you let her in?

*Bac.* It was your own command to bar none from him: [warrant.

Besides, the princess sent her ring, Sir, for my

*Arb.* A token to Tigranes, did she not?

*Sir,* tell truth.

*Bac.* I do not use to lye, Sir.

'Tis no way I eat, or live by, and I think This is no token, Sir.

*Mar.* This combat has undone him: If he had been well beaten, he had been temperate. I shall never see him handsome again, 'till he have a horseman's staff yok'd through his shoulders, or an arm broke with a bullet.

*Arb.* I am trifled with.

*Bac.* Sir?

*Arb.* I know it, as I know thee to be false.

*Mar.* Now the elap comes.

*Bac.* You never knew me so, Sir, I dare speak it; [better—

And, durst a worse man tell me, though my

*Mar.* 'Tis well said, by my soul.

*Arb.* Sirrah, you answer as you had no life.

*Bac.* That I fear, Sir, to lose nobly.

*Arb.* I say, Sir, once again—

*Bac.* You may say what you please, Sir: Would I might do so.

*Arb.* I will, Sir; and say openly, this woman carries letters: By my life, I know she carries letters; this woman does it.

*Mar.* 'Would Bessus were here, to take her aside and search her; he would quickly tell you what she carried, Sir.

*Arb.* I have found it out, this woman carries letters.

*Mar.* If this hold, 'twill be an ill world for bawds, chamber-maids, and post-boys. I thank Heav'n, I have none but his letters-patents, things of his own inditing.

*Arb.* Prince, this cunning cannot do't.

*Tigr.* Do what, Sir? I reach you not.

*Arb.* It shall not serve your turn, prince.

*Tigr.* Serve my turn, Sir?

*Arb.* Ay, Sir, it shall not serve your turn.

*Tigr.* Be plainer, good Sir.

*Arb.* This woman shall carry no more letters back to your love Panthea; by Heav'n, she shall not; I say she shall not.

*Mar.* This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like a Termagant.<sup>21</sup>

*Tigr.* This beats me more, king, than the blows you gave me.

*Arb.* Take 'em away both, and together let them prisoners be, strictly and closely kept; or, sirrah, your life shall answer it; and let nobody speak with 'em hereafter.

*Tigr.* Well, I am subject to you, And must endure these passions:

*Spa.* This is th' imprisonment I have look'd for always,

And the dear place I would choose.

[*Ereunt Tigr. Spa. Bac.*

*Mar.* Sir, have you done well now?

*Arb.* Dare you reprove it?

*Mar.* No.

*Arb.* You must be crossing me.

*Mar.* I have no letters, Sir, to anger you, But a dry sonnet of my corporal's, [Sir. To an old sutler's wife; and that I'll burn, 'Tis like to prove a fine age for the ignorant.

*Arb.* How dar'st thou so often forfeit thy life?

Thou know'st 'tis in my pow'r to take it.

*Mar.* Yes, and I know you wo' not; or, if you do, you'll miss it quickly.

*Arb.* Why?

*Mar.* Who shall tell you of these childish follies,

When I am dead? who shall put to his pow'r To draw those virtues out of a flood of humours, [again?

When they are drown'd, and make 'em shine No, cut my head off: [worse,

Then you may talk, and be believ'd, and grow And have your too-self-glorious temper rock'd Into a deep sleep,<sup>22</sup> and the kingdom with you;

<sup>21</sup> ——— and a soldier like Termagant.] Termagant was an old swearing, swaggering character, well known for some centuries past. It is mentioned by Shakespeare in his *Hamlet*; by Spenser in his *Fairy-Queen*; by Chaucer in his *Tales of Sir Thopas*, and in several old plays.

*Mr. Theobald.*

Termagant was a Soracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. *Percy.*

<sup>22</sup> And have your too-self glorious temper rot

Into a deep sleep.] Besides the impropriety of rotting into sleep, the expression is too coarse for the character of Mandonius; who, though bold and honest, is not abusive. I hope I have restored the original word. *Mr. Seward.*

This emendation is finely imagined; and is sufficiently confirmed by the three verses that follow. *Mr. Theobald.*

Till foreign swords be in your throats, and slaughter

Be every where about you, like your flatterers. Do, kill me!

*Arb.* Prithce, be tamer, good Mardonius. Thou know'st I love thee; nay, I honour thee; Believe it, good old soldier, I am thine:

But I am rack'd clean from myself! Bear with me!

Woo't thou bear with me, my Mardonius?

*Enter Gobrias.*

*Mar.* There comes a good man; love him too; he's temperate;

You may live to have need of such a virtue:

Rage is not still in fashion.

*Arb.* Welcome, good Gobrias. [*Grace.*

*Gob.* My service, and this letter, to your

*Arb.* From whom? [*beauty,*

*Gob.* From the rich mine of virtue and Your mournful sister.

*Arb.* She is in prison, Gobrias, is she not?

*Gob.* She is, Sir, till your pleasure do enlarge her,

Which on my knees I beg. Oh, 'tis not fit,

That all the sweetness of the world in one,

The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers, [*ners,*

And wilder people, that have known no man—

Should live thus cloister'd up! For your love's

sake,

If there be any in that noble heart

To her, a wretched lady, and forlorn;

Or for her love to you, which is as much

As nature and obedience ever gave,

Have pity on her beauties. [*too fair,*

*Arb.* Pray thee, stand up: 'Tis true, she is

And all these commendations but her own:

'Would thou hadst never so commended her,

Or I ne'er liv'd to have heard it, Gobrias!

If thou but knew'st the wrong her beauty does

her,

Thou would'st, in pity of her, be a liar.

Thy ignorance has drawn thee, wretched man,

Whether myself, nor thou, canst well tell.

Oh, my fate!

I think she loves me, but I fear another

Is deeper in her heart: How think'st thou,

Gobrias?

*Gob.* I do beseech your Grace, believe it not;

For, let me perish, if it be not false!

Good Sir, read her letter.

*Mar.* This love, or what a devil it is, I

know not, begets more mischief than a wake.

I had rather be well beaten, starv'd, or lousy,

than live within the air on't. He, that had

seen this brave fellow charge through a grove

of pikes but t'other day, and look upon him

now, will ne'er believe his eyes again. If he

continue thus but two days more, a taylor may

beat him, with one hand tied behind him.

*Arb.* Alas, she would be at liberty;

And there be thousand reasons, Gobrias,

Thousands, that will deny't;

Which, if she knew, she would contentedly

Be where she is, and bless her virtues for it, And me, though she were closer: She would, Good man, indeed, she would. [*Gobrias.*

*Gob.* Then, good Sir, for her satisfaction,

Send for her, and, with reason, make her

Why she must live thus from you. [*know*

*Arb.* I will. Go bring her to me. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Bessus, two Sword-men, and a boy.*

*Bes.* You're very welcome, both! Some

stools there, boy;

And reach a table. Gentlemen o' th' sword,

Pray sit, without more compliment. Be gone,

child!

I have been curious in the searching of you,

Because I understand you wise and valiant per-

sons.

1 *Ser.* We understand ourselves, Sir.

*Bes.* Nay, gentlemen, and dear friends o'

th' sword,

No compliment, I pray; but to the cause

I hang upon, which, in few, is my honour.

2 *Ser.* You cannot hang too much, Sir, for

But to your cause. [*your honour.*

*Bes.* Be wise, and speak truth.

My first doubt is, my beating by my prince.

1 *Ser.* Stay there a little, Sir: Do you

doubt a beating?

Or, have you had a beating by your prince?

*Bes.* Gentlemen o' the sword, my prince

has beaten me.

2 *Ser.* Brother, what think you of this case?

1 *Ser.* If he has beaten him, the case is

clear. [*case.*

2 *Ser.* If he has beaten him, I grant the

But how? we cannot be too subtle in this bu-

I say, but how? [*siness.*

*Bes.* Even with his royal hand.

1 *Ser.* Was it a blow of love or indignation?

*Bes.* 'Twas twenty blows of indignation,

gentlemen;

Besides two blows o' th' face.

2 *Ser.* Those blows o' th' face have made a

new cause on't;

The rest were but an honourable rudeness.

1 *Ser.* Two blows o' th' face, and given by

a worse man, I must confess, as the sword-

men say, had turn'd the business: Mark me,

brother, by a worse man: But, being by his

prince, had they been ten, and those ten drawn

ten teeth, besides the hazard of his nose for

ever; all this had been but favours. This is

my flat opinion, which I'll die in.

2 *Ser.* The king may do much, captain, be-

lieve it; for had he crack'd your skull through,

like a bottle, or broke a rib or two with toss-

ing of you, yet you had lost no honour. This

is strange, you may imagine, but this is truth

now, captain. [*men.*

*Bes.* I will be glad to embrace it, gentle-

But how far may he strike me?

1 *Ser.* There is another; a new cause rising

from the time and distance, in which I will

deliver my opinion. He may strike, beat, or

cause to be beaten; for these are natural to

man: Your prince, I say, may beat you so far forth as his dominion reacheth; that's for the distance; the time, ten miles a-day, I take it.

2 Sw. Brother, you err, 'tis fifteen miles a-day. His stage is ten, his beatings are fifteen. [day;

Bes. 'Tis of the lungest, but we subjects must— [virtuous.

1 Sw. Be subject to it: You are wise and

Bes. Obedience ever makes that noble use To which I dedicate my beaten body. [on't, I must trouble you a little further, gentlemen o' th' sword.

2 Sw. No trouble at all to us, Sir, if we may Profit your understanding: We are bound, By virtue of our calling, to utter our opinions. Shortly, and discretely. [kick'd.

Bes. My sorest business is, I have been

2 Sw. How far, Sir?

Bes. Not to flatter myself in it, all over: <sup>23</sup> My sword lost, but not forc'd; for discretely I render'd it, to save that imputation.

1 Sw. It shew'd discretion, the best part of valour. [ponder on't:

2 Sw. Brother, this is a pretty case; pray Your friend here has been kick'd.

1 Sw. He has so, brother. [down here,

2 Sw. Sorely, he says. Now, had he set Upon the mere kick, 't had been cowardly.

1 Sw. I think, it had been cowardly, indeed.

2 Sw. But our friend has redeem'd it, in delivering

His sword without compulsion; and that man That took it of him, I pronounce a weak one,

And his kicks nullities.

He should have kick'd him after the delivery, Which is the confirmation of a coward.

1 Sw. Brother, I take it, you mistake the question;

For, say, that I were kick'd.

2 Sw. I must not say so; [man.

Nor I must not hear it spoke by th' tongue of You kick'd, dear brother! You're merry.

1 Sw. But put the ease, I were kick'd.

2 Sw. Let them put it, that are things weary of their lives, and know not honour! Put the case, you were kick'd!

1 Sw. I do not say, I was kick'd.

2 Sw. Nor no silly creature that wears his head without a case, his soul in a skin-eat. You kick'd, dear brother! [shall do,

Bes. Nay, gentlemen, let us do what we Truly and honestly. Good Sirs, to the question.

1 Sw. Why, then, I say, suppose your boy kick'd, captain.

2 Sw. The boy, may be suppos'd, is liable. But, kick my brother! [friend.

1 Sw. A foolish forward zeal, Sir, in my But to the boy: Suppose, the boy were kick'd.

Bes. I do suppose it.

1 Sw. Has your boy a sword? [too.

Bes. Surely, no; I pray, suppose a sword

1 Sw. I do suppose it. You grant, your boy was kick'd then.

2 Sw. By no means, captain; let it be supposed still; the word 'grant' makes not for us.

1 Sw. I say, this must be granted. <sup>24</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Not to flatter myself in it, all over; my sword forc'd, but not lost.] This is as absurd and ridiculous a transposition (made through the error of the copyists, or at press) as we shall meet with in haste. Though Bessus was by nature and habit a liar, yet here he meant to represent the state of his case seriously to the Sword-men, to have their opinion upon it. We find in a preceding scene, that, upon Bæurius discovering him to be a notorious poltron, he orders him to unbuckle and deliver up his sword. Bessus obeys, and does it with a Gasconade; saying, *it is a pretty hilt, and if his lordship takes an affection to it, with all his heart he'll present it to him for a new-year's gift.* How then was his sword forc'd from him? It was not; for he immediately subjoins here to the Sword-men; *for I discretely render'd it, to save that imputation.* All the editions concur in the blunder; and, I imagine, the most accurate readers may have slipped over this absurdity. Let the two words forc'd and lost change places, and then all is clear, and the fact truly stated. Mr. Theobald.

<sup>24</sup> 1 Sw. I say, this must be granted.

2 Sw. This must be granted, brother?

1 Sw. Ay, this must be granted.

2 Sw. Still this must.] The poets here are flirting (I was almost going to say, invidiously) at a passage in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*.

Cor. Shall remain? *It is a mind That shall remain a poison where it is, Not poison any further.*

Com. Hear you this triton of the minnows? Mark you His absolute shall?

Cor. 'Twas from the Canon.

Com. Shall!

Cor. Have you thus Giv'n Hydra here to chuse an officer, That with his peremptory shall—

They choose their magistrate! And such a one as he, who puts his shall, His popular shall, &c.

Vol. I.

O

Mr. Theobald.

2 Sw. This must be granted, brother?

1 Sw. Ay, this must be granted.

2 Sw. Still, this must?

1 Sw. I say, this must be granted.

2 Sw. Ay! give me the must again! Brother, you palter.

1 Sw. I will not hear you, wasp.<sup>25</sup>

2 Sw. Brother, I say you palter; the must three times together! I wear as sharp steel as another man, and my fox bites as deep.<sup>26</sup> Musted, my dear brother! But to the cause again.

Bes. Nay, look you, gentlemen!

2 Sw. In a word, I ha' done.

1 Sw. A tall man, but intemperate; 'tis great pity. Once more, suppose the boy kiek'd.

2 Sw. Forward.

1 Sw. And, being thoroughly kiek'd, laughs at the kicker.

2 Sw. So much for us. Proceed.

1 Sw. And in this beaten scorn, as I may call it,

Delivers up his weapon; where lies the error?

Bes. It lies i' th' beating, Sir: I found it four days since.

2 Sw. The error, and a sore one, as I take it, Lies in the thing kicking.

Bes. I understand that well; 'tis sore, indeed, Sir. [did it.]

1 Sw. That is according to the man that

2 Sw. There springs a new branch: Whose was the foot?

Bes. A lord's.

1 Sw. The cause is mighty; but, had it been two lords, [clear.]

And both had kiek'd you, if you laugh'd, 'tis

Bes. I did laugh;

But how will that help me, gentlemen?

2 Sw. Yes, it shall help you, if you laugh'd aloud.

Bes. As loud as a kiek'd man could laugh, I laugh'd, Sir. [known]

1 Sw. My reason now: The valiant man is By suffering and contemning; you have Enough of both, and you are valiant.

2 Sw. If he be sure he has been kiek'd enough: [titer,

For that brave sufferance you speak of, bro- Consists not in a beating and away, But in a eudgel'd body, from eighteen To eight-and-thirty; in a head rebuk'd With pots of all size,<sup>27</sup> daggers, stools, and bed-staves:

This shews a valiant man. [proudest;

Bes. Then I am valiant, as valiant as the For these are all familiar things to me; Familiar as my sleep, or want of money:

All my whole body's but one bruise, with beating.

I think I have been eudgel'd with all nations, And almost all religions. [valiant;

2 Sw. Embrace him, brother! this man is I know it by myself, he's valiant.

1 Sw. Captain, thou art a valiant gentleman, To bide upon, a very valiant man. [request

Bes. My equal friends o' th' sword, I must Your hands to this.

2 Sw. 'Tis fit it should be. [within.

Bes. Boy, get some wiue, and pen an' ink, Am I clear, gentlemen?

1 Sw. Sir, when the world has taken notice what we have done, [steel,

Make much of your body; for I'll pawn my Men will be coyer of their legs hereafter.

Bes. I must request you go along, and testify to the lord Bacurius, whose foot has strack me, how you find my cause.

2 Sw. We will; and tell that lord he must be rul'd; [ship-

Or there be those abroad, will rule his lord- [Exeunt.

Enter Arbaces at one door, and Gobrias and Panthca at another.

Gob. Sir, here's the princess.

Arb. Leave us, then, alone;

For the main cause of her imprisonment Must not be heard by any but herself.

[Exit Gobrias.

<sup>25</sup> 1 Sw. I will not hear you, wasp.] Here again is a sneer upon that celebrated quarrelling scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, in Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar.

Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Tho' it do split you. For, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Mr. Theobald.

<sup>26</sup> My fox bites as deep, &c.] Our authors use the word fox, to signify a sword, in Philaster, as well as here. It is also to be found in the same sense, in Shakespeare.

<sup>27</sup> in a head rebuk'd, &c.] There is a pleasant passage in Plautus's Persian about Parasites, whom he styles hard-headed fellows, because they had frequently things thrown at their pates.

*His cognomentum erat duris capitonibus.*

Casaubon has this note upon the place. *Omnia inter alia instrumenta perdit luxuriam, & mutule in trichina inferri solite, quas sepe, uti inculcassent, in capita sibi invicem illi serunt. Hinc dicti propterea Parasiti, duri capitones.*

Mr. Symphon.

You're welcome, sister; and I would to Heav'n  
I could so bid you by another name.  
If you above love not such sins as these,  
Circle my heart with thoughts as cold as snow,  
To quench these rising flames that harbour  
here.

*Pan.* Sir, does it please you I shall speak?

*Arb.* Please me?

Av, more than all the art of music can,  
Thy speech doth please me; for it ever sounds  
As thou brought'st joyful unexpected news:  
And yet it is not fit thou shouldst be heard;  
I pray thee, think so.

*Pan.* Be it so; I will.

Am I the first that ever had a wrong  
So far from being fit to have redress,  
That 'twas unfit to hear it? I will back  
To prison, rather than disquiet you,  
And wait till it be fit.

*Arb.* No, do not go;

For I will hear thee with a serious thought:  
I have collected all that's man about me  
Together strongly, and I am resolv'd  
To hear thee largely: But I do beseech thee,  
Do not come nearer to me; for there is  
Something in that, that will undo us both.

*Pan.* Alas, Sir, am I venom?

*Arb.* Yes, to me;

Though, of thyself, I think thee to be in  
As equal a degree of heat or cold,  
As nature can make: Yet, as unsound men  
Convert the sweetest and the nourishing'st  
meats

Into diseases, so shall I, distemper'd,  
Do thee: I pray thee, draw no nearer to me.

*Pan.* Sir, this is that I would: I am of  
late [thus  
Shut from the world, and why it should be  
Is all I wish to know.

*Arb.* Why, credit me,

Panthea, credit me, that am thy brother,  
Thy loving brother, that there is a cause  
Sufficient, yet unfit for thee to know,  
That might undo thee everlastingly,  
Only to hear. Wilt thou but credit this?  
By Heav'n, 'tis true; believe it, if thou can'st.

*Pan.* Children and fools are ever credulous,  
And I am both, I think, for I believe.

If you dissemble, be it on your head!  
I'll back unto my prison. Yet, methinks,  
I might be kept in some place where you are;  
For in myself I find, I know not what  
To call it, but it is a great desire  
To see you often. [mean?

*Arb.* Fie, you come in a step; what do you  
Dear sister, do not so! Alas, Panthea,  
Where I am would you be? why, that's the  
cause

You are imprison'd, that you may not be  
Where I am.

*Pan.* Then I must endure it, Sir. Heav'n  
keep you!

*Arb.* Nay, you shall hear the cause in short,  
Panthea; [me,

And, when thou hear'st it, thou wilt blush for

And hang thy head down like a violet  
Full of the morning's dew. There is a way  
To gain thy freedom; but, 'tis such a one  
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know  
Thou wouldst encounter fire, and make a proof  
Whether the gods have care of innocence,  
Rather than follow it: Know, that I've lost,  
The only difference betwixt man and beast,  
My reason.

*Pan.* Heav'n forbid!

*Arb.* Nay, it is gone;

And I am left as far without a bound  
As the wild ocean, that obeys the winds;  
Each sudden passion throws me where it lists,  
And overwhelms all that oppose my will.  
I have believ'd thee with a lustful eye;  
My heart is set on wickedness, to act  
Such sins with thee, as I have been afraid  
To think of. If thou dar'st consent to this,  
Which, I beseech thee, do not, thou may'st  
gain

Thy liberty, and yield me a content;  
If not, thy dwelling must be dark and close,  
Where I may never see thee: For, Heav'n  
knows,

That laid this punishment upon my pride,  
Thy sight at some time will enforce my mad-  
To make a start e'en to thy ravishing. [ness  
Now spit upon me, and call all reproaches  
Thou canst devise together, and at once  
Hurl 'em against me; for I am a sickness  
As killing as the plague, ready to seize thee.

*Pan.* Far be it from me to revile the king!  
But it is true, that I shall rather choose

To search out death, that else would search  
out me,

And in a grave sleep with my innocence,  
Than welcome such a sin. It is my fate;  
To these cross accidents I was ordain'd,  
And must have patience; and, but that my  
eyes

Have more of woman in 'em than my heart,  
I would not weep. Peace enter you again!

*Arb.* Farewell; and, good Panthea, pray  
for me,

[Thy prayers are pure] that I may find a death,  
However soon, before my passions grow,  
That they forget what I desire is sin;  
For thither they are tending: If that happen,  
Then I shall force thee, tho' thou wert a  
virgin

By vow to Heaven, and shall pull a heap  
Of strange, yet uninvited, sin upon me.

*Pan.* Sir, I will pray for you, yet you shall  
It is a sullen fate that governs us: [know  
For I could wish, as heartily as you,  
I were no sister to you; I should then  
Embrace your lawful love, sooner than health.

*Arb.* Couldst thou affect me then?

*Pan.* So perfectly,

That, as it is, I ne'er shall sway my heart  
To like another.

*Arb.* Then I curse my birth!

Must this be added to my miseries,  
That thou art willing too? Is there no stop

To our full happiness, but these mere sounds,  
Brother and sister?

*Pan.* There is nothing else:  
But these, alas! will separate us more  
Than twenty worlds betwixt us.

*Arb.* I have liv'd  
To conquer men, and now am overthrown  
Only by words, brother and sister. Where  
Have those words dwelling? I will find 'em  
out,

And utterly destroy 'em; but they are  
Not to be grasp'd: Let them be men or beasts,  
And I will cut 'em from the earth; or towns,  
And I will raze 'em, and then blow 'em up:  
Let 'em be seas, and I will drink 'em off,  
And yet have unquench'd fire left in my breast:  
Let 'em be any thing but merely voice.

*Pan.* But 'tis not in the pow'r of any force,  
Or policy, to conquer them.

*Arb.* Panthea,  
What shall we do? Shall we stand firmly here,  
And gaze our eyes out?

*Pan.* Would I could do so!  
But I shall weep out mine.

*Arb.* Accursed man,  
Thou bought'st thy reason at too dear a rate;  
For thou hast all thy actions bounded in  
With curious rules, when ev'ry beast is free:  
What is there that acknowledges a kindred,  
But wretched man? Who ever saw the bull  
Fearfully leave the heifer that he lik'd,  
Because they had one dam?

*Pan.* Sir, I disturb

You and myself too; 'twere better I were  
gone.

*Arb.* I will not be so foolish as I was;  
Stay, we will love just as becomes our births,  
No otherwise: Brothers and sisters may  
Walk hand in hand together; so will we.  
Come nearer: Is there any hurt in this?

*Pan.* I hope not.  
*Arb.* Faith, there is none at all:  
And tell me truly now, is there not one  
You love above me?

*Pan.* No, by Heav'n. [sister.]

*Arb.* Why, yet you sent unto Tigranes,

*Pan.* True,  
But for another: For the truth——

*Arb.* No more.  
I'll credit thee; thou canst not lie,  
Thou art all truth.

*Pan.* But is there nothing else,  
That we may do, but only walk? Methinks,  
Brothers and sisters lawfully may kiss.

*Arb.* And so they may, Panthea; so will we;  
And kiss again too; we were too scrupulous  
And foolish, but we will be so no more.

*Pan.* If you have any mercy, let me go  
To prison, to my death, to any thing:  
I feel a sin growing upon my blood,  
Worse than all these, hotter than yours. [do?]

*Arb.* That is impossible; what should we

*Pan.* Fly, Sir, for Heav'n's sake.

*Arb.* So we must; away!  
Sin grows upon us more by this delay.

[*Exeunt, several ways.*]

## ACT V.

*Enter Mardonius and Lygones.*

*Mar.* SIR, the king has seen your commis-  
sion, and believes it; and freely by  
this warrant gives you power to visit prince  
Tigranes, your noble master.

*Lyg.* I thank his grace, and kiss his hand.

*Mar.* But is the main of all your business  
ended in this?

*Lyg.* I have another, but a worse; I am  
asham'd 't is a business——

*Mar.* You serve a worthy person; and a  
stranger, I am sure, you are: You may em-  
ploy me, if you please, without your purse;  
such offices should ever be their own rewards.

*Lyg.* I am bound to your nobleness.

*Mar.* I may have need of you, and then this  
If it be any, is not ill bestow'd. [courtesy,  
But may I civilly desire the rest?]<sup>35</sup>

I shall not be a hurter, if no helper.

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall know: I have lost a  
foolish daughter,

And with her all my patience; pilfer'd away  
By a mean captain of your king's.

*Mar.* Stay there, Sir:  
If he have reach'd the noble worth of captain,  
He may well claim a worthy gentlewoman.  
Though she were yours, and noble. [fellow

*Lyg.* I grant all that too: But this wretched  
Reaches no further than the empty name,  
That serves to feed him. Were he valiant,  
Or had but in him any noble nature,

<sup>35</sup> But may I civilly desire the rest? Mardonius may seem here at first view, to be over inquisitive into the secrets of one, whom he had never seen before: but he, first, offers him his best services without fee, or reward. But the motive of the poets for this curiosity was to let the audience be inform'd that Lygones was the father of Spaconia; and that a scurvy captain, belonging to Arbaces, had pilfer'd her away from him. *Mr. Theobald.*

It is certainly the usual intention, as well as business, of dramatic poets, to convey the plot to the audience; yet that ought always to be effected by natural and probable means; and we think there is no force used in the present dialogue.

That might hereafter promise him a good man,  
My cares were so much lighter, and my grave  
A span yet from me.

*Mar.* I confess, such fellows

Be in all royal camps, and have and must be,  
To make the sin of coward more detested  
In the mean soldier, that with such a foil  
Sets off much valour. By description,  
I should now guess him to you; it was Bessus,  
I dare almost with confidence pronounce it.

*Lyg.* 'Tis such a scurvy name as Bessus;  
and, now I think, 'tis he.

*Mar.* Captain do you call him?

Believe me, Sir, you have a misery  
Too mighty for your age: A pox upon him!  
For that must be the end of all his service.  
Your daughter was not mad, Sir?

*Lyg.* No; 'would she had been!

The fault had had more credit. I would do  
something.

*Mar.* I would fain counsel you; but to  
what I know not.

He's so below a beating, that the women  
Find him not worthy of their distaves, and  
To hang him were to cast away a rope.  
He's such an airy, thin, unbodied coward,  
That no revenge can catch him.  
I'll tell you, Sir, and tell you truth; this rascal  
Fears neither God nor man, h'as been so  
beaten:

Sufferance has made him wainscot; he has had,  
Since he was first a slave, at least three hun-  
dred daggers [hot neat.

Set in's head, as little boys do new knives in  
There's not a rib in's body, o' my conscience,  
That has not been thrice broken with dry  
beating: [gets,

And now his sides look like two wicker tar-  
Every way bended;

Children will shortly take him for a wall,  
And set their stone-bows in his forehead.

He is of so base a sense, I cannot in a week  
imagine what shall be done to him.

*Lyg.* Sure, I have committed some great sin  
That this base fellow should be made my rod.  
I would see him; but I shall have no patience.

*Mar.* 'Tis no great matter, if you have not:  
If a laming of him, or such a toy, may do you  
pleasure, Sir, he has it for you; and I'll help  
you to him. 'Tis no news to him to have a  
leg broke, or a shoulder out, with being turn'd  
o' th' stones like a tansy. Draw not your  
sword, if you love it; for, on my conscience,  
his head will break it: We use him i'th' wars  
like a ram, to shake a wall withal. Here  
comes the very person of him; do as you shall  
find your temper; I must leave you: But if  
you do not break him like a bisket, you're  
much to blame, Sir. [Exit Mar.

*Enter Bessus and the Sword-men.*

*Lyg.* Is your name Bessus?

*Bes.* Men call me captain Bessus.

*Lyg.* Then, captain Bessus, you're a rank  
rascal, without more exordiums; a dirty frozen

slave! and, with the favour of your friends  
here, I will beat you.

2 *Sw.* Pray use your pleasure, Sir; you  
seem to be a gentleman.

*Lyg.* Thus, captain Bessus, thus! Thus  
twinge your nose, thus kick, thus tread upon  
you. [quickly.

*Bes.* I do beseech you, yield your cause, Sir,

*Lyg.* Indeed, I should have told you that  
*Bes.* I take it so. [first.

1 *Sir.* Captain, he should, indeed; he is  
mistaken. [more beating:

*Lyg.* Sir, you shall have it quickly, and  
You have stol'n away a lady, captain Coward,  
And such a one—— [Beats him.

*Bes.* Hold, I beseech you, hold, Sir;

I never yet stole any living thing

That had a tooth about it.

*Lyg.* I know you dare lye. [my life, Sir:

*Bes.* With none but summer-whores upon  
My meaos and manœrs never could attempt  
Above a hedge or haycock. [this lady?

*Lyg.* Sirrah, that quits not me: Where is  
Do that you do not use to do, tell truth, [out,  
Or, by my hand, I'll beat your captain's brains  
Wash 'em, and put 'em in again, that will I.

*Bes.* There was a lady, Sir, I must confess,  
Once in my charge: The prince Tigranes  
gave her

To my guard, for her safety. How I us'd her  
She may herself report; she's with the prince  
I did but wait upon her like a groom, [now.  
Which she will testify, I'm sure: If not,  
My brains are at your service, when you please,  
And glad I have 'em for you. [Sir,

*Lyg.* This is most likely. Sir, I ask you  
And am sorry I was so intemperate. [pardon,

*Bes.* Well, I can ask no more. You will  
think it strange now, to have me beat you at  
first sight.

*Lyg.* Indeed, I would; but, I know, your  
goodness can forget twenty beatings: You  
must forgive me.

*Bes.* Yes; there's my hand. Go where  
you will, I shall think you a valiant fellow for  
all this.

*Lyg.* My daughter is a whore!  
I feel it now too sensible; yet I will see her;  
Discharge myself from being father to her,  
And then back to my country, and there die:  
Farewell, captain. [Exit Lyg.

*Bes.* Farewell, Sir, farewell! Commend  
me to the gentlewoman, I pray.

1 *Sir.* How now, captain? bear up, man.

*Bes.* Gentlemen o'th' sword, your hands  
once more; I have been kick'd again; but  
the foolish fellow is penitent, h'as ask'd me  
mercy, and my honour's safe.

2 *Sw.* We knew that, or the foolish fellow  
had better have kick'd his grandsire.

*Bes.* Confirm, confirm, I pray.

1 *Sw.* There be our hands again! Now let  
him come, and say he was not sorry, and he  
sleeps for it.

*Bes.* Alas! good ignorant old man, let

him go, let him go, these courses will undo him. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Lygones and Bacurius.*

*Bac.* My lord, your authority is good, and I am glad it is so; for my consent would never hinder you from seeing your own king: I am a minister, but not a governor of this state. Yonder is your king; I'll leave you. [Exit.]

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Lyg.* There he is, indeed,  
And with him my disloyal child. [yet,

*Tigr.* I do perceive my fault so much, that Methinks, thou shouldst not have forgiven me.

*Lyg.* Health to your majesty! [business

*Tigr.* What, good Lygones! welcome! what brought thee hither?

*Lyg.* Several businesses:

My public business will appear by this;  
I have a message to deliver, which  
If it pleases you so to authorize, is  
An embassy from th' Armenian state,  
Unto Arbaces for your liberty. [it.

The offer's there set down; please you to read  
*Tigr.* There is no alteration happen'd since  
I came thence?

*Lyg.* None, Sir; all is as it was.

*Tigr.* And all our friends are well?

*Lyg.* All very well? [was good,

*Spa.* Though I have done nothing but what  
I dare not see my father: It was fault  
Enough not to acquaint him with that good.

*Lyg.* Madam, I should have seen you.

*Spa.* Oh, good Sir, forgive me. [am I?

*Lyg.* Forgive you! why, I am no kin't you,

*Spa.* Should it be measur'd by mean deserts,  
Indeed, you are not.

*Lyg.* Thou couldst prate, unhappily,  
Ere thou couldst go; would thou couldst do  
as well!

And how does your custom hold out here?

*Spa.* Sir?

*Lyg.* Are you in private still, or how?

*Spa.* What do you mean?

*Lyg.* Do you take money? Are you come  
to sell sin yet? Perhaps, I can help you to  
liberal clients: Or has not the king cast you  
off yet? Oh, thou vile creature, whose best  
commendation is, that thou art a young whore!  
I would thy mother had liv'd to see this; or,  
rather, that I had died ere I had seen it! Why  
didst not make me acquainted when thou wert  
first resolv'd to be a whore?

I would have seen thy hot lust satisfied  
More privately: I would have kept a dancer,  
And a whole consort of musicians,  
In my own house, only to fiddle thee.

*Spa.* Sir, I was never whore.

*Lyg.* If thou couldst not say so much for  
thyself, thou shouldst be carted.

*Tigr.* Lygones, I have read it, and I like it;  
You shall deliver it.

*Lyg.* Well, Sir, I will:

But I have private business with you.

*Tigr.* Speak; what is't?

*Lyg.* How has my age deserv'd so ill of you,  
That you can pick no strumpets o' the land,  
But out of my breed?

*Tigr.* Strumpets, good Lygones? [seem

*Lyg.* Yes; and I wish to have you know, I  
To get a whore for any prince alive: [daughter  
And yet seem will not help! Methinks, my  
Might have been spar'd; there were enow be-  
sides.

*Tigr.* May I not prosper but she's innocent  
As morning light, for me; and, I dare swear,  
For all the world.

*Lyg.* Why is she with you, then?

Can she wait on you better than your man?  
Has she a gift in plucking off your stockings?  
Can she make caudles well, or eat your corns?  
Why do you keep her with you? For a queen,  
I know, you do condemn her; so should I;  
And every subject else think much at it.

*Tigr.* Let 'em think much; but 'tis more  
firm than earth,  
Thou see'st thy queen there.

*Lyg.* Then have I made a fair hand; I  
call'd her whore. If I shall speak now as her  
father, I cannot choose but greatly rejoice that  
she shall be a queen: But if I shall speak to  
you as a statesman, she were more fit to be  
your whore. [bares;

*Tigr.* Get you about your business to Ar-  
Now you talk idly.

*Lyg.* Yes, Sir, I will go.

And shall she be a queen? She had more wit  
Than her old father, when she ran away. [fine!  
Shall she be queen? Now, by my troth, 'tis  
I'll dance out of all measure at her wedding:  
Shall I not, Sir?

*Tigr.* Yes, marry, shalt thou. [my body

*Lyg.* I'll make these withered kexes bear  
Two hours together above ground.

*Tigr.* Nay, go;

My business requires haste.

*Lyg.* Good Heav'n preserve you?

You are an excellent king.

*Spa.* Farewell, good father.

*Lyg.* Farewell, sweet virtuous daughter.

I never was so joyful in all my life,  
That I remember! Shall she be a queen?  
Now I perceive a man may weep for joy;  
I had thought they had lyed that said so.

[Exit Lyg]

*Tigr.* Come, my dear love.

*Spa.* But you may see another,  
May alter that again.

*Tigr.* Urge it no more;

I have made up a new strong constancy,  
Not to be shook with eyes. I know I have  
The passions of a man; but if I meet  
With any subject that should hold my eyes  
More firmly than is fit, I'll think of thee,  
And run away from it: Let that suffice.

[Exeunt.]

*Enter Bacurius and his servant.*

*Bac.* Three gentlemen without, to speak  
with me?



*Ser.* Yes, Sir.

*Bac.* Let them come in.

*Enter Bessus with the two Sword-men.*

*Ser.* They are entered, Sir, already.

*Bac.* Now, fellows, your business? Are these the gentlemen?

*Bes.* My lord, I have made bold to bring these gentlemen, my friends o'th' sword, along with me.

*Bac.* I am afraid you'll fight, then.

*Bes.* My good lord, I will not;

Your lordship is mistaken; fear not, lord.

*Bac.* Sir, I am sorry for't.

*Bes.* I ask no more in honour. Gentlemen, you hear my lord is sorry.

*Bac.* Not that I have beaten you, But beaten one that will be beaten; One whose dull body will require a laming, As surfeits do the diet, spring and fall. Now, to your sword-men:

What come they for, good captain Stock fish?

*Bes.* It seems your lordship has forgot my name.

*Bac.* No, nor your nature neither; though they are things fitter, I must confess, for any thing than my remembrance, or any honest man's: What shall these billets do? be pil'd up in my wood-yard?

*Bes.* Your lordship holds your mirth still, Heav'n continue it! But, for these gentlemen, they come—

*Bac.* To swear you are a coward: Spare your book; I do believe it.

*Bes.* Your lordship still draws wide; they come to vouch, under their valiant hands, I am no coward.

*Bac.* That would be a show, indeed, worth seeing. Sirs, be wise and take money for this motion, travel with it; and where the name of Bessus has been known, or a good coward stirring, 'twill yield more than a tilting. This will prove more beneficial to you, if you be thrifty, than your captainship, and more natural. Men of most valiant hands, is this true?

2 *Ser.* It is so, most renowned.

*Bac.* 'Tis somewhat strange.

1 *Ser.* Lord, it is strange, yet true. We have examined, from your lordship's foot there to this man's head, the nature of the beatings; and we do find his honour is come off clean and sufficient: This, as our swords shall help us.

*Bac.* You are much bound to your *bilbo* men; I'm glad you're straight again, captain. 'Twere good you would think some way how to gratify them; they have undergone a labour for you, Bessus, would have puzzled Hercules with all his valour.

2 *Ser.* Your lordship must understand we are no men o'th' law, that take pay for our opinions; it is sufficient we have clear'd our friend.

*Bac.* Yet there is something due, which

I, as touch'd in conscience, will discharge. Captain, I'll pay this rent for you.

*Bes.* Spare yourself, my good lord; my brave friends aim at nothing but the virtue.

*Bac.* That's but a cold discharge, Sir, for the pains.

2 *Ser.* Oh, lord! my good lord!

*Bac.* Be not so modest; I will give you something. [that's sufficient.

*Bes.* They shall dine with your lordship;

*Bac.* Something in hand the while. You rogues, you apple-squires, do you come hither, with your bottled valour, your windy froth, to limit out my beatings?

1 *Ser.* I do beseech your lordship.

2 *Ser.* Oh, good lord!

*Bac.* S'foot, what a bevy of beaten slaves are here! Get me a cudgel, Sirrah, and a tough one. [your lordship.

2 *Ser.* More of your foot, I do beseech

*Bac.* You shall, you shall, dog, and your fellow beagle.

1 *Ser.* O' this side, good my lord.

*Bac.* Off with your swords; for if you hurt my foot, I'll have you flead, you rascals.

1 *Ser.* Mine's off, my lord.

2 *Ser.* I beseech your lordship, stay a little; my strap's tied to my cod-piece point: Now, when you please.

*Bac.* Captain, these are your valiant friends; you long for a little too? [lordship.

*Bes.* I am very well, I humbly thank your

*Bac.* What's that in your pocket hurts my toe, you mungrel? Thy buttocks cannot be so hard; out with it quickly.

2 *Ser.* Here 'tis, Sir; a small piece of artillery, that a gentleman, a dear friend of your lordship's, sent me with, to get it mended, Sir; for, if you mark, the nose is somewhat loose.

*Bac.* A friend of mine, you rascal? I was never wearier of doing nothing, than kicking these two foot-balls.

*Enter Serrant.*

*Ser.* Here is a good cudgel, Sir.

*Bac.* It comes too late; I'm weary; prithee, do thou beat them.

2 *Ser.* My lord, this is foul play, I faith, to put a fresh nian upon us: Men are but men, Sir.

*Bac.* That jest shall save your bones. Captain, rally up your rotten regiment, and be gone. I had rather thresh than be bound to kick these rascals, 'till they cry'd, 'ho!' Bessus, you may put your hand to them now, and then you are quit. Farewell! as you like this, pray visit me again; 'twill keep me in good health. [Exit.

2 *Ser.* It's a devilish hard foot, I never felt the like. [felt a hundred.

1 *Ser.* Nor I; and yet, I am sure, I have

2 *Ser.* If he kick thus I th' Dog-days, he will be dry-foundred. What cure now, captain, besides oil of bays?

*Bes.* Why, well enough, I warrant you; you can go.

*2 Sur.* Yes, Heav'n be thank'd! but I feel a shrewd ache; sure, he's sprang my huckle-bone.

*1 Sw.* I ha' lost a haunch.

*Bes.* A little butter, friend, a little butter; butter and parsley is a sovereign matter: *Probatum est.*

*2 Sw.* Captain, we must request your hand now to our honours.

*Bes.* Yes, marry, shall ye; and then let all the world come, we are valiant to ourselves, and there's an end.

*1 Sw.* Nay, then, we must be valiant. Oh, my ribs!

*2 Sw.* Oh, my small guts! a plague upon these sharp-toed shoes; they are murderers!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Arbaces, with his sword drawn.*

*Arb.* It is resolv'd: I bare it whilst I could; I can no more. Hell, open all thy gates, And I will thorough them: If they be shut, I'll batter 'em, but I will find the place Where the most damn'd have dwelling! Ere I end,

Amongst them all they shall not have a sin; But I may call it mine! I must begin With murder of our friend, and so go on To that incestuous ravishing, and end My life and sins with a forbidden blow Upon myself!

*Enter Mardonius.*

*Mar.* What tragedy is near?

That hand was never wont to draw a sword, But it cry'd 'dead' to something.

*Arb.* Mardonius, Have you bid Gobrias come?

*Mar.* How do you, Sir?

*Arb.* Well. Is he coming?

*Mar.* Why, Sir, are you thus?

Why do your hands proclaim a lawless war Against yourself? [another:]

*Arb.* Thou answer'st me one question with Is Gobrias coming?

*Mar.* Sir, he is.

*Arb.* 'Tis well:

I can forbear your questions then. Be gone!

*Mar.* Sir, I have mark'd —

*Arb.* Mark less! it troubles you

And me.

*Mar.* You are more variable than you were.

*Arb.* It may be so.

*Mar.* To-day no hermit could be humbler Than you were to us all.

*Arb.* And what of this? [eyes,

*Mar.* And now you take new rage into your As you would look us all out of the land.

*Arb.* I do confess it; will that satisfy?

I prithee, get thee gone.

*Mar.* Sir, I will speak.

*Arb.* Will ye?

*Mar.* It is my duty.

I fear you'll kill yourself: I am a subject, And you shall do me wrong in't; 'tis my cause, And I may speak.

*Arb.* Thou art not train'd in sin, It seems, Mardonius: Kill myself! by Heav'n, I will not do it yet; and, when I will, I'll tell thee, then I shall be such a creature, That thou wilt give me leave without a word. There is a method in man's wickedness; It grows up by degrees:<sup>39</sup> I am not come So high as killing of myself; there are A hundred thousand sins 'twixt me and it, Which I must do, and I shall come to't at last; But, take my oath, not now. Be satisfied, And get thee hence.

*Mar.* I'm sorry 'tis so ill.

*Arb.* Be sorry, then:<sup>40</sup>

True sorrow is alone; grieve by thyself.

*Mar.* I pray you, let me see your sword put up

Before I go: I'll leave you then. [it not

*Arb.* Why, so. What folly is this in thee? is As apt to mischief as it was before? [toys Can I not reach it, think'st thou? These are For children to be pleas'd with, and not men. Now I am safe, you think: I would the Book Of Fate were here; my sword is not so sure But I would get it out, and mangle that, That all the destinies should quite forget Their fix'd decrees, and haste to make us new, Far other fortunes; mine could not be worse, Wilt thou now leave me?

*Mar.* Heav'n put into your bosom temperate thoughts!

I'll leave you, though I fear. [*Exit Mar.*]

*Arb.* Go; thou art honest.

Why should the hasty errors of my youth

Be so unpardonable to draw a sin,

Helpless, upon me?

<sup>39</sup> There is a method in man's wickedness, It grows up by degrees.] This thought is plainly borrowed from Juvenal's Satires; (as I had marked in the margin of my book, and as Mr. Sympton likewise hinted to me)

*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>40</sup> Be sorry then; true sorrow is alone; Grieve by thyself.] This reflection is as evidently shadowed out from one of Martial's epigrams.

*Ille dolet verè, qui sine teste dolet.*

This, if I remember right, was thus rendered by our facetious Tom Brown.

*That man grieves with a witness who grieves without one.* *Mr. Theobald*

*Enter Gobrias.*

Gob. There is the king; now it is ripe.

Arb. Draw near, thou guilty man;<sup>44</sup>  
That art the author of the loathed'st crime  
Five ages have brought forth, and bear me  
speak!

Curses incurable, and all the evils  
Man's body or his spirit can receive,  
Be with thee!

Gob. Why, Sir, do you curse me thus?

Arb. Why do I curse thee? If there be a  
man

Subtle in curses, that exceeds the rest,  
His worst wish on thee! Thou hast broke my  
heart. [a child,

Gob. How, Sir! Have I preserv'd you, from  
From all the arrows malice or ambition  
Could shoot at you, and have I this for pay?

Arb. 'Tis true, thou didst preserve me, and  
in that

Wert crueller than hard'ned murderers  
Of infants and their mothers! Thou didst  
save me,

Only till thou hadst studied out a way  
How to destroy me cunningly thyself:  
This was a curious way of torturing.

Gob. What do you mean?

Arb. Thou know'st the evils thou hast done  
to me!

Dost thou remember all those witching letters  
Thou sent'st unto me to Armenia,  
Fill'd with the praise of my beloved sister,  
Where thou extol'dst her beauty? What had I  
To do with that? what could her beauty be  
To me? And thou didst write how well she  
lov'd me!

Dost thou remember this? so that I doted  
Something before I saw her.

Gob. This is true. [know'st,

Arb. Is it? and, when I was return'd, thou  
Thou didst pursue it, 'till thou wound'st me in  
To such a strange and unbeliev'd affection,  
A good man cannot think on.

Gob. This I grant;

I think, I was the cause.

Arb. Wert thou? Nay, more,

I think, thou meant'st it.

Gob. Sir, I hate a lye:

As I love Heav'n and honesty, I did;  
It was my meaning.

Arb. Be thine own sad judge;

A further condemnation will not need:  
Prepare thyself to die.

Gob. Why, Sir, to die?

[offender

Arb. Why, shouldst thou live? was ever yet  
So impudent, that had a thought of mercy,  
After confession of a crime like this?

Get out I cannot where thou hurl'dst me in;  
But I can take revenge; that's all the sweet-  
Left for me. [ness

Gob. Now's the time. Hear me but speak.

Arb. No! Yet I will be far more merciful  
Than thou wert to me; thou didst steal into  
me,

And never gav'st me warning: So much time  
As I give thee now, had prevented me  
For ever. Notwithstanding all thy sins,  
If thou hast hope that there is yet a prayer  
'To save thee, turn and speak it to thyself.

Gob. Sir, you shall know your sins, before  
you do 'em;

If you kill me —

Arb. I will not stay then.

Gob. Know—you kill your father.

Arb. How?

Gob. You kill your father.

[lye,

Arb. My father? Though I know it for a  
Made out of fear, to save thy stained life,  
The very rev'rence of the word comes cross me,  
And ties mine arm down.

Gob. I will tell you that shall heighten you  
again:

I am thy father; I charge thee hear me.

Arb. If it should be so,

As 'tis most false, and that I should be found  
A bastard issue, the despised fruit  
Of lawless lust, I should no more admire  
All my wild passions! But another truth  
Shall be wrung from thee: If I could come by  
The spirit of pain, it should be pour'd on thee,  
'Till thou allow'st thyself more full of lyes  
Than he that teaches thee.

*Enter Arane.*

Arane. Turn thee about;

I come to speak to thee, thou wicked man!  
Hear me, thou tyrant!

Arb. I will turn to thee;

Hear me, thou strumpet! I have blotted out  
The name of mother, as thou hast thy shame.

Arane. My shame! Thou hast less shame than  
any thing!

Why dost thou keep my daughter in a prison?

Why dost thou call her sister, and do this?

Arb. Cease, thou strange impudence, and  
answer quickly!

<sup>44</sup> Draw near, thou guilty man.] The subsequent scenes, to the end of the play, have been, through the whole course of the impressions, delivered down to us as prose; but I have restored them to their strict metre and versification: And through my whole edition (where the interpolations, or emendations, by the stage do not obstruct me in it, I shall endeavour to do our authors the same justice. Mr. Theobald.

This is only a continuation of the daring falsehood mentioned in p. 50; for, in the old copies, we find the lines run exactly the same as in Mr. Theobald's edition, except in two or three very trifling instances. It is remarkable, too, that that gentleman has introduced fewer of his arbitrary variations in this scene, than in almost any other part of the work

If thou contemn'st me, this will ask an an-  
And have it. [swear,

*Ara.* Help me, gentle Gobrias.

*Arb.* Guilt dare not help guilt; though they  
grow together

In doing ill, yet at the punishment  
They sever, and each flies the noise of other.  
Think not of help; answer!

*Ara.* I will; to what?

*Arb.* To such a thing, as, if it be a truth,  
Think what a creature thou hast made thyself,  
That didst not shame to do what I must blush  
Only to ask thee. Tell me who I am,  
Whose son I am, without all circumstance;  
Be thou as hasty as my sword will be,  
If thou refusest.

*Ara.* Why, you are his son.

*Arb.* His son? Swear, swear, thou worse  
than woman damn'd!

*Ara.* By all that's good, you are.

*Arb.* Then art thou all

That ever was known bad! Now is the cause  
Of all my strange misfortunes come to light.  
What reverence expect'st thou from a child,  
To bring forth which thou hast offended  
Heav'n,

Thy husband, and the land! Adulterous witch!  
I know now why thou wouldst have poison'd  
me:

I was thy lust, which thou wouldst have forgot!  
Then, wicked mother of my sins, and me,  
Shew me the way to the inheritance  
I have by thee; which is a spacious world  
Of impious acts, that I may soon possess it.  
Plagues rot thee, as thou liv'st, and such dis-  
cases

As use to pay lust, recompence thy deed!

*Gob.* You do not know why you curse thus.

*Arb.* Too well.

You are a pair of vipers; and behold  
The serpent you have got! There is no beast,  
But, if he knew it, has a pedigree  
As brave as mine, for they have more descents;  
And I am every way as beastly got,  
As far without the compass of a law,  
As they.

*Ara.* You spend your rage and words in vain,  
And rail upon a guess; hear us a little.

*Arb.* No, I will never hear, but talk away  
My breath, and die.

*Gob.* Why, but you are no bastard.

*Arb.* How's that?

*Ara.* Nor child of mine.

*Arb.* Still you go on

In wonders to me.

*Gob.* Pray you, be more patient;  
I may bring comfort to you.

*Arb.* I will kneel,

And hear with the obedience of a child.

Good father, speak! I do acknowledge you,  
So you bring comfort.

*Gob.* First know, our last king, your sup-  
posed father,  
Was old and feeble when he married her,

And almost all the land, as she, past hope  
Of issue from him.

*Arb.* Therefore she took leave  
To play the whore, because the king was old:  
Is this the comfort?

*Ara.* What will you find out  
To give me satisfaction, when you find [me  
How you have injur'd me? Let fire consume  
If ever I were whore!

*Gob.* Forbear these starts,  
Or I will leave you wedded to despair,  
As you are now: If you can find a temper,  
My breath shall be a pleasant western wind  
That cools and blasts not.

*Arb.* Bring it out, good father.

I'll lie, and listen here as reverently  
As to an angel: If I breathe too loud,  
Tell me; for I would be as still as night.

*Gob.* Our king, I say, was old, and this  
our queen

Desir'd to bring an heir, but yet her husband,  
She thought, was past it; and to be dishonest,  
I think, she would not: If she would have  
been,

The truth is, she was watch'd so narrowly,  
And had so slender opportunities, [niag  
She hardly could have been: But yet her cum-  
Found out this way; she feign'd herself with  
child, [land,

And posts were sent in haste throughout the  
And God was humbly thank'd in ev'ry church,  
That so had bless'd the queen; and prayers  
were made

For her safe going and delivery.

She feign'd now to grow bigger; and perceiv'd  
This hope of issue made her fear'd, and brought  
A far more large respect from every man,  
And saw her pow'r increase, and was resolv'd,  
Since she believ'd she could not have't indeed,  
At least she would be thought to have a child.

*Arb.* Do I not hear it well? Nay, I will  
make

No noises at all; but pray you to the point,  
Quick as you can.

*Gob.* Now when the time was full  
She should be brought to bed, I had a son  
Born, which was you: This, the queen hear-  
ing of, [sons

Mov'd me to let her have you; and such rea-  
She shew'd me, as she knew well would tie  
My secrecy. She swore you should be king;

And, to be short, I did deliver you  
Unto her, and pretended you were dead,  
And in mine own house kept a funeral,  
And had an empty coffin put in earth.  
That night this queen feign'd hastily to labour,  
And by a pair of women of her own,  
Which she had charm'd, she made the world  
believe

She was deliver'd of you. You grew up,  
As the king's son, till you were six years old;  
Then did the king die, and did leave to me  
Protection of the realm; and, contrary  
To his own expectation, left this queen

Truly with child, indeed, of the fair princess Panthea. Then she could have torn her hair, And did alone to me, yet durst not speak In public, for she knew she should be found A traitor; and her tale would have been thought

Madness, or any thing rather than truth. This was the only cause why she did seek To poison you, and I to keep you safe; And this the reason why I sought to kindle Some sparks of love in you to fair Panthea, That she might get part of her right again.

*Arb.* And have you made an end now? Is this all?

If not, I will be still till I be aged,  
Till all my hairs be silver.

*Gob.* This is all.

*Arb.* And is it true, say you too, madam?

*Ara.* Yes, Heaven knows, it is most true.

*Arb.* Panthea, then, is not my sister.

*Gob.* No.

*Ara.* But can you prove this?

*Gob.* If you'll give consent,  
Else who dares go about it?

*Arb.* Give consent?

Why, I will have 'em all that know it rack'd  
To get this from 'em. All that wait without,  
Come in, whate'er you be, come in, and be  
Partakers of my joy! Oh, you are welcome!

*Enter Bessus, gentlemen, Mardonius,  
and other attendants.*

Mardonius, the best news! Nay, draw no nearer;

They all shall hear it: I am found No King.

*Mar.* Is that so good news?

*Arb.* Yes, the happiest news  
That e'er was heard.

*Mar.* Indeed, 'twere well for you

If you might be a little less obey'd.

*Arb.* One call the queen.

*Mar.* Why, she is there.

*Arb.* The queen,

Mardonius? Panthea is the queen,  
And I am plain Arbaaces. Go, some one!

She is in Gobrias' house. Since I saw you,  
There are a thousand things deliver'd to me,  
You little dream of. *[Exit a gentleman.]*

*Mar.* So it should seem. My lord,  
What fury's this?

*Gob.* Believe me, 'tis no fury;

All that he says is truth.

*Mar.* 'Tis very strange. *[men?]*

*Arb.* Why do you keep your hats off, gentle-  
Is it to me? I swear, it must not be;

Nay, trust me, in good faith, it must not be!  
I cannot now command you; but I pray you,  
For the respect you bare me when you took  
Me for your king, each man clasp on his hat  
At my desire.

*Mar.* We will. You are not found  
So mean a man, but that you may be cover'd  
As well as we; may you not?

*Arb.* Oh, not here!

You may, but not I, for here is my father  
In presence.

*Mar.* Where?

*Arb.* Why, there. Oh, the whole story  
Would be a wilderness, to lose thyself  
For ever. Oh, pardon me, dear father,  
For all the idle and unreverend words  
That I have spoke in idle moods to you!  
I am Arbaaces; we all fellow-subjects;  
Nor is the queen Panthea now my sister.

*Bes.* Why, if you remember, fellow-sub-  
ject Arbaaces, I told you once she was not your  
sister: Ay, and she look'd nothing like you.

*Arb.* I think you did, good captain Bessus.

*Bes.* Here will arise another question now  
amongst the sword-men, whether I be to call  
him to account for beating me, now he is  
prov'd No King.

*Enter Lygones.*

*Mar.* Sir, here's Lygones, the agent for the  
Armenian state.

*Arb.* Where is he? I know your business,  
good Lygones.

*Lyg.* We must have our king again, and  
will.

*Arb.* I knew that was your business: You  
shall have

Your king again; and have him so again,  
As never king was had. Go, one of you,  
And bid Bacurius bring Tigranes hither;  
And bring the lady with him, that Panthea,  
The queen Panthea, sent me word this morning  
Was brave Tigranes' mistress.

*[Exit two gentlemen.]*

*Lyg.* 'Tis Spaconia.

*Arb.* Ay, ay, Spaconia.

*Lyg.* She is my daughter.

*Arb.* She is so. I could now tell any thing  
I never heard. Your king shall go so home,  
As never man went.

*Mar.* Shall he go on's head?

*Arb.* He shall have chariots easier than air,  
That I will have invented; and ne'er think  
He shall pay any ransom! And thyself,  
That art the messenger, shall ride before him  
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,  
That shall be made to go with golden wheels,  
I know not how yet.

*Lyg.* Why, I shall be made  
For ever! They hely'd this king with us,  
And said he was unkind.

*Arb.* And then, thy daughter;  
She shall have some strange thing; we'll have  
the kingdom

Sold utterly, and put into a toy,  
Which she shall wear about her carelessly,  
Somewhere or other. See, the virtuous queen!  
Behold the humblest subject that you have,  
Kneel here before you.

*Enter Panthea and 1 gentleman.*

*Pan.* Why kneel you to me,  
That am your vassal?

*Arb.* Grant me one request. [can

*Pan.* Alas! what can I grant you? what I

*Arb.* That you will please to marry me,  
If I can prove it lawful.

*Pan.* Is that all?

More willingly than I would draw this air.

*Arb.* I'll kiss this hand, in earnest.

*2 Gent.* Sir, Tigranes

Is coming; though he made it strange, at first,  
To see the princess any more.

*Enter Tigranes and Spaconia.*

*Arb.* The queen,  
Thou mean'st. Oh, my Tigranes, pardon me!  
Tread on my neck; I freely offer it;  
And, if thou be'st so given, take revenge,  
For I have injur'd thee.

*Tigr.* No; I forgive, [ance,  
And rejoice more that you have found repent-  
Than I my liberty.

*Arb.* May'st thou be happy  
In thy fair choice, for thou art temperate!  
You owe no ransom to the state! Know, that  
I have a thousand joys to tell you of,  
Which yet I dare not utter, till I pay  
My thanks to Heav'n for 'em. Will you go  
With me, and help me? pray you, do.

*Tigr.* I will.

*Arb.* Take then your fair one with you:

And you, queen

Of goodness and of us, oh, give me leave  
To take your arm in mine! Come, every one  
That takes delight in goodness, help to sing  
Loud thanks for me, that I am prov'd No King!  
[*Exeunt omnes.*

The following observations are made by Mr. Seward, respecting this Play.

\* Mr. Rymer flings the most virulent of all his invectives against Othello and Arbaces, falsely  
deeming all the faults of those characters to be so many charges against the Poets; whereas  
their intent was not to paint *perfection* but *human nature*, to blend the *virtues* and *vices*  
together, so that both may spring from the same *temper*, and, like *handsome* and *ill-favoured*  
*children*, both still bear a *resemblance* to their *sire*. To do this well is one of the highest  
efforts of poetry. Arbaces, like his great pattern Achilles, has *virtues* and *vices* in the ex-  
treme. His *violence* makes us expect some dreadful effect, and it therefore soon hurries him  
into an attempt to commit *incest*. He is to raise *terror* and *anger*, not *pity* and *love*; and  
Mr. Rymer having the same *choler* in his *temper*, ridiculously took fire, and furiously attacked  
his *own shadow*.

The savage jealousy of the Moor is so finely delineated, that the tragedy of Othello, not-  
withstanding some slight defects in the construction of the fable, must for ever excite the ad-  
miration of all true lovers of dramatic poetry. The spleen of Rymer is almost as ineffectually  
vented on this Tragedy of our Authors: Yet Candor and Justice oblige us to confess, that the  
sudden transition of passions in the character of Arbaces sometimes borders on the ridiculous.  
The picture is, however, in the main, faithfully copied from nature, with many touches of  
peculiar excellence, particularly the agitations of Arbaces, during his conflict with a supposed  
mysterious passion. His reverential fear of Mardonius, and his contempt of Bessus, while he  
is severally soliciting them, are finely imagined, and as finely executed. The Arbaces of our  
Authors is evidently the model on which Lee formed his Alexander, as well as his Clytus on  
Mardonius. It would, perhaps, require a nice hand to make this play thoroughly relished by  
a modern audience; yet it most certainly abounds with the highest dramatic excellencies, and  
deserves an eminent rank in the list of theatrical productions.

# THE SCORNFUL LADY.

## A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Waller and Stanley speak of Fletcher as the Author of this Comedy; in the titles of the old copies we find the names of both our Authors, and it is supposed to have been their joint production. We do not find that it was ever altered; nor has it been performed in the course of many years past; though, in the lifetime of Mrs. Oldfield, who acted the Lady, it used to be frequently represented.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

ELDER LOVELESS, *a suitor to the Lady.*  
 YOUNG LOVELESS, *a prodigal.*  
 SAVIL, *Steward to Elder Loveless.*  
 WELFORD, *a suitor to the Lady.*  
 SIR ROGER, *curate to the Lady.*  
 A CAPTAIN,  
 A TRAVELLER, } *hangers-on to Young Loveless.*  
 A POET,  
 A TOBACCO-MAN,  
 MORECRAFT, *an usurer.*

#### WOMEN.

LADY,  
 MARTHA, } *two sisters.*  
 YOUNGLOVE, or ABIGAIL, } *a waiting gentlewoman.*  
 A RICH WIDOW.  
*Wenches, fidlers, and attendants.*

SCENE, LONDON.

## ACT I.

*Enter Elder Loveless, Young Loveless, Savil, and a page:*

Elder Loveless. BROTHER, is your last hope past, to mollify Morecraft's heart about your mortgage?

Young Loveless. Hopelessly past. I have presented the usurer with a richer draught than ever Cleopatra swallow'd; he hath suck'd

in ten thousand pounds worth of my land more than he paid for, at a gulp, without trumpets.<sup>1</sup> [this house.]

El. Lo. I have as hard a task to perform in Yo. Lo. Faith, mine was to make an usurer honest, or to lose my land.

El. Lo. And mine is to persuade a passionate woman, or to leave the land.

Yo. Lo. Make the boat stay.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *At a gulp, without trumpets.*] The allusion is here either to the drinking of healths at our public halls and city entertainments; or else to a passage in the *Acharnenses* of Aristophanes, upon which the old Scholiast informs us, that it was a custom in Athens, at certain of their feasts, to challenge one another to drink by sound of trumpet. Mr. Theobald.

<sup>2</sup> *And mine is to persuade, &c.*] The majority of the old quarto's thus divide this speech:   
 or to leave the land.

Yo. Lo. Make the boat stay: I fear I shall, &c.

which is certainly erroneous. The modern editions make no division, but give the whole to the Elder Loveless; which seems equally improper. We apprehend the original reading to have been,

or to leave the land.

Yo. Lo. Make the boat stay.

El. Lo. I fear I shall begin, &c.

i. e. After the Elder Loveless declares, that, if he cannot persuade the Lady to remit the duty she had imposed on him in her passion, he must undergo the disagreeable task of quitting the land; the Younger jocularly replies, 'Make the boat stay; be not hasty, postpone your departure.' The Elder then rejoins, 'I fear I shall begin my journey this night.'

*El. Lo.* I fear I shall begin my unfortunate journey this night; though the darkness of the night, and the roughness of the waters, might easily dissuade an unwilling man.\*

*Savil.* Sir, your father's old friends hold it the sounder course for your body and estate to stay at home and marry, and propagate, and govern in your country, than to travel and die without issue.

*El. Lo.* Savil, you shall gain the opinion of a better servant, in seeking to execute, not alter, my will, howsoever my intents succeed.

*Yo. Lo.* Yonder's mistress Younglove, brother, the grave rubber of your mistress's toes.

*Enter Younglove, or Aligail.*

*El. Lo.* Mistress Younglove—

*Abig.* Master Loveless, truly we thought your sails had been hoist: My mistress is persuaded you are sea-sick ere this.

*El. Lo.* Loves she her ill-taken-up resolution so dearly? Didst thou move her from me?

*Abig.* By this light that shines, there's no removing her, if she get a stiff opinion by the end. I attempted her to-day, when, they say, a woman can deny nothing.

*El. Lo.* What critical minute was that?

*Abig.* When her smock was over her ears; but she was no more pliant than if it hung above her heels.

*El. Lo.* I prithee deliver my service, and say, I desire to see the dear cause of my banishment; and then for France. [brother?

*Abig.* I'll do't. Hark hither, is that your

*El. Lo.* Yes; have you lost your memory?

*Abig.* As I live he's a pretty fellow. [Exit.

*Yo. Lo.* Oh, this is a sweet brach.<sup>3</sup>

*El. Lo.* Why she knows not you.

*Yo. Lo.* No, but she offer'd me once to know her. To this day she loves youth of eighteen. She heard a tale how Cupid struck her in love with a great lord in the Tilt-yard, but he never saw her; yet she in kindness would needs wear a willow-garland at his wedding. She lov'd all the players in the last queen's time once over; she was struck when they acted lovers, and forsook some when they play'd murderers. She has nine spur-royals,<sup>4</sup> and the servants say she hoards old gold; and she herself pronounces angrily, that the farmer's eldest son (or her mistress's husband's clerk shall be) that marries her, shall make her a jointure of fourscore pounds a-year. She tells tales of the serving-men—

*El. Lo.* Enough, I know her. Brother, I shall entreat you only to salute my mistress and take leave; we'll part at the stairs.

*Enter Lady and waiting-woman.*

*Lady.* Now, Sir, this first part of your will is perform'd: What's the rest?

*El. Lo.* First, let me beg your notice for this gentleman, my brother.

*Lady.* I shall take it as a favour done to me. Though the gentleman hath receiv'd but an untimely grace from you, yet my charitable disposition would have been ready to have done him freer courtesies as a stranger, than upon those cold commendations.

*Yo. Lo.* Lady, my salutations crave acquaintance and leave at once.

*Lady.* Sir, I hope you are the master of your own occasions. [Ex. *Yo. Lo.* and *Soril.*

*El. Lo.* 'Would I were so, Mistress, for me to praise over again that worth, which all the world, and you yourself can see—

*Lady.* It's a cold room this, servant.

*El. Lo.* Mistress—

*Lady.* What think you if I have a chimney for't, out here?

*El. Lo.* Mistress, another in my place, that were not ty'd to believe all your actions just, would apprehend himself wrong'd: But I, whose virtues are constancy and obedience—

*Lady.* Younglove, make a good fire above, to warm me after my servant's exordiums.

*El. Lo.* I have heard and seen your affability to be such, that the servants you give wages to may speak.

*Lady.* 'Tis true, 'tis true; but they speak to th' purpose.

*El. Lo.* Mistress, your will leads my speeches from the purpose. But, as a man—

*Lady.* A simile, servant! This room was built for honest meaners, that deliver themselves hastily and plainly, and are gone. Is this a time or place for exordiums, and similies, and metaphors? If you have ought to say, break into't: My answers shall very reasonably meet you.

*El. Lo.* Mistress, I came to see you.

*Lady.* That's happily dispatch'd; the next.

*El. Lo.* To take leave of you.

*Lady.* To be gone?

*El. Lo.* Yes.

*Lady.* You need not have despair'd of that, nor have us'd so many circumstances to win me to give you leave to perform my command. Is there a third?

*El. Lo.* Yes; I had a third, had you been apt to hear it. [fast!

*Lady.* If never apter. Fast, good servant,

*El. Lo.* 'Twas to intreat you to hear reason.

*Lady.* Most willingly; have you brought one can speak it?

<sup>3</sup> O, this is a sweet brache!] A sort of hound, or any little stinking, household cur.

*Mr. Theobald.*

*Brach* is used by Shakespeare to signify a bitch-hound.

<sup>4</sup> She has nine spur-royals.] This was a piece of gold coin, very current in the reign of king James I. *Mr. Theobald.*



*El. Lo.* Lastly, it is to kindle in that barren heart love and forgiveness.

*Lady.* You would stay at home?

*El. Lo.* Yes, lady.

*Lady.* Why, you may, and doubtless will, when you have debated that your commander is but your mistress, a woman, a weak one, wildly overborn with passions: But the thing by her commanded is, to see Dover's dreadful Cliff, passing in a poor water-house; the dangers of the merciless Channel 'twixt that and Calais, five long hours' sail, with three poor weeks' victuals.<sup>5</sup>

*El. Lo.* You wrong me.

*Lady.* Then, to land dumb, unable to enquire for an English host, to remove from city to city, by most chargeable post-horse, like one that rode in quest of his mother tongue.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*Lady.* And all these (almost invincible) labours perform'd for your mistress, to be in danger to forsake her, and to put on new allegiance to some French lady, who is content to change language with your laughter; and, after your whole year spent in tennis and broken speech, to stand to the hazard of being laugh'd at, at your return, and have tales made on you by the chambermaids.

*El. Lo.* You wrong me much.

*Lady.* Louder yet.

*El. Lo.* You know your least word is of force to make me seek out dangers; move me not with toys. But, in this banishment, I must take leave to say, you are unjust: Was one kiss forc'd from you in public by me so unpardonable? Why, all the hours of day and night have seen us kiss.

*Lady.* 'Tis true, and so you told the company that heard me chide. [than I.]

*El. Lo.* Your own eyes were not dearer to you

*Lady.* And so you told 'em.

*El. Lo.* I did; yet no sign of disgrace need to have stain'd your cheek: You yourself knew your pure and simple heart to be most unspotted, and free from the least baseness.

*Lady.* I did: But if a maid's heart doth but once think that she is suspected, her own face will write her guilty.

*El. Lo.* But where lay this disgrace? the world, that knew us, knew our resolutions well: And could it be hop'd, that I should give away my freedom, and venture a perpe-

tual bondage with one I never kiss'd; or could I in strict wisdom take too much love upon me, from her that chose me for her husband?

*Lady.* Believe me, if my wedding-smock were on; [come;]

Were the gloves bought and giv'n, the licence Were the rosemary-branches dipp'd, and all The hippocras<sup>6</sup> and cakes eat and drank off; Were these two arms encompass'd with the hands

Of batchelors, to lead me to the church; Were my feet in the door; were 'I John' said;

If John should boast a favour done by me, I would not wed that year. And you, I hope, When you have spent this year commodiously, In achieving languages, will at your return Acknowledge me more coy of parting with mine eyes,

Than such a friend. More talk I hold not now. If you dare go—

*El. Lo.* I dare, you know. First, let me kiss.

*Lady.* Farewell, sweet servant. Your task perform'd,

On a new ground, as a beginning suitor, I shall be apt to hear you.

*El. Lo.* Farewell, cruel mistress!

[Exit Lady.]

Enter Young Loveless and Savil.

*Yo. Lo.* Brother, you'll hazard the losing your tide to Gravesend; you have a long half-mile by land to Greenwich.

*El. Lo.* I go. But, brother, what yet-unheard-of course to live doth your imagination flatter you with? Your ordinary means are devour'd.

*Yo. Lo.* Course, why horse-coursing, I think. Consume no time in this; I have no estate to be mended by meditation: He that busies himself about my fortunes, may properly be said to busy himself about nothing.

*El. Lo.* Yet some course you must take, which, for my satisfaction, resolve and open. If you will shape none, I must inform you, that that man but persuades himself he means to live, that imagines not the means.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, live upon others, as others have liv'd upon me.

*El. Lo.* I apprehend not that: You have fed others, and consequently dispos'd of 'em; and the same measure must you expect from

<sup>5</sup> Five long hours' sail, with three poor weeks' victuals.] This speech is all through sarcastical. She is bantering her gallant on the supposed danger of his voyage; and the great care he is taking of himself, in laying in three weeks provisions only to cross from Dover to Calais.

Mr. Theobald.

Where the apprehensive Mr. Theobald acquired information of Loveless having laid in three weeks' provision is unknown to us. Had he not informed us this was the case, we should have supposed the sarcasm levell'd at the generality of puny travellers, not singly at Loveless.

<sup>6</sup> Hippocras.] This was a wine spiced and strain'd through a flannel bag, formerly in much request at weddings, wakes, &c. The strainer, we are told, was call'd Hippocrate's sleeve. I know, there is a woollen bag, so call'd, used by the apothecaries to strain syrups and decoctions for clarification.

Mr. Theobald.

your maintainers; which will be too heavy an alteration for you to bear.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bet at bowling-alleys, or man whores:<sup>7</sup> I would fain live by others.\* But I'll live whilst I am unhang'd, and after, the thought's taken.

*El. Lo.* I see you are ty'd to no particular employment, then?

*Yo. Lo.* Faith, I may chuse my course: They say, nature brings forth none but she provides for them: I'll try her liberality.

*El. Lo.* Well, to keep your feet out of base and dangerous paths, I have resolv'd you shall live as master of my house. It shall be your care, Savil, to see him fed and cloath'd, not according to his present estate, but to his birth and former fortunes.

*Yo. Lo.* If it be referr'd to him, if I be not found in carnation Jersey stockings, blue devils' breeches, with the guards down, and my pocket i' th' sleeves, I'll never look you i' the face again.

*Sav.* A comelier wear, I wis, it is than those dangling slops.

*El. Lo.* To keep you ready to do him all service peaceably, and him to command you reasonably, I leave these further directions in writing; which, at your best leisure, together open and read.

*Enter Aligail to them, with a jewel.*

*Alig.* Sir, my mistress commends her love to you in this token, and these words: It is a jewel, she says, which, as a favour from her, she would request you to wear till your year's travel be perform'd; which, once expir'd, she will hastily expect your happy return.<sup>8</sup>

*El. Lo.* Return my service, with such thanks as she may imagine the heart of a suddenly-never-joy'd man would willingly utter: And you, I hope, I shall with slender arguments persuade to wear this diamond; that when my mistress shall, through my long ab-

sence, and the approach of new suitors, offer to forget me, you may call your eye down to your finger, and remember and speak of me: She will hear thee better than those allied by birth to her; as we see many men much sway'd by the grooms of their chambers; not that they have a greater part of their love or opinion of them, than on others, but for they know their secrets.

*Alig.* O' my credit, I swear I think 'twas made for me: Fear no other suitors.

*El. Lo.* I shall not need to teach you how to discredit their beginning: You know how to take exception at their shirts at washing; or to make the maids swear they found plaisters in their beds.

*Alig.* I know, I know; and do you not fear the suitors.

*El. Lo.* Farewell; be mindful, and be happy; the night calls me.

*[Exit omnes præter Alig.]*

*Alig.* The gods of the winds befriend you, Sir! A constant and liberal lover thou art; more such God send us!

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Let 'em not stand still, we have rid hard.<sup>9</sup> *[I'll not be seen.]*

*Alig.* A sutor, I know, by his riding hard;

*Wel.* A pretty hall this: No servant in't? I would look freshly.

*Alig.* You have deliver'd your errand to me, then. There's no danger in a handsome young fellow: I'll shew myself.

*Wel.* Lady, may it please you to bestow upon a stranger the ordinary grace of salutation? Are you the lady of this house?

*Alig.* Sir, I am worthily proud to be a servant of hers.

*Wel.* Lady, I should be as proud to be a servant of yours, did not my so-late acquaintance make me despair.

*Alig.* Sir, it is not so hard to atchieve, but nature may bring it about.

<sup>7</sup> *Why, I'll purse; if that raise me not, I'll bett at bowling-alleys, or man whores.]* i. e. I'll take a purse upon the road, or turn bully and stallion to a bawdy-house. *Mr. Theobald.*

The Authors here allude to three of the most despicable modes of acquiring subsistence to which mankind can be reduced: To be a robber, a gambler, and an attendant of strumpets; for such is the meaning of man whores, and not to be a stallion, as Mr. Theobald supposes.

This expression is used by Osborn, in his Advice to his Son, in the following manner.

'Carry no dogs to court, or any public place, to avoid contests with such as may spurn, or endeavour to take them up: The same may be said of boys not wise or strong enough to decline or revenge affronts, whose complaints do not seldom engage their masters; as I knew one of quality killed in the defence of his page: The like danger attends such as are so indiscrete, as to man whores in the street, in which every one pretends to have an interest for his money, and therefore unwilling to see them monopolized, especially when they have got a pot in their pate.'

<sup>8</sup> *She will hastily expect your happy return.]* All the editions, from that of 1639, downwards, erroneously read *happily* for *hastily*; notwithstanding the great difference in the sense. The one word implying, she will be quite easy and contented about your return; the other, she will be impatient for it; in which way we are to understand the passage, as appears by several of the Lady's own speeches.

<sup>9</sup> *Let 'em not stand still, we have rid.]* Mr. Seward prescribes the insertion of the word *hard*, which, probably, has been dropp'd at the press, and seems necessary to the sense.

*Wel.* For these comfortable words, I remain your glad debtor. Is your lady at home?

*Abig.* She is no straggler, Sir. [with her?]

*Wel.* May her occasions admit me to speak

*Abig.* If you come in the way of a suitor, no.

*Wel.* I know your affable virtue will be mov'd to persuade her, that a gentleman, benighted and stray'd, offers to be bound to her for a night's lodging.

*Abig.* I will commend this message to her; but if you aim at her body, you will be deluded. <sup>10</sup>Other women of the households, of good carriage and government; upon any of which if you can cast your affection, they will perhaps be found as faithful, and not so coy. [Exit Abig.]

*Wel.* What a skinfull of lust is this? I thought I had come a-wooing, and I am the courted party. This is right court-fashion; men, women, and all woo; catch that catch may. If this soft-hearted woman have infused any of her tenderness into her lady, there is hope she will be pliant. But who's here?

*Enter Sir Roger.*

*Rog.* God save you, Sir! My lady lets you know, she desires to be acquainted with your name, before she confer with you?

*Wel.* Sir, my name calls me Welford.

*Rog.* Sir, you are a gentleman of a good name. I'll try his wit.

*Wel.* I will uphold it as good as any of my ancestors had this two hundred years, Sir.

*Rog.* I knew a worshipful and a religious gentleman of your name in the bishopric of Durham: Call you him cousin?

*Wel.* I am only allied to his virtues, Sir.

*Rog.* It is modestly said. I should carry the badge of your Christianity with me too.

*Wel.* What's that? a cross? There's a tester.

*Rog.* I mean, the name which your god-fathers and godmothers gave you at the font.

*Wel.* 'Tis Harry. But you cannot proceed orderly now in your catechism; for you have told me who gave me that name. Shall I beg your name?

*Rog.* Roger.

*Wel.* What room fill you in this house?

*Rog.* More rooms than one.

*Wel.* The more the merrier: But may my boldness know, why your lady hath sent you to decypher my name?

*Rog.* Her own words were these: To know whether you were a formerly-deny'd suitor, disguis'd in this message; for I can assure you, she delights not in *Thalamé*; <sup>11</sup>Hymen and she are at variance. I shall return with much haste. [Exit Roger.]

*Wel.* And much speed, Sir, I hope. Certainly, I am arrived amongst a nation of new-found fools, on a land where no navigator has yet planted wit. If I had foreseen it, I would have laded my breeches with bells, knives, copper, and glasses, to trade with women for their virginities; yet, I fear, I should have betray'd myself to needless charge, then. Here's the walking night-cap again.

*Enter Roger.*

*Rog.* Sir, my lady's pleasure is to see you; who hath commanded me to acknowledge her sorrow, that you must take the pains to come up for so bad entertainment.

*Wel.* I shall obey your lady that sent it, and acknowledge you that brought it to be your art's master.

*Rog.* I am but a bachelor of arts, Sir; and I have the mending of all under this roof, from my lady on her down bed, to the maid in the pease-straw.

*Wel.* A cobbler, Sir?

*Rog.* No, Sir; I inculcate divine service within these walls. <sup>12</sup>

*Wel.* But the inhabitants of this house do often employ you on errands, without any scruple of conscience.

*Rog.* Yes, I do take the air many mornings on foot, three or four miles, for eggs: But why move you that?

*Wel.* To know whether it might become your function, to bid my man to neglect his horse a little, to attend on me.

<sup>10</sup> *Other women of the households, of as good carriage and government.*] Mr. Symphon reads, *There are other women of the household of as good earrriage, &c.* We have not ventured to deviate from the old copies, thinking the sense not imperfect. She means, 'Though you cannot have my mistress's person, you may find other women of the household, upon any of which, &c.' It may be urged, that, without Mr. Symphon's words, *there are*, the expression is quaint; but that is, perhaps, rather an argument for than against its having been used by our Poets.

<sup>11</sup> *She delights not in Thalamé.*] It must be, as I had long ago observ'd, and as Mr. Symphon likewise hinted to me, in *Thalamé*: She has no taste for wedlock, for the marriage-bed. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>12</sup> *No Sir, I inculcate divine service within these walls.*] Several of the old quarto's have it, *homilies*; either word is equally to the purpose, but the latter being the stiffer and more precise term, seems most suitable to Sir Roger's formal character. So Abigail, at the beginning of the fourth act, speaking of him, says;

*To this good homilist I've been ever stubborn;*

Sir Roger is a very good picture of a dull, pedantic country-chaplain, of those times, in a private family. *Mr. Theobald.*

The oldest editions, however, reading *service*, we have chose to insert that word.

*Rog.* Most properly, Sir.

*Wcl.* I pray you do so then; and, whilst, I will attend your lady. You direct all this house in the true way?

*Rog.* I do, Sir. [your lady?

*Wcl.* And this door, I hope, conducts to

*Rog.* Your understanding is ingenious.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Young Loveless and Savil, with a writing.*

*Sav.* By your favour, Sir, you shall pardon me.

*Yo. Lo.* I shall beat your favour, Sir!<sup>22</sup> Cross me no more! I say, they shall come in.

*Sav.* Sir, you forget, then, who I am?

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, I do not; thou art my brother's steward, his cast-off mill-money, his kitchen arithmetic.

*Sav.* Sir, I hope, you will not make so little of me?

*Yo. Lo.* I make thee not so little as thou art; for, indeed, there goes no more to the making of a steward, but a fair *imprimis*, and then a reasonable *item* infus'd into him, and the thing is done. [must tell you—

*Sav.* Nay, then, you stir my duty, and I

*Yo. Lo.* What wouldst thou tell me? how hops grow? or hold some rotten discourse of sheep, or when our Lady-day falls? Prithce, farewell, and entertain my friends; be drunk, and burn thy table-books; and, my dear spark of velvet,<sup>23</sup> thou and I—

*Sav.* Good Sir, remember.

*Yo. Lo.* I do remember thee a foolish fellow, one that did put his trust in almanacks, and horse-fairs, and rose by honey, and pot-butter. Shall they come in yet?

*Sav.* Nay, then I must unfold your brother's pleasure: These be the lessons, Sir, he left behind him.

*Yo. Lo.* Prithce, expound the first.

*Sav.* 'I leave to keep my house three hundred pounds a-year; and my brother to dispose of it—'

*Yo. Lo.* Mark that, my wicked steward; and I dispose of it!

*Sav.* 'Whilst he bears himself like a gentleman, and my credit falls not in him.' Mark that, my good young Sir, mark that.

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, if it be no more, I shall fulfil it; while my legs will carry me I'll bear myself gentleman-like, but when I am drunk,

let them bear me that can. Forward, dear steward.

*Sav.* 'Next, it is my will, that he be furnish'd (as my brother) with attendance, apparel, and the obedience of my people—'

*Yo. Lo.* Steward, this is as plain as your old minikin-breeches. Your wisdom will relent now, will it not? Be mollified, or— You understand me, Sir. Proceed.

*Sav.* 'Yet, that my steward keep his place, and power, and bound my brother's wildness with his care.'

*Yo. Lo.* I'll hear no more! This is Apocrypha; bind it by itself, steward.

*Sav.* This is your brother's will; and, as I take it, he makes no mention of such company as you would draw unto you: Captains of gallyfoists;<sup>24</sup> such as in a clear day have seen Calais, fellows that have no more of God, than their oaths come to; they wear swords to reach fire at a play, and get there the oil'd end of a pipe for their guerdon. Then the remnant of your regiment are wealthy tobacco-merchants, that set up with one ounce, and break for three; together with a forlorn hope of poets; and all these look like Carthusians, things without linen: Are these fit company for my master's brother?

*Yo. Lo.* I will either convert thee (oh, thou Pagan steward) or presently confound thee and thy reckonings. Who's there? Call in the gentlemen.

*Sav.* Good Sir!

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, you shall know both who I am, and where I am.

*Sav.* Are you my master's brother?

*Yo. Lo.* Are you the sage master steward, with a face like an old Ephemeris?

*Enter his comrades, Captain, Traveller, Poet, &c.*

*Sav.* Then God help all,<sup>25</sup> I say!

*Yo. Lo.* Ay, and 'tis well said, my old peer of France. Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, gentlemen; mine own dear lads, you're richly welcome. Know this old Harry-groat—

*Capt.* Sir, I will take your love—

*Sav.* Sir, you will take my purse.

*Capt.* And study to continue it.

*Sav.* I do believe you.

*Trav.* Your honourable friend and master's brother hath given you to us for a worthy fellow, and so we hug you, Sir.

<sup>22</sup> *I shall bear your favour, Sir, cross me no more.*] There is neither sense nor humour, in Young Loveless's reply, as it stands in all the copies. My correction retrieves both: i. e. If you continue to cross me, I shall correct you for your stubbornness. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>23</sup> *My dear spark of velvet.*] Mr. Seward proposes changing *velvet* to *vellum*.

<sup>24</sup> *Captains of gallyfoists.*] See p. 65, of this volume.

<sup>25</sup> *Sav. Then God help all, I say!*] Savil has been esteemed by all good judges of comedy, an excellent character of a precise, dogmatical, self-conceited Steward: Always pretending to obtrude his advice, and as desirous of controuling with his opinions. The ingenious Mr. Addison, I remember, told me, that he sketched out his character of Vellum, in the comedy called the Drummer, purely from this model. *Mr. Theobald.*

*Sav.* H'as given himself into the hands of varlets, to be car'd out.<sup>17</sup> Sir, are these the pieces?

*Yo. Lo.* They are the morals of the age, the virtues, men made of gold.

*Sav.* Of your gold, you mean, Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* This is a man of war, and cries, 'go on,' and wears his colours —

*Sav.* In's nose.

*Yo. Lo.* In the fragrant field. This is a traveller, Sir, knows men and manners, and has plow'd up the sea so far, 'till both the poles have knock'd; has seen the sun take coach, and can distinguish the colour of his horses, and their kinds; and had a Flanders-mare leap'd there.

*Sav.* 'Tis much.

*Trav.* I have seen more, Sir.

*Sav.* 'Tis even enough o' conscience. Sit down, and rest you; you are at the end of the world already. 'Would you had as good a liring, Sir, as this fellow could lye you out of; he has a notable gift in't!

*Yo. Lo.* This ministers the smoke, and this the muses.

*Sav.* And you the clothes, and meat, and money. You have a goodly generation of 'em; pray, let them multiply; your brother's house is big enough; and to say truth, h'as too much land; hang it, dirt!

*Yo. Lo.* Why, now thou art a loving stinkard. Fire off thy annotations and thy rent-books; thou hast a weak brain, Savil, and with the next long bill thou wilt run mad. Gentlemen, you are once more welcome to three-hundred pounds a-year! We will be freely merry; shall we not?

*Capt.* Merry as mirth and wine, my lovely Loveless.

*Poet.* A serious look shall be a jury to excommunicate any man from our company.

*Trav.* We will not talk wisely neither?

*Yo. Lo.* What think you, gentlemen, by all this revenue in drink?

*Capt.* I am all for drink.

*Trav.* I am dry 'till it be so.

*Poet.* He that will not cry 'amen' to this, let him live sober, seem wise, and die o' th' quorum.

*Yo. Lo.* It shall be so; we'll have it all in drink; let meat and lodging go; they are transitory, and shew men merely mortal. Then we'll have wenches, every one his wench, and every week a fresh one; we'll keep no powder'd flesh. All these we have by warrant, under the title of 'things necessary.' Here, upon this place I ground it; 'the obedience of my people, and all necessities.' Your opinions, gentlemen?

*Capt.* 'Tis plain and evident, that he meant wenches.

*Sav.* Good Sir, let me expound it.

*Capt.* Here be as sound men as yourself, Sir.

*Poet.* This do I hold to be the interpretation of it: In this word 'necessary' is concluded all that be helps to man; woman was made the first, and therefore here the chiefest.

*Yo. Lo.* Believe me 'tis a learned one; and by these words, 'the obedience of my people,' you, steward, being one, are bound to fetch us wenches.

*Capt.* He is, he is.

*Yo. Lo.* Steward, attend us for instructions.

*Sav.* But will you keep no house, Sir?

*Yo. Lo.* Nothing but drink, Sir; three hundred pounds in drink.

*Sav.* Oh, miserable house; and miserable I that live to see it! Good Sir, keep some meat.

*Yo. Lo.* Get us good whores; and, for your part, I'll board you in an alehouse; you shall have cheese and onions.

*Sav.* What shall become of me? no chimney smoking? Well, prodigal, your brother will come home. *[Exit.]*

*Yo. Lo.* Come, lads, I'll warrant you for wenches. Three hundred pounds in drink.

*Omnes.* Oh, brave Loveless! *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

*Enter Lady, Welford, and Sir Roger.*

*Lady.* SIR, now you see your bad lodging; I must bid you good-night.

*Wel.* Lady, if there be any want, 'tis in want of you.

*Lady.* A little sleep will ease that complaint. Once more, good-night.

*Wel.* Once more, dear lady; and then, all sweet nights.

*Lady.* Dear Sir, be short and sweet, then.

*Wel.* Shall the morrow prove better to me? shall I hope my suit happier by this night's rest?

*Lady.* Is your suit so sickly, that rest will help it? Pray ye let it rest then till I call for

<sup>17</sup> *It's given himself into the hands of varlets, not to be car'd out.* We cannot understand this passage as here printed; but think the word *not* an interpolation. Savil, we suppose, means, that Young Loveless has given himself into the hands of fellows who will consume him, eat him up; and accordingly afterwards says, 'You minister the clothes, and meat, and money.'

it. Sir, as a stranger you have had all my welcome: But, had I known your errand ere you came, your passage had been straiter. Sir, good night.

*Wel.* So fair, and cruel! Dear unkind, good night. *[Exit Lady.]*

Nay, Sir, you shall stay with me; I'll press your zeal so far.

*Rog.* Oh, Lord, Sir!

*Wel.* Do you love tobacco?

*Rog.* Surely I love it, but it loves not me; yet, with your reverence, I will be bold. [it?]

*Wel.* Pray, light it, Sir. How do you like

*Rog.* I promise you it is notable stinging geer indeed. It is wet, Sir: Lord, how it brings down rheum! *[text of it.]*

*Wel.* Handle it again, Sir; you have a warm

*Rog.* Thanks ever promis'd for it.<sup>42</sup> I promise you it is very powerful, and, by a trope, spiritual; for, certainly, it moves in sundry places.

*Wel.* Ay, it does so, Sir; and me, especially, to ask, Sir, why you wear a night-cap?

*Rog.* Assuredly, I will speak the truth unto you. You shall understand, Sir, that my head is broken; and by whom? even by that visible beast,<sup>43</sup> the butler.

*Wel.* The butler! Certainly, he had all his drink about him when he did it. Strike one of your grave cassock! The offence, Sir?

*Rog.* Reproving him at tra-trely, Sir, for swearing. You have the total, surely.

*Wel.* You reprov'd him when his rage was set a-tilt, and so he crack'd your canons: I hope he has not hurt your gentle reading. But shall we see these gentlewomen to-night?

*Rog.* Have patience, Sir, until our fellow Nicholas be deceas'd, that is, asleep; for so the word is taken: 'To sleep, to die; to die,

to sleep;'<sup>44</sup> a very figure, Sir. *[tlewomen?]*

*Wel.* Cannot you cast another for the gen-

*Rog.* Not till the man be in his bed, his grave; his grave, his bed: The very same again, Sir. Our comie poet gives the reason sweetly; *Plenus rimarum est;*<sup>45</sup> he is full of loop-holes, and will discover to our patroness.

*Wel.* Your comment, Sir, hath made me understand you.

*Enter Martha, and Abigail to them, with a posset.*

*Rog.* Sir, be address'd; the graces do salute you with a full bowl of plenty. Is our old enemy entomb'd?

*Alg.* He's safe. *[the poet?]*

*Rog.* And does he snore out supinely, with

*Mar.* No, he out-snores the poet.

*Wel.* Gentlewoman, this courtesy shall bind a stranger to you, ever your servant.

*Mar.* Sir, my sister's strictness makes not us forget you are a stranger and a gentleman.

*Alg.* In sooth, Sir, were I changed into my lady, a gentleman, so well endued with parts, should not be lost.

*Wel.* I thank you, gentlewoman, and rest bound to you.—See, how this foul familiar chews the cud! From thee and three-and-fifty, Good Love! deliver me! *[spoon?]*

*Mar.* Will you sit down, Sir, and take a

*Wel.* I take it kindly, lady.

*Mar.* It is our best banquet, Sir.

*Rog.* Shall we give thanks?

*Wel.* I have to the gentlewomen already, Sir.

*Mar.* Good Sir Roger, keep that breath to cool your part o' th' posset; you may chance have a scalding zeal else; an you will needs be doing, pray tell your twenty to yourself. 'Would you could like this, Sir!

<sup>42</sup> *Thanks ever promised for it. I promise you.]* But why thanks *promis'd*? He certainly meant to render them for the favour. I dare say, a slight corruption has crept in, from the word *promise* immediately following. I make no doubt, but the Authors wrote *promis'd*; i.e. his thanks given by way of preface, or introduction. And, as it is a term in logic too, it has the greater analogy to Sir Roger's character.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>43</sup> *And by whom? even by that visible beast, the butler.]* An invisible butler would certainly be a rare curiosity. Every man, *quod homo*, is equally *visible* at some times. I am persuaded, *visible* was the original word; i.e. that boisterous, noisy, laughing varlet. Or, perhaps, Sir Roger may use the word in a more quaint acceptation; to signify a man *risu dignus*, worthy to be laugh'd at.

*Mr. Symson.*

<sup>44</sup> *Visible Beast*, says Mr. Seward, signifies, one that appears to every one to be a beast. That this was our Authors' meaning will not admit of a doubt; any more than that Mr. Symson's alteration is arbitrary and injudicious.

<sup>45</sup> *To sleep, to die; to die, to sleep;*

*Not till the man be in his bed, his grave; his grave, his bed;]* These two figures, as Sir Roger calls them, are a manifest flirt at the Hamlet of Shakespeare, in that fine soliloquy, which begins, *To be, or not to be*, &c.

*Mr. Theobald.*

Though we should suppose every person who reads this passage would consider it in the same light as Mr. Theobald has done, yet Mr. Seward thinks our Authors had no intention to flirt at Shakespeare, but meant this speech as a ridicule upon *bad imitations of real beauties*; 'Sir Roger's whole character being, says he, a burlesque upon scholarship.'

<sup>45</sup> *Plenus rimarum est, he is full of loop-holes.]* The comie poet, whom Sir Roger is here quoting, is Terence, in his Eunuch.

*Param. Plenus rimarum sum, hæc atque illæ perfusæ.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

*Wel.* I would your sister would like me as well, lady!

*Mar.* Sure, Sir, she would not eat you. But banish that imagination; she's only wedded to herself, lies with herself, and loves herself; and for another husband than herself, he may knock at the gate, but ne'er come in. Be wise, Sir, she's a woman, and a trouble, and has her many faults; the least of which is, she cannot love you.

*Abig.* God pardon her, she'll do worse! 'Would I were worthy his least grief, mistress

*Wel.* Now I must over-hear her. [*Martha.*

*Mar.* Faith, 'would thou hadst them all with all my heart; I do not think they would make thee a day older. [*sweeter.*

*Abig.* Sir, will you put in deeper; 'tis the

*Mar.* Well said, old sayings.

*Wel.* She looks like one, indeed. Gentle-

woman, you keep your word; your sweet self has made the bottom sweeter. [*change, Sir?*

*Abig.* Sir, I begin a frolic: Dare you

*Wel.* Myself for you, so please you. That smile has turn'd my stomach: This is right the old emblem of the moyle cropping of thistles. Lord, what a hunting head she carries! sure she has been ridden with a martingale. Now, Love, deliver me!

*Rog.* Do I dream, or do I wake? surely, I know not. Am I rub'd off? Is this the way of all my morning prayers? Oh, Roger, thou art but grass, and woman as a flower! Did I for this consume my quarters<sup>22</sup> in meditation, vows, and woo'd her in heroical epistles? Did I expound the Owl,<sup>23</sup> and undertook, with labour and expence, the recollection of those thousand pieces, consum'd in cellars, and tobacco-shops, of that our honour'd Englishman Nie. Broughton?<sup>24</sup> Have I done this, and am I done thus to? I will end with the wise man, and say, 'He that holds a woman, has an eel by the tail.'

*Mar.* Sir, 'tis so late, and our entertainment (meaning our posset) by this is grown

so cold, that 'twere an unmannerly part longer to hold you from your rest. Let what the house has be at your command, Sir.

*Wel.* Sweet rest be with you, lady. And to you what you desire too.

*Abig.* It should be some such good thing like yourself then. [*Ex. Mar. and Abig.*

*Wel.* Heav'n keep me from that curse, and all my issue! Good-night, antiquity.

*Rog.* *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris:* But I alone—

*Wel.* Learned Sir, will you bid my man come to me? and, requesting a greater measure of your learning, good-night, good master Roger.

*Rog.* Good Sir, peace be with you! [*Exit Roger.*

*Wel.* Adieu, dear *Domine*! Half a dozen such in a kingdom would make a man forswear confession: For who, that had but half his wits about him, would commit the counsel of a serious sin to such a <sup>25</sup> erewel night-cap? Why, how now, shall we have an anticleric?

*Enter servant.*

Whose head do you carry upon your shoulders, that you jolt it so against the post? is it for your case? or have you seen the cellar? Where are my slippers, Sir?

*Ser.* Here, Sir.

*Wel.* Where, Sir? Have you got the pot-vertigo?<sup>26</sup> Have you seen the horses, Sir?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir.

*Wel.* Have they any meat?

*Ser.* Faith, Sir, they have a kind of whole some rushes; hay I cannot call it.

*Wel.* And no provender?

*Ser.* Sir, so I take it.

*Wel.* You are merry, Sir; and why so?

*Ser.* Faith, Sir, here are no oats to be got, unless you'll have 'em in porridge; the people are so mainly given to spoon-meat. Yonder's a cast of coach-mares of the gentlewoman's, the strangest cattle.

<sup>22</sup> *Did I for this consume my quarters.*] If Sir Roger means his body, as Mr. Sympson observed to me, one should conjecture, that *carcass* was more significant, if not more obvious to be understood. *Mr. Theobald.*

We have retained the old word, *quarters*, because it may refer to *time*, as well as to Sir Roger's person.

<sup>23</sup> *Did I expound the Owl.*] The Owl is evidently some piece of Nieh. Broughton's, or some such doughty writers. *Mr. Seward.*

<sup>24</sup> *Of that our honour'd Englishman, Ni. Br.*] The Poets, I do not apprehend, had any intention of sinking, or making a secret, of this author's name. He was so well known at that time of day, that the copyists thought they might safely give us his name abbreviated. He was a voluminous writer, who, among other things, compiled an elaborate tract about Fifth-Monarchy-Men. Ben Jonson, in his *Alechemist*, has made Dol Common, in her eestatiek fit to Sir Epicure Mammon, talk very largely out of the works of this Nieh. Broughton.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>25</sup> *To such a erewel night cap?*] The poets, as Mr. Sympson observ'd with me, certainly wrote, *erewel*; i. e. made of the ends of coarse worsted. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>26</sup> *Have you got the pot-vertigo?*] *Vertigo* is a word of Spanish extraction; but, amongst all the significations in which it is taken, it has no one consonant to the idea and meaning here required. The poets must certainly have wrote *vertigo*, a dizziness, or swimming in the head, with drink. *Mr. Theobald.*

*Hel.* Why?

*Ser.* Why, they are transparent, Sir; you may see through them! And such a house!

*Hel.* Come, Sir, the truth of your discovery.

*Ser.* Sir, they are in tribes like Jews: The kitchen and the dairy make one tribe, and have their faction and their fornication within themselves; the buttery and the laundry are another, and there's no love lost; the chambers are entire, and what's done there is somewhat higher than my knowledge. But this I am sure, between these copulations, a stranger is kept virtuous, that is, fasting. But, of all this, the drink, Sir—

*Hel.* What of that, Sir?

*Ser.* Faith, Sir, I will handle it as the time and your patience will give me leave. This drink, or this cooling julap, of which three spoonfuls kill the calenture, a pint breeds the cold palsy—

*Hel.* Sir, you belye the house.

*Ser.* I would I did, Sir. But, as I am a true man, if it were but one degree colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.<sup>27</sup>

*Hel.* I am glad on't, Sir; for, if it had prov'd stronger, you had been tongue-ty'd of these commendations. Light me the candle, Sir; I'll hear no more. [Exit.

*Enter Young Lovelace, and his comrades, with wench, and two fiddlers.*

*Yo. Lu.* Come, my brave man of war, trace out thy darling; {boys;  
And you, my learned council, set and turn, {  
Kiss till the cow come home; kiss close, kiss close, knaves.  
My modern poet, thou shalt kiss in couplets.

*Enter servant, with wine.*

Strike up, you merry varlets, and leave your  
This is no pay for fiddlers. [peeping;

<sup>27</sup> ——— if it were but one degree

*Colder, nothing but an ass's hoof would hold it.]* It is one peculiar impropriety in our authors, (who, to be sure, ought every where to shew their learning, so it be done without pedantry:) that they too frequently put it in the mouths of characters, who cannot well be supposed to know any thing of the matter. The allusion here is to those extreme cold waters which flow'd down from the mountain Nonacris in Arcadia, and which would penetrate through every vehicle but that of an horse's hoof; as Justin tells us in the xiith Book of his History. Plutarch and Ælian say, it was an ass's hoof. Arrian, Pliny, and Vitruvius, a mule's: And Quintus Curtius, an ox's. The variation in this point is of very little consequence. They were of so very cold a quality, as to be mortal to those who drank of them.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>28</sup> Five marks in hatchments to adorn this thigh,

*Cramp'd with this rest of peace.]* The rest of peace is a little tautological, and I believe the original was,

*Cramp'd with the rust of peace.*

i. e. Cramp'd with wearing such a rusty sword as a long peace had reduc'd him to. He wanted to have a new sword, or at least to have his old one new hatch'd: The hatch of the sword is the gilded wire of the handle, or the gilt of it in general. *Mr. Seward.*

We have no doubt of rest being the proper word, because the captain complains of his thigh being cramp'd; which it might be by a want of exercise, but hardly by having a rusty, any more than a bright, sword hanging near it.

<sup>29</sup> You nichers.] i. e. Idlers, loiterers.

*Capt.* Oh, my dear boy, thy Hercules, thy captain,

Makes thee his Hylas, his delight, his solace.  
Love thy brave man of war, and let thy bounty  
Clap him in shamois!

Let there be deducted out of our main poutation  
Five marks, in hatchments to adorn this thigh,  
Cramp'd with this rest of peace,<sup>28</sup> and I will  
Thy battles. [fight

*Yo. Lo.* Thou shalt hav't, boy, and fly in  
feather;

Lead on a march, you michers.<sup>29</sup>

*Enter Savil.*

*Sav.* Ohi, my head, oh, my heart, what a noise and change is here! 'Would I had been cold i' th' mouth before this day, and ne'er have liv'd to see this dissolution. He that lives within a mile of this place, had as good sleep in the perpetual noise of an iron-mill. There's a dead sea of drink i' th' cellar, in which goodly vessels lie wreck'd; and, in the middle of this deluge, appear the tops of flagons, and black-jacks, like churches drown'd i' th' marshes.

*Yo. Lo.* What, art thou come, sweet Sir  
Amias? [Helen,

Welcome to Troy! Come, thou shalt kiss my  
And court her in a dance.

*Sav.* Good Sir, consider. [say you?

*Yo. Lo.* Shall we consider, gentlemen? how  
Capt. Consider! That were a simple toy,  
i' faith. [cries

Consider! Whose moral's that? The man that  
'Consider,' is our foe: Let my steel know him.

*Yo. Lo.* Stay thy dead-doing hand; he must  
Prithee be calm, my Hector. [not die yet:

*Capt.* Peasant slave! [thank  
Thou groom compos'd of grudgings, live and  
This gentleman; thou hast seen Pluto else!

The next 'consider' kills thee.



*Trav.* Let him drink down his word again, in a gallon of sack.

*Poet.* 'Tis but a snuff; make it two gallons, and let him do it kneeling in repentance.

*Sav.* Nay, rather kill me; there's but a layman lost. Good captain, do your office.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou shalt drink, steward; drink and dance, my steward. Strike him a horn-pipe, squeakers! Take thy stiver, and pace her till she stew.<sup>30</sup>

*Sav.* Sure, Sir, I cannot dance with your gentlewomen; they are too light for me. Pray break my head, and let me go.

*Capt.* He shall dance, he shall dance.

*Yo. Lo.* He shall dance, and drink, and be drunk and dance, and be drunk again, and shall see no meat in a year.

*Poet.* And three quarters.

*Yo. Lo.* And three quarters be it.

*Capt.* Who knocks there? let him in.

*Enter Elder Loveless, disguis'd.*

*Sav.* Some to deliver me, I hope.

*El. Lo.* Gentlemen, God save you all! My business is to one master Loveless.

*Capt.* This is the gentleman you mean; view him, and take his inventory, he's a right

*El. Lo.* He promises no less, Sir. [one.]

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, your business?

*El. Lo.* Sir, I should let you know, yet I am loth, yet I am sworn to't! 'Would some other tongue would speak it for me!

*Yo. Lo.* Out with it, i' God's name.

*El. Lo.* All I desire, Sir, is the patience and suffrance of a man; and, good Sir, be not mov'd more—

*Yo. Lo.* Than a pottle of sack will do. Here is my hand; prithee, thy business?

*El. Lo.* Good Sir, excuse me; and whatsoever you hear, think must have been known unto you; and be yourself, discrete, and bear it noble.

*Yo. Lo.* Prithee dispatch me.

*El. Lo.* Your brother's dead, Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Thou dost not mean—dead drunk?

*El. Lo.* No, no; dead and drown'd at sea,

*Yo. Lo.* Art sure he's dead? [Sir.]

*El. Lo.* Too sure, Sir. [of it?]

*Yo. Lo.* Ay, but art thou very certainly sure

*El. Lo.* As sure, Sir, as I tell it. [again?]

*Yo. Lo.* But art thou sure he came not up

*El. Lo.* He may come up, but ne'er to call you brother. [drown him?]

*Yo. Lo.* But art sure he had water enough to

*El. Lo.* Sure, Sir, he wanted none.

*Yo. Lo.* I would not have him want; I lov'd him better. Here, I forgive thee; and, i' faith, be plain; how do I bear it?

*El. Lo.* Very wisely, Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Fill him some wine. Thou dost not see me mov'd; these transitory toys ne'er trouble me; he's in a better place, my friend, I know't. Some fellows would have cry'd now, and have curs'd thee, and fall'n out with their meat, and kept a pother; but all this helps not; He was too good for us, and let God keep him! There's the right use on't, friend. Off with thy drink; thou hast a spice of sorrow makes thee dry: Fill him another. Savil, your master's dead; and who am I now, Savil? Nay, let's all bear it well. Wipe, Savil, wipe; tears are but thrown away. We shall have wenches now; shall we not, Savil?

*Sav.* Yes, Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* And drink innumerable?

*Sav.* Yes, forsooth. [drunk a little?]

*Yo. Lo.* And you'll strain court'sy, and be

*Sav.* I would be glad, Sir, to do my weak endeavour.

*Yo. Lo.* You may be brought in time to love a wench too.

*Sav.* In time the sturdy oak, Sir—

*Yo. Lo.* Some more wine for my friend there.

*El. Lo.* I shall be drunk anon for my good news: But I have a loving brother, that's my comfort.

*Yo. Lo.* Here's to you, Sir; this is the worst I wish you for your news: And if I had another elder brother, and say, it were his chance to feed haddocks, I should be still the same you see me now, a poor contented gentleman. More wine for my friend there; he's dry again.

*El. Lo.* I shall be, if I follow this beginning. Well, my dear brother, if I 'scape this drowning, 'tis your turn next to sink; you shall duck twice before I help you.—Sir, I cannot drink more; pray let me have your pardon.

*Yo. Lo.* Olt, lord, Sir, it is your modesty! More wine; give him a bigger glass. Hug him, my Captain! Thou shalt be my chief mourner.

*Capt.* And this my pennon. Sir, a full carouse to you, and to my lord of land here.

*El. Lo.* I feel a buzzing in my brains; pray God they bear this out, and I'll ne'er trouble them so far again. Here's to you, Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* To my dear steward. Down o' your knees, you infidel, you pagan! be drunk, and penitent.

*Sav.* Forgive me, Sir, and I'll be any thing.

*Yo. Lo.* Then be a bawd; I'll have thee a brave bawd. [my business is so urgent.]

*El. Lo.* Sir, I must take my leave of you,

*Yo. Lo.* Let's have a bridling cast, before you go. Fill's a new stoop.

<sup>30</sup> Take thy stiver, and pace her till she stew.] Here is both obscurity and nonsense, from the casual interposition of one unnecessary letter. *Stive* was the old and obsolete term for the *stew*; and consequently, a *stiver*, as it should be restored in the text, was a girl, a strumpet, who ply'd there. Hence, perhaps, might come the word *stiver* too, to signify that inconsiderable coin (the fifth part of an English Penny) the pay of these mean prostitutes, these *meretrices discolores*, as Plautus styles them. *Mr. Theobald.*

*El. Lo.* I dare not, Sir, by no means.

*Yo. Lo.* Have you any mind to a wench? I would fain gratify you for the pains you took,

*El. Lo.* As little as to the other. [Sir.]

*Yo. Lo.* If you find any stirring, do but say so.

*El. Lo.* Sir, you're too bounteous: When I feel that itching, you shall assuage it, Sir, before another. This only, and farewell, Sir: Your brother, when the storm was most extreme, told all about him, he left a will, which lies close behind a chimney in the matted chamber. And so, as well, Sir, as you have made me able, I take my leave.

*Yo. Lo.* Let us embrace him all! If you grow dry before you end your business, pray take a bait here; I have a fresh hog-head for you.

*Sav.* You shall neither will, nor choose, Sir. My master is a wonderful fine gentleman; has a fine state, a very fine state, Sir; I am his steward, Sir, and his man.

*El. Lo.* Would you were our own, Sir, as I left you. Well, I must cast about, or all sinks.

*Sav.* Farewell, gentleman, gentleman, gentleman!

*El. Lo.* What would you with me, Sir?

*Sav.* Farewell, gentlemen!

*El. Lo.* Oh, sleep, Sir, sleep. [Ex. *El. Lo.*]

*Yo. Lo.* Well, boys, you see what's fall'n; let's in and drink, and give thanks for it.

*Capt.* Let's give thanks for it.

*Yo. Lo.* Drunk, as I live.

*Sav.* Drunk, as I live, boys.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, now thou art able to discharge thine office, and cast up a reckoning of some weight. I will be knighted, for my state will bear it; 'tis sixteen hundred, boys! Off with your husks; I'll skin you all in sattin.

*Capt.* Oh, sweet Loveless!

*Sav.* All in sattin! Oh, sweet Loveless!

*Yo. Lo.* March in, my noble compeers! And this, my countess, shall be led by two: And so proceed we to the will. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Morecraft and Widow.*

*Mor.* And, Widow, as I say, be your own friend: Your husband left you wealthy, ay, and wise; continue so, sweet duck, continue so. Take heed of young smooth varlets, younger brothers; they are worms that will eat through your bags; they are very light'ning, that with a flash or two will melt your money, and never singe your purse-strings; they are colts, wench, colts, heady and dangerous, 'till we take 'em up, and make 'em fit for bonds. Look upon me; I have had, and have yet, matter of moment, girl, matter of moment: You may meet with a worse back; I'll not

*Wid.* Nor I neither, Sir. [commend it.]

*Mor.* Yet thus far, by your favour, Widow, 'tis tough. [love a tender one.]

*Wid.* And therefore not for my diet; for I

*Mor.* Sweet Widow, leave your frumps, and be edified: You know my state; I sell no perspectives, scarfs, gloves, nor hangers, nor put my trust in shoe-ties; and where your

husband in an age was rising by burnt figs, dredg'd with meal and powdered sugar, saunders, and grains, wormweed and rotten raisins, and such vile tobacco that made the footmen mangy; I, in a year, have put up hundreds; inelos'd, my Widow, those pleasant meadows, by a forfeit mortgage; for which the poor knight takes a lone chamber, owes for his ale, and dare not beat his hostess. Nay, more—

*Wid.* Good Sir, no more. What'er my husband was, I know what I am; and, if you marry me, you must bear it bravely off, Sir.

*Mor.* Not with the head, sweet Widow.

*Wid.* No, sweet Sir, but with your shoulders. I must have you dubb'd; for under that I will not stoop a feather. My husband was a fellow lov'd to toil, fed ill, made gain his exercise, and so grew costive, which, for that I was his wife, I gave way to, and spun mine own smocks coarse, and, Sir, so little— But let that pass: Time, that wears all things out, wore out this husband; who, in penitence of such fruitless five years marriage, left me great with his wealth; which, if you'll be a worthy gossip to, be knighted, Sir.

*Enter Savil.*

*Mor.* Now, Sir, from whom come you? whose man are you, Sir? [less.]

*Sav.* Sir, I come from young master Love-

*Mor.* Be silent, Sir; I have no money, not a penny for you: He's sunk; your master's sunk; a perish'd man, Sir.

*Sav.* Indeed, his brother's sunk, Sir; God be with him! A perish'd man, indeed, and drown'd at sea. [brother drown'd?]

*Mor.* How saidst thou, good my friend? his

*Sav.* Untimely, Sir, at sea.

*Mor.* And thy young master left sole heir?

*Sav.* Yes, Sir.

*Mor.* And he wants money?

*Sav.* Yes; and sent me to you, for he is now to be knighted.

*Mor.* Widow, be wise; there's more land coming, Widow; be wise, and give thanks for me, Widow.

*Wid.* Be you very wise, and be knighted, and then give thanks for me, Sir.

*Sav.* What says your worship to this money?

*Mor.* I say, he may have money, if he please.

*Sav.* A thousand, Sir?

*Mor.* A thousand, Sir, provided, any wise, Sir, his land lie for the payment; otherwise—

*Enter Young Loveless and comrades, to them.*

*Sav.* He's here himself, Sir, and can better tell you.

*Mor.* My notable dear friend, and worthy master Loveless, and now right worshipful, all joy and welcome!

*Yo. Lo.* Thanks to my dear incloser, master Morecraft. Prithee, old angel-gold, salute my family; I'll do as much for yours. This, and your own desires, fair gentlewoman.

*Wid.* And yours, Sir, if you mean well.  
 'Tis a handsome gentleman.

*Yo. Lo.* Sirrah, my brother's dead.

*Mor.* Dead? [Ember-week.

*Yo. Lo.* Dead; and by this time sous'd for

*Mor.* Dead?

*Yo. Lo.* Drown'd, drown'd at sea, man.  
 By the next fresh conger that comes we shall  
 hear more. [moves me much.

*Mor.* Now, by the faith of my body, it

*Yo. Lo.* What, wilt thou be an ass, and  
 weep for the dead? Why, I thought nothing  
 but a general inundation would have mov'd  
 thee. Prithee, be quiet; he hath left his land

*Mor.* Oh, has he so? [behind him.

*Yo. Lo.* Yes, faith, I thank him for't: I've  
 all, boy. Hast any ready money?

*Mor.* Will you sell, Sir?

*Yo. Lo.* No, not outright, good Gripe.  
 Marry, a mortgage, or such a slight security.

*Mor.* I have no money, Sir, for mortgage:  
 If you'll sell, and all or none, I'll work a new  
 mine for you.

*Sav.* Good Sir, look before you; he'll work  
 you out of all else. If you sell all your land,  
 you have sold your country; and then you  
 must to sea, to seek your brother, and there  
 he pickled in a powdering-tub, and break  
 your teeth with biscuits and hard beef, that  
 must have watering, Sir: And where's your  
 three hundred pounds a-year in drink then?  
 If you'll turn up the Straits, you may; for you  
 have no calling for drink there, but with a  
 cannon, nor no scoring but on your ship's  
 sides; and then, if you 'scape with life, and  
 take a faggot-boat and a bottle of usquebaugh,  
 come home, poor man, like a type of Thames-  
 street, stinking of pitch and poor-john. I  
 cannot tell, Sir; I would be loth to see it.

*Capt.* Steward, you are an ass, a meazel'd  
 mungrel; and, were it not against the peace  
 of my sovereign friend here, I would break  
 your forecasting coxcombs, dog, I would, even  
 with thy staff of office there, thy pen and  
 inkhorn. Noble boy, the god of gold here  
 has fed thee well;<sup>11</sup> take money for thy dirt.  
 Hark, and believe; thou art cold of consti-  
 tution, thy seat unhealthful; sell and be wise:  
 We are three that will adorn thee, and live  
 according to thine own heart, child; mirth  
 shall be only ours, and only ours shall be the  
 black-ey'd beauties of the time. Money makes  
 men eternal.

*Port.* Do what you will, it is the noblest  
 course: Then may you live without the charge

of people; only we four will make a fa-  
 mily; ay, and an age that will beget new  
 annals, in which I'll write thy life, my son  
 of pleasure, equal with Nero and Caligula.

*Yo. Lo.* What men were they, Captain?

*Capt.* Two roaring boys of Rome, that  
 made all split.

*Yo. Lo.* Come, Sir, what dare you give?

*Sav.* You will not sell, Sir?

*Yo. Lo.* Who told you so, Sir?

*Sav.* Good Sir, have a care.

*Yo. Lo.* Peace, or I'll tack your tongue up  
 to your roof. What money? speak.

*Mor.* Six thousand pounds, Sir.

*Capt.* Take it; h'as overbidden, by the sun;  
 bind him to his bargain quickly.

*Yo. Lo.* Come, strike me luck with earnest,  
 and draw the writings.

*Mor.* There's a god's penny for thee.

*Sav.* Sir, for my old master's sake, let my  
 farm be excepted: If I become his tenant, I  
 am undone, my children beggars, and my  
 wife God knows what. Consider me, dear

*Mor.* I'll have all or none. [Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* All in, all in. Dispatch the writ-  
 ings. [Exit with Com.

*Wid.* Go, thou art a pretty forehand! fel-  
 'Would, thou wert wiser. [low!

*Sav.* Now do I sensibly begin to feel  
 Myself a rascal! 'Would I could teach a school,  
 Or beg, or lye well: I am utterly undone.

Now he, that taught thee to deceive and  
 cozen,

Take thee to his mercy! So be it. [Exit.

*Mor.* Come, Widow, Come, never stand  
 upon a knighthood; it is a mere paper hon-  
 our, and not proof enough for a serjeant.  
 Come, come, I'll make thee—

*Wid.* To answer in short, 'tis this, Sir.  
 No knight, no Widow: If you make me  
 any thing, it must be a lady; and so I take  
 my leave. [sit.

*Mor.* Farewell, sweet Widow, and think of

*Wid.* Sir, I do more than think of it; it  
 makes me dream, Sir. [Exit Wid.

*Mor.* She's rich and sober, if this itch were  
 from her: And, say, I be at the charge to  
 pay the footmen, and the trumpets, ay, and  
 the horsemen too, and be a knight, and she  
 refuse me then:

Then am I hoist into the subsidy, [comb:  
 And so by consequence should prove a cox-  
 I'll have a care of that. Six thousand pound,  
 And then the land is mine: There's some  
 refreshing yet. [Exit.

<sup>11</sup> *The god of gold here has fed thee well.* Mr. Seward imagines, 'that the last syllable of  
 'the true word only remained in the copy, *sed*, which the editors altered to *fed*;' and there-  
 fore proposes reading *advised*. Though we think his suggestion ingenious, the variation from  
 the old authorities is too great, for us to admit *advised* into the text. It is very probable the  
 Captain means, 'Morecraft has hitherto *fed*, *supplied*, you well with money; and do not  
 'break off with him now.'

## A C T III.

*Enter Abigail, and drops her glove.*

*Abig.* IF he but follow me, as all my hopes  
Tell me he's man enough, up goes  
my rest,  
And, I know, I shall draw him.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* This is the strangest pamp'rd piece  
of flesh towards fifty, that ever frailty eop'd  
withal. What a trim *L'envoy* here she has put  
upon me:<sup>22</sup> These women are a proud kind  
of cattle, and love this whoreson doing so  
directly, that they will not stiek to make their  
very skins bawds to their flesh. Here's dog-  
skin and storax sufficient to kill a hawk:  
What to do with it, beside nailing it up:<sup>23</sup>  
amongst Irish heads of *teer*, to shew the  
mightiness of her palm, I know not.  
There she is: I must enter into dialogue.  
Lady, you have lost your glove.

*Abig.* Not, Sir, if you have found it.

*Wel.* It was my meaning, lady, to restore it.

*Abig.* 'Twill be unevill in me to take back  
A favour fortune hath so well bestow'd, Sir.  
Pray, wear it for me. [you, mistress,

*Wel.* I had rather wear a bell.—But, hark  
What hidden virtue is there in this glove,  
That you would have me wear it? Is it good  
Against sore eyes, or will it charm the tooth-  
ach? [soluble,

Or these red tops, being steep'd in white-wine  
Will 't kill the iteh? or has it so conceal'd  
A providence to keep my hands from bonds?

If it have none of these, and prove no more  
But a bare glove of half-a-crown a pair,  
'Twill be but half a courtesy; I wear two al-  
ways. [pleasure.

Faith, let's draw euts; one will do me no

*Abig.* The tenderness of 's years keeps him  
as yet

In ignorance: He's a well-moulded fellow,  
And I wonder his blood should stir no higher;  
But 'tis his want of company: I must  
Grow nearer to him.

*Enter Elder Loveless disguised,*

*El. Lo.* God save you both!

*Abig.* And pardon you, Sir! This is some-  
what rude:

How came you hither? [open.

*El. Lo.* Why, through the doors; they are

*Wel.* What are you? and what business  
have you here?

*El. Lo.* More, I believe, than you have.

*Abig.* Who would this fellow speak with?  
Art thou sober?

*El. Lo.* Yes; I come not here to sleep.

*Wel.* Prithee, what art thou?

*El. Lo.* As much, gay man, as thou art;  
I am a gentleman.

*Wel.* Art thou no more? [soldier.

*El. Lo.* Yes, more than thou dar'st be; a

*Abig.* Thou dost not come to quarrel?

*El. Lo.* No, not with women. I come  
With a gentlewoman. [here to speak

*Abig.* Why, I am one.

*El. Lo.* But not with one so gentle.

*Wel.* This is a fine fellow.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I'm not fine yet. I am but  
new come over;

Direct me with your ticket to your tailor,  
And then I shall be fine, Sir. Lady, if there  
A better of your sex within this house, [be  
Say I would see her. [Sir?

*Abig.* Why, am not I good enough for you,

*El. Lo.* Your way you'll be too good. Pray,  
end my business.

This is another suitor: Oh, frail woman!

*Wel.* This fellow, with his bluntness, hopes  
to do [could:<sup>24</sup>

More than the long suits of a thousand

<sup>22</sup> *What a trim L'envoy here she has put upon me.*] *L'envoy* signifies an ambassador, emis-  
sary, go between. It is a term still in use to signify a minister. Welford speaks with reference  
to Abigail's glove, which she drops when she enters.

<sup>23</sup> *Amongst Irish heads of teer, to shew the mightiness of her palm.*] *Teer* is the Irish  
pronunciation of *deer*; the *palm*, or *palmer*, is call'd the crown of a stag's head.

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>24</sup> *This fellow with his bluntness, &c.*] So Shakespeare, in his *King Lear*, Act II

*This is some fellow,*

*Who having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect*

*A saucy roughness; and constrains the gart,*

*Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he!*

*An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth;*

*An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.*

*These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness*

*Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,*

*Than twenty silly ducking observants,*

*That stretch their duties nicely.*

Tho' he be sour, he's quick; I must not trust him.

Sir, this lady is oot to speak with you; she is more serious. You smell as if you were new eaked; go, and be handsome, and then you may sit with the servingmen.

*El. Lo.* What are you, Sir?

*Wel.* Troth, guess by my outside.

*El. Lo.* Then, I take you, Sir, for some new sifken thing, wean'd from the country, that shall (when you come to keep good company) be beaten into better manners. Pray, good proud gentlewoman, help me to your mistress.

*Wel.* How many lives hast thou; that thou talk'st thus rudely?<sup>35</sup>

*El. Lo.* But ooe, one; I am neither cat nor woman. [you ever

*Wel.* And will that one life, Sir, maintain in such bold sauciness? [as you are,

*El. Lo.* Yes, 'mongst a nation of such men And be no worse for wearing. Shall I speak With this lady?

*Abig.* No, by my troth, shall you not.

*El. Lo.* I must stay here then.

*Wel.* That you shall not, neither.

*El. Lo.* Good fine thing, tell me why?

*Wel.* Good angry thing, I'll tell you:

This is no place for such companions; Such lousy gentlemen shall find their business Better i' th' suburbs; there your strong pitch-perfume,

Mingled with lees of ale, shall reek in fashion: This is no Thames-Street, Sir.

*Abig.* This gentleman informs you truly. Prithce, be satisfied, and seek the suburbs, Good captains, or whatever title else Thewarlike eel-boats have bestow'd upon thee. Go and reform thyself; prithce be sweeter; And know, my lady speaks with no such swabbers. [tradition

*El. Lo.* You cannot talk me out with your Off wit you pick from plays; go to, I have found ye.

And for you, tender Sir, whose gentle blood Runs in your nose, and makes you snuff at all But three-pil'd people,<sup>36</sup> I do let you know, He that begot your worship's sattin suit, Can make no men, Sir. I will see this lady, And, with the reverence of your silkenship, In these old ornaments.

*Wel.* You will not, sure?

*El. Lo.* Sure, Sir, I shall.

*Abig.* You would be beaten out?

*El. Lo.* Indeed I would not; or, if I would be beaten,

Pray, who shall beat me? This good gentlemao Looks as he were o' th' peace.

*Wel.* Sir, you shall see that. Will you get you out?

*El. Lo.* Yes; that that shall correct your boy's tongue.

Dare you fight? I will stay here still.

[*They draw.*

*Abig.* Oh, their things are out! Help, help, for God's sake!

Madam! Jesus! They foin at one another.

Madam! Why, who is within there?

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* Who breeds this rudeness?

*Wel.* This uncivil fellow.

He says he comes from sea; where, I believe, H'as purg'd away his maoners.

*Lady.* Why, what of him?

*Wel.* Why, he will rudely, without once 'God bless you,'

Press to your privacies, and no denial

Must stand betwixt your person and his business. I let go his ill language. [ness.

*Lady.* Sir, have you

Business with me?

*El. Lo.* Madam, some, I have;

But not so serious to pawn my life for't.

If you keep this quarter, and maintain about you

Such knights o' th' sun as this is, to defy

Men of employment to you, you may live;

But in what fame?

*Lady.* Pray stay, Sir, who has wrong'd you?

*El. Lo.* Wrong me he cannot, though uncivilly

He hung his wild words at me: But to you, I think, he did no honour, to deny

The haste I come withal a passage to you,

Though I seem coarse. [my knowledge,

*Lady.* Excuse me, gentle Sir; 'twas from And shall have no protection. And to you, Sir,

You have shew'd more heat than wit, and from yourself

Have borrow'd pow'r I never gave you here, To do these vile unmanly things. My house

Is no blind street to swagger in; and my favours Not doting yet on your unknown deserts

So far, that I should make you master of my business.

My credit yet stands fairer with the people

Than to be tried with swords; and they that come

To do me service, must not think to win me With hazard of a murder. If your love

Consist in fury, carry it to the camp;

And there, in honour of some common mistress, Shorten your youth. I pray be better temper'd;

And give me leave awhile, Sir.

*Wel.* You must have it. [*Exit Welford.*

*Lady.* Now, Sir, your business?

*El. Lo.* First, I thank you for schooling this young fellow, [enough

Whom his own follies, which he's prone

<sup>35</sup> *Abig. How many lives, &c.*] All the copies place this speech to Abigail. We have ventured to transfer it to Welford: which his next speech, we think; fully warrants us to do.

<sup>36</sup> *But three pil'd people.*] i. e. Wearers of velvet; the pile is the soft shag or pluff of it.

Daily to fall into, if you but frown,  
Shall level him away to his repentance.  
Next, I should rail at you; but you are a  
And anger's lost upon you. [woman,

*Lady.* Why at me, Sir?  
I never did you wrong; for, to my knowledge,  
This is the first sight of you.

*El. Lo.* You have done that,  
I must confess, I have the least curse in,  
Because the least acquaintance: But there be  
(If there be honour in the minds of men)  
Thousands, when they shall know what I  
deliver,  
(As all good men must share in't) will to shame  
Blast your black memory.

*Lady.* How is this, good Sir?  
*El. Lo.* 'Tis that, that, if you have a soul,  
You've kill'd a gentleman. [will choke it:  
*Lady.* I kill'd a gentleman!

*El. Lo.* You, and your cruelty, have kill'd  
him, woman!  
And such a man (let me be angry in't)  
Whose least worth weigh'd above all womens'  
virtues

That are; I spare you all to come too: Guess  
him now.

*Lady.* I am so innocent, I cannot, Sir.

*El. Lo.* Repent, you mean. You are a  
perfect woman,  
And, as the first was, made for man's undoing.

*Lady.* Sir, you have miss'd your way; I  
am not she.

*El. Lo.* Would he had miss'd his way too,  
though he had wander'd

Farther than women are ill spoken of,  
So he had miss'd this misery. You, lady—

*Lady.* How do you do, Sir?

*El. Lo.* Well enough, I hope,  
While I can keep myself out from temptations.

*Lady.* Pray, leap into this matter; whither  
would you? [peevishness

*El. Lo.* You had a servant, that your  
Enjoin'd to travel.

*Lady.* Such a one I have  
Still, and should be grieved it were otherwise.

*El. Lo.* Then have your asking, and be  
griev'd; he's dead! [not;

How you will answer for his worth I know  
But this I am sure, either he, or you, or both,

Were stark mad; else he might have liv'd  
To've given a stronger testimony to th' world,

Of what he might have been. He was a man  
I knew but in his evening; ten suns after,

Forc'd by a tyrant storm, our beaten bark  
Bulge'd under us; in which sad parting blow

He call'd upon his saint, but not for life,  
On you, unhappy woman; and, whilst all

Sought to preserve their souls, he desperately  
Embrace'd a wave, crying to all that saw it,

'If any live, go to my Fate, that forc'd me  
'To this untimely end, and make her happy.'

His name was *Loveless*; and I 'scap'd the storm,  
And now you have my business.

*Lady.* 'Tis too much. [perish'd,  
'Would I had been that storm; he had not

If you'll rail now, I will forgive you, Sir:  
Or if you'll call in more, if any more

Come from his ruin, I shall justly suffer  
What they can say: I do confess myself

A guilty cause in this. I would say more,  
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.<sup>37</sup>

*El. Lo.* I like this well: These women are  
strange things. [Aside.

'Tis somewhat of the latest now to weep;  
You should have wept when he was going

from you,  
And chain'd him with those tears at home.

*Lady.* 'Would you had told me then so;  
these two arms

Had been his sea.  
*El. Lo.* Trust me, you move me much:

But, say he liv'd; these were forgotten things  
*Lady.* Ay, say you so? [again.

Sure, I should know that voice! This is  
knavery.

I'll fit you for it.—Were he living, Sir,  
I would persuade you to be charitable,

Ay, and confess we are not all so ill  
As your opinion holds us. Oh, my friend,

What penance shall I pull upon my fault,  
Upon my most unworthy self for this?

*El. Lo.* Leave to love others; 'twas some  
jealousy

That turn'd him desperate.  
*Lady.* I'll be with you straight:

Are you wrong there? [Aside.  
*El. Lo.* This works amain upon her.

*Lady.* I do confess there is a gentleman,  
Has borne me long good will.

*El. Lo.* I do not like that. [Aside.  
*Lady.* And vow'd a thousand services to

To me, regardless of him: [me;  
But since Fate, that no power can withstand,

Has taken from me my first, and best love,  
And to weep away my youth is a mere folly,

I will shew you what I determine, Sir;  
You shall know all.

Call Mr. Welford, there: That gentleman  
I mean to make the model of my fortunes,

And, in his chaste embraces, keep alive  
The memory of my lost lovely Loveless.

He is somewhat like him too.  
*El. Lo.* Then you can love?

*Lady.* Yes, certainly, Sir: [cruel.  
Though it please you to think me hard and

I hope I shall persuade you otherwise.  
*El. Lo.* I have made myself a fine fool.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Would you have spoken with me,  
madam? [pardon,

*Lady.* Yes, Mr. Welford; and I ask your

<sup>37</sup> ——— I would say more,  
But grief is grown too great to be deliver'd.]  
*Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*

Before this gentleman, for being froward:  
This kiss, and henceforth more affection.

*El. Lo.* So; it is better I were drown'd indeed. [it!]

*Wel.* This is a sudden passion; God hold this fellow, nat of his fear, sure, has Persuaded her. I'll give him a new suit on't.

*Lady.* A parting kiss; and, good Sir, let To wait me in the gallery. [me pray you]

*Wel.* I'm in another world!  
Madam, where you please. [Exit. *Wel.*]

*El. Lo.* I will to sea, [deed.  
And 't shall go hard but I'll be drown'd in-

*Lady.* Now, Sir, you see I am no such hard-hearted creature,  
But time may win me.

*El. Lo.* You have forgot your lost love.

*Lady.* Alas, Sir, what would you have me do? I cannot call him back again with sorrow; I'll love this man as dearly; and, beshrew me, I'll keep him far enough from sea.

And 'twas told me, now I remember me, By an old wise woman, that my first love Should be drowned; and see, 'tis come about.

*El. Lo.* I would she had told you your second [about:  
Should be hang'd too, and let that come But this is very strange.

*Lady.* Faith, Sir, consider all, And then I know you will be of my mind: If weeping could redeem him, I would weep still.

*El. Lo.* But, say, that I were Loveless, And scap'd the storm; how would you answer this? [leave all the world.

*Lady.* Why, for that gentleman I would

*El. Lo.* This young thing too?

*Lady.* This young thing too, [my state.  
Or any young thing else. Why, I would lose

*El. Lo.* Why, then, he lives still: I am he, your Loveless! [purpose

*Lady.* Alas, I knew it, Sir, and for that Prepar'd this pageant. Get you to your task, And leave these players' tricks, or I shall leave you;

Indeed, I shall. Travel, or know me not.

*El. Lo.* Will you then marry?

*Lady.* I will not promise; take your choice. Farewell. [a woman!

*El. Lov.* There is no other purgatory but I must do something. [Exit *Loveless.*

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* Mistress, I am bold.

*Lady.* You are, indeed.

*Wel.* You so o'erjoy'd me, Lady!

*Lady.* Take heed, you surfeit not; pray fast, and welcome.

*Wel.* By this light, you love me extremely.

*Lady.* By this, and to-morrow's light, I care not for you.

*Wel.* Come, come, you cannot hide it.

*Lady.* Indeed I can, where you shall never find it.

*Wel.* I like this mirth well, Lady.

*Lady.* You shall have more on't.

*Wel.* I must kiss you.

*Lady.* No, Sir.

*Wel.* Indeed, I must. [my leave:]

*Lady.* What must be, must be. I will take You have your parting blow. I pray commend me [hither,

To those few friends you have, that sent you And tell them, when you travel next, 'twere fit, [wit;

You brought less brav'ry with you, and more You'll never get a wife else.

*Wel.* Are you in earnest?

*Lady.* Yes, faith. Will you eat, Sir?

Your horses will be ready straight; you shall have

A napkin laid in the buttery for you.

*Wel.* Do not you love me, then?

*Lady.* Yes, for that face.

*Wel.* It is a good one, Lady.

*Lady.* Yes, if 'twere not warp; The fire in time may mend it. [Lady.

*Wel.* Metbinks, yours is none of the best,

*Lady.* No, by my troth, Sir; yet, o' my conscience,

You would make shift with it.

*Wel.* Come, pray, no more of this.

*Lady.* I will not: Fare you well. Ho! who's within there? [haste;

Bring out the gentleman's horses; he's in And set some cold meat on the table.

*Wel.* I have too much of that, I thank you, Lady: [goes

Take to your chamber when you please, there A black one with you, Lady.

*Lady.* Farewell, young man! [Exit *Lady.*

*Wel.* You have made me one. Farewell; and may the curse of a great house fall upon thee; I mean, the butler! The devil and all his works are in these women. 'Would all my sex were of my mind; I would make 'em a new Lent, and a long one, that flesh might be in more rev'rence with them.

*Enter Abigail to him.*

*Abig.* I am sorry, Mr. Welford—

*Wel.* So am I, that you are here.

*Abig.* How does my lady use you?

*Wel.* As I would use you, scurvily.

*Abig.* I should have been more kind, Sir.

*Wel.* I should have been undone then. Pray, leave me, [calls.

And look t' your sweet-meats. Hark, your lady

*Abig.* Sir, I shall borrow so much time, without offence. [love, leave me,

*Wel.* You're nothing but offence; for God's

*Abig.* 'Tis strange, my lady should be such a tyrant. [good, do!

*Wel.* To send you to me. 'Pray, go stitch; You are more trouble to me than a tern.

*Abig.* I do not know how my good will, if I said I've

I lied not, should any ways deserve this.

*Wel.* A thousand ways, a thousand ways! Sweet creature, let me depart in peace.

*Abig.* What creature, Sir? I hope I am a woman.

*Wel.* A hundred, I think, by your noise.

*Abig.* Since you are angry, Sir, I'm bold to tell you

That I'm a woman, and a rib.

*Wel.* Of a roasted horse.

*Abig.* Construe me that.

*Wel.* A dog can do it better.<sup>23</sup> Farewell, Countess; and commend me to your lady; tell her she's proud, and scurvy: And so I commit you both to your tempter.

*Abig.* Sweet Mr. Welford! [ruins,

*Wel.* Avoid, old Satanas! Go daub your face looks fouler than a storm:

The footman stays you in the lobby, Lady.

*Abig.* If you were a gentleman, I should know it by your gentle conditions. Are these fit words to give a gentlewoman?

*Wel.* As fit as they were made for you.

*Sirrah,* my horses! Farewell, old adage! Keep your nose warm; the rheum will make it horn else. [Exit *Wel.*

*Abig.* The blessings of a prodigal young heir Be thy companions, Welford! Marry, come up, my gentleman, [bite?]

Are your gums grown so tender they can't A skittish filly will be your fortune, [saddle.

Welford, and fair enough for such a pack- And I doubt not (if my aim hold)

To see her made to amble to your hand.

[Exit *Abig.*

*Enter Young Loveless, and comrades, Morecraft, Widow, Savil, and the rest.*

*Capt.* Save thy brave shoulder, my young puissant knight!

And may thy back-sword bite them to the bone That love thee not: Thou art an errant man;<sup>29</sup>

Go on: The circumcis'd shall fall by thee. Let land and labour fill the man that tills;

Thy sword must be thy plough; and Jove it speed;

Mecha shall sweat, and Mahomet shall fall, And thy dear name fill up his monument.

*Yo. Lo.* It shall, Captain; I mean to be a worthy. [be all.

*Capt.* One worthy is too little; thou shalt

*Mor.* Captain, I shall deserve some of your love too. [noble Morecraft,

*Capt.* Thou shalt have heart and hand too, If thou wilt lend me money.

I am a man of garrison; be rul'd, And open to me those infernal gates,

Whence none of thy evil angels pass again, And I will style thee noble, nay, Don Diego! I'll woo thee infants for thee, and my knight Shall feast her with high meats, and make her apt. [meaning.

*Mor.* Pardon me, Captain, you're beside my *Yo. Lo.* No, Mr. Morecraft, 'tis the Captain's meaning,

I should prepare her for ye.

*Capt.* Or provoke her.

Speak, my modern man, I say 'provoke her.'

*Poct.* Captain, I say so too; or stir her to it. So say the critics.

*Yo. Lo.* But howsoever you expound it, Sir, She's very welcome; and this shall serve for witness.

And, Widow, since you're come so happily, You shall deliver up the keys, and free

Possession of this house, while I stand by to ratify. [lieve me;

*Wid.* I had rather give it back again, be- It is a misery to say, you had it. Take heed.

*Yo. Lo.* 'Tis past that, Widow. Come, sit down. Some wine there!

There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it. Mr. Morecraft, all this fair house is yours, Sir.

Savil!<sup>30</sup>

*Sav.* Yes, Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* Are your keys ready? I must ease your burden.

*Sav.* I'm ready, Sir, to be undone, when you Shall call me to't.

*Yo. Lo.* Come, come, thou shalt live better.

*Sav.* I shall have less to do, that's all: There's half a dozen of my friends i' th' fields,

Sunning against a bank, with half a breech Among 'em; I shall be with 'em shortly.

The care and continual vexation Of being rich, eat up this rascal!

What shall become of my poor family? They are no sheep, yet they must keep them-

selves. [merry all.

*Yo. Lo.* Drink, master Morecraft! Pray be Nay, an you will not drink, there's no society.

Captain, speak loud, and drink! Widow, a word.

*Capt.* Expound her thoroughly, knight. Here, God o' gold, here's to thy fair possessions!

Be a baron, and a bold one. [trouts,

Leave off your tickling of young heirs like And let thy chimnies smoke. Feed men of war, Live, and be honest, and be saved yet.

*Mor.* I thank you, worthy Captain, for your counsel.

<sup>23</sup> *A dog can do it better; farewell, Countess.* This is not complimentary, but sarcastically spoken. In a pack of hounds, an old staunch hunting bitch is often called *Duchess, Countess, Beauty, &c.*

<sup>29</sup> ———— *thou art an errant man,*

*Go on. The circumcis'd shall fall by thee.* i. e. A knight-errant; one fit to go on the holy wars; to fight against the Turks and Jews. *Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>30</sup> *There is a scurvy banquet, if we had it. All this fair house is yours, Sir Savil!* Thus the modern editions most nonsensically exhibit this passage; omitting 'Mr. Morecraft, whom Young Loveless must be addressing. Some of the old editions also omit these words, but yet read sensibly, 'All this fair house is yours, Sir. Savil!'



You keep your chimnies smoking there, your nostrils;

And, when you can, you feed a man of war. This makes you not a baron, but a bare one; And how or when you shall be saved, let The clerk o' th' company (you have commanded)

*Poet.* The man is much mov'd.<sup>41</sup> Be not angry, Sir.

But, as the poet sings,<sup>42</sup> let your displeasure Be a short fury, and go out. You have spoke home,

And bitterly to me, Sir. Captain, take truce; The miser is a tart and a witty whorson!

*Capt.* Poet, you feign, perdie! The wit of this man

Lies in his fingers ends; he must tell all. His tongue fills his mouth like a neat's tongue, And only serves to lick his hungry chaps [are After a purchase: His brains and brimstone The Devil's diet to a fat usurer's head.

To her, knight, to her! clap her aboard, and stow her.

Where's the brave steward?

*Sar.* Here's your poor friend and servant, Savil, Sir.<sup>43</sup>

*Capt.* Away, thou'rt rich in tencments of nature:

First, in thy face, thou hast a serious face,

A betting, bargaining, and saving face,

A rich face; pawn it to the usurer;

A face to kindle the compassion

Of the most ignorant and frozen justice.

*Sar.* 'Tis such, I shall not dare to shew it shortly, Sir. [Morecraft,

*Capt.* Be blithe and bonny, Steward. Master Drink to this man of reckoning.

*Mor.* Here's e'en to him.

*Sar.* The devil guide it downward! 'Would there were in't

An acre of the great broom-field he bought, To sweep your dirty conscience, or to choke

'Tis all one to me, usurer. [you!

*Yo. Lo.* Consider what I told you; you are Unapt for worldly business: Is it fit [young,

One of such tenderness, so delicate,

So contrary to things of care, should stir

And break her better meditations,

In the bare brocade of a brace of angels?

Or a new kirtel, though it be of sattin?

Eat by the hope of surfeits, and lie down

Only in expectation of a morrow, That may undo some easy-hearted fool, Or reach a widow's curses; let out money, Whose use returns the principal? and get, Out of these troubles, a consuming heir; For such a one must follow necessarily. You shall die hated, if not old and miserable; And that possess'd wealth, that you got with pining,

Live to see tumbled to another's hands, That is no more a-kin to you, than you To his coz'nage!

*Wid.* Sir, you speak well: 'Would God, That charity had first begun here.

*Yo. Lo.* 'Tis yet time. Be merry!

Methinks, you want wine there; there's more i' th' house.

Captain, where rests the health?

*Capt.* It shall go round, boy! [the end

*Yo. Lo.* Say, can you suffer this, because Points at much profit? Can you so far bow

Below your blood, below your too-much beauty,

To be a partner of this fellow's bed, And lie with his diseases? If you can, [him:

I will not press you further. Yet look upon There's nothing in that hide-bound usurer,

That man of mat, that all-decay'd,<sup>44</sup> but akes,

For you to love, unless his perish'd lungs,

His dry cough, or his scurvy. This is truth,

And so far I dare speak it: He has yet,

Past cure of physic, spaw, or any diet,

A primitive pox in his bones; and, o' my knowledge, [love him.

He has been ten times rowell'd: You may He had a bastard, his own toward issue,

Whipp'd, and then crop'd, for washing out the roses

In three-farthlings, to make 'em pence.

*Wid.* I do not like these morals.

*Yo. Lo.* You must not like him, then.

*Enter Elder Lovelless.*

*El. Lo.* By your leave, gentlemen.

*Yo. Lo.* By my troth, Sir, you're welcome; welcome, faith. [know

Lord, what a stranger you are grown! Pray,

This gentlewoman; and, if you please, these friends here.

We are merry; you see the worst on's;

Your house has been kept warm, Sir.<sup>45</sup>

<sup>41</sup> *The man is much mov'd, &c.*] We are inclined to believe, this one speech was intended for three; and that the Captain should have the words, *You have spoke home and bitterly to me, Sir.* Mr. Seward would read, *And bitterly* too, Miser. We have not ventured to depart from our authorities, in favour of either suggestion.

<sup>42</sup> *But, as the poet sings, let your displeasure be a short fury.*] The Poet, alluded to here, is Horace.

*Ira furor brevis est.*—

*Mr. Theobald.*

<sup>43</sup> *Here's your poor friend and Savil, Sir.*] Mr. Seward recommends inserting the word *servant* in this passage.

<sup>44</sup> *That all-decay'd.*] I read, says Mr. Seward, *that all decay.*

<sup>45</sup> *Your house has been kept warm, Sir.*

*El. Lo.* *I'm glad to hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise too?*] This would be a very

*El. Lo.* I am glad [too!  
To hear it, brother; pray God, you are wise  
*Yo. Lo.* Pray, Mr. Morecraft, know my  
elder brother;

And, Captain, do your compliuent. Savil,  
I dare swear, is glad at heart to see you.  
Lord, we heard, Sir, you were drown'd at sea,  
And see how luckily things come about!

*Mor.* This money must be paid back again,  
*Yo. Lo.* No, Sir; [Sir,

Pray keep the sale; 'twill make good tailors'  
I am well, I thank you. [measures.

*Wid.* By my troth, the gentleman  
Has stew'd him in his own sauce; I shall love  
him for't.

*Sav.* I know not where I am, I am so glad.  
Your worship is the welcom'st man alive;  
Upon my knees I bid you welcome home.  
Here has been such a hurry, such a din,  
Such dismal drinking, swearing, and whoring,  
'T has almost made me mad:

We've liv'd in a cootioal Turnbal-Street.<sup>46</sup>  
Sir, blest be Heav'n, that sent you safe again;  
Now shall I eat, and go to bed again.

*El. Lo.* Brother, dismiss these people.

*Yo. Lo.* Captain, begone a-while; meet  
me at my old rendezvous in the evening; take  
your small poet with you. Mr. Morecraft,  
you were best go prattle with your learned  
counsel; I shall preserve your money; I was  
cozen'd when time was; we are quit, Sir.

*Wid.* Better and better still.

*El. Lo.* What is this fellow, brother?

*Yo. Lo.* The thirsty usurer that sup'd my

*El. Lo.* What does he tarry for? [land off.

*Yo. Lo.* To be landlord of your house and  
state: I was bold to make a little sale, Sir.

*Mor.* Am I o'er-reach'd? If there be law,  
I'll hamper ye. [thou art

*El. Lo.* Prithce, be gone, and rave at home;  
So base a fool I cannot laugh at thee. [spare;  
Sirrah, this comes of coz'ning! home, and  
Eat raddish 'till you raise your sums again.

If you stir far in this, I'll have you whip'd,  
Your ears nail'd, for intelligencing, o' th' pil-  
lory,

And your goods forfeit! You're a stale cozener?  
Leave my house. No more!

*Mor.* A pox upon your house! [gamester!  
Come, Widow, I shall yet hamper this young

*Wid.* Good twelve i' th' hundred, keep your  
way; [tribe,

I am not for your diet; Marry in your own  
Jew, and get a broker. [jog on, Sir?

*Yo. Lo.* 'Tis well said, Widow. Will you  
*Mor.* Yes, I will go; but 'tis no matter  
whither:

But when I trust a wild fool, and a woman,  
May I lend gratis, and build hospitals! [Exit.

*Yo. Lo.* Nay, good Sir, make all even:

Here's a widow wants your good word for me;  
She's rich, and may renew me and my fortunes.

*El. Lo.* I'm glad you look before you.  
Gentlewoman,

Here is a poor distressed younger brother.

*Wid.* You do him wrong, Sir; he's a knight.

*El. Lo.* I ask you mercy: Ycet, it is no  
matter;

His knighthood's no inheritance, I take it.

Whatsoever he is, he is your servant,

Or would be, lady.

Faith, be not merciless, but make a man;

He's young and handsome, though he be my  
brother,

odd reply, did it not depend on a proverbial expression, 'If you are wise, keep yourself warm'  
So is Shakespeare's *Much Ado about Nothing*,

*So that if he has wit enough to keep himself warm, &c.*

And, again, in his *Taming of the Shrew*:

*Pet.* Am I not wise?

*Hath.* Yes; keep you warm.

*Mr. Throbbald.*

<sup>46</sup> *We've liv'd in a continuol Turnbal-Street.*] *Turnbal*, or rather *Turnbull-Street*, is men-  
tioned in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* part ii. It appears to have been a place of very ill repute at  
the period in which our authors wrote. In an old comedy, called *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*,  
it is mentioned again:

— Sir, get you gone,

You swaggering, cheating, *Turnbull-Street* rogue.

Nash, in *Pierce Penniless* his *Supplication*, commends the sisters of *Turnbull-Street* to the  
patronage of the Devil. In the *Iuocor Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619,

'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses,

— cause spoil in *Shoreditch*,

And deface *Turnbull*.

Again, in Middleton's comedy called *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, a French bawd says, 'J'ay  
'une fille qui parle un peu François elle conversera avec vous, o la Fleur de Lys en *Turnbull-  
'Street*.' Again, in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by our Authors,

— This, my lady dror,

I stole her from her friends in *Turnbull-Street*.

*Turnbull*, or *Turnmill-Street*, is near Cow-Cross, West-Smithfield.

*Mr. Steevens.*

And his observance may deserve your love:  
He shall not fall for means.

*Wid.* Sir, you speak like a worthy brother:  
And so much do I credit your fair language,  
That I shall love your brother; and so love  
But I shall blush to say more. [him—

*El. Lo.* Stop her mouth.  
I hope you shall not live to know that hour,  
When this shall be repented. Now, brother,  
I should chide;  
But I'll give no distaste to your fair mistress.  
I will instruct her in't, and she shall do't:  
You have been wild and ignorant; pray,  
mend it.

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, every day, now spring comes on.  
*El. Lo.* To you, good Mr. Savil, and your  
office, [steward  
Thus much I have to say: You're from my  
Become, first, your own drunkard, then his  
bawd: [perfect.  
They say, you're excellent grown in both, and  
Give me your keys, Sir Savil. [to.

*Sav.* Good Sir, consider whom you left me  
*El. Lo.* I left you as a curb for, not to pro-  
voke, [now?  
My brother's follies. Where's the best drink,  
Come tell me, Savil; where's the soundest  
whores? [stallion!  
You old he-goat, you dried ape, you lame  
Must you be leaping in my house? Your  
whores, [out fear  
Like fairies, dance their night-rounds, with-

Either of king or constable, within my walls.  
Are all my hangings safe? my sheep unsold  
yet? [on't.

I hope my plate is current; I have too much  
What say you to three hundred pounds in drink  
now? [me speak.

*Sav.* Good Sir, forgive me, and but hear  
*El. Lo.* Methinks, thou shouldst be drunk  
still, and not speak;

'Tis the more pardonable.

*Sav.* I will, Sir, if you will have it so.

*El. Lo.* I thank you: Yes, e'en pursue it,  
Sir. Do you hear?

Get you a whore soon for your recreation;  
Go look out captain Broken-breech, your fel-  
And quarrel, if you dare. I shall deliver [low,  
These keys to one shall have more honesty,  
Though not so much fine wit, Sir. You  
may walk

And gather crosses, Sir, to cool your liver;  
There's something for you to begin a diet;  
You'll have the pox else. Speed you well,  
Sir Savil!

You may eat at my house to preserve life;  
But keep no fornication in the stables.

[*Ex. omnes pr. Savil.*  
*Sav.* Now must I hang myself; my friends  
will look for't.

Eating and sleeping, I do despise you both now:  
I will run mad first, and, if that get not pity,  
I'll drown myself, to a most dismal ditty.  
[*Exit Savil.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter Abigail, sola.*

*Abig.* ALAS, poor gentlewoman, to what a  
misery hath age brought thee, to  
what a scurvy fortune! Thou that hast been  
company for noblemen, and at the worst of  
those times for gentlemen; now, like a broken  
serving-man, must beg for favour to those,  
that would have crawl'd like pilgrims to my  
chamber, but for an apparition of me. You  
that be coming on, make much of fifteen,  
and so till five and twenty: Use your time  
with reverence, that your profits may arise:  
It will not tarry with you; ecce signum.  
Here was a face:

But time, that, like a surfeit, eats our youth  
(Plague of his iron teeth, and draw 'em for't!)  
Has been a little bolder here than welcome;

And now, to say the truth, I am fit for no man.  
Old men i'th' house, of fifty, call me Granum;  
And when they are drunk, e'en then, when  
Joan and my lady

Are all one, not one will do me reason.

My little Levite hath forsaken me;

His silver sound of <sup>47</sup> cithern quite abolish'd;  
His doleful hymns under my chamber-window,  
Digested into tedious learning. [left him;

Well, fool, you leap'd a haddock when you  
He's a clean man, and a good edifier,  
And twenty nobles is his state *de claro*,

Besides his pigs in *posse*. [born,

To this good honest I have been ever stub-  
Which God forgive me for, and mend my  
manners:

And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,<sup>48</sup>  
Of such a piece of laye ground, hear my pray'r,

<sup>47</sup> Now must I hang myself, &c.] This Play, more than any other of our Authors, abounds with satirical sneers against our great dramatic Poet, Shakespeare. These concluding lines very plainly were intended to ridicule the catastrophe of Ophelia, in the tragedy of Hamlet. R.

<sup>48</sup> Cithern.] A kind of harp.

<sup>49</sup> And, Love, if ever thou hadst care of forty,

Of such a piece of laye ground, hear my prayer.] I believe there is no such term in the English tongue, as laye ground. The word must have been lay, or ley: i. e. terra inculta, vocale: unplowed, uncultivated, land.

VOL. I.

*Mr. Symson.*

And fire his zeal so far forth, that my faults,  
In this renew'd impression of my love,  
May shew corrected to our gentle reader.

*Enter Roger.*

See, how negligently he passes by me;  
With what an equipage canonical,  
As tho' he had broken the heart of Bellarmine,  
Or added something to the singing brethren.  
'Tis scorn, I know it, and deserve it. Master  
Roger!

*Rog.* Fair gentlewoman, my name is Roger.

*Abig.* Then, gentle Roger—

*Rog.* Ungentle Abigail! [wit

*Abig.* Why, master Roger, will you set your  
To a weak woman's?

*Rog.* You are weak, indeed:  
For so the poet sings.

*Abig.* I do confess

My weakness, sweet Sir Roger.

*Rog.* Good my lady's [woman,  
Gentlewoman, or my good lady's gentle-  
(This trope is lost to you now) leave your  
prating.

You have a season of your first nother in you:  
And, surely, had the Devil been in love,  
He had been abused too. Go, Dalilah;  
You make men fools, and wear fig-breeches.

*Abig.* Well, well, hard-hearted man, you  
may dilate

Upon the weak infirmities of women:

These are fit texts: But once, there was a  
time— [eyes,  
'Would I had never seen those eyes, those  
Those orient eyes!

*Rog.* Ay, they were pearls once with you.

*Abig.* Saving your reverence, Sir, so they  
are still. [your cogging!

*Rog.* Nay, nay, I do beseech you, leave  
What they are, they are:

They serve me without spectacles, I thank 'em.

*Abig.* Oh, will you kill me?

*Rog.* I do not think I can;

You're like a copy-hold, with nine lives in't.

*Abig.* You were wont to bear a Christian  
fear about you:

For your own worship's sake—

*Rog.* I was a Christian fool then!

Do you remember what a dance you led me?  
How I grew qualm'd in love, and was a dunce?  
Could not expound but once a quarter, and  
then was out too: [me in,

And then, out of the stinking stir you put  
I pray'd for my own royal issue. You do  
Remember all this?

*Abig.* Oh, be as then you were.

*Rog.* I thank you for it:

Surely, I will be wiser, Abigail;  
And, as the Ethnick poet sings,  
I will not lose my oil and labour too.<sup>49</sup>  
You're for the worshipful, I take it, Abigail!

*Abig.* Oh, take it so, and then I am for thee.

*Rog.* I like these tears well, and this hum-  
bling also; [ther saith.

They are symptoms of contrition, as a Fall  
If I should fall into my fit again, [coxcomb?  
Would you not shake me into a quotidian  
Would you not use me scurvily again,  
And give me possets with purging comfits in  
'em? [to me,

I tell thee, gentlewoman, thou hast been harder  
Than a long chapter with a pedigree.

*Abig.* Oh, curate, cure me!

I will love thee better, dearer, longer:  
I will do any thing; betray the secrets  
Of the main household to thy reformation.  
My lady shall look lovingly on thy learning;  
And when due time shall point thee for a  
parson,

I will convert thy eggs to penny custards,  
And thy tithe goose shall graze and multiply.

*Rog.* I am mollified,

As well shall testify this faithful kiss.  
But have a great care, mistress Abigail,  
How you depress the spirit any more  
With your rebukes and mocks; for, certainly,  
The edge of such a folly cuts itself.

*Abig.* Oh, Sir, you've pierc'd me thorough-  
Here I vow

A recantation to those malicious faults  
I ever did against you. Never more  
Will I despise your learning; never more  
Pin cards and cony-tails upon your cassock;  
Never again reproach your reverend night-cap,  
And call it by the mangy name of Murnion;  
Never your reverend person, more, and say,  
You look like one of Baal's priests i'th' hanging;  
Never again, when you say grace, laugh at you,  
Nor put you out at prayers; never cramp you  
more [you ride,

With the great Book of Martyrs; nor, when  
Get sope and thistles for you. No, my Roger,  
These faults shall be corrected and amended,  
As by the tenor of my tears appears. [hang'd;

*Rog.* Now cannot I hold, if I should be  
I must cry too. Come to thine own beloved,  
Abigail; and do e'en what thou wilt with me,  
Sweet, sweet Abigail! I am thine own for  
ever: [creant,

Here's my hand. When Roger proves a re-  
Hang him i' th' bell-ropes.

*Enter Lady, and Martha.*

*Lady.* Why, how now, master Roger, no  
prays down with you to-night? Did you hear  
the bell ring? You are courting; your flock  
shall fat well for it. [up pray'rs,

*Rog.* I humbly ask your pardon.—I'll chop  
But stay a little, and be with you again. [Exit

*Enter Elder Loveless.*

*Lady.* How dare you, being so unworthy a fel-  
Presume to come to move me any more? [low,

<sup>49</sup> *I will not lose my oil and labour too.*] The Ethnick poet here alluded to is Plautus, in  
his *Panulus*;

*Tum pol ego & oleum & operam perdidit.*

*Mr. Theobald.*

*El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Lady.* What ails the fellow?

*El. Lo.* The fellow comes to laugh at you. I tell you, *Lady*, I would not, for your laud, Be such a cockcomb, such a whining ass, As you decreed me for when I was last here.

*Lady.* I joy to hear you are wise; 'tis a rare jewel

In an elder brother: Pray, be wiser yet.

*El. Lo.* Methinks, I'm very wise: I do not come a-wooing. [ship.

Indeed, I'll move no more love to your lady-

*Lady.* What makes you here, then?

*El. Lo.* Only to see you, and be merry, *Lady*: [merry.

That's all my business. Faith, let's be very Where's little Roger: He is a good fellow. An hour or two, well spent in wholesome mirth, Is worth a thousand of these puling passions. 'Tis an ill world for lovers.

*Lady.* They were never fewer. [me, *Lady*.

*El. Lo.* I thank God, there is one less for

*Lady.* You were never any, Sir,

*El. Lo.* Till now, and now

I am the prettiest fellow!

*Lady.* You talk like a taylor, Sir.

*El. Lo.* Methinks, your faces are no such fine things now.

*Lady.* Why did you tell me you were wise?

Lord, what a lying age is this! Where will You mend these faces? [hundred of 'em.

*El. Lo.* A hog's face, sous'd, is worth a

*Lady.* Sure, you had a sow to your mother.

*El. Lo.* She brought such fine white pigs as you, fit for none but parsons, *Lady*. [yet.

*Lady.* 'Tis well you will allow us our clergy

*El. Lo.* That will not save you. Oh, that I were in love again with a wish!

*Lady.* By this light, you are a scurvy fellow! Pray, be gone. [man.

*El. Lo.* You know, I am a clean-skin'd

*Lady.* Do I know it? [that's as good:

*El. Lo.* Come, come, you would know it; But not a snap, ne'er long for't, not a snap, dear *Lady*. [suhurbs;

*Lady.* Hark ye, Sir, hark ye, get you to the There's horse-flesh for such hounds. Will you go, Sir?

*El. Lo.* Lord, how I lov'd this woman! how I worship'd [live,

This pretty calf with a white face here! As I You were the prettiest fool to play withal,

The wittiest little varlet! It would talk;

Lord, how it talk'd! And when I anger'd it, It would cry out, and scratch, and eat no

And it would say, go hang. [ineat,

*Lady.* It will say so still, if you anger it.

*El. Lo.* And when I ask'd it, if it would be married,

It sent me of an errand into France, And would abuse me, and be glad it did so.

*Lady.* Sir, this is most unmanly; pray, be gone. [to be at me)

*El. Lo.* And swear (even when it twitter'd I was unhandsome.

*Lady.* Have you no manners in you?

*El. Lo.* And say my back was melted, when Heaven knows,

I kept it at a charge, four Flanders mares Would have been easier to me, and a fencer.

*Lady.* You think all this is true now?

*El. Lo.* Faith, whether it be or no, it is too good for you.

But, so much for our mirth: Now have at you in earnest. [more.

*Lady.* There is enough, Sir; I desire no

*El. Lo.* Yes, faith, we'll have a cast at your best parts now; and then the devil take the worst!

*Lady.* Pray, Sir, no more; I am not so much affected with your commendations. 'Tis almost dinner; I know they stay for you at the ordinary.

*El. Lo.* E'en a short grace, and then I am You are a woman! [gone!

And the proudest that ever lov'd a coach: The scornful'st, scurviest, and most senseless

woman!

The greediest to be prais'd, and never mov'd, Though it be gross and open; the most en-

vious,

That, at the poor fame of another's face, Would eat your own, and more than is your

own, [opinion,

The paint belonging to it: Of such a self- That you think no one can deserve your glove:

And, for your malice, you're so excellent, You might have been your tempter's tutor.

Nay, Never cry.

*Lady.* Your own heart knows you wrong I cry for you! [me:

*El. Lo.* You shall before I leave you.

*Lady.* Is all this spoke in earnest?

*El. Lo.* Yes, and more, as soon as I can get it out.

*Lady.* Well, out with't.

*El. Lo.* You are—let me see—

*Lady.* One that has us'd you with too much respect. [will have it so,

*El. Lo.* One that hath us'd me, since you The basest, the most foot-boy-like, without respect

Of what I was, or what you might be by me. You have us'd me as I would use a jade,

Ride him off's legs, then turn him to the common; [you;

You have us'd me with discretion, and I thank If you have many more such pretty servants,

Pray build an hospital, and, when they are old, Pray keep 'em, for shame.

*Lady.* I cannot think yet this is serious.

*El. Lo.* Will you have more on't?

*Lady.* No, faith, there's enough, If it be true: Too much, by all my part.

You are no lover, then?

*El. Lo.* No, I had rather be a carrier.

*Lady.* Why, the Gods amend all!

*El. Lo.* Neither do I think There can be such a fellow found i'th' world,

To be in love with such a froward woman:  
If there be such, they're mad; Jove comfort  
'em!

Now have you all, and I as new a man,  
As light, and spirited, that I feel myself  
Clean through another creature. Oh, 'tis brave  
To be one's own man! I can see you now  
As I would see a picture; sit all day  
By you, and never kiss your hand: Hear you  
sing, [temper

And never fall backward; but, with as set a  
As I would hear a fiddler, rise and thank you.  
I can now keep my money in my purse,  
That still was gadding out for scarfs and  
waistcoats:

And keep my hand from mercers' sheep-  
skins finely.

I can eat mutton now, and feast myself  
With my two shillings, and can see a play  
For eighteen-pence again: I can, my lady, I  
can, [Sir,

*Lady.* The carriage of this fellow vexes me.  
Pray let me speak a little private with you.

I must not suffer this. [me?

*El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha! What would you with  
You will not ravish me? Now, your set speech.

*Lady.* Thou perjur'd man!

*El. Lo.* Ha, ha, ha! this is a fine exordium.  
And why, I pray you, perjur'd?

*Lady.* Did you not swear  
A thousand thousand times, you lov'd me best  
Of all things? [that.

*El. Lo.* I do confess it: Make your best of

*Lady.* Way do you say you do not, then?

*El. Lo.* Nay, I'll swear it.

And give sufficient reason; your own usage.

*Lady.* Do you not love me now, then?

*El. Lo.* No, faith.

*Lady.* Did you ever think I lov'd you dearly?

*El. Lo.* Yes; but I see but rotten fruits on't.

*Lady.* Do not deny your hand, for I must  
kiss it,

And take my last farewell: Now let me die,  
So you be happy. [dear lady!

*El. Lo.* I am too foolish: Lady, speak,

*Lady.* No, let me die. [She swoons.

*Mar.* O, my sister!

*Abig.* Oh, my lady! Help, help!

*Mar.* Run for some *rosa solis*!

*El. Lo.* I have play'd the fine ass! Bend  
her body! Lady! [vant!

Best, dearest, worthiest lady, hear your ser-

I am not as I shew'd! Oh, wretched fool,

To fling away the jewel of thy life thus!

Give her more air. See, she begins to stir.

Sweet mistress, hear me.

*Lady.* Is my servant well?

*El. Lo.* In being yours, I am so.

*Lady.* Then I care not.

*El. Lo.* How do you? Reach a chair there.  
I confess

My fault not pardonable, in pursuing thus,  
Upon such tenderness, my wilful error:

But had I known it would have wrought thus  
with you, it

Thus strangely, not the world had won me to  
And let not, my best Lady, any word,

Spoke to my eod, disturb your quiet peace;

For sooner shall you know a general ruin,

Than my faith broken. Do not doubt this,  
mistress;

For, by my life, I cannot live without you.

Come, come, you shall not grieve; rather be  
angry,

And heap infliction on me; I will suffer.

Oh, I could curse myself! Pray, smile upon  
me.

Upon my faith, 'twas but a trick to try you,  
Knowing you lov'd me dearly, and yet strangely,

That you would never shew it, though my  
Was all humility.<sup>10</sup> [means

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

*El. Lo.* How now? [fine plot:

*Lady.* I thank you, fine fool, for your most

This was a subtle one, a stiff device [Sir,

To have caught dotterels with. Good senseless

Could you imagine I should swoon for you,

And know yourself to be an arrant ass; [Sir.

Ay, a discover'd one? 'Tis quit; I thank you,

Ha, ha, ha!

*Mar.* Take heed, Sir; she may chance to  
swoon again.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha! [colour.

*Abig.* Step to her, Sir; see, how she changes

*El. Lo.* I'll go to hell first, and be better  
welcome.

I am fool'd, I do confess it; finely fool'd,

Lady; fool'd, madam; and I thank you for it!

*Lady.* Faith, 'tis not so much worth, Sir;

But if I knew when you come next a-birding,

I'll have a stronger noose to hold the wood-  
cock.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha! [laugh on.

*El. Lo.* I am glad to see you merry: Pray

*Mar.* H had a hard heart, that could not  
laugh at you, Sir.

Ha, ha, ha! [ger him,

*Lady.* Pray, sister, do not laugh; you'll an-

And then he'll rail like a rude costermonger,

That school-boys had cozen'd of his apples,

As loud and senseless.

*El. Lo.* I will not rail.

*Mar.* Faith, then let's hear him, sister.

*El. Lo.* Yes, you shall hear me.

*Lady.* Shall we be the better by it, then?

*El. Lo.* No; he that makes a woman better  
by his words,

I'll have him sainted: Blows will not do it.

<sup>10</sup> *Tho' my means was all humanity.*] This is the reading of the modern editions; the old ones say, *humility*. Mr. Seward (who mentions it in his *Postscript*) not comprehending the passage, proposes two or three variations, which seem to us totally unnecessary, as the meaning obviously is, 'I knew you loved me, though you would never shew it, notwithstanding I used the *humblest* means to induce you to do it.'

*Lady.* By this light, he'll beat us.  
*El. Lo.* You do deserve it richly,  
 And may live to have a beadle do it.  
*Lady.* Now he rails.  
*El. Lo.* Come, scornful Folly,  
 If this be railing, you shall hear me rail.  
*Lady.* Pray put it in good words, then.  
*El. Lo.* The worst are good enough for such  
 a trifle,  
 Such a proud piece of cobweb-lawn.  
*Lady.* You bite, Sir.  
*El. Lo.* I would till the bones crack'd, an  
 I had my will. [mad.  
*Mor.* We had best muzzle him; he grows  
*El. Lo.* I would 'twere lawful, in the next  
 great sickness, [tures,  
 To have the dogs spar'd, those harmless crea-  
 And knock o' th' head those hot continual  
 plagues,  
 Women, that are more infectious. I hope  
 The state will think on't.  
*Lady.* Are you well, Sir?  
*Mor.* He looks  
 As though he had a grievous fit o' th' cholick.  
*El. Lo.* Green-ginger will cure me.  
*Abig.* I'll heat a trencher for him.  
*El. Lo.* Dirty December, do;  
 Thou, with a face as old as Erra Pater;  
 Such a prognosticating nose: Thou thing,  
 That ten years since has left to be a woman,  
 Out-worn the expectation of a bawd;  
 And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now,  
 But gords or ninepins,<sup>51</sup> pray go fetch a  
 trencher, go.  
*Lady.* Let him alone; he's crack'd.  
*Abig.* I'll see him hang'd first; he's a beast-  
 ly fellow,  
 To use a woman of my breeding thus;  
 Ay, marry is he. Would I were a man,  
 I'd make him eat his knave's words.  
*El. Lo.* Tie your she-otter up, good Lady  
 Folly,  
 She stinks worse than a bear-baiting.  
*Lady.* Why will you be angry now?  
*El. Lo.* Go paint, and purge;  
 Call in your kennel with you. You a Lady?

*Abig.* Sirrah, look to't against the quarter-  
 sessions:

If there be good behaviour in the world,  
 I'll have thee bound to it.

*El. Lo.* You must not seek it in your lady's  
 house, then.

Pray send this ferret home; and spin, good  
 Abigail.

And, madam, that your ladyship may know  
 In what base manner you have us'd my service,  
 I do from this hour hate you heartily;  
 And, tho' your folly should whip you to re-  
 pentance,

And waken you at length to see my wrongs,  
 'Tis not the endeavour of your life shall win me;  
 Not all the friends you have, nor intercession,  
 Nor your submissive letters, though they spoke  
 As many tears as words; not your knees grown  
 To th' ground in penitence, nor all your state,  
 To kiss you; nor my pardon, nor my will  
 To give you Christian burial, if you die thus;  
 So, farewell.—

When I am married and made sure, I'll come  
 And visit you again, and vex you, Lady.

By all my hopes, I'll be a torment to you,  
 Worse than a tedious winter. I know you will  
 Recant and sue to me; but save that labour:  
 I'll rather love a fever and continual thirst,  
 Rather contract my youth to drink, and rather  
 Dote upon quarrels,<sup>52</sup>

Or take a drawn whore from an hospital,  
 That time, diseases, and mercury had eaten,  
 Than to be drawn to love you.

*Lady.* Ha, ha, ha! Pray do; but take heed  
 though.

*El. Lo.* From thee, false dice, jades, cow-  
 ards, and plaguy summers,<sup>53</sup>

Good Lord deliver me! [Exit.

*Lady.* But hark you, servant, hark ye! Is  
 Call him again. [he gone?

*Abig.* Hang him, paddock!

*Lady.* Art thou here still? Fly, fly,  
 And call my servant; fly, or never see me  
 more. [rascal,

*Abig.* I had rather knit again, than see that  
 But I must do it. [Exit Abigail.

<sup>51</sup> But gords.] i. e. instruments of game then in common use. We meet with the same  
 term again in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*: *If gord and fullam holds.*

<sup>52</sup> Rather contract my youth to drink, and sacerdotie upon quarrels.] In this unintelligible  
 manner all the editions exhibit this passage, till that of 1750; when Mr. Sympson thought he  
 supplied the chasm, both in the sense and the verse, by the following reading:

*Rather contract my youth to drink and swagger,  
 Doat upon quarrels, or take a drawn whore from  
 An hospital, that time, diseases, and  
 Mercury had eaten, than, &c.*

We do not think his conjecture by any means happy. As the words we have inserted come so  
 near those of the old books, we hope we have restored the original reading. It is true, an he-  
 mistich is left; but hemistichs are common with our Authors. Probably, some words have  
 been quite lost.

<sup>53</sup> And plaguy summers.] \* I read, says Mr. Seward, *plague-summers*; i. e. Summers in  
 'which the plague rages.' *Plaguy* clearly conveying the same idea, we have followed the old  
 books.

*Lady.* I would be loth to anger him too much.

What fine foolery is this in a woman,  
To use those men most frowardly they love most?

If I should lose him thus, I were rightly serv'd.  
I hope he's not so much himself, to take it  
To th' heart. How now! Will he come back?

*Enter Abigail.*

*Abig.* Never, he swears, while he can hear men say [would  
There's any woman living: He swore he  
Have me first.

*Lady.* Didst thou entreat him, wench?

*Abig.* As well as I could, madam.

But this is still your way, to love being absent,  
And when he's with you, laugh at him and abuse him.

There is another way, if you could hit on't.

*Lady.* Thou say'st true; get me paper, pen,  
and ink; [in's anger  
I'll write to him: I'd be loth he should sleep  
Women are most fools when they think they're  
wisest. [Exeunt.

*Music.* *Enter Young Loveless and Widow*  
(going to be married); with them his comrades.

*Wid.* Pray, Sir, cast off these fellows, as  
unfitting [company.  
For your bare knowledge, and far more your  
Is't fit such ragamuffins as these are, [out  
Should bear the name of friends, and furnish  
A civil house? You're to be married now;  
And men, that love you, must expect a course  
Far from your old career. If you will keep  
'em, [grooms:

Turn 'em to the stable, and there make 'em  
And yet, now I consider it, such beggars  
Once set o' horse-back, you have heard, will  
How far you had best to look to. [ride,

*Capt.* Hear you,  
You that must be lady, pray content yourself,  
And think upon your carriage soon at night,  
What dressing will best take your knight,  
what waistcoat, [him.  
What cordial will do well i' th' morning for  
What triers have you?

*Wid.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Capt.* Those that must switch him up: If  
he start well, [him hard.  
Fear not, but cry 'Saint George,' and bear  
When you perceive his wind grows hot and  
wanting, [him,  
Let him a little down; he's fleet, ne'er doubt  
And stauds sound.

*Wid.* Sir, you hear these fellows?

*Yo. Lo.* Merry companions, wench, merry  
companions.

*Wid.* To one another let 'em be companions,  
But, good Sir, not to you: You shall be civil,  
And slip off these base trappings.

*Capt.* He shall not need, my most sweet  
lady Grocer!

If he be civil, not your powder'd sugar,  
Nor your raisins, shall persuade the Captain  
To live a coxcomb with him. Let him be civil,  
And eat i' th' Arches, and see what will come  
on't.

*Poet.* Let him be civil, do: Undo him;  
ay, that's the next way!

I will not take, if he be civil once,  
Two hundred pounds a-year to live with him.  
Be civil! There's a trim persuasion.

*Capt.* If thou be'st civil, knight (as Jove  
defend it!)

Get thee another nose; that will be pull'd  
Off by the angry boys for thy conversion.

The children thou shalt get on this civilian  
Cannot inherit by the law; they're Ethnicks,  
And all thy sport mere mortal lechery.

When they are grown, having but little in 'em,  
They may prove haberdashers, or gross gro-  
cers,

Like their dear dam there! Prithce be civil,  
knight;

In time thou may'st read to thy household,  
And be drunk once a-year: This would shew  
finely. [this;

*Yo. Lo.* I wonder, sweetheart, you will offer  
You do not understand these gentlemen.

I will be short and pithy; I had rather  
Cast you off, by the way of charge. These are  
creatures,

That nothing goes to the maintenance of,  
But corn and water. I will keep these fellows  
Just in the competency of two hens.

*Wid.* If you can cast it so, Sir, you're my  
liking:

If they eat less, I should not be offended.

But how these, Sir, can live upon so little  
As corn and water, I am unbelieving.

*Yo. Lo.* Why, prithce, sweetheart, what's  
your ale? Is not

That corn and water, my sweet widow?

*Wid.* Ay; [this,  
But, my sweet knight, where is the meat to  
And clothes, that they must look for?

*Yo. Lo.* In this short sentence 'ale,' is all  
included;

Meat, drink, and cloth. These are no rav'n-  
ing footmen,

No fellows, that at ordinaries dare

Eat their eighteen-pence thrice out before  
they rise,

And yet go hungry to a play, and crack

More nuts than would suffice a dozen squirrels;  
Besides the din, which is most damnable:

I had rather rail, and be confin'd to a boat-  
maker, [ple,

Than live among such rascals. These are peo-  
Of such clean discretion in their diet,

Of such a moderate sustenance, that they  
sweat [son;

If they but smell hot meat. Porridge is poi-  
They hate a kitchen as they hate a counter,

And, shew 'em but a feather-bed, they swoop.



Ale is their eating and their drinking solely.<sup>54</sup>  
Which keeps their bodies clear, and soluble.  
Bread is a binder, and for that abolish'd,  
Even in their ale, whose lost room fills an  
apple,

Which is more airy and of subtler nature.  
The rest they take is little, and that little  
Is little easy; for, like strict men of order,  
They do correct their bodies with a bench,  
Or a poor stubborn table; if a chimney  
Offer itself, with some few broken rushes,  
They are in down. When they are sick,  
that's drunk, [spise

They may have fresh straw; else they do de-  
These worldly pamperings. For their poor  
apparel,

Tis worn out to the diet; new they seek none;  
And if a man should offer, they are angry,  
Scarce to be reconcil'd again with him:

You shall not hear 'em ask one a cast dobtlet  
Once in a year, which is a modesty.

Befitting my poor friends: You see their  
wardrobe,

Though slender, competent. For shirts, I  
take it,  
They are things worn out of their remem-  
brance.

Lousy they will be when they list, and mangy,  
Which shews a fine variety; and then, to cure  
'em,

A tanner's limepit, which is little charge:

Two dogs, and these two, may be cur'd for  
three-pence.

*Hid.* You have half persuaded me; pray,  
use your pleasure: [diet,

And, my good friends, since I do know your  
I'll take an order meat shall not offend you;  
You shall have ale.

*Capt.* We ask no more, let it be mighty,  
Lady;

And, if we perish, then our own sins on us.

*Jo. Lo.* Come, forward, gentlemen; to  
church, my boys!

When we have done, I'll give you cheer in  
bowls. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

*Enter Elder Loveless.*

*El. Lo.* THIS senseless woman vexes me to  
th' heart;

She will not from my memory! 'Would she  
were [her.

A man for one two hours, that I might beat  
If I had been unhandsome, old, or jealous,  
T had been an even lay she might have  
scorned me;

But, to be young, and, by this light, I think,  
As proper as the proudest; made as clean,  
As straight, and strong-back'd; means and  
manners equal

With the best cloth-of-silver Sir i' th' king-  
dom:

But these are things at some time of the moon,  
Below the cut of canvas. Sure, she has  
Some meeching rascal in her house,<sup>55</sup> some  
hind,

<sup>54</sup> *Ale is their eating and their drinking, surely.*] Surely seems a mere expletive here; but, I believe the true word was *solely*; i. e. Ale is the only thing they desire to eat as well as drink. *Mr. Seward.*

<sup>55</sup> *Sure she has some meeching rascal in her house.*] This word is generally spelt *miching*; it means, *secret, covered, lying hid*. In this sense Chapman, a cotemporary writer, uses it in the *Widow's Tears*, *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. IV. p. 291. Lysander, to try his wife's fidelity, elopes from her. His friends report that he is dead, and make a mock funeral for him. His wife, to shew excessive sorrow for the loss of her husband, shuts herself up in his monument; to which he comes in disguise, and obtains her love, notwithstanding he had assured her, in the mean time, that he was the man who murdered her husband; on which he exclaims,

— Out upon thee, monster!  
Go, tell the governor; let me be brought  
To die for that most famous villany,  
Not for this miching base transgression  
Of truant negligence.

And again, p. 301,

— My truant  
Was nought, Sir, into a blind corner of the tomb.

In this sense it occurs in *Philaster* (p. 56.) *A rascal miching in a meadow.* A passage in an old Comment on the Ten Commandments, printed at London in 1493, illustrates the meaning of the word: Commonly in such feyrs and markets ther ben many thevves, *mychers*, and cut-purse. *Mychers*, that is, *lurking vagabonds*. Shakespeare says of Prince Henry, *Shall the blessed sun of Heaven prove a micher?* *Mr. Watton.*

That she hath seen bear, like another Milo,  
 Quarters of malt upon his back, and sing  
 with 't; [ings,  
 Thresh all day, and i' th' evening, in his stock-  
 Strike up a hornpipe, and there stunk two  
 hours, [they,  
 And ne'er a whit the worse man. These are  
 These steel-chin'd rascals, that undo us all.  
 'Would I had been a carter, or a coachman,  
 I had done the deed ere this time.

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there's a gentleman without would  
 speak with you.

*El. Lo.* Bid him come in.

*Enter Welford.*

*Wel.* By your leave, Sir. [will, Sir?

*El. Lo.* You are welcome. What's your  
*Wel.* Have you forgotten me?

*El. Lo.* I do not much remember you.

*Wel.* You must, Sir.

I am that gentleman you pleas'd to wrong.  
 In your disguise; I have enquir'd you out.

*El. Lo.* I was disguis'd, indeed, Sir, if I  
 Pray, where and when? [wrong'd you.

*Wel.* In such a lady's house,  
 I need not name her.

*El. Lo.* I do remember you:

You seem'd to be a suitor to that lady?

*Wel.* If you remember this, do not forget  
 How scurvily you used me: That was  
 No place to quarrel in; pray you, think of it:  
 If you be honest, you dare fight with me,  
 Without more urging; else I must provoke you.

*El. Lo.* Sir, I dare fight, but never for a  
 woman;

I will not have her in my cause; she's mortal,  
 And so is not my anger. If you have brought  
 A nobler subject for our swords, I am for you;  
 In this I would be loth to prick my finger.

And where you say, I wrong'd you, 'tis so far  
 From my profession, that, amongst my fears,  
 To do wrong is the greatest. Credit me,

We have been both abus'd, not by ourselves  
 (For that I hold a spleen, no sin of malice,  
 And may, with man enough, be left forgotten)  
 But by that wilful, scornful piece of hatred,  
 That much-forgetful Lady: For whose sake,  
 If we should leave our reason, and run on  
 Upon our sense, like rams, the little world  
 Of good men would laugh at us, and despise us,  
 Fixing upon our desperate memories

The never-worn-out names of fools and fencers.  
 Sir, 'tis not fear, but reason, makes me tell you;  
 In this I had rather help you, Sir, than hurt  
 you. [self

And, you shall find it, though you throw your-

Into as many dangers as she offers,  
 Though you redeem her lost name every day,  
 And find her out new honours with your  
 sword,

You shall but be her mirth, as I have been.

*Wel.* I ask you mercy, Sir; you have ta'en  
 my edge off:

Yet I would fain be even with this lady.

*El. Lo.* In which I'll be your helper. We  
 are two,

And they are two; two sisters, rich alike,  
 Only the elder has the prouder dowry.

In troth, I pity this disgrace in you,  
 Yet of mine own I am senseless: Do but  
 Follow my counsel, and I'll pawn my spirit,  
 We'll over-reach 'em yet. The means is  
 this—

*Enter servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, there's a gentlewoman will needs  
 speak with you:

I cannot keep her out; she's enter'd, Sir.

*El. Lo.* It is the waiting-woman: Pray be  
 not seen. [your ear;

Sirrah, hold her in discourse awhile. Hark in  
 Go and dispatch it quickly. When I come in,  
 I'll tell you all the project.

*Wel.* I care not which I have. [Exit Wel.

*El. Lo.* Away; 'tis done; she must not  
 see you.

Now, lady Guiniver, what news with you?

*Enter Abigail.*

*Abig.* Pray, leave these frumps, Sir, and re-  
 ceive this letter.

*El. Lo.* From whom, good Vanity? [soul,

*Abig.* 'Tis from my lady, Sir: Alas, good  
 She cries and takes on!

*El. Lo.* Does she so, good soul? [you

Would she not have a cawdle? Does she send  
 With your fine oratory, goodly Tully,

To tie me to belief again? Bring out the cat-  
 hounds! [my tiller

I'll make you take a tree, whore; then with  
 Bring down your gibship;<sup>56</sup> and then have  
 And hung up in the warren. [you cas'd,

*Abig.* I am no beast, Sir; 'would you knew  
 it. [doubtful.

*El. Lo.* 'Would I did, for I am yet very  
 What will you say now?

*Abig.* Nothing, not I.

*El. Lo.* Art thou a woman, and say no-  
 thing? [deration.

*Abig.* Unless you'll hear me with more mo-  
 I can speak wise enough. [love me?

*El. Lo.* And loud enough? Will your lady

*Abig.* It seems so by her letter, and her la-  
 But you are such another man. [mentations;

<sup>56</sup> Then with my tiller bring down your gibship, and then have you cast, &c.] I have  
 already explained the word *tiller* in the 14th note upon Philaster. Cast, Mr. Sympon has  
 ingeniously reform'd to *cased*; i. e. *fenc'd*, and hung up. Mr. Theobald.

We know not how old Mr. Sympon was when he made this ingenious reformation—  
 which we find in some of the old quarto's, considerably more than an hundred years before  
 that gentleman's *ingenuity* was discovered.

*El. Lo.* Not such another as I was, trumps;  
Nor will not be. I'll read her fine epistle.  
Ha, ha, ha! Is not thy mistress mad?

*Abig.* For you she will be; 'tis a shame  
you should

Use a poor gentlewoman so untowardly;  
She loves the ground you tread on; and you,  
hard heart,

Because she jests with you, mean to kill her.  
Tis a fine conquest, as they say.

*El. Lo.* Hast thou so much moisture in  
thy whit-leather hide yet, that thou canst  
cry? I would have sworn thou hadst been  
touchwood five years since. Nay, let it rain;  
thy face chaps for a shower, like a dry dung-  
hill.

*Abig.* I'll not endure this ribaldry. Fare-  
well, 'th' Devil's name! If my lady die, I'll  
be sworn before a jury, thou art the cause on't.

*El. Lo.* Do, maikin, do. Deliver to your  
lady from me this: I mean to see her, if I  
have no other business; which before I will  
want, to come to her, I mean to go seek  
birds' nests. Yet I may come too:  
But if I come,

From this door till I see her, will I think  
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,  
And make her cry so much, that the physician,  
If she fall sick upon it, shall want urine  
To find the cause by, and she remediless  
Die in her heresy. Farewell, old adage!  
I hope to see the boys make potguns of thee.

*Abig.* Thou'rt a vile man. God bless my  
issue from thee. [thy left crupper,

*El. Lo.* Thou hast but one, and that's in  
That makes thee hobble so. You must be  
ground [else.

F' th' breech like a top; you'll ne'er spin well  
Farewell, fytchock! [Exeunt.

*Enter Lady alone.*

*Lady.* Is it not strange that every woman's  
will

Should track out new ways to disturb herself?  
If I should call my reason to account,

It cannot answer why I keep myself  
From mine own wish, and stop the man I love

From his; and every hour repent again,  
Yet still go on. I know 'tis like a man [dull,

That wants his natural sleep, and, growing  
Would gladly give the remnant of his life

For two hours rest; yet, through his frow-  
ardness,

Will rather chuse to watch another man,  
Drowsy as he, than take his own repose.

All this I know; yet a strange peevishness  
And anger, not to have the power to do

Things unexpected, carries me away  
To mine own ruin!

I'd rather die, sometimes, than not disgrace  
In public, him whom people think I love,

And do't with oaths, and am in earnest then.  
Oh, what are we! Men, you must answer this,

That dare obey such things as we command.  
How now? what news?

*Enter Abigail.*

*Abig.* Faith, madam, none worth hearing.

*Lady.* Is he not come?

*Abig.* No, truly.

*Lady.* Nor has he writ?

*Abig.* Neither. I pray God you have not  
undone yourself.

*Lady.* Why, but what says he?

*Abig.* Faith, he talks strangely.

*Lady.* How strangely? [tremely.

*Abig.* First, at your letter he laugh'd ex-

*Lady.* What, in contempt?

*Abig.* He laugh'd monstrous loud, as he  
would die; and when you wrote it, I think,  
you were in no such merry mood, to provoke  
him that way: And having done, he cried,  
'Alas for her,' and violently laugh'd again.

*Lady.* Did he?

*Abig.* Yes; till I was angry.

*Lady.* Angry, why?

Why wert thou angry? He did do but well;  
I did deserve it; he had been a fool,

An unfit man for any one to love, [angry!  
Had he not laugh'd thus at me. You were

That shew'd your folly; I shall love him more  
For that, than all that e'er he did before.

But said he nothing else?

*Abig.* Many uncertain things. He said,  
though you had mock'd him, because you  
were a woman, he could wish to do you so  
much favour as to see you: Yet, he said, he  
knew you rash, and was loth to offend you  
with the sight of one, whom now he was  
bound not to leave.

*Lady.* What one was that?

*Abig.* I know not, but truly I do fear  
there is a making up there; for I heard the  
servants, as I past by some, whisper such a  
thing: And as I came back through the hall,  
there were two or three clerks writing great  
conveyances in haste, which, they said, were  
for their mistress's jointure.

*Lady.* 'Tis very like, and fit it should be so;  
For he does think, and reasonably think,  
That I should keep him, with my idle tricks,  
For ever ere he be married.

*Abig.* At last he said, it should go hard but  
he would see you, for your satisfaction.

*Lady.* All we, that are call'd women, know  
as well

As men, it were a far more noble thing  
To grace where we are grac'd, and give respect  
There, where we are respected: Yet we practise  
A wilder course, and never bend our eyes  
On men with pleasure, till they find the way  
To give us a neglect; then we, too late,  
Perceive the loss of what we might have had,  
And dote to death.

*Enter Martha.*

*Mar.* Sister, yonder's your servant, with a  
gentlewoman with him.

*Lady.* Where?

*Mar.* Close at the door.

T

*Lady.* Alas, I am undone! I fear, he is be-  
troth'd.

What kind of woman is she? [mask on?

*Mar.* A most ill-favoured one, with her  
And how her face should mend the rest, I  
know not. [stuff

*Lady.* But yet her mind was of a milder  
Than mine was.

*Enter Elder Lovelless, and Welford in wo-  
man's apparel.*

Now I see him, if my heart  
Swell not again (away, thou woman's pride!)  
So that I cannot speak a gentle word to him,  
Let me not live.

*El. Lo.* By your leave here. [you hither?

*Lady.* How now! what new trick invites  
Have you a fine device again? [have now.

*El. La.* Faith, this is the finest device I  
How dost thou, sweetheart?

*Wel.* Why, very well,  
So long as I may please you, my dear lover.  
I nor can, nor will be ill when you are well,  
Well when you are ill. [I have giv'n,

*El. Lo.* Oh, thy sweet temper! What would  
That lady had been like thee? See'st thou her?  
That face, my love, join'd with thy humble  
Had made a wench indeed! [mind,

*Wel.* Alas, my love, [mend!  
What God hath done I dare not think to  
I use no paint, nor any drugs of art;  
My hands and face will shew it.

*Lady.* Why, what thing have you brought  
to shew us there?

Do you take money for it?

*El. Lo.* A godlike thing,  
Not to be bought for money; 'tis my mistress,  
In whom there is no passion, nor no scorn;  
What I will is her law. Pray you, salute her.

*Lady.* Salute her? by this good light, I  
would not kiss her

For half my wealth.

*El. Lo.* Why, why, pray you?

You shall see me do't afore you: Look you.

*Lady.* Now fie upon thee! a beast would  
not have don't. [kingdom.

I would not kiss thee of a month, to gain a

*El. Lo.* Marry, you shall not be troubled.

*Lady.* Why, was there ever such a Meg as  
Sure thou art mad. [this?

*El. Lo.* I was mad once, when I lov'd pic-  
tures; [tures?

For what are shape and colours else, but pic-  
In that tawny hide there lies an endless mass  
Of virtues, when all your red and white ones  
want it. [is't not?

*Lady.* And this is she you are to marry,

*El. Lo.* Yes, indeed, is't.

*Lady.* God give you joy!

*El. Lo.* Amen. [good wish.

*Wel.* I thank you, as unknown, for your  
The like to you whenever you shall wed.

*El. Lo.* Oh, gentle spirit!

*Lady.* You thank me? I pray,  
Keep your breath nearer you; I do not like it.

*Wel.* I would not willingly offend at all;  
Much less a lady of your worthy parts.

*El. Lo.* Sweet, sweet! [nature

*Lady.* I do not think this woman can be  
Be thus, thus ugly: Sure, she's some common  
Deform'd with exercise of sin. [strumpet,

*Wel.* Oh, Sir,  
Believe not this; for Heav'n so comfort me,  
As I am free from foul pollution  
With any man; my honour ta'en away,  
I am no woman.

*El. Lo.* Arise, my dearest soul;  
I do not credit it. Alas, I fear [proach!  
Her tender heart will break with this re-  
fie, that you know no more civility

To a weak virgin. 'Tis no matter, sweet;  
Let her say what she will, thou art not worse  
To me, and therefore not at all; be careless.

*Wel.* For all things else I would; but for  
Methinks— [mine honour,

*El. Lo.* Alas, thine honour is not stain'd.  
Is this the business that you sent for me  
About?

*Mar.* Faith, sister, you are much to blame,  
To use a woman, whatsoe'er she be, [ther.  
Thus. I'll salute her: You are welcome hi-

*Wel.* I humbly thank you.

*El. Lo.* Mild yet as the dove,  
For all these injuries. Come, shall we go?  
I love thee not so ill to keep thee here,  
A jesting stock. Adieu. To the world's end!

*Lady.* Why, whither now?

*El. Lo.* Nay, you shall never know,  
Because you shall not find me.

*Lady.* I pray, let me speak with you.

*El. Lo.* 'Tis very well. Come.

*Lady.* I pray you, let me speak with you.

*El. Lo.* Yes, for another mock.

*Lady.* By Heav'n, I have no mocks. Good  
Sir, a word.

*El. Lo.* Though you deserve not so much  
at my hands, yet, if you be in such earnest,  
I'll speak a word with you; but, I beseech  
you, be brief; for, in good faith, there's a  
parson and a licence stay for us i' th' church  
all this while; and, you know, 'tis night.

*Lady.* Sir, give me hearing patiently, and  
whatsoe'er

I've heretofore spoke jestingly, forget:  
For, as I hope for mercy any where,  
What I shall utter now is from my heart,  
And as I mean.

*El. Lo.* Well, well, what do you mean?

*Lady.* Was not I once your mistress, and  
you my servant?

*El. Lo.* Oh, 'tis about the old matter.

*Lady.* Nay, good Sir, stay me out: I would  
but hear you excuse yourself, why you should  
take this woman, and leave me.

*El. Lo.* Prithee, why not? deserves she not  
as much as you?

*Lady.* I think not, if you will look with  
an indifferency upon us both.

*El. Lo.* Upon your faces, 'tis true: But if  
judicially we shall cast our eyes upon your

minds, you are a thousand women off of her in worth.<sup>57</sup> She cannot swoon in jest, nor set her lover tasks, to shew her peevishness and his affection; nor cross what he says, though it be canonical. She's a good plain wench, that will do as I will have her, and bring me lusty boys, to throw the sledge, and lift at pigs of lead. And, for a wife, she's far beyond you: What can you do in a household to provide for your issue, but lie in bed and get 'em? Your business is to dress you, and at idle hours to eat; when she can do a thousand profitable things: She can do pretty well in the pastry, and knows how pullen should be cram'd; she cuts cambric at a thread, weaves bone-lace, and quilts balls admirably. And what are you good for?

*Lady.* Admit it true, that she were far beyond me in all respects, does that give you a licence to forswear yourself?

*El. Lo.* Forswear myself, how?

*Lady.* Perhaps you have forgot the innumerable oaths you have utter'd, in disclaiming all for wives but me: I'll not remember you. God give you joy!

*El. Lo.* Nay, but conceive me, the intent of oaths is ever understood. Admit, I should protest to such a friend, to see him at his lodgings to-morrow; divines would never hold me perjur'd, if I were struck blind, or he hid where my diligent search could not find him; so there were no cross act of mine own in't. Can it be imagin'd I mean to force you to marriage, and to have you whether you will or no?

*Lady.* Alas, you need not: I make already tender of myself, and then you are forsworn.

*El. Lo.* Some sin, I see, indeed, must necessarily fall upon me; as whosoever deals with women shall never utterly avoid it. Yet I would choose the least ill; which is to forsake you, that have done me all the abuses of a malignant woman, condemn'd my service, and would have held me prating about marriage, till I'd been past getting of children. Rather than her that hath forsok her family, And put her tender body in my hand.

Upon my word—

*Lady.* Which of us swore you first to?

*El. Lo.* Why, to you.

*Lady.* Which oath is to be kept then? [me,

*El. Lo.* I prithee do not urge my sins unto Without I could amend 'em.

*Lady.* Why, you may, by wedding me.

*El. Lo.* How will that satisfy my word to

*Lady.* It is not to be kept, [her?] And needs no satisfaction: It is an error, Fit for repentance only.

*El. Lo.* Shall I live

To wrong that tender-hearted virgin so?

It may not be!

*Lady.* Why may it not be?

*El. Lo.* I swear I had rather marry thee But yet mine honesty— [than her;

*Lady.* What honesty? [light, 'Tis more preserv'd this way. Come, by this

Servant, thou shalt! I'll kiss thee on't.

*El. Lo.* This kiss,

Indeed, is sweet! Pray God, no sin lie under it!

*Lady.* There is no sin at all; try but another.

*Wel.* Oh, my heart!

*Mar.* Help, sister; this lady swoons!

*El. Lo.* How do you?

*Wel.* Why, very well, if you be so.

*El. Lo.* Since a quiet mind lives not in any woman, I shall do a most ungodly thing. Hear me one word more; which, by all my hopes, I will not alter. I did make an oath, when you delay'd me so, that this very night I would be married: Now if you will go without delay, suddenly, as late as it is, With your own minister, to your own chapel, I'll wed you, and to-bed.

*Lady.* A match, dear servant. [I care not:

*El. Lo.* For if you should forsake me now,

She would not though, for all her injuries;

Such is her spirit. If I be not asham'd

To kiss her now I part, may I not live!

*Wel.* I see: you go, as slyly as you think

To steal away; yet I will pray for you:

All blessings of the world light on you two,

That you may live to be an aged pair!

All curses on me, if I do not speak

What I do wish, indeed!

*El. Lo.* If I can speak

To purpose to her, I'm a villain.

*Lady.* Servant, away! [man?

*Mar.* Sister, will you marry that inconstant

Think you, he will not cast you off to-morrow?

To wrong a lady thus! Look'd she like dirt,

'Twas basely done. May you ne'er prosper

*Wel.* Now God forbid! [with him:]

Alas, I was unworthy; so I told him.

*Mar.* That was your modesty: Too good for him!

I would not see your wedding, for a world.

*Lady.* Choose, choose! Come, Younglove.

[*Exeunt Lady, El. Love, and Abig.*

*Mar.* Dry up your eyes, forsooth; you shall

not think

We are all uncivil, all such beasts as these.

Would I knew how to give you a revenge!

*Wel.* So would not I: No, let me suffer

That I desire. [truly;

*Mar.* Pray walk in with me;

'Tis very late, and you shall stay all night:

Your bed shall be no worse than mine. I wish

I could but do you right.

*Wel.* My humble thanks:

God grant I may but live to quit your love!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Young Loveless and Savil.*

*Yo. Lo.* Did your master send for me, Savil?

<sup>57</sup> You are a thousand women off of her in worth.] From the similarity of the words off and of, the copyists, we apprehend, have lost one of them; which we have restored.

Sav. Yes, he did send for your worship, Sir.

Yo. Lo. Do you know the business?

Sav. Alas, Sir, I know nothing;

Nor am employ'd beyond my hours of eating.  
My dancing days are done, Sir.

Yo. Lo. What art thou now, then?

Sav. If you consider me in little, I am, with your worship's reverence, Sir, a rascal: One, that upon the next anger of your brother, must raise a scone by the highway, and sell switches. My wife is learning now, Sir, to weave inkle.

Yo. Lo. What dost thou mean to do with thy children, Savil?

Sav. My eldest boy is half a rogue already: He was born bursten; and, your worship knows,

That is a pretty step to mens' compassions.

My youngest boy I purpose, Sir, to bind For ten years to a gaoler, to draw under him, That he may shew us mercy in his function.

Yo. Lo. Your family is quarter'd with discretion.

You are resolved to cant, then? Where, Savil, Shall your scene lie?

Sav. Beggars must be no choosers:

In every place, I take it, but the stocks.

Yo. Lo. This is your drinking and your whoring, Savil:

I told you of it; but your heart was harden'd.

Sav. 'Tis true, you were the first that told me of it, indeed.

I do remember yet in tears, you told me, [Sir, You would have whores; and in that passion, You broke out thus: Thou miserable man, Repent, and brew three strikes more in a hog'shead:

'Tis noon ere we be drunk now, and the time Can tarry for no man. [I see,

Yo. Lo. You're grown a bitter gentleman. Misery can clear your head better than mustard. I'll be a suitor for your keys again, Sir. [Sir?

Sav. Will you but be so gracious to me, I shall be bound—

Yo. Lo. You shall, Sir,

To your bunch again; or I'll miss foully.

*Enter Morecraft.*

Mor. Save you, gentleman, save you!

Yo. Lo. Now, polcat, what young rabbit's nest have you to draw?

Mor. Come, prithee be familiar, knight.

Yo. Lo. Away, fox! I'll send for terriers for you. [company.

Mor. Thou art wide yet: I'll keep thee

Yo. Lo. I am about some business, Indentures!

If you follow me, I'll beat you; take heed!

As I live I'll cancel your coxcomb. [usurer.

Mor. Thou art cozen'd now; I am no What poor fellow's this?

Sav. I am poor indeed, Sir.

Mor. Give him money, knight.

Yo. Lo. Do you begin the offering. [for thee.

Mor. There, poor fellow; here's an angel

Yo. Lo. Art thou in earnest, Morecraft.

Mor. Yes, faith, knight. I'll follow thy example: [spent'st,

Thou hadst land and thousands,<sup>58</sup> which thou And flung'st away, and yet it flows in double.

I purchas'd, wrung, and wiredraw'd, for my wealth, [vow,

Lost, and was cozen'd: For which I make a To try all ways above ground, but I'll find

A constant means to riches without curses.

Yo. Lo. I am glad of your conversion, master Morecraft:

You're in a fair course; pray pursue it still.

Mor. Come, we are all gallants now; I'll keep thee company. Here, honest fellow, for this gentleman's sake, there's two angels more for thee.

Sav. God quit you, Sir, and keep you long in this mind!

Yo. Lo. Wilt thou persevere?

Mor. Till I have a penny.

I have brave cloaths a-making, and two horses: Canst thou not help me to a match, knight?

I'll lay a thousand pound upon my Crop-ear.

Yo. Lo. 'Foot, this is stranger than an Afriek monster!

There will be no more talk of the Cleave wars While this lasts. Come, I'll put thee into blood.

Sav. 'Would all his damn'd tribe were as tender-hearted! I beseech you let this gentleman join with you in the recovery of my keys: I like his good beginning, Sir; the whilst, I'll pray for both your worships.

Yo. Lo. He shall, Sir.

Mor. Shall we go, noble knight? I would fain be acquainted.

Yo. Lo. I'll be your servant, Sir. [Exeunt.

*Enter Elder Loveless and Lady.*

El. Lo. 'Faith, my sweet Lady, I have caught you now,

Maugre your subtilties, and fine devices. Be coy again now.

Lady. Prithee, sweetheart, tell true.

El. Lo. By this light,

By all the pleasures I have had this night, By your lost maidenhead, you are cozen'd merely; [woman

I have cast beyond your wit: That gentleman Is your retainer Welford.<sup>59</sup>

<sup>58</sup> *Thou hadst land and thousands, thou spent'st, &c.*] We have added the word *which* here, it being requisite to both sense and verse.

<sup>59</sup> *That gentleman is your retainer Welford.*] I think the poets certainly wrote *gentlewoman*, i.e. that seeming gentlewoman; for Welford was now in woman's habit. And so, again, in the subsequent page, *Now you may see the gentlewoman: Stand close.*

*Lady.* It cannot be so. [mistake.]

*El. Lo.* Your sister has found it so, or I Mark how she blushes when you see her next. Ha, ha, ha! I shall not travel now. Ha,

*Lady.* Prithce, sweetheart, [ha, ha! Be quiet; thou hast anger'd me at heart.]

*El. Lo.* I'll please you soon again.

*Lady.* Welford?

*El. Lo.* Ay, Welford. He's a young handsome fellow; well-bred, and landed: Your sister can instruct you in his good parts, better than I, by this time.

*Lady.* Ud's foot, am I fetch'd over thus?

*El. Lo.* Yes, i' faith;

And over shall be fetch'd again, never fear it.

*Lady.* I must be patient, though it torture You have got the sun, Sir [me!]

*El. Lo.* And the moon too; in which I'll be the man. [mis'd it,

*Lady.* But had I known this, had I but sur- You should have hunted three trains more, You had come to th' course; [before You should have hank'd o'th' bridle, Sir, i' faith. [so blew you up.

*El. Lo.* I knew it, and min'd with you, and Now you may see the gentlewoman: Stand close.

*Enter Welford and Martha.*

*Mar.* For God's sake, Sir, be private in this business; [have I done?

You have undone me else. Ohi, God, what

*Wel.* No harm, I warrant thee. [again?

*Mar.* How shall I look upon my friends With what face?

*Wel.* Why e'en with that; 'tis a good one, thou canst not find a better. Look upon all the faces thou shalt see there, and you shall find 'em smooth still, fair still, sweet still, and, to your thinking, honest; those have done as much as you have yet, or darn do, mistress; and yet they keep no stir.

*Mar.* Good Sir, go in, and put your woman's cloaths on:

If you be seen thus, I am lost for ever.

*Wel.* I'll watch you for that, mistress: I am no fool.

Here will I tarry till the house be up,

And witness with me.

*Mar.* Good dear friend, go in.

*Wel.* To-bed again, if you please; else I am fix'd here till there be notice taken what I am, and what I have done. If you could juggle me into my womanhood again, and so cog me out of your company, all this would

be forsworn, and I again an asinego, as your sister left me. No; I'll have it known and publish'd: Then, if you'll be a whore, forsake me, and be asham'd; and, when you can hold out no longer, marry some cast Cleve captain, and sell bottle-ale.

*Mar.* I dare not stay, Sir; use me modestly; I am your wife.

*Wel.* Go in; I'll make up all. [truth, Sir. *El. Lo.* I'll be a witness of your naked This is the gentlewoman; prithce look upon him: [sweet:

This is he that made me break my faith, But thank your sister, she hath soldier'd it.

*Lady.* What a dull ass was I, I could not see This weneher from a wench! Twenty to one, If I had been but tender, like my sister, He had serv'd me such a slippery triek too.

*Wel.* Twenty to one I had.

*El. Lo.* I would have watch'd you, Sir, by your good patience, For ferreting in my ground.

*Lady.* You have been with my sister?

*Wel.* Yes; to bring—

*El. Lo.* An heir into the world, he means.

*Lady.* There is no chafing now.

*Wel.* I have had my part o'it: [least; I have been chaf't this three hours, that's the I am reasonable cool now.

*Lady.* Cannot you fare well, but you must cry roastmeat? [the founders,

*Wel.* He that fares well, and will not bless Is either surfeited, or ill taught, *Lady.* [diet, For mine own part, I have found so sweet a I can commend it, though I cannot spare it.

*El. Lo.* How like you this dish, Welford? I made a supper on't,

And fed so heartily I could not sleep.

*Lady.* By this light, had I but scented out your train, you had slept with a bare pillow in your arms; and kiss'd that, or else the bed-post, for any wife you had got this twelvemonth yet. I would have vex'd you more than a tir'd post-horse; and been longer bearing, than ever after-game at Irish was. Lord, that I were unmarried again!

*El. Lo.* Lady, I would not undertake you, were you again a haggard,<sup>60</sup> for the best cast of ladies i' th' kingdom: You were ever tickle-footed, and would not truss round.

*Wel.* Is she fast?

*El. Lo.* She was all night lock'd here, boy.

*Wel.* Then you may lure her, without fear of losing:<sup>61</sup> Take off her creyance. You have a delicate gentlewoman to your sister: Lord,

<sup>60</sup> Haggard.] This is a term relative to a diversion, in our Authors' time much attended to, but now lost; viz. hawking. A haggard hawk is a wild hawk, a hawk unreclaimed, or irreclaimable.

R.

<sup>61</sup> Then you may lure her without fear of losing: Take off her creyance.] A lure, in falconry, is a machine composed of feathers and leather; which by being cast up into the air, seems in its motion to look like a fowl. Upon this, a young hawk is train'd up to be fed, has a live dove given her; and therefore forsakes not the lure. The creyance is a fine small long line of strong, and even twined packthread, which is fastened to the hawk's leash before she is reclaim'd, or fully tamed.

*Mr. Theobald.*

what a pretty fury she was in, when she perceiv'd I was a man! But, I thank God, I satisfied her scruple, without the parson o' th' town.

*El. Lo.* What did ye?

*Wel.* Madam, can you tell what we did?

*El. Lo.* She has a shrewd guess at it; I see it by her. [large gentlewoman,

*Lady.* Well, you may mock us: but, my My Mary Ambrée,<sup>62</sup> had I but seen into you, You should have had another bedfellow, Fitter a great deal for your itch. [well.

*Wel.* I thank you, lady; methought it was You are so curious!

*Enter Young Loveless, his lady, Morecraft, Savil, and two servingmen.*

*El. Lo.* Get on your doublet; here comes my brother. [to your lady]

*Yo. Lo.* Good-morrow, brother; and all good

*Mor.* God save you, and good-morrow to you all! [ther of yours.

*El. Lo.* Good-morrow. Here's a poor bro-

*Lady.* Fie, how this shames me.

*Mor.* Prithce, good fellow, help me to a

*Ser.* I will, Sir. [cup of beer.

*Yo. Lo.* Brother, what make you here? Will this lady do?

Will she? Is she not nettled still?

*El. Lo.* No, I have cur'd her.

*Mr. Welford,* pray know this gentleman; he's my brother.

*Wel.* Sir, I shall long to love him.

*Yo. Lo.* I shall not be your debtor, Sir.

But how is't with you? [married.

*El. Lo.* As well as may be, man: I am Your new acquaintance hath her sister; and all's well. [lady sister,

*Yo. Lo.* I am glad on't. Now, my pretty How do you find my brother?

*Lady.* Almost as wild as you are.

*Yo. Lo.* He'll make the better husband: You have tried him?

*Lady.* Against my will, Sir.

*Yo. Lo.* He'll make your will amends soon, do not doubt it.

But, Sir, I must intreat you to be better known To this converted Jew here.

*Ser.* Here's beer for you, Sir.

*Mor.* And here's for you an angel.

Pray buy no land; 'twill never prosper, Sir.

*El. Lo.* How's this? [turn'd gallant.

*Yo. Lo.* Bless you, and then I'll tell. He's

*El. Lo.* Gallant? [ting Morecraft:

*Yo. Lo.* Av, gallant, and is now call'd Cut-

The reason I'll inform you at more leisure.

*Wel.* Oh, good Sir, let me know him presently.

*Yo. Lo.* You shall hug one another.

*Mor.* Sir, I must keep you company.

*El. Lo.* And reason.

*Yo. Lo.* Cutting Morecraft, faces about;<sup>63</sup>

I must present another. [em.

*Mor.* As many as you will, Sir; I am for

*Wel.* Sir, I shall do you service.

*Mor.* I shall look for't, in good faith, Sir.

*El. Lo.* Prithce, good sweetheart, kiss him.

*Lady.* Who? that fellow? [me?

*Sav.* Sir, will it please you to remember

My keys, good Sir!

*Yo. Lo.* I'll do it presently. [sport sake.

*El. Lo.* Come, thou shalt kiss him for our

*Lady.* Let him come on then; and, do

you hear, do not instruct me in these tricks,

for you may repent it. [craft,

*El. Lo.* That at my peril. Lusty Mr. More-

Here is a lady would salute you.

*Mor.* She shall not lose her longing, Sir.

*El. Lo.* My wife, Sir. [What is she?

*Mor.* She must be, then, my mistress.

*Lady.* Must I, Sir?

*El. Lo.* Oh, yes, you must. [paw

*Mor.* And you must take this ring, a poor

Of some fifty pound. [price.

*El. Lo.* Take it, by any means; 'tis lawful

*Lady.* Sir, I shall call you servant. [that?

*Mor.* I shall be proud on't. What fellow's

*Yo. Lo.* My lady's coachman.

*Mor.* There's something, my friend, for

you to buy whips;

And for you, Sir; and you, Sir.

*El. Lo.* Under a miracle, this is the strangest

I ever heard of. [shall we do?

*Mor.* What, shall we play, or drink? What

Who will hunt with me for a hundred pounds?

*Wel.* Stranger and stranger!

Sir, you shall find sport after a day or two.

*Yo. Lo.* Sir, I have a suit unto you,

Concerning your old servant Savil.

*El. Lo.* Oh, for his keys, I know it.

<sup>62</sup> *My Mary Ambrée.*] This was a virago who went a volunteering in men's cloaths in the reign of queen Elizabeth. She was celebrated in a ballad which Dr. Percy has printed at large in his *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, Vol. II. The time when she performed this exploit appears to have been about the year 1584; when the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See *Stow's Annals*, 711. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicæne*, act iv. scene ii.; his *Tale of a Tub*, act i. scene iv.; and his masque entitled the *Fortunate Isles*.

<sup>63</sup> *Cutting Morecraft? faces about.*] These words are of the same import with our modern phrase, which, by dropping of a letter, is corrupted to *face about*. We meet with the same expression again in the Knight of the Burning Pestle, where Ralph is exercising his men; *Double your files as you were; faces about*; act v. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Wellbred says, *Good captain, faces about—to some other discourse*; act iii. scene i. R



Sar. Now, Sir, strike in.

Mor. Sir, I must have you grant me. [again :

El. Lo. 'Tis done, Sir. Take your keys  
But hark you, Savil; leave off the motions  
Of the flesh, and be honest, or else you shall  
I'll try you once more. [graze again :

Sar. If ever I be taken drunk, or whoring,  
Take off the biggest key i'th' bunch, and open  
My head with it, Sir. I humbly thank your  
worships. [liday.

El. Lo. Nay, then, I see we must keep ho-

*Enter Roger and Aligail.*

Here's the last couple in hell.

Rog. Joy be among you all!

Lady. Why, how now, Sir, what's the  
meaning of this emblem?

Rog. Marriage, an't like your worship.

Lady. Are you married? [madam.

Rog. As well as the next priest could do it,

El. Lo. I think the sign's in Gemini, here's  
such coupling.

Wel. Sir Roger, what will you take to lie  
from your sweetheart to-night?

Rog. Not the best benefice in your worship's  
gift, Sir?

Wel. A whorson, how he swells! [Roger?

Yo. Lo. How many times to-night, Sir

Rog. Sir, you grow scurrilous.

What I shall do, I shall do: I shall not need  
your help.

Yo. Lo. For horse-flesh, Roger. [day

El. Lo. Come, prithee be not angry; 'tis a  
Given wholly to our mirth. [bride,

Lady. It shall be so, Sir. Sir Roger and his  
We shall intreat to be at our charge.

El. Lo. Welford, get you to the church:

By this light, [married.

You shall not lie with her again, till y' are  
Wel. I am gone.

Mor. To every bride I dedicate, this day,  
Six healths a piece; and, it shall go hard,

But every one a jewel. Come, be mad, boys!

El. Lo. Thou art in a good beginning. Come,

who leads? [the way.

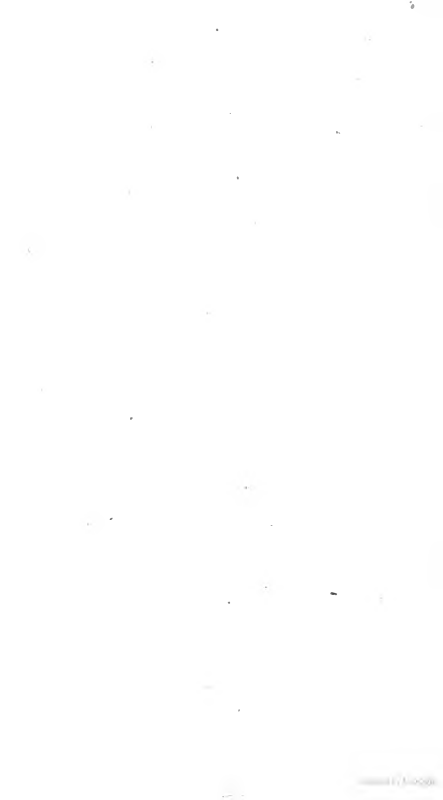
Sir Roger, you shall have the van, and lead  
'Would every dogged wench had such a day!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

'THE sudden conversion of Morecraft, says Mr. Theobald, from a griping usurer to a down-  
right gallant, is quite extravagant and out of the rules and practice of the stage: Especially,  
'as there is no shadow of reason for it; unless he may be said to look upon the loss he had  
'sustained from Young Loveless to be a scourge and judgment upon him for his former  
'rapaciousness.'

If Mr. Theobald, by 'out of the rules and practice of the stage' means, that there is no  
similar circumstance to be met with, his objection is trifling, his assertion erroneous. *Trifling*,  
because, on such principle, the most pleasing ingredient in dramatic entertainment, *Originality*,  
must be precluded the theatre; *erroneous*, because Terence exhibits the same change in  
the character of Demea, in his *Adelphi*. Mr. Theobald asserts too, 'that there is no shadow  
'of reason for the alteration, unless it be the loss he had sustained by Young Loveless.' More-  
craft himself assigns a much better; one, indeed, which may go far in persuading us, that his  
disposition is *not altered*, and that he only affects profusion, in hope of gaining more by that  
than by over-reaching and scraping: 'Thou, says he to Young Loveless, wast rich; thou  
'flung'st away; and yet wealth flows in double: I wrung and wire-draw'd; lost, and was  
'cozen'd: On which account, I mean to follow thy example.' Goodnature, by laying much  
stress on this passage, may think the character consistent: But, after all that can be urged for  
or against, the plain question being asked, 'Whether such an alteration, either in sentiment  
'or policy, is consonant to Nature, the grand arbitress of propriety?' the reply must certainly  
be in the negative. And it is pity a Comedy, so replete with wit, character, and conduct,  
should have so striking a blemish.

Donatus remarks, that Terence 'shews, how awkwardly a man of an opposite disposition  
'endeavours to be complaisant; and, that a miser, meaning to be generous, runs into profu-  
'sion.' We think our Authors do not fall short of Terence in this picture; since what Mr.  
Colman says of Demea may, with equal propriety, be applied to Morecraft; 'That his com-  
'plaisance, gaiety, and liberality, are assumed; and that his awkwardness, in affecting those  
'qualities, is truly comic.'



# THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.<sup>1</sup>

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lovelace speak singly of Fletcher, as Author of this Play; other writers speak of Beaumont as sharer in it. It was first printed in 1647, when ten of the then principal performers collected into a folio volume thirty-five dramatic pieces of our Poets, which had never before been published. Colley Cibber has founded his comedy of *Love Makes a Man*, or the *Fop's Fortune*, on this play and the *Elder Brother* of our Authors.

## THE PROLOGUE.

So free this work is, gentlemen, from offence,  
That, we are confident, it needs no defence  
From us, or from the Poets. We dare look  
On any man, that brings his table-book  
To write down what again he may repeat  
At some great table, to deserve his meat.  
Let such come swell'd with malice, to apply  
What is mirth here, there for an injury.  
Nor lord, nor lady, we have tax'd; nor state,  
Nor any private person; their poor hate

Will be starv'd here; for envy shall not find  
One touch that may be wrested to her mind.  
And yet despair not, gentlemen; the play  
Is quick and witty; so the Poets say,  
And we believe them; the plot neat and new;  
Fashion'd like those that are approv'd by you:  
Only 'twill crave attention in the most;  
Because, one point unmark'd, the whole is lost.  
Hear first then, and judge after, and be free;  
And, as our cause is, let our censure be.

## ANOTHER PROLOGUE.

We wish, if it were possible, you knew  
What we would give for this night's luck, if  
new.

It being our ambition to delight  
Our kind spectators with what's good and right.  
Yet so far know, and credit me, 'twas made  
By such as were held workmen in their trade;  
At a time too, when they, as I divine,  
Were truly merry, and drank lusty wine,  
The nectar of the muses. Some are here,  
I dare presume, to whom it did appear

A well-drawn piece, which gave a lawful birth  
To passionate scenes, mix'd with no vulgar  
mirth.

But unto such to whom 'tis known by fame  
From others, perhaps, only by the name,  
I am a suitor, that they would prepare  
Sound palates, and then judge their bill of fare.  
It were injustice to deery this now,  
For being lik'd before: You may allow [schools,  
(Your candour safe) what's taught in the old  
'All such as liv'd before you were not fools.'

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### MEN.

COUNT CLODIO, { governor, and a disho-  
nourable pursuer of Ze-  
nocia.  
MANUEL DU SOSA, { governor of Lisbon,  
and brother to Guiomar.  
ARNOLDO, { a gentleman contracted to Ze-  
nocia.  
RUTILIO, { a merry gentleman, brother to  
Arnoldo.  
CHARINO, father to Zenocia.  
DUARTE, { son to Guiomar; a gentleman  
well qualified, but vainglorious.

ALONZO, { a young Portugal gentleman, ene-  
my to Duarte.  
LEOPOLD, { a sea-captain, enamour'd on  
Hippolyta.  
ZARULON, a Jew, servant to Hippolyta.  
JAKUES, servant to Sulpitia.

### WOMEN.

ZENOCIA, { mistress to Arnolde, and a  
chaste wife.  
GUIOMAR, a virtuous lady, mother to Duarte.  
HIPPOLYTA, { a rich lady, wantonly in love  
with Arnolde.  
SULPITIA, a bawd, mistress of the male-stews.

*Doctor, Chirurgcon, Officers, Guard, Page, Bravo, Knaves of the male-stews, Servants.*

*The SCENE, sometimes LISBON, sometimes ITALY.*

<sup>1</sup> The Custom, on which a main part of the plot of this comedy is built, prevailed at one time, as Mons. Bayle tells us, in Italy; till it was put down by a prudent and truly pious earl. L.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Rutilio and Arnolfo.*

*Rutilio.* WHY do you grieve thus still?

*Arn.* 'Twould melt a marble,  
And tame a savage man, to feel my fortune.

*Rut.* What fortune? I have liv'd this thirty  
years; [tunes,

And run through all these follies you call for-  
Yet never fix'd on any good and constant,

But what I made myself: Why should I  
At that I may mould any way? [grieve, then,

*Arn.* You are wide still.

*Rut.* You love a gentlewoman, a young  
handsome woman;

I have lov'd a thousand, not so few.

*Arn.* You are dispos'd— [calling,

*Rut.* You hope to marry her; 'tis a lawful  
And prettily esteem'd of; but take heed then,

Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune  
[friend to it.

Than e'er you felt yet: Fortune my foe's a

*Arn.* 'Tis true, I love, dearly and truly love,  
A noble, virtuous, and most beauteous maid;  
And am belov'd again.

*Rut.* That's too much o' conscience, [wits.  
To love all these, would run me out o' my

*Arn.* Prithee, give ear. I am to marry her.

*Rut.* Dispatch it, then, and I'll go call the  
piper. [country!

*Arn.* But, oh, the wicked custom of this  
The barbarous, most inhuman; damoed cus-  
tom! [human

*Rut.* 'Tis true,<sup>1</sup> to marry is the most in-  
Damo'd custom in the world: for, look you,

brother, [hearts,  
Would any man stand plucking for the ace of

With one pack of cards, all days on's life?

*Arn.* You do oot,

Or else you purpose not to, understand me.

*Rut.* Proceed; I will give ear.

*Arn.* They have a Custom

Lo this most beastly country—out upon't!

*Rut.* Let's hear it first.

dinal. It is likewise generally imagined to have obtained in Scotland for a long time; and the received opinion hath hitherto been, that Eugenius III. king of Scotland (who began his reign A. D. 535) ordained, that the lord, or master, should have the first night's lodging with every woman married to his tenant or bondman. This obscene ordinance is supposed to have been abrogated by Malcolm III. who began his reign A. D. 1061, about five years before the Norman conquest; having lasted in force somewhat above five hundred years. See Blount in his Dictionary of Law-Terms, under the word *Mercheta*. *Theobald.*

This account hath received the sanction of several eminent antiquarians; but a learned writer, Sir David Dalrymple, hath undertaken to contravert the fact, and deny the actual existence of the Custom. See Annals of Scotland. The excellent Commentator on the Laws of England is of opinion, this Custom never prevailed in England, though he supposes it certainly did in Scotland. *R.*

<sup>1</sup> Take heed, dear brother, of a stranger fortune

Than e'er you felt yet; Fortune my foe's a friend to it.]

i. e. Take heed of the consequences of marriage, the chance of cuckoldom. But still this passage must be obscure to the most attentive reader, who is not informed of this circumstance. 'Fortune my foe' was the beginning of an old ballad, in which were enumerated all the misfortunes that fall upon mankind through the caprice of Fortune. This ballad is again mentioned in our Authors' Knight of the Burning Pestle:

Old Mer. Sing, I say, or by the merry heart you come not in.

Merch. Well, Sir, I'll sing. Fortune my foe, &c.

And it is likewise mentioned in a comedy of more recent date, called the Rump, or Mirror of the times (by John Tatham, printed in 1660). A Frenchman is introduced at the bonfires made for the burning of the Rumps; and, catching hold of P. wills, Mrs. Lambert's waiting-woman, will oblige her to dance, and orders the music to play 'Fortune my foe.' *Theobald.*

<sup>2</sup> 'Tis true, to marry is a custom

*I the world; for, look you, brother.]* i. e. It is a custom to marry; for who would be such a fool as to marry? Besides the defect in the metre, this is flagrant nonsense. Nothing is more common in printing than to reprint the words of a foregoing line in a subsequent one; and when the same words are really to be repeated, the printer, by not attending to the sense, might naturally think it an error of the transcriber, and so omit them. This latter has undoubtedly happened in the place above, which therefore, I believe, I have restored, and the passage gains much humour by it. *Seward.*

There is certainly some defect in the text; and though, as Mr. Theobald observes, 'there is an uncommon liberty taken in this emendation,' yet we do not think a cure can be effected with less violence.

*Arn.* That when a maid's contracted,  
And ready for the tie o'th' church, the go-  
vernor, [maidenhead,  
He that commands in chief, must have her  
Or ransom it for money at his pleasure.

*Rut.* How might a man achieve that place?  
A rare Custom! [repeated?

An admirable rare Custom! And none ex-  
*Arn.* None, none. [about me,

*Rut.* The rarer still! How could I lay  
In this rare office! Are they born to it, or

*Arn.* Both equal damnable. [chosen?

*Rut.* Methinks both excellent:

'Would I were the next heir.

*Arn.* To this mad fortune

Am I now come; my marriage is proclaim'd,  
And nothing can redeem me from this mis-

*Rut.* She's very young. [elrief.

*Arn.* Yes.

*Rut.* And fair, I dare proclaim her;

Else mine eyes fail.

*Arn.* Fair as the bud unblasted,

*Rut.* I cannot blame him then: If 'twere  
mine own ease,

I would not go an ace less.\*

*Arn.* Fie, Rutilio,

Why do you make your brother's misery

Your sport and game?

*Rut.* There is no pastime like it. [counsel,

*Arn.* I look'd for your advice, your timely  
How to avoid this blow, not to be mock'd at,

And my afflictions jeer'd.

*Rut.* I tell thee, Arnolddo, [brother,

An thou wert my father, as thou art but my

My younger brother too, I must be merry.

And where there is a wench i' th' case, a young  
wench,† [too,

A handsome wench, and so near a good turn

As I were to be hang'd, thus must I handle it.

But you shall see, Sir, I can change this habit

To do you any service; advise what you please,

And see with what devotion I'll attend it.

But yet, methinks, I am taken with this  
Custom,

*Enter Charino and Zenobia.*

And could pretend to th' place.

*Arn.* Draw off a little;

Here come my mistress and her father.

*Rut.* A dainty wench!

'Would I might farm this Custom!

*Char.* My dear daughter,

Now to bethink yourself of new advice,

Will be too late; later, this time less so now;

No price, nor prayer, can suffice to atone

Your beauty hath cast on you. [Zenobia,

Be rul'd by me; a father's care directs you.

Look on the count, look cheerful and wisely,

What though he have the power to possess you,

To pluck your maiden honour, and then fight

With Custom irresistible to enjoy you; [Zenobia,

Yet, my sweet child, so much your youth and

goodness, [demy,

The beauty of your soul, and saint-like mo-

Have won upon his wild mind, so much

charm'd him, [him,

That, all pow'r laid aside, what law allows

Or sudden fires, kindled from those bright eyes,

He sues to be your servant, fairly, nobly;

For ever to be ty'd your faithful husband.

Consider, my best child.

*Zen.* I have consider'd. [consider:

*Char.* The blessedness, that this breeds too,

Besides your father's honour, your own peace,

The banishment for ever of this Custom,

This base and barbarous use: For, after once

He has found the happiness of holy marriage,

And what it is to grow up with one beauty,

How he will scorn and kick at such an heritage,

Left him by lust, and lewd progenitors.

All virgins too shall bless your name, shall

saint it,

And, like so many pilgrims, go to your shrine,

When time has turn'd your beauty into ashes,

Fill'd with your pious memory.

*Zen.* Good father,

Hide not that bitter pill I loath to swallow,

In such sweet words.

*Char.* The count's a handsome gentleman;

And, having him, you're certain of a fortune,

A high and noble fortune, to attend you.

Where, if you fling your love upon this

stranger, [place

This young Arnolddo, not knowing from what

Or honourable strain he's sprung, you venture

All your own sweets, and my long cares, to

nothing; [not that

Nor are you certain of his faith: Why may

Wander, as he does, every where?

*Zen.* No more, Sir; [thus:

I must not hear, I dare not hear him wrong'd

Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.†

\* *I would not go an ace less.*] i. e. As we now say, I would not bate an ace of it.

*Theobald.*

† *And where there is a wench yet can, a young wench,*

*A handsome wench, and sooner a good turn too.*] The oldest folio exhibits *it can*, which led the latter editors to this corrupted reading, and will lead us back again to the true one. I think I may venture to say, that I have both retrieved the metre and the meaning of the Author. Mr. Seward likewise saw with me, that *i' th' case* was necessary in the first part of the emendation. *Theobald.*

‡ *Virtue is never wounded, but I suffer.*] This glorious sentiment, which, as the ingenious Mr. Symson says, is more worthy of a philosopher than a woman, we have met with before, somewhat differently clothed, in Philaster:

*When any falls from virtue, I am distracted;*

*I have an interest in't.*

*Theobald.*

'Tis an ill office in your age, a poor one,  
To judge thus weakly, and believe yourself too;  
A weaker, to betray your innocent daughter  
To his intemperate, rude, and wild embraces,  
She hates as Heav'n hates falshood.

*Rut.* A good wench!

She sticks close to you, Sir.

*Zen.* His faith uncertain?

The nobleness his virtue springs from doubted?  
D'ye doubt 'tis day now? or, when your body's  
perfect,

Your stomach well dispos'd, your pulses tem-  
D'ye doubt you are in health? I tell you, fa-  
ther,

One hour of this man's goodness, this man's  
Put in the scale against the count's whole  
being,

(Forgive his lusts too, which are half his life)  
He could no more endure to hold weight with  
Arnoldo's very looks are fair examples; [him.  
His common and indifferent actions,

Rules and strong ties of virtue. He has my  
first love;

To him in sacred vow I have giv'n this body;  
In him my mind inhabits.

*Rut.* Good wench still! [serving.

*Zen.* And 'till he fling me off, as unde-  
Which I confess I am of such a blessing,  
But would be loth to find it so—

*Arn.* Oh, never,

Never, my happy mistress, never, never!

When your poor servant lives but in your fa-  
vour,

One foot i' th' grave, the other shall not linger.  
What sacrifice of thanks, what age of service,

What danger of more dreadful look than death,  
What willing martyrdom to crown me con-  
stant,

May merit such a goodness, such a sweet-  
ness?

A love so nobly great, no pow'r can ruin!

Most blessed maid, go on: The gods that gave  
this,

This pure unspotted love, the child of Heaven,  
In their own goodness must preserve and save it,  
And raise you a reward beyond our recompence.

*Zen.* I ask but, you a pure maid to possess,  
And then they have crown'd my wishes: If  
I fall then,

Go seek some better love; mine will debase  
[you.

*Rut.* A pretty innocent fool! Well, governor,  
Though I think well of your Custom, and  
could wish myself

For this night in your place, heartily wish it;  
Yet if you play not fair play, and above-board  
too,

I have a foolish engine here?—I say no  
I'll tell you what, and, if your honour's guts  
are not enchanted—

*Arn.* I should now chide you, Sir, for so  
declining

The goodness and the grace you have ever  
And your own virtue too, in seeking rashly  
To violate that love Heaven has appointed,

To wrest your daughter's thoughts, part that  
affection

That both our hearts have tied, and seek to  
*Rut.* To a wild fellow, that would worry  
her;

A cannibal, that feeds on the heads of maids,  
Then flings their bones and bodies to the devil.

Would any man of discretion venture such a  
gristle

To the rule claws of such a cat o' mountain?  
You'd better tear her 'twixen two oaks! A  
town-bull

Is a mere stoick to this fellow, a grave phi-  
losopher;

And a Spanish jennet a most virtuous gen-  
tleman.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>7</sup> *I have a foolish gin here.*] The verse halts in its emphasis; and besides, *gin*, I think, is always used to signify a trap, or snare, never, a sword, or pistol, which carry open violence.

<sup>8</sup> *To a wild fellow, that would weary her.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon concur in reading *weary*; which certainly agrees better with the sense of what follows than *errary*.

<sup>9</sup> *You had better tear her between two oaks.*] I have cured the metre, and now must explain the allusion of our Poets. Sinis, or Sinnis, was a tyrant of a gigantic stature and strength, haunting the isthmus of the Peloponnese; and was called Πινυκκαμπίης, or the Pine-bender. When any unhappy passenger fell into the clutches of this merciless man, he would bend down by main force two pines till he had brought them to meet together, and having fastened an arm and a leg to each of them, tore asunder the limbs of his wretched captives: Pausanias tells us, that one of those pines was to be seen on the banks of a river even in his time, under the reign of Adrian. This Sinis was put to death by Theseus in the same manner that he had exercised his cruelty upon others; as Plutarch informs us in the life of that hero.

*Nec lex est justior ulla,  
Quam necis artifices arte perire sud.*

*Theobald.*

<sup>10</sup> *A town-bull, &c.*] Mr. Theobald recommends the following transposition in this passage:

*A town-bull*

*Is a mere stoick to this fellow; and*

*A Spanish jennet, a grave philosopher;*

*A most virtuous gentleman.*—

But this is not only unnecessary, but would hurt the sense, and rob us of the Poets' meaning, which evidently is, 'A town-bull, compared to Clodio, is a stoick, a very philosopher, devoid  
\* of sensuality; and a Spanish jennet is virtuous.'

*Arn.* Does this seem handsome, Sir?

*Rut.* Though I confess [means,  
Any man would desire to have her, and by any  
At any rate too, yet that this common hang-  
man, [maids already,  
That hath whipt off the heads of a thousand  
That he should glean the harvest, sticks in my  
stomach! [saddle,

This rogue, that breaks young wenches to the  
And teaches them to stumble ever after;

That he should have her! For my brother,  
now, [thought on,

That is a handsome young fellow, and well  
And will deal tenderly in the business:

Or for myself, that have a reputation,  
And have studied the conclusions of these  
causes, [old Sir,

And know the perfect manage—I'll tell you,  
(If I should call you 'wise Sir,' I should  
bely you)

This thing you study to betray your child to,  
This maiden-monger, when you have done  
your best, [honour,

And think you have fix'd her in the point of  
Who do you think you have tied her to? A  
surgeon!

I must confess, an excellent dissector;  
One that has cut up more young tender lamb-  
pics— [compulsion,

*Char.* What I spake, gentlemen, was mere  
No father's free-will; nor did I touch your  
person

With any edge of spite, or strain your loves  
With any base or hired persuasions.<sup>12</sup>

Witness these tears, how well I wish'd your  
fortunes! [Exit.

*Rut.* There's some grace in thee yet.—You  
are determined

To marry this count, lady?

*Zen.* Marry him, Rutilio?

*Rut.* Marry him, and lie with him, I mean.

*Zeno.* You cannot mean that;

If you be a true gentleman, you dare not;  
The brother to this man, and one that loves  
I'll marry the devil first. [him.

*Rut.* A better choice; [low;

And, lay his horns by, a handsomer bedfel-

A cooler, o' my conscience.

*Arn.* Pray let me ask you;

And, my dear mistress, be not angry with me  
For what I shall propound. I am confident

No promise, nor no power, can force your love,  
I mean in way of marriage, never stir you;

Nor, to forget my faith, no state can win you.  
But, for this Custom, which this wretched  
country [fied;

Hath wrought into a law, and must be satis-  
Where all the pleas of honour are but laugh'd

And modesty regarded as a may-game; [at,  
What shall be here consider'd? Power we  
have none

To make resistance, nor policy to cross it:

'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.

*Zeno.* I'll die an atheist then.

*Arn.* My noblest mistress,

Not that I wish it so, but say it were so,

Say you did render up part of your honour,  
(For, whilst your will is clear, all cannot pe-  
rish) [ster;

Say, for one night you entertain'd this mon-  
Should I esteem you worse, forc'd to this  
render? [teous:

Your mind I know is pure, and full as beau-  
After this short eclipse, you would rise again,

And, shaking off that cloud, spread all your  
lustre. [self, Sir?

*Zeno.* Who made you witty, to undo your-  
Or, are you laden with the love I bring you,

And fain would fling that burden on another?  
Am I grown common in your eyes, Arnaldo?

Old, or unworthy of your fellowship?  
D'ye think, because a woman, I must err;

<sup>12</sup> That he should have her fore my brother now,

That is a handsome young fellow; and well thought on,

And will deal tenderly in the business?

Or fore myself, that have a reputation,

Have studied the conclusions, &c.] This is Mr. Theobald's reading, upon which he

says, 'This passage, till reformed in the pointing, and the change of two monosyllables, as I

have regulated the text, I think, I may venture to pronounce was stark nonsense.'

These regulations (both in punctuation and change of words) injure the Poets, disgrace the annotator, and mislead the reader—Rutilio is angry such a man as Clodio should have the privilege here mentioned: 'Indeed, were it my brother now, says he, or myself, that know how to conduct ourselves—it might be allowable and proper.' Thus understood, which it certainly ought to be, this speech contains much humour, and is finely depictive of Rutilio's whimsical character.

<sup>13</sup> ——— or strain your loves

With any base or hir'd persuasions.] Mr. Symphon saw with me, that the word here should be stain. Theobald.

This is another of the multitudinous arbitrary and mischievous alterations, which the Editors of 1750 are continually obtruding on us. How had Clarino stained their loves? Had he hinted, that they entertained a shameful passion, or sought a faulty connexion? No such thing. His meaning is clearly and beautifully expressed to be, 'What I spake was from compulsion:

I did not mean, with any persuasions I was hired to, to thwart you, torture, or torment you.' Shakespeare has the same idea in *Romeo and Juliet*, expressed in a manner not dissimilar:

'Why do you pull our heart-strings thus?'

And, therefore, rather wish that fall before-  
band,

Colour'd with Custom not to be resisted?

D'ye love, as painters do, only some pieces,  
Some certain handsome touches of your mis-  
tress,

And let the mind pass by you, unexamind?  
Be not abus'd. With what the maiden ves-  
sel?<sup>13</sup> [verb.]

Is season'd first—You understand the pro-  
verb. *Rut.* I am afraid this thing will make me  
virtuous.

*Zen.* Should you lay by the least part of  
that love

You've sworn is mine, your youth and faith  
have giv'n me,

To entertain another, nay, a fairer,  
And, make the case thus desp'rate, she must  
die else; [honest?]

D'ye think I would give way, or count this  
Be not deceiv'd; these eyes should never see  
you more,

This tongue forget to name you, and this heart  
Hate you, as if you were born my full anti-  
pathy.

Empire and more imperious love alone?<sup>14</sup>  
Rule, and admit no rivals. The purest springs,  
When they are courted by lascivious land-  
floods, [perish;]

Their maiden pureness and their coolness  
And tho' they purge again to their first beauty,  
The sweetness of their taste is clean departed;  
I must have all or none; and am not worthy  
Longer the noble name of wife, Arnoldo,  
Than I can bring a whole heart, pure and  
handsome. [thank you!]

*Arn.* I never shall deserve you; not to  
You are so heav'nly good, no man can reach  
you. [you.]

I am sorry I spake so rashly; 'twas but to try  
*Rut.* You might have try'd a thousand wo-  
men so,

And nine hundred fourscore and nineteen  
should have follow'd your counsel.

Take heed o' clapping spurs to such free cattle.  
*Arn.* We must bethink us suddenly and  
constantly, [get.]

And wisely too; we expect no common dan-  
*Zen.* Be most assur'd I'll die first.

*Enter Clodio and Guard.*

*Rut.* An't come to that once,  
The devil pick his bones that dies a coward!

I'll jog along with you. Here comes the  
stallion:

How snug he looks upon the imagination  
Of what he hopes to act? Pox o' your kid-  
neys!

How they begin to melt! How big he bears!  
Sure, he will leap before us all. What a  
sweet company [new?]

Of rogues and panders wait upon his lewd-  
Plague o' your chaps! you ha' more hand-  
some bits [serving.]

Than a hundred honest men, and more de-  
How the dog leers!

*Clod.* You need not now be jealous;  
I speak at distance to your wife; but, when the  
priest has done,

We shall grow nearer then, and more familiar.

*Rut.* I'll watch you for that trick, baboon;  
I'll smoke you. [he broils!]

The rogue sweats, as if he had eaten grains;  
If I do come to the basting of you—

*Arn.* Your lordship  
May happily speak this to fright a stranger;

But 'tis not in your honour to perform it.  
The Custom of this place, if soch there be,

At best most damnable, may urge you to it;  
But, if you be an honest man, you hate it.

However, I will presently prepare  
To make her mine: and most undoubtedly

Believe you are abus'd; this Custom feign'd too;  
And what you now pretend, most fair and vir-  
tuous. [well, Sir.]

*Clod.* Go, and believe; a good belief does  
And you, Sir, clear the place; but leave her

*Arn.* Your lordship's pleasure! [here.]  
*Clod.* That anon, Arnoldo;

This is but talk.  
*Rut.* Shall we go off?

*Arn.* By any means: [guard her;]

I know she has pious thoughts enough to  
Besides, here's nothing due to him 'till due tie

Nor dare he offer. [be done,  
*Rut.* Now do I loag to worry him!

Pray have a care to the main chance.  
*Zen.* Pray, Sir, fear not. [Ex. *Arn.* and *Rut.*

*Clod.* Now, what say you to me?  
*Zen.* Sir, it becomes

The modesty, that maids are ever born with,  
To use few words.

*Clod.* Do you see nothing in me?  
Nothing to catch your eyes, nothing of wonder,  
The common mould of men come short, and  
want in?

<sup>13</sup> ————With what the maiden vessel

Is season'd first—You understand the proverb.] The Poets here had evidently Horace in  
their eye.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servavit odorem  
Testa diu.*

*Thraa. a.*

<sup>14</sup> Empire and more imperious love alone

Rule, and admit no rivals.] This is a fine translation of a sentiment in Ovid's Me-  
tamorphoses.

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur  
Majestas & Amor.*

*Theobald.*



Do you read no future fortune for yourself here?  
And what a happiness it may be to you,  
To have him honour you, all women aim at?  
To have him love you, lady, that man love you,  
The best, and the most beauteous, have run  
mad for?

[you] Look, and be wise; you have a favour offer'd  
I do not every day propound to women.  
You are a pretty one; and, though each hour  
I am glutt'd with the sacrifice of beauty,  
I may be brought, as you may handle it,  
To cast so good a grace and liking on you—  
You understand. Come, kiss me, and 'be joy-  
I give you leave.

[ful:] Zen. Faith, Sir, 'twill not shew handsome;  
Our sex is blushing, full of fear, unskill'd too  
In these alarms.

Clod. Learn then, and be perfect.

Zen. I do beseech your honour pardon me,  
And take some skilful one can hold you play;  
I am a fool.

Clod. I tell thee, maid, I love thee; [thee,  
Let that word make thee happy; so far love  
That tho' I may enjoy thee without ceremony,  
I will descend so low, to marry thee. [us;  
Methinks, I see the race that shall spring from  
Some, princes; some great soldiers.

Zen. I am afraid

Your honour's cozen'd in this calculation;  
For, certain, I shall ne'er have child by you.

Clod. Why?

Zen. 'Cause I must not think to marry you.  
I dare not, Sir: The step betwixt your honour  
And my poor humble state—

Clod. I will descend to thee,  
And buoy thee up.

Zen. I'll sink to th' centre first.

Why would your lordship marry, and confine  
that pleasure

You ever have had freely cast upon you?  
Take heed, my lord; this marrying is a mad  
matter:

Lighter a pair of shackles will hang on you,  
And quieter a quartane fever find you.  
If you wed me, I must enjoy you only:  
Your eyes must be called home; your thoughts  
in cages, [bound;

To sing to no ears then but mine; your heart  
The Custom, that your youth was ever nurs'd  
Must be forgot; I shall forget my duty else, [in,  
And how that will appear—

Clod. We'll talk of that more.

Zen. Besides, I tell ye, I am naturally,  
As all young women are, that shew like hand-  
some, [strous.

Exceeding proud; being commended, mon-  
Of an unquiet temper, seldom pleas'd,  
Unless it be with infinite observance; [angred,  
Which you were never bred to. Once well

As every cross in us provokes that passion,  
Like a sea, I roll, toss, chafe a whole week after;  
And then, all mischief I can think upon;  
Abusing of your bed the least and poorest.  
I tell you what you'll find: And, in these fits,  
This little beauty you are pleas'd to honour,  
Will be so chang'd, so alter'd to an ugliness,  
To such a vizard—Ten to one, I die too;  
Take't then upon my death, you murder'd me.

Clod. Away, away, fool! why dost thou  
proclaim these, [other?

To prevent that in me thou hast chosen in an-  
Zen. Him I have chosen I can rule and  
master,

Temper to what I please; you are a great one,  
Of too strong will to bend; I dare not venture.  
Be wise, my lord, and say you were well coun-  
sel'd;

Take money for my ransom, and forget me;  
'Twill be both safe and noble for your honour:  
And, wheresoe'er my fortunes shall conduct me,  
So worthy mentions I shall render of you,  
So virtuous and so fair—

Clod. You will not marry me?

Zen. I do beseech your honour be not angry  
At what I say; I cannot love you, dare not;  
But set a ransom for the flower you covet.

Clod. No money, nor no prayers, shall re-  
Not all the art you have. [deem that,

Zen. Set your own price, Sir. [me!

Clod. Go to your wedding; never kneel to  
When that's done, you are mine; I will enjoy  
you. [Custom,

Your tears do nothing; I will not lose my  
To cast upon myself an empire's fortune.

Zen. My mind shall not pay this Custom,<sup>15</sup>  
cruel man! [Exit.

Clod. Your body will content me: I'll look  
for you. [Exit.

*Enter Charino and servants in black; cover-  
ing the place with blacks.*

Char. Strew all your wither'd flowers, your  
autumn sweets,

By the hot sun ravished of bud and beauty,  
Thus round about her bride-bed! hang those  
blacks there,

The emblems of her honour lost! All joy,  
That leads a virgin to receive her lover,  
Keep from this place: All fellow-maids that  
bless her, [her:

And blushing do unloose her zone, keep from  
No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here,  
Nor full cups crown'd with wine make the  
rooms giddy: [mour!

This is no masque of mirth, but murder'd ho-  
Suing mournfully that sad epithalamion  
I gave thee now; and, prithee, let thy lute  
weep.

<sup>15</sup> Zen. *My mind shall not pay this Custom—*

Clod. *Your body will content me.* Congreve says,

'I take her body, you her mind,

'Which hath the better bargain?'

*Song and dance. Enter Rutilio.*

*Rut.* How now? what livery's this? do you call this a wedding?  
This is more like a funeral.

*Char.* It is one,  
And my poor daughter going to her grave;  
To his most loath'd embraces, that gapes for her. [done, Sir?]  
Make the earl's bed ready. Is the marriage

*Rut.* Yes, they are knit. But must this slubberdegullion

Have her maidenhead now?

*Char.* There's no avoiding it.<sup>16</sup>

*Rut.* And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?

*Char.* The bed, Sir.

*Rut.* No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?

*Char.* That we know.

*Rut.* To any honest well-deserving fellow,  
An 'twere but to a merry cobbler, I could sit still now,

I love the game so well; but that this puckfist,  
This universal rutter—Fare ye well, Sir;  
And if you have any good pray'rs, put 'em forward,

There may be yet a remedy.

*Char.* I wish it; [Exit Rut.]

And all my best devotions offer to it.

*Enter Clodio and guard.*

*Clad.* Now, is this tie dispatch'd?

*Char.* I think it be, Sir.

*Clad.* And my bed ready?

*Char.* There you may quickly find, Sir,  
Such a loath'd preparation.

*Clad.* Never grumble,  
Nor fling a discontent upon my pleasure:  
It must and shall be done. Give me some wine,

And fill it till it leap upon my lips!  
Here's to the foolish maidenhead you wot of,  
The toy I must take pains for!

*Char.* I beseech your lordship,  
Load not a father's love.

*Clad.* Pledge it, Charino:

Or, by my life, I'll make thee pledge thy last:  
And be sure she be a maid, a perfect virgin,

<sup>16</sup> *Arn.* *There's no avoiding it.*

*Rut.* *And there's the scaffold where she must lose it?*

*Arn.* *The bed, Sir.* Arnoldo's name is here put to two speeches, when we do not find him on the stage, and which, besides, come with more propriety from Charino, to whom we have placed them.

<sup>17</sup> *Puckfist* ] i. e. upstart. The *puckfist*, or *puckball*, is a species of variety in the mushroom, and is filled with dust.

<sup>18</sup> *The beauteous huntress, &c.* ] Mr. Theobald reads,

*Diana shews an Ethiop to his beauty,  
This, beauteous huntress, fairer far, and sweeter;  
Protected by, &c.*

and says he has 'ruminated over this passage an hundred times, and can find no sense in it' but by this transposition, and altering *the* to *this*. Without transposition, or any other alteration than that of the pointing (in which all the old copies are extremely licentious) we think the passage is rendered perfect sense, and very poetical.

(I will not have my expectation dull'd)  
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery,  
And my blood beats alarms through my body,  
And fancy, high. You of my guard retire,  
And let me hear no noise about the lodging,  
But music and sweet airs. Now fetch your daughter,

And bid the cow wench put on all her beauties,  
All her enticements; out-blush damask roses,  
And dim the breaking East with her bright crystals.

I'm all on fire; away!

*Char.* And I am frozen. [Exit.]

*Enter Zenocio with bow and quiver, an arrow bent; Arnaldo and Rutilio after her, armed.*

*Zen.* Come fearless on.

*Rut.* Nay, an I budge from thee,

Beat me with dirty sticks.

*Clad.* What masque is this?

What pretty fancy to provoke me high?

The beauteous huntress? Fairer far and sweeter!

Diana shews an Ethiop to this beauty,  
Protected by two virgin knights.<sup>17</sup>

*Rut.* That's a lie,

A loud one, if you knew as much as I do.

The guard's dispers'd.

*Arn.* Fortune, I hope, invites us.

*Clad.* I can no longer hold; she pulls my heart from me.

*Zen.* Stand, and stand fix'd; move not a foot, nor speak not; [sits]

For, if thou dost, upon this point thy death  
Thou miserable, base, and sordid lecher,

Thou scum of noble blood, repent, and speedily; [gins]

Repent thy thousand thefts from helpless vir-  
Their innocence betray'd to thy embraces!

*Arn.* The base dishonour that thou dost to strangers,

In glorying to abuse the laws of marriage;  
The infamy thou hast flung upon thy country,

In nourishing this black and barbarous Cur-  
*Clad.* My guard! [sings]

*Arn.* One word more, and thou diest.

*Rut.* One syllable

That tends to any thing, but 'I beseech you,'  
And, 'as you're gentlemen, tender my case,'  
And I will thrust my javelin down thy throat,  
Thou dog-whelp, thou! [pion!]  
Pox upon thee, what should I call thee? Pom-  
Thou kiss my lady? thou scour her chamber-  
pot.

Thou have a maidenhead? a motley coat,  
You great blind fool. Farewell, and be  
hang'd to you.  
Lose no time, lady.

Arn. Pray take your pleasure, Sir;  
And so we'll take our leaves.

Zen. We are determined.

Die, before yield.

Arn. Honour, and a fair grave—

Zen. Before a lustful bed! Sn for our for-  
tuues. [prithe, cry.

Rut. *Du cat a whee,*<sup>43</sup> good count! Cry,  
Oh, what a wench hast thou lost! Cry, you  
great booby. [Exeunt.

*Enter Charino.*

Clod. And is she gone then? am I dis-  
honour'd thus, [man answer?  
Cozen'd and baffled? My guard there! No  
My guard, I say! Sirrah, you knew of this  
plot? [villain,

Where are my guard? I'll have your life, you  
You politic old thief!

Char. Heaven send her far enough,

*Enter Guard.*

And let me pay the ransom!

Guard. Did your honour call us?

Clod. Post every way, and presently recover  
The two strange gentlemen, and the fair lady.

Guard. This day was married, Sir?

Clod. The same.

Guard. We saw 'em

Making with all main speed to the port.

Clod. Away, villains! [Ex. Guard.

Recover her, or I shall die. Deal truly;

Didst not thou know?

Char. By all that's good, I did not.

If your honour mean their flight, to say I  
grieve for that, [please.

Will be to lie: You may handle me as you

Clod. Be sure, with all the cruelty, with  
all the rigor; [sure—

For thou hast robb'd me, villain, of a trea-

*Enter Guard.*

How now? [ready for 'em,

Guard. They're all aboard; a bark rode  
And now are under sail, and past recovery.

Clod. Rig me a ship with all the speed that  
may be; [ther,

I will not lose her! Thou, her most false fa-  
Shalt go along; and if I miss her, hear me,

A while day will I study to destroy thee.

Char. I shall be joyful of it; and so you'll  
find me. [Exeunt.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Manuel du Sosa and Guimar.*

Man. I HEAR and see too much of him,  
and that

Compels me, madam, though unwillingly,  
To wish I had no uncle's part in him;

And, much I fear, the comfort of a son

You will not long enjoy.

Gui. 'Tis not my fault,

And therefore from his guilt my innocence

Cannot be tainted. Since his father's death,  
(Peace to his soul!) a mother's prayers and  
care

Were never wanting in his education.

His childhood I pass o'er, as being brought up  
Under my wing; and, growing ripe for study,

I overcame the tenderness and joy

I had to look upon him, and provided

The choicest masters, and of greatest name,

Of Salamanca, in all liberal arts

To train his youth up.<sup>49</sup>

Man. I must witness that.

Gui. How there he prosper'd, to the admi-  
ration

Of all that knew him, for a general scholar,

Being one of note before he was a man,

Is still remembered in that academy.

From thence I sent him to the emperor's court,

Attended like his father's son, and there

Maintain'd him in such bravery and height,

As did become a courtier.

Man. 'Twas that spoil'd him;

My nephew had been happy, but for that.

<sup>43</sup> *Du cat a whee, good count;*] 'Tis very much out of character, that an Italian to an  
Iuliao should talk Welch, in his merriment; neither of whom in all probability ever heard a  
syllable of that language. *Theobald.*

We are well assured this is not Welch. *Du cat o' nee*, in that language, signifies, 'God  
'bless, or save you;' i.e. a usual mode of bidding farewell; from which, probably, this is a  
corrupt reading.

<sup>49</sup> *Of Salamanca in all liberal arts,*

Man. *To train his youth up.*—

*I must witness that.*] Manuel is here made to speak before his time. The first he-  
mistich is the close of Guimar's speech, as Mr. Seward likewise observ'd to me. *Theobald.*

The court's a school, indeed, in which some few

Learn virtuous principles; but most forget  
Whatever they brought thither good and honest.

Trifling is there in practice; serious actions  
Are obsolete and out of use. My nephew  
Had been a happy man, had he ne'er known  
What's there in grace and fashion.

*Gai.* I have heard, yet,  
That, while he liv'd in court, the emperor  
Took notice of his carriage and good parts;  
The grandees did not scorn his company;  
And of the greatest ladies he was held  
A complete gentleman.

*Man.* He, indeed, danc'd well:  
A turn o' th' toe, with a lofty trick or two  
To argue nimbleness, and a strong back,  
Will go far with a madam. 'Tis most true,  
That he's an excellent scholar, and he knows  
it;

An exact courtier, and he knows that too;  
He has fought thrice, and come off still with  
Which he forgets not. [honour,

*Gai.* Nor have I much reason  
To grieve his fortune that way.

*Man.* You are mistaken.  
Prosperity does search a gentleman's temper,  
More than his adverse fortune. I have known  
Many, and of rare parts, from their success  
In private duels, rais'd up to such a pride,  
And so transform'd from what they were,  
that all [in them]

That lov'd them truly wish'd they had fallen  
I need not write examples; in your son  
'Tis too apparent; for ere don Duarte  
Made trial of his valour, he, indeed, was  
Admir'd for civil courtesy; but now  
He's swoll'n so high, out of his own assurance  
Of what he dares do, that he seeks occasions,  
Unjust occasions, grounded on blind passion,  
Ever to be in quarrels, and this makes him  
Shunn'd of all fair societies.

*Gai.* 'Would it were  
In my weak pow'r to help it! I will use,  
With my entreaties, th' authority of a mother,  
As you may of an uncle, and enlarge it  
With your command, as being a governor  
To the great king in Lisbon.

*Enter Duarte and his Page.*

*Man.* Here he comes:  
We are unseen; observe him.

*Dua.* Boy.

*Page.* My lord. [I struck,

*Dua.* What saith the Spanish captain that  
To my bold challenge?

*Page.* He refus'd to read it.

*Dua.* Why didst not leave it there?

*Page.* I did, my lord:

But to no purpose; for he seems more willing  
To sit down with the wrongs, than to repair  
His honour by the sword. He knows too well,  
That from your lordship nothing can be got  
But more blows and disgraces.

*Dua.* He's a wretch,  
A miserable wretch, and all my fury  
Is lost upon him. Holds the masque, appointed  
I' th' honour of Hippolyta?

*Page.* 'Tis broke off.

*Dua.* The reason?

*Page.* This was one; they heard your lord-  
Was, by the ladies' choice, to lead the dance;  
And therefore they, too well assur'd how far  
You would out-shine 'em, gave it o'er, and said  
They would not serve for foils to set you off.

*Dua.* They at their best are such, and ever  
Where I appear. [shall be,

*Man.* Do you note his modesty?

*Dua.* But was there nothing else pretended?

*Page.* Yes; [pshaw,  
Young don Alonzo, the great captain's ne-  
Stood on comparisons.

*Dua.* With whom?

*Page.* With you;  
And openly profess'd that all precedence,  
His birth and state consider'd, was due to him;  
Nor were your lordship to contend with one  
So far above you.

*Dua.* I look down upon him [slave;  
With such contempt and scorn, as on my  
He's a name only, and all good in him  
He must derive from his great grandsires' ashes:  
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd  
His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,  
'This is a lord,' he had liv'd unobserv'd  
By any man of mark, and died as one [me?  
Amongst the common rout. Compare with  
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,  
And know myself: That man is truly noble,  
And he may justly call that worth his own,\*  
Which his deserts have purchas'd. I could  
wish [kinsmen

My birth were more obscure, my friends and  
Of lesser pow'r, or that my provident father  
Had been like to that riotous emperor  
That chose his belly for his only heir;  
For, being of no family then, and poor,  
My virtues, wheresoe'er I liv'd, should make  
That kingdom my inheritance.

*Gai.* Strange self-love!

*Dua.* For if I studied the country's laws,  
I should so easily sound all their depth,  
And rise up such a wonder, that the pleaders,  
That now are in most practice and esteem,  
Should starve for want of clients. If I travell'd,  
Like wise Ulysses, to see men and manners,  
I would return in act more knowing, than

\* And he may justly call that worth his own,  
Which his deserts have purchas'd;] This sentiment is evidently founded on Horace.

Homer could fancy him. If a physician,  
So oft I would restore death-wounded men,  
That, where I liv'd, Galen should not be  
nam'd;

And he, that join'd again the scatter'd limbs  
Of torn Hippolytus, should be forgotten.  
I could teach Ovid courtship, how to win  
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dow'r  
Were all the sun gives light to: And for arms  
Were the Persian host, that drank up rivers,  
added

To the Turks present pow'rs, I could direct,  
Command, and marshal them.

*Man.* And yet you know not  
To rule yourself; you would not to a boy else,  
Like Plautus' braggart, boast thus.

*Dua.* All I speak,  
In act I can make good.

*Gui.* Why then, being master  
Of such and so good parts, do you destroy them  
With self-opinion; or, like a rich miser,  
Hoard up the treasures you possess, imparting  
Nor to yourself, nor others, the use of them?  
They are to you but like enchanted viands,  
On which you seem to feed, yet pine with  
hooger;

And those so-rare perfections in my son,  
Which would make others happy, render me  
A wretched mother.

*Man.* You are too insolent;  
And those too-many excellencies, that feed  
Your pride, turn to a pleurisy, and kill  
That which should nourish virtue. Dare you  
think,

All blessings are conferr'd on you alone?  
You're grossly cozen'd; there's no good in you,  
Which others have not. Are you a scholar? so  
Are many, and as knowing. Are you valiant?  
Waste not that courage then in brawls, but  
spend it

I th' wars, in service of your king and country.

*Dua.* Yes, so I might be general: No man  
That's worthy to command me. [lives

*Man.* Sir, in Lisbon,  
I am; and you shall know it. Every hour  
I am troubled with complaints of your beha-  
viour

From men of all conditions,<sup>22</sup> and all sects.  
And my authority, which you presume  
Will bear you out, in that you are my nephew,  
No longer shall protect you; for I vow,  
Though all that's past I pardon, I will punish  
The next fault with as much severity  
As if you were a stranger; rest assur'd on't.

*Gui.* And by that love you should bear, or  
that doty

You owe a mother, once more I command you  
To cast this haughtiness off; which if you do,  
All that is mine is yours: If not, expect,  
My pray'rs and vows for your conversion only,  
But never means nor favour.

[*Ex. Man. and Gui.*

*Dua.* I am tutor'd  
As if I were a child still! The base peasants  
That fear and envy my great worth, have  
done this;

But I will find them out: I will abroad.<sup>23</sup>  
Get my disguise. I have too long been idle;  
Nor will I curb my spirit; I was born free,  
And will pursue the course best liketh me.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Leopold, sailors, and Zenobia.*

*Leop.* Divide the spoil amongst you; this  
I only challenge for myself. [fair captive

*Sail.* You have won her, [liv'd  
And well deserve her. Twenty years I have  
A burgess of the sea, and have been present  
At many a desperate fight, but never saw  
So small a bark with such incredible valour.  
So long defended, and against such odds;  
And by two men scarce arm'd too.

*Leop.* 'Twas a wonder. [taken,  
And yet the courage they express'd, being  
And their contempt of death, wan more upon  
me [thinks  
Than all they did when they were free. Me-  
I see them yet, when they were brought  
aboard us,

Disarm'd and ready to be put in fetters;  
How on the sudden, as if they had sworn  
Never to taste the bread of servitude, [virgin  
Both snatching up their swords, and from this  
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,  
They leap'd into the sea.

*Sail.* Indeed, 'twas rare. [I fear'd  
*Leop.* It wrought so much on me, that, but  
The great ship that pursu'd us, our own safety  
Hindring my charitable purpose to 'em,  
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives  
They should have had their liberties.

*Zen.* Oh, too late;  
For they are lost, for ever lost!  
— *Leop.* Take comfort;  
'Tis not impossible but that they live yet;  
For, when they left the ships, they were within  
A league o' th' shore, and with such strength  
and cunning

<sup>22</sup> *From men of all conditions, and all sexes*] Mr. Symphon proposes reading *sects*; which  
we think the proper word, and therefore have inserted. Mr. Theobald, in his edition, reads,  
*From them of all conditions, and all sexes.*

<sup>23</sup> *I will o' board*]; But he has not been talking of any vessel provided for his passage. I  
suspect, the poets intended no more than (on his being *tutor'd* so, as he calls it) that he should  
express a resolution of quitting his country and going *abroad*. *Symphon.*

We believe Mr. Symphon's word is right, but not his acceptance of it. Duarte means,  
only leaving the house, 'to find out the base peasants' he is incensed against. His calling  
for his disguise is a proof that this is his meaning.

They, swimming, did delude the rising billows,  
 With one hand making way, and with the other  
 Their bloody swords advanc'd, threat'ning the  
 sea-gods

With war, unless they brought them safely  
 That I am almost confident they live,  
 And you again may see them.

Zen. In that hope  
 I brook a wretched being, till I am  
 Made certain of their fortunes; but, they dead,  
 Death hath so many doors to let out life,<sup>22</sup>  
 I will not long survive them.

Leop. Hope the best;  
 And let the courteous usage you have found,  
 Not usual in men of war, persuade you  
 To tell me your condition.

Zen. You know it; [ine.]  
 A captive my fate and your pow'r have made  
 Such I am now; but, what I was, it skills not;  
 For, they being dead, in whom I only live,  
 I dare not challenge family, or country;  
 And therefore, Sir, enquire not: Let it suffice,  
 I am your servant, and a thankful servant  
 (If you will call that so, which is but duty)  
 I ever will be; and, my honour safe,  
 (Which nobly hitherto you have preserv'd)  
 No slavery can appear in such a form,  
 Which, with a masculine constancy, I will not  
 Boldly look on and suffer.

Leop. You mistake me:  
 That you are made my prisoner, may prove  
 The birth of your good fortune. I do find  
 A winning language in your tongue and looks;  
 Nor can a suit by you mov'd be deny'd;  
 And, therefore, of a prisoner you must be  
 The victor's advocate.

Zen. To whom?

Leop. A lady;  
 In whom all graces, that can perfect beauty,  
 Are friendly met. I grant that you are fair;  
 And, had I not seen her before, perhaps,  
 I might have sought to you.

Zen. This I hear gladly. [you]

Leop. To this incomparable lady I will give  
 (Yet, being mine, you are already hers);  
 And to serve her is more than to be free,

At least, I think so. And when you live with  
 her, [brought you]  
 If you will please to think on him that  
 To such a happiness, for so her bounty [ever  
 Will make you think her service, you shall  
 Make me at your devotion.

Zen. All I can do,

Rest you assur'd of.

Leop. At night I'll present you;

Till when, I am your guard.

Zen. Ever your servant! [Exeunt.]

Enter Arnoldo and Rutilio.

Arn. To what are we reserv'd?

Rut. Troth, 'tis uncertain. [stand fair,  
 Drowning we have 'scap'd miraculously, and  
 For ought I know, for hanging. Money we  
 have none,

Nor e'er are like to have, 'tis to be doubted.

Besides, we're strangers, wondrous hungry  
 strangers;

And charity growing cold, and miracles ceas-  
 Without a conjuror's help, I cannot find [ing,  
 When we shall eat again.

Arn. These are no wants,  
 If put in balance with Zenocia's loss:  
 In that alone all miseries are spoken!  
 Oh, my Rutilio, when I think on her,  
 And that which she may suffer, being a cap-  
 tive,

Then I could curse myself; almost those pow'r's  
 That send me from the fury of the ocean.<sup>24</sup>

Rut. You've lost a wife, indeed, a fair and  
 chaste one; [man.]

Two blessings, not found often in one wo-  
 But she may be recover'd: Questionless,  
 The ship that took us was of Portugal;  
 And here in Lisbon, by some means or other,  
 We may hear of her.

Arn. In that hope I live.

Rut. And so I do: But hope is a poor salad  
 To dine and sup with, after a two-days' fast  
 Have you no money left? [too.]

Arn. Not a denier. [fashion.]

Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in  
 Having a mistress, sure you should not be  
 Without a neat historical shirt.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>22</sup> *Death hath so many doors to let out life,*]

*Mille via mortis,*

As Virgil says in his *Æneis*.

*Theobald.*

<sup>24</sup> *Then I could curse myself, almost those powers*

*That send me from the fury of the ocean.*] Mr. Theobald alters *send* to *sent*; Mr. Seward proposes *serv'd*, and Mr. Symson *serv'd*. The first of these gentlemen says, 'The powers did not *send* Arnoldo from the fury of the ocean, but *protected* him from it. A strange assertion: They *protected* him from this fury, by *sending* him to land. We have not disturbed the text; but believe the alteration of one letter would restore the original' lection; an *r* for an *s*;

— *almost those powers*

*That send me from the fury of the ocean;*

this being, at the same time that it is perfect sense, much more poetical than *send*, or either of the other words proposed.

<sup>25</sup> *Having a mistress, sure you should not be*

*Without a neat historical shirt.*] This is an obscure epithet to us at this time of day.  
 Mr.

*Arn.* For shame,  
Talk not so poorly.

*Rut.* I must talk of that  
Necessity prompts us to; for beg I cannot;  
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,  
To flesh to feed me. Something must be done,  
And suddenly, resolve on't.

*Enter Zabulon and a Servant.*

*Arn.* What are these?

*Rut.* One, by his habit, is a Jew.

*Zab.* No more;

Thou'rt sure that's he?

*Ser.* Most certain.

*Zab.* How long is it

Since first she saw him?

*Ser.* Some two hours.

*Zab.* Be gone;

[*Exit Ser.*]

Let me alone to work him.

*Rut.* How he eyes you!

Now he moves towards us: In the devil's name,

What would he with us?

*Arn.* Innocence is bold;

Nor can I fear.

*Zab.* That you are poor, and strangers,  
I easily perceive.

*Rut.* But that you'll help us,

Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope, Sir.

*Zab.* Why think you so?

*Rut.* Because you are a Jew, Sir;  
And courtesies come sooner from the devil  
Than any of your nation.

*Zab.* We are men,  
And have, like you, compassion, when we  
find

Fit subjects for our bounty; and, for proof

That we dare give, and freely, (not to you,  
Sir; [amaz'd;  
Pray spare your pains) there's gold: Stand not  
'Tis current, I assure you.

*Rut.* Take it, man!

Sure, thy good angel is a Jew, and comes  
In his own shape to help thee. I could wish  
Mine would appear too, like a Turk. [now,

*Arn.* I thank you;

But yet must tell you, if this be the prologue  
To any bad act you would have me practise,  
I must not take it.

*Zab.* This is but the earnest

Of that which is to follow; and the bond,  
Which you must seal to for't, is your advance-  
ment.

Fortune, with all that's in her pow'r to give,  
Offers herself up to you: Entertain her,  
And that which princes have kneel'd for in  
Presents itself to you. [vain,

*Arn.* 'Tis above wonder. [lation

*Zab.* But far beneath the truth, in my re-  
Of what you shall possess, if you embrace it.  
There is an hour in each man's life appointed  
To make his happiness, if then he seize it;<sup>16</sup>  
And this (in which, beyond all expectation,  
You are invited to your good) is yours.

If you dare follow me, so; if not, hereafter  
Expect not the like offer. [*Exit.*

*Arn.* 'Tis no vision.

*Rut.* 'Tis gold, I'm sure.

*Arn.* We must, like brothers, share;  
There's for you.

*Rut.* By this light, I'm glad I have it:  
There are few gallants (for men may be such,  
And yet want gold; yea, and sometimes silver)

Mr. Symphon conjectured to me, that it might possibly have been a *neat* rhetorical shirt, i. e. a moving, persuasive one; neatness being a main recommendation to the ladies. I have not presum'd to alter the text. The Poets, perhaps, might mean no more than a shirt neatly wrought, with some story express'd in it; as we have at this day damask table-cloths with sieges, encampments, cannons, &c. by way of decoration. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald's explanation of this passage is very right; and I praise his judgment for retaining the old reading, though it be at the expence of my own correction. Jasper Maine, in his *City Match*, act ii. scene ii. is full to this purpose. Aurelia, speaking of her waiting-woman, says,

- \* She works religious petticoats; for flowers
- \* She'll make church-historics; her needle doth
- \* So sanctify my cushionets, besides,
- \* My smock-sleeves have such holy emroideries,
- \* And are so learned, that I fear in time
- \* All my apparel will be quoted by
- \* Some pure instructor.

'Tis true, the person here mention'd is an high-flown Puritan, but that is no objection; what the passage is brought to prove (and it proves it sufficiently) is, that historical shirts were then in very high fashion; the only difference was, that the *saints* adorn'd theirs only with religious stories, while the *wicked* flourish'd theirs with either sacred or profane ones. *Symphon.*

<sup>16</sup> There is an hour in each man's life appointed

To make his happiness, if then he seize it.] How much more nobly, and more poetically, is this sentiment expressed by Shakespeare in his *Julius Cæsar*!

- \* There is a tide in the affairs of men,
- \* Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
- \* Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
- \* Is bound in shallows and in misery.

*Theobald.*

But would receive such favours from the devil,  
Though he appeared like a broker, and de-  
Sixty i' the hundred. [manded]

*Arn.* Wherefore should I fear  
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me  
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him:  
Farewell! Wish me good fortune; we shall  
Again, I doubt not. [meet]

*Rut.* Or I'll ne'er trust Jew more,  
[Exit Arnoldo.]

Nor Christian for his sake. Plague o' my stars!  
How long might I have walk'd without a  
cloak, [tunc?]

Before I should have met with such a for-  
We elder brothers, though we are proper men,  
Ha' not the luck; ha' too much beard, that  
spoils us; [do now?]

The smooth chin carries all. What's here to

*Enter Duarte, Alonzo, and a Page.*

*Dua.* I'll take you as I find you.

*Alon.* That were base;

You see I am unarm'd.

*Dua.* Ont with your bodkin,<sup>27</sup> [it,  
Your pocket-dagger, your stiletto; out with  
Or, by this hand, I'll kill you. Such as you  
Have studied the undoing of poor cutlers, [are  
And made all manly weapons out of fashion:  
You carry poniards to murder men, [mour.  
Yet dare not wear a sword to guard your ho-

*Rut.* That's true, indeed. Upon my life  
this gallant

Is brib'd to repeal banish'd swords.

*Dua.* I'll shew you

The difference now between a Spanish rapier  
And your pure Pisa.<sup>28</sup>

*Alon.* Let me fetch a sword;

Upon mine honour I'll return.

*Dua.* Not so, Sir. [take this.

*Alon.* Or lend me yours, I pray you, and

*Rut.* To be disgrac'd as you are? no, I thank  
Spite of the fashion, while I live, I am [you:

Instructed to go arm'd. What folly 'tis  
For you, that are a man, to put yourself  
Into your enemy's mercy.

*Dua.* Yield it quickly, [you;  
Or I'll cut off your hand, and now disgrace  
Thus kick and baffle you: As you like this,  
You may again prefer complaints against me  
To my uncle and my mother, and then think  
To make it good with a poniard.

*Alon.* I am paid  
For being of the fashion.

*Dua.* Get a sword  
Then, if you dare redeem your reputation;  
You know I am easily found. I'll add this to  
To put you in mind. [it,

*Rut.* You are too insolent,  
And do insult too much on the advantage  
Of that which your unequal weapon gave you,  
More than your valour.

*Dua.* This to me, you peasant?  
Thou art not worthy of my foot, poor fellow;  
'Tis scorn, not pity, makes me give thee life:  
Kneel down and thank me for it. How? do  
you stare? [a good one;

*Rut.* I have a sword, Sir, you shall find;  
This is no stabbing guard.

*Dua.* Wert thou thrice arm'd,

Thus yet I durst attempt thee.

*Rut.* Then have at you; [Fight.  
I scorn to take blows.

*Dua.* Oh! I'm slain! [Falls.

*Page.* Help! murder! murder!

*Alon.* Shift for yourself; you are dead else;  
You've kill'd the governor's nephew.

*Page.* Raise the streets there. [scape.

*Alon.* If once you are beset, you cannot  
Will you betray yourself?

*Rut.* Undone for ever!

[Exit. Rut. and Alonzo.]

*Enter Officers.*

1 *Off.* Who makes this outcry?

<sup>27</sup> Out with your bodkin.] A *bodkin* was the ancient term, it is imagined, for a *small dagger*. Gascoigne, speaking of Julius Cæsar, says,

'At last, with *bodkins* dub'd and doust to death,

'All, all his glory vanish'd with his breath.'

In the margin of Stowe's Chronicle, ed. 1614, it is said, that Cæsar was slain with *bodkins*; and in the Muse's Looking Glass, by Randolph, 1638,

'*Apho.* A rapier's but a *bodkin*.

'*Decil.* And a *bodkin*

'Is a most dang'rous weapon: Since I read

'Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture

'Into a taylor's shop, for fear of *bodkins*.'

Again, Hamlet says,

'When he himself might his quietus make

'With a bare *bodkin*.'

*Stevens.*

<sup>28</sup> And your pure Pisa.] The Pisa and Provent sword blades never were in any estimation. Those of Turkey, Toledo, and the steel tempered in the water of the Ebro, were eminent for their goodness, and consequently bore a price. The epithet I have substituted [*pure*] for the corrupted one, shews that contempt which Duarte would express for a Pisa rapier. Theobald

*Pure* is right, and means a *mere* Pisa. Duarte's speech explains *bodkin*, and confirms Mr. Stevens's note. Indeed, the whole scene turns upon it.



Page. Oh, my lord is murder'd!  
This way he took; make after him. Help,  
help there! [Exit Page.]

2 Off. 'Tis don Duarte.

1 Off. Pride has got a fall! [makers,  
He was still in quarrels, scorn'd us peace-  
And all our bill-authority; now h'as paid for't:  
You ha' met with your match, Sir, now.

Bring off his body,  
And bear it to the governor. Some pursue  
The murderer; yet if he 'scape, it skills not;  
Were I a prince, I would reward him for't:  
He has rid the city of a turbulent beast;  
There's few will pity him: But for his mother  
I truly grieve, indeed; she's a good lady.

[Exit.

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Gui. He's not i' th' house?

Ser. No, madam.

Gui. Haste and seek him;

Go all, and every where; I'll not to-bed,  
Till you return him. Take away the lights  
too; [fears;

The moon lends me too much, to find my  
And those devotions I am to pay,  
Are written in my heart, not in this book;

[Kneels.

And I shall read them there, without a taper.  
[Ex. Ser.

Enter Rutilio.

Rut. I am pursued; all the ports are stop't  
too;

Not any hope to escape; behind, before me,  
On either side, I am beset. Curs'd Fortune!  
My enemy on the sea, and on the land too;  
Redeem'd from one affliction to another!

'Would I had made the greedy waves my tomb,  
And died obscure and innocent; not as Nero,  
Smear'd o'er with blood. Whither have my  
fears brought me?

I am got into a house; the doors all open;  
This, by the largeness of the room, the hang-  
ings,

And other rich adornments, glist'ring through  
The sable mask of night, says it belongs  
To one of means and rank. No servant stir-  
Murmur, nor whisper? [ring?

Gui. Who's that?

Rut. By the voice,

This is a woman.

Gui. Stephano, Jasper, Julia!

Who waits there?

Rut. 'Tis the lady of the house;

I'll fly to her protection.

Gui. Speak, what are you? [wretched.

Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man most

Gui. I'm sure you are a man of most ill  
manners;

You could not with so little reverence else  
Press to my private chamber. Whither would  
Or what do you seek for? [you?

Rut. Gracious woman, hear me!

I am a stranger, and in that I answer

All your demands, a most unfortunate stranger,  
That, call'd unto it by my enemy's pride,  
Have left him dead i' th' streets. Justice  
pursues me,

And, for that life I took unwillingly,  
And in a fair defence, I must lose mine,  
Unless you in your charity protect me.

Your house is now my sanctuary; and the altar  
I gladly would take hold of, your sweet mercy.  
By all that's dear unto you, by your virtues,  
And by your innocence, that needs no for-  
Take pity on me! [givness,

Gui. Are you a Castilian?

Rut. No, madam; Italy claims my birth.

Gui. I ask not

With purpose to betray you; if you were  
Ten thousand times a Spaniard, the nation  
We Portugals most hate, I yet would save you,  
If it lay in my pow'r. Lift up these hangings;  
Behind my bed's head there's a hollow place,  
Into which enter. So; but from this stir not,  
If th' officers come, as you expect they will do:  
I know they owe such reverence to my lodg-  
That they will easily give credit to me, [ings,  
And search no further.

Rut. The bless'd saints pay for me

The infinite debt I owe you!

Gui. How he quakes! [fort;

Thus far I feel his heart bent. Be of com-  
Once more I give my promise for your safety.  
All men are subject to such accidents,  
Especially, the valiant; and who knows not,  
But that the charity I afford this stranger  
My only son elsewhere may stand in need of?

Enter Officers and Servants with the body of  
Duarte.

1 Ser. Now, madam, if your wisdom ever  
could

Raise up defences against floods of sorrow,  
That haste to overwhelm you, make true use of  
Your great discretion.

2 Ser. Your only son,

My lord Duarte, 's slain.

1 Off. His murderer,

Pursu'd by us, was by a boy discover'd  
Ent'ring your house, and that induc'd us  
To press into it for his apprehension.

Gui. Oh!

1 Ser. Sure her heart is broke.

Off. Madam!

Gui. Stand off!

My sorrow is so dear and precious to me,  
That you must not partake it; suffer it,  
Like wounds that do bleed inward, to dis-  
patel me!

Oh, my Duarte, such an end as this  
Thy pride long since did prophesy; thou art  
dead,

And, to increase my misery, thy sad mother  
Must make a wilful shipwreck of her vow,  
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My soul's divided;  
And piety to a son, and true performance  
Of hospitable duties to my guest,  
That are to others angels, are my furies.

Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word  
 giv'n  
 Denies the entrance: Is no medium left,  
 But that I must protect the murderer,  
 Or suffer in that faith he made his altar?  
 Motherly love, give place; the fault made  
 this way, [ness,  
 To keep a vow, to which high Heav'n is wit-  
 Heav'n may be pleas'd to pardon!

*Enter Manuel, Doctors and Surgeons.*

*Man.* 'Tis too late;  
 He's gone, past all recovery: Now reproof  
 Were but unreasonable, when I should give  
 And yet remember, sister— [comfort;  
*Gui.* Oh, forbear! [body,  
 Search for the murderer, and remove the  
 And, as you think fit, give it burial.  
 Wretch that I am, incapable of all comfort!  
 And therefore I intreat my friends and kins-  
 folk,

And you, my lord, for some space to forbear  
 Your courteous visitations.

*Man.* We obey you.

[*Exeunt with the body.*

*Manet Guiomar.*

*Rut.* My spirits come back; and now De-  
 Her place again to Hope. [spair resigns

*Gui.* What'er thou art,

To whom I have giv'n means of life, to wit-  
 ness  
 With what religion I have kept my promise,  
 Come fearless forth; but let thy face be co-  
 ver'd,

That I hereafter be not forc'd to know thee;  
 For motherly affection may return,  
 My vow once paid to Heav'n. Thou hast  
 taken from me

The respiration of my heart, the light [me.  
 Of my swol'n eyes, in<sup>th</sup> his life that sustain'd  
 Yet, my word giv'n to save you, I make good,  
 Because what you did was not done with ma-  
 lice. [you

You are not known; there is no mark about  
 That can discover you; let not fear betray  
 you. [me,

With all convenient speed you can, fly from  
 That I may never see you; and that want  
 Of means may be no let unto your journey,  
 There are a hundred crowns. You're at the  
 And so farewell for ever. [door now,

*Rut.* Let me first fall  
 Before your feet, and on them pay the duty  
 I owe your goodness: Next, all blessings on  
 you, [you,

And Heav'n restore the joys I have bereft  
 With full increase hereafter! Living, be  
 The goddess styl'd of hospitality. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Leopold and Zenocin.*

*Leop.* FLING off these sullen clouds; you  
 are enter'd now  
 Into a house of joy and happiness;  
 I have prepar'd a blessing for you.

*Zen.* Thank you:  
 My state would rather ask a curse!

*Leop.* You're peevish, [us'd those means,  
 And know not when you are friended. I've  
 The lady of this house, the noble lady,  
 Will take you as her own, and use you gra-  
 ciously. [beauty;  
 Make much of what you're mistress of, that  
 Expose it not to such betraying sorrows:  
 When you are old, and all those sweets hang  
 wither'd,

*Enter Servant.*

Then sit and sigh

*Zen.* My autumn's not far off.

*Leop.* Have you told your lady?

*Ser.* Yes, Sir; I have told her

Both of your noble service, and your present,  
 Which she accepts.

*Leop.* I should be blest to see her.

*Ser.* That now you cannot do: She keeps  
 her chamber,

Not well dispos'd, and has deny'd all visits.  
 The maid I have in charge to receive from  
 So please you render her. [you.

*Leop.* With all my service.

But fain I would have seen—

*Ser.* 'Tis but your patience;

No doubt, she cannot but remember nobly.

*Leop.* These three years I have lov'd this  
 scornful lady,

And follow'd her with all the truth of ser-  
 vice; [me

In all which time, but twice she has honour'd  
 With sight of her blest beauty. When you  
 please, Sir, [lady,

You may receive your charge; and tell your  
 A gentleman whose life is only dedicated  
 To her commands, kisses her beauteous hands.  
 And, fair one, now, your help: You may re-  
 member

The honest courtesies, since you were mine,  
 I ever did your modesty. You shall be near  
 her;

And if sometimes you name my service to her,  
 And tell her with what nobleness I love her,  
 'Twill be a gratitude I shall remember.

*Zen.* What in my pow'r lies, so it be ho-  
 nest—

*Leop.* I ask no more.

*Ser.* You must along with me, fair.

*Leop.* And so I leave you two; but to a fortune  
Too happy for my fate: You shall enjoy her.<sup>20</sup>

## SCENE II.

*Enter Zabulon and Servants.*

*Zab.* Be quick, be quick; out with the banquet there!<sup>20</sup> [fuller;  
These scents are dull; cast richer on, and  
Scent every place. Where have you plac'd  
the music?

*Ser.* Here they stand ready, Sir.

*Zab.* 'Tis well. Be sure  
The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,  
And amber'd all.

*Ser.* They are.

*Zab.* Give fair attendance.  
In the best trim and state make ready all.  
I shall come presently again.

[Banquet set forth.

*2 Ser.* We shall, Sir. *Exit Zab.*  
What preparation's this? Some new device  
My lady has in hand.

*1 Ser.* Oh, prosper it,  
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth,  
And good meat with it! Where are all the rest?

*2 Ser.* They are ready to attend. [Music.

*1 Ser.* Sure, some great person;

They would not make this hurry else.

*2 Ser.* Hark, the music.

*Enter Zabulon and Arnoldo.*

It will appear now, certain; here it comes.  
Now to our places.

*Arn.* Whither will he lead me?  
What invitation's this? to what new end  
Are these fair preparations? a rich banquet,  
Music, and every place stuck with adornment,  
Fit for a prince's welcome! What new game  
Has fortune now prepar'd, to shew me happy,  
And then again to sink me? 'Tis no illusion;  
Nine eyes are not deceiv'd, all these are real.  
What wealth and state!

*Zab.* Will you sit down and eat, Sir?  
These carry little wonder, they are usual;  
But you shall see, if you be wise to observe it,  
That that will strike indeed, strike with amaze-  
ment:

Then, if you be a man!—This fair health to  
you. [I was never

*Arn.* What shall I see? I pledge you, Sir.  
So bury'd in amazement!

*Zab.* You are so still:

Drink freely.

*Arn.* The very wines are admirable! [tion,  
Good Sir, give me but leave to ask this ques-  
For what great worthy man are these prepar'd?  
And why do you bring me hither?

*Zab.* They are for you, Sir;  
And under-value not the worth you carry,  
You are that worthy man: Think well of these,  
They shall be more, and greater.

*Arn.* Well, blind Fortune, [pleas'd  
Thou hast the prettiest changes, when thou'rt  
To play thy game out wantonly——

*Zab.* Come, be lusty,

And awake your spirits.

*Arn.* Good Sir, do not wake me, [servants  
For willingly I'd die in this dream. Pray who's  
Are all these that attend here?

*Zab.* They are yours;

They wait on you.

*Arn.* I never yet remember  
I kept such faces, nor that I was ever able  
To maintain so many.

*Zab.* Now you are, and shall be.

*Arn.* You'll say this house is mine too?

*Zab.* Say it? swear it.

*Arn.* And all this wealth?

*Zab.* This is the least you see, Sir.

*Arn.* Why, where has this been hid these  
thirty years?

For, certainly, I never found I was wealthy  
'Till this hour; never dream'd of house, and  
servants: [a poor gentleman,

I had thought I had been a younger brother,  
I may eat boldly then?

*Zab.* 'Tis prepar'd for you. [cate;

*Arn.* The taste is perfect, and most deli-  
But why for me? Give me some wine: I do  
I feel it sensibly, and I am here, [drink,  
Here in this glorious place: I am bravely us'd  
too. [little;

Good gentle Sir, give me leave to think a  
For either I am much abus'd——

*Zab.* Strike, music;  
And sing that lusty song.<sup>21</sup> [Music, song.

<sup>20</sup> And so I leave you two: but to a fortune

Too happy for my fate: you shall enjoy her.] Mr. Sympson, with his usual fondness for alteration, cavils at this passage, and for her reads here. Till this gentleman made Leopold talk downright nonsense, he said, sensibly enough, 'I leave you to a better fortune than fate allows me; the enjoyment of Hippolyta's presence.'

<sup>20</sup> Out with the banquet there.] A banquet is set out in about eight lines after this, as we find by the marginal direction. The oldest folio in 1647, when this play was first printed, has it, and with the bucket there: and then it must relate to the vessel that held the perfumes. I only mention the variation of the copies; for as the sense of the text is not affected, 'tis no matter which of the words we espouse.

<sup>21</sup> And sing that lusty song.] Lusty, at first view, may seem an odd epithet appropriated to music; but it means that wanton, invigorating song, inciting to amorous pleasures. So, before, in this very play,

No merry noise, nor lusty songs, be heard here:

*Arn.* Bewitching harmony!  
Sure, I am turn'd into another creature,

*Enter Hippolyta.*

Happy and blest; Arnoldo was unfortunate.  
Ha, bless mine eyes! what precious piece of  
To poze the world? [nature]

*Zab.* I told you, you would see that  
Would darken these poor preparations.

What think you now? Nay, rise not, 'tis no

*Arn.* 'Tis more; 'tis miracle [vision.]

*Hip.* You are welcome, Sir.

*Arn.* It speaks, and entertains me; still  
more glorious! [stirs me!]

She is warm, and this is flesh here: How she  
Bless me, what stars are there?

*Hip.* May I sit near you? [hold,

*Arn.* No, you're too pure an object to be-  
Too excellent to look upon, and live;  
I must remove.

*Zab.* She is a woman, Sir.

Fie, what faint heart is this?

*Arn.* The house of wonder! [happy?]

*Zab.* Do not you think yourself now truly  
You have the abstract of all sweetness by you,  
The precious wealth youth labours to arrive at.  
Nor is she less in honour, than in beauty;  
Ferrara's royal duke is proud to call her  
His best, his noblest, and most happy sister;  
Fortune has made her mistress of herself,  
Wealthy, and wise, without a pow'r to sway  
Wonder of Italy, of all hearts mistress. [her;

*Arn.* And all this is——

*Zab.* Hippolyta, the beauteous.

*Hip.* You are a poor relater of my fortunes,  
Too weak a chronicle to speak my blessings,  
And leave out that essential part of story  
I am most high and happy in, most fortunate,  
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowship  
Of this fair gentleman. Pray you, do not  
wonder,

Nor hold it strange to hear a handsome lady,  
Speak freely to you. With your fair leave  
I will sit by you. [and courtesy,

*Arn.* I know not what to answer,  
Nor where I am, nor to what end; consider,  
Why do you use me thus?

*Hip.* Are you angry, Sir,  
Because you're entertain'd with all humanity?  
Freely and nobly us'd?

So, again:

——— Come, be lusty,  
And wake your spirits.

So, towards the conclusion of Wit without Money:

——— Come, boy, sing the song I taught you,  
And sing it lustily.

And, in the Mad Lover, songs in this free strain are expressed by another, but equivalent,  
term:

Fool. ——— What new songs, sirrah?

Stre. A thousand man, a thousand.

Fool. ——— Itching airs,

Alluding to the old sport.

*Theobald.*

<sup>32</sup> Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,

And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?'] Though the word *suffer* be not ab-

*Arn.* No, gentle lady,  
That were unevil; but it much amazes me,  
A stranger, and a man of no desert,  
Should find such floods of courtesy.

*Hip.* I love you,  
I honour you, the first and best of all men;  
And, where that fair opinion leads, 'tis usual  
These trifles, that but serve to set off, follow.

I would not have you proud now, nor dis-  
dainful,

Because I say I love you, though I swear it;  
Nor think it a stale favour I fling on you.

Though you be handsome, and the only man,  
I must confess, I ever fix'd mine eye on,

And bring along all promises that please us,  
Yet I should hate you then, despise you, scorn

you; [son,  
And with as much contempt pursue your per-  
As now I do with love. But you are wiser,

At least, I think, more master of your for-  
And so I drink your health. [tune;

*Arn.* Hold fast, good honesty;  
I am a lost man else!

*Hip.* Now you may kiss me;  
'Tis the first kiss I ever ask'd, I swear to you.

*Arn.* That I dare do, sweet lady.

*Hip.* You do it well too;

You are a master, Sir; that makes you coy.

*Arn.* 'Would you would send your people  
*Hip.* Well thought on. [off.

Wait all without.

*Zab.* I hope she is pleas'd thoroughly.  
[*Ex. Zab. and Servants.*

*Hip.* Why stand you still? here's no man  
to detect you; [conjuring;

My people are gone off. Come, come, leave  
The spirit, you would raise, is here already;

Look boldly on me.

*Arn.* What would you have me do? [do?

*Hip.* Oh, most unmanly question! have you  
Is't possible your years should want a tutor?

I'll teach you: Come, embrace me.

*Arn.* Fy, stand off; [wonder,

And give me leave, more now than e'er, to  
A building of so goodly a proportion,

Outwardly all exact, the frame of Heaven,  
Should hide within so base inhabitants.

You are as fair as if the morning bare you;  
Imagination never made a sweeter;

Can it be possible, this frame should suffer,<sup>32</sup>

And, built on slight affections, fright the viewer?

Be excellent in all, as you are outward,  
The worthy mistress of those many blessings  
Heav'n has bestow'd; make 'em appear still nobler,

Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.<sup>23</sup>  
Would you have me love you?

Hip. Yes.

Arn. Not for your beauty;  
Though, I confess, it blows the first fire in us;  
Time, as he passes by, puts out that sparkle.  
Nor for your wealth; altho' the world kneel  
And make it all addition to a woman; [ic it,  
Fortune, that ruins all, make that his conquest.  
Be honest, and be virtuous, I'll admire you;  
At least, be wise; and where you lay these nets,  
Strow over 'em a little modesty; [fools.  
'Twill well become your cause, and catch more

Hip. Could any one that lov'd this whole-  
some counsel, [sonder.

But love the giver more? You make me  
Have a virtuous mind; I want that orna-  
lis it a sin I covet to enjoy you? [ment.

If you imagine I'm too free a lover,  
And act that part belongs to you, I am silent:  
Mine eyes shall speak, my blushes parley with  
you; [ble

I will not touch your hand, but with a trem-  
bling vestal nun; not long to kiss you,<sup>24</sup>

But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too,  
I'll steal it thus: I'll walk your shadow by you,  
So still and silent, that it shall be equal  
To put me off as that; and when I covet

To give such toys as these—

Arn. A new temptation! [drop 'em,

Hip. Thus, like the lazy minutes, will I  
Which past once are forgotten.

Arn. Excellent vice! [upon me,

Hip. Will you be won? Look stedfastly  
Look manly, take a man's affections to you;  
Young women, in the old world, were not  
wont, Sir,

To hang out gaudy bushes for their beauties,

To talk themselves into young men's affections.  
How cold and dull you are!

Arn. How do I stagger! [dom;  
She's wise, as fair; but 'tis a wicked wis-  
dom I'll choke before I yield.

Hip. Who waits within there?

Make ready the green chamber.

Zab. [within.] It shall be, madam.

Arn. I am afraid she will enjoy me indeed.

Hip. What music do you love?

Arn. A modest tongue. [how lumpish?

Hip. We'll have enough of that. Fy, fy,

In a young lady's arms thus dull!

Arn. For Heaven's sake,

Profess a little goodness.

Hip. Of what country?

Arn. I am of Rome.

Hip. Nay then, I know you mock me;

The Italians are not frighted with such bug-  
Prithce, go in. [bears.

Arn. I am not well.

Hip. I'll make thee;

I'll kiss thee well.

Arn. I am not sick of that sore. [thee;

Hip. Upon my conscience, I must ravish  
I shall be famous for the first example:

With this I'll tie you first, then try your  
strength, Sir. [abhor thee!

Arn. My strength? Away, base woman, I  
I am not caught with stales. Disease dwell

with thee! [Exit.

Hip. Are you so quick? and have you lost  
Ho, Zabulon! my servants! [my wishes?

*Enter Zabulon and Servants.*

Zab. Called you, madam? [sued for?

Hip. Is all that beauty scorn'd, so many  
So many princes? By a stranger too?

Must I endure this?

Zab. Where's the gentleman? [bulon;

Hip. Go presently, pursue the stranger, Za-  
He has broke from me. Jewels I have giv'n

him: [love, my freedom:

Charge him with theft. He has stol'n my

solite nonsense, yet it carries on the fine metaphor of the following line so ill, that, I am per-  
suaded, it is a corrupt reading; and that the original word was *totter*; which perfectly corres-  
ponds with the rest of the metaphor. Seward.

*Totter* is certainly best, but is unauthorized; and we think the alteration too bold to be  
followed.

<sup>23</sup> ————— make 'em appear still nobler,

*Because they're trusted to a weaker keeper.*] Mr. Seward thinks this passage erroneous,  
and that for *weaker* we should read *wealthy*; because, as he urges, Hippolyta's *wealth* is one  
of the principal objects of Arnol'do's admiration. The deficiency of poetic idea, and poverty  
of argument, in this reading, assure us it never came from Beaumont or Fletcher. Mr. Theo-  
bold adheres to the old copy, and supposes, we think with reason, that the Poets 'had the  
' words of the Sacred Writ in view, of woman being the *weaker vessel*; and then, says he,  
'the comment will run thus: "Be the worthy mistress of those blessings which Heaven has  
' bestowed; and make them still nobler by preserving them, as they are entrusted to the frailty  
' and weakness of a woman."

<sup>24</sup> *But gently as the air, and undiscern'd too.*] Were it not departing from authority, we  
could wish to change *and* into *as*, and read,

*But gently as the air, as undiscern'd too;*

which surely would be both more easy and more elegant.

Draw him before the governor, imprison him!  
Why dost thou stay?

*Zab.* I'll teach him a new dance,  
For playing fast and loose with such a lady.  
Come, fellows, come! I'll execute your anger,  
And to the full.

*Hip.* His scorn shall feel my vengeance!  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.*

*Sul.* Shall I never see a lusty man again?

*Ja.* Faith, mistress, [em,  
You do so over-labour 'em when you have  
And so dry-foundr 'em, they cannot last.

*Sul.* Where's the Frenchman?

*Ja.* Alas, he's all to fitters;<sup>25</sup>

And lies, taking the height of his fortune  
with a syringe. [mournr.

He's chin'd, he's chin'd, good man; he is a

*Sul.* What is become o' th' Dane?

*Ja.* Who, goldly-locks?

He's snul i'th' touch-hole, and recoils again?  
The main-spring's weaken'd that holds up his  
cock; [brech'd.

He lies at the sign of the Sun, to be new-

*Sul.* The rutter, too, is gone.<sup>26</sup>

*Ja.* Oh, that was a brave rascal;

He would labour like a thrasher. But alas,  
What thing can ever last? He has been ill-  
mew'd, [hospital.

And drawn too soon; I have seen him in the  
*Sul.* There was an Englishman.

*Ja.* Ay, there was an Englishman; [good.  
You'll scant find any now, to make that name  
There were those English, that were men in-  
deed, [are vanish'd:

And would perform like men; but now they  
They are so taken up in their own country,  
And so beaten off their speed by their own  
women, [like hacknies.

When they come here they draw their legs  
Drink, and their own devices, have undone  
'em. [in Lisbon else;

*Sul.* I must have one that's strong; no life  
Perfect and young: My custom with young  
ladies, [else.

And high-fed city-dames, will fall and break  
I want myself too, in mine age to nourish me.  
They are all sunk I maintain'd. Now, what's  
this business?

What goodly fellow's that?

*Enter Rutilio and Officers.*

*Rut.* Why do you drag me?

Pox o' your justice! let me loose.

*1 Off.* Not so, Sir. [drunken cellars,  
*Rut.* Cannot a man fall into one of your  
And venture the breaking on's neck, your  
trap-doors open,  
But he must be us'd thus rascally?

*1 Off.* What made you wand'ring  
So late i'th' night? You know, that is impris-  
onment.

*Rut.* May be, I walk in my sleep.

*Off.* May be, we'll wake you. [vault,  
What made you wand'ring, Sir, into that  
Where all the city-store, and the munition  
lay? [shins for't:

*Rut.* I fell into't by chance; I broke my  
Your worships feel not that. I knock'd my  
head [had it!

Against a hundred posts; 'would, you had  
Canoot I break my neck in my own defence?

*2 Off.* This will not serve; you cannot put  
it off so;

Your coming thither was to play the villain,  
To fire the powder, to blow up that part o'  
th' city.

*Rut.* Yes, with my nose. Why were the  
trap-doors open?

Might not you fall, or you, had you gone that  
I thought your city had sunk. [way?

*1 Off.* You did your best, Sir,  
We must presume, to help it into the air,  
If you call that sinking. We have told you  
what's the law;

He that is taken there, unless a magistrate,  
And have command in that place, presently,  
If there be nothing found apparent near him  
Worthy his torture, or his present death,  
Must either pay his fine for his presumption  
(Which is six hundred duckets) or for six years  
Tug at an oar i'th' galleys. Will you walk,  
Sir?

For, we presume, you cannot pay the penalty.

*Rut.* Row in the galleys, after all this mis-  
chief?

*2 Off.* May be, you were drunk; they'll  
keep you sober there. [rascals,

*Rut.* Tug at an oar? You are not arrant  
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me?

*Sul.* A lusty-minded mao.

*Ja.* A woodrons able. [liberty

*Sul.* Pray, gentlemen, allow me but that  
To speak a few words with your prisoner,  
And I shall thank you.

*1 Off.* Take your pleasure, lady.

*Sul.* What would you give that woman,  
should redeem you,

Redeem you from this slavery?

<sup>25</sup> He's all to fitters.] Fitter is an old word for a small piece, a morsel, a fragment. We still say, *All to pieces.*

<sup>26</sup> The rutter, too, is gone.] I suspect this word should be *ruttier*, which in French signifies an old beaten soldier. And they have a phrase, *C'est une vieux ruttier*. He's an old dog at it; meaning, I suppose, at the game that is here discours'd of. *Theobald.*

*Rutter*, we do not doubt, is the right word, alluding to *deer*; the *rutting-time*, &c. This man, by a cant term, to denote his superiority, was nicknamed *the Rutter*, which is humorous. The alliteration, imported from the French, and unprecedented in our language, is hard and forced.

*Rut.* Besides my service,  
I'd give her my whole self; I'd be her vassal.

*Sul.* She has reason to expect as much,  
considering [fort:

The great sum she pays for it; yet take com-  
What you shall do to merit this, is easy,

And I will be the woman shall befriend you;  
'Tis but to entertain some handsome ladies,

And young fair gentlewomen: You guess the  
By giving of your mind— [way:

*Rut.* I am excellent at it;  
You cannot pick out such another living.

I understand you: Is't not thus?

*Sul.* You have it. [patch 'em.

*Rut.* Bring me a hundred of 'em; I'll dis-  
I will be none but yours: Should another offer,

Another way to redeem me, I should scorn  
What women you shall please: I am mon-  
strous lusty; [children?

Not to be taken down: Would you have  
I'll get you those as fast and thick as fly-blows.

*Sul.* I admire him, wonder at him!

*Rut.* Hark you, lady,  
You may require sometimes?

*Sul.* Ay, by my faith.

*Rut.* And you shall have it, by my faith,  
and handsomely.

This old cat will suck shrewdly! You have  
no daughters?

I fly at all. Now am I in my kingdom.  
Tug at an ear? No; tug in a feather-bed,

With good warm caudles; hang your bread  
and water.

I'll make you young again, believe that, lady;  
I will so frubbish you!

*Sul.* Come, follow, officers;  
This gentleman is free: I'll pay the duckets.

*Rut.* And when you catch me in your city-  
powdering-tub

Again, boil me with cabbage.

*O'ff.* You are both warn'd and arm'd, Sir.  
[*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Leopold, Hippolyta, and Zenobia.*

*Zen.* Will your ladyship wear this dressing?

*Hip.* Leave thy prating;  
I care not what I wear.

*Zen.* Yet 'tis my duty [tion  
To know your pleasure, and my worst afflic-  
To see you discontented.

*Hip.* Weeping too;  
Prithee, forgive me; I am much distemper'd,

And speak I know not what. To make thee  
amends,

The gown that I wore yesterday is thine.  
Let it alone awhile.

*Leop.* Now you perceive,  
And taste her bounty.

*Zen.* Much above my merit. [time

*Leop.* But have you not yet found a happy  
To move for me?

*Zen.* I have watch'd all occasions; [not  
But, hitherto, without success: Yet, doubt  
But I'll embrace the first means.

*Leop.* Do, and prosper.  
Excellent creature, whose perfections make  
Even sorrow lovely; if your frowns thus take  
What would your smiles do? [me,

*Hip.* Pox o' this stale courtship! <sup>37</sup>  
If I have any pow'r—

*Leop.* I am commanded;  
Obedience is the lover's sacrifice,

Which I pay gladly.

*Hip.* To be forc'd to woo,  
Being a woman, could not but torment me:

But bringing, for my advocates, youth and  
beauty,

Set off with wealth, and then to be deny'd too,  
Does comprehend all tortures. They flatter'd  
me [fettlers,

That said my looks were charms, my touches  
My locks soft chains to bind the arms of  
princes,

And make them, in that wish'd-for bondage,  
happy.

I am, like others of a coarser feature,  
As weak t'allure, but in my dothage stronger.

I am no Circe; he, more than Ulysses,  
Scorns all my offer'd bounties, slight's my fa-  
vours; [me,

And, as I were some new Egyptian, <sup>38</sup> flies  
Leaving no pawn, but my own shame behind  
him.

But he shall find, that, in my fell revenge,  
I am a woman; one, that never pardons  
The rude contemner of her proffer'd sweet-  
ness.

<sup>37</sup> Pox o' this stale courtship! To modern ears this expression will appear exceedingly gross and vulgar; but that it convey'd no such meaning in the days of our Authors, may be proved from several instances. In Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost*, act v. scene ii. the princess exclaims, 'Pox of that jest!' a mode of speech that Mr. Theobald was much offended at. But, as a judicious critic, Mr. Farmer observes, there needs no alarm; the *small pox* only is alluded to. Davison has a canzonet on his Lady's Sickness of the *Pox*; and Dr. Donne writes to his sister, 'At my return from Kent, I found Pegge had the *pox*. I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her.' It may be added, that the *small-pox* is still spoken of in the same manner, to this day, in many parts of the North of England. R.

<sup>38</sup> And, as I were some new Egyptian, flies me.] This alludes to the story of Potiphar's wife tempting the patriarch Joseph. The circumstances in the following lines prove it; for Potiphar's wife, 'tis well known, failing in her design of seducing Joseph to wantonness with her, accused him to her husband of an attempt upon her chastity. Theobald.

*Enter Zabulon.*

*Zab.* Madam, 'tis done.

*Hip.* What's done?

*Zab.* Th' uncivil stranger  
Is at your suit arrested.

*Hip.* 'Tis well handled.

*Lab.* And under guard sent to the governor;  
With whom my testimony, and the favour  
He bears your ladyship, have so prevail'd,  
That he is sentenc'd —

*Hip.* How?

*Zab.* To lose his head. [ing heat]

*Hip.* Is that the means to quench the scorch-  
Of my enrag'd desires? Must innocence suffer,  
'Cause I am faulty? Or is my love so fatal,  
That of necessity it must destroy  
The object it most longs for? Dull Hippolyta,  
To think that injuries could make way for love,  
When courtesies were despis'd! that by his  
death

[canst hope for  
Thou should'st gain that, which only thou  
While he is living! My honour's at the stake  
now,

And cannot be preserv'd, unless he perish.  
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever  
Have priz'd above my fame: Why doubt I  
now then?

One only way is left me, to redeem all.  
Make ready my caroch!

*Leop.* What will you, madam?

*Hip.* And yet I am impatient of such stay.  
Bind up my hair! Fy, fy, while that is doing,  
The law may seize his life! Thus as I am then,  
Not like Hippolyta, but a Bacchanal,  
My frantic love transports me. [Exit.]

*Leop.* Sure, she's distracted.

*Zab.* Pray you follow her; I will along  
with you: [love]

I more than guess the cause. Women that  
Are most uncertain; and one minute crave,  
What in another they refuse to have.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.

*Enter Clodio and Charino.*

*Clod.* Assure thyself, Charino, I am alter'd  
From what I was: The tempests we have  
met with

In our uncertain voyage were smooth gales,  
Compar'd to those the memory of my lusts  
Rais'd in my conscience: And if e'er again  
I live to see Zenocia, I will sue  
And seek t' her as a lover, and a servant;  
And not command affection, like a tyrant.

*Char.* In hearing this, you make me young  
again; [change in you,  
And Heav'n, it seems, favouring this good  
In setting of a period to our dangers,  
Gives us fair hopes to find that here in Lis-  
bon for.  
Which hitherto in vain we long have sought  
I have receiv'd assur'd intelligence,  
Such strangers have been seen here; and  
though yet

I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place  
Of their abode, I have a soul presages  
A fortunate event here.

*Clod.* There have pass'd  
A mutual interchange of courtesies [boldly  
Between me and the governor; therefore,  
We may presume of him, and of his pow'r,  
If we find cause to use them; otherwise,  
I would not be known here; and these dis-  
Will keep us from discovery. [guises]

*Enter Manuel, Doctor, Arnaldo, and Guard.*

*Char.* What are these? [bound.]

*Clod.* The governor; with him my rival,

*Char.* For certain, 'tis Arnaldo.

*Clod.* Let's attend

What the success will be.

*Man.* Is't possible,

There should be hope of his recovery,

His wounds so many and so deadly?

*Doct.* So they appear'd at first; bnt, the  
blood stopp'd,

His trance forsook him; and, on better search,  
We found they were not mortal.

*Man.* Use all care

To perfect this unhop'd-for cure; that done,  
Propose your own rewards; and, till you shall  
Hear further from me, for some ends I have,  
Conceal it from his mother.

*Doct.* We'll not fail, Sir. [Exit.]

*Man.* You still stand confident on your in-  
nocence. [will not

*Arn.* It is my best and last guard, which I  
Leave, to rely on your uncertain mercy.

*Enter Hippolyta, Zabulon, Leopold, Ze-  
nocia, and two Servants.*

*Hip.* Who bad you follow me? Go home!  
and you, Sir,

As you respect me, go with her!

*Arn.* Zenocia!

And in her house a servant!

*Char.* 'Tis my daughter! [Zen. passes.]

*Clod.* My love. Contain your joy; ob-  
serve the sequel. [you,

*Man.* Fy, madam, how indecent 'tis for  
So far unlike yourself to be seen thus

In th' open streets? Why do you kneel? pray  
you, rise.

I am acquainted with the wrong and loss  
You have sustain'd, and the delinquent now  
Stands ready for his punishment.

*Hip.* Let it fall, Sir,

On the offender: He is innocent,  
And most unworthy of these bonds he wears;  
But I made up of guilt.

*Man.* What strange turn's this?

*Leop.* This was my prisoner once.

*Hip.* If chastity

In a young man, tempted to the height too,  
Did e'er deserve reward, or admiration,  
He justly may claim both. Love to his person  
(Or, if you please, give it a fouler name)  
Compell'd me first to train him to my house;  
All engines I rais'd there to shake his virtue,



Which in th' assault were useless; he, unmov'd still,

As if he had no part of human frailty,  
Against the nature of my sex, almost  
I play'd the ravisher. You might have seen,  
In our contention, young Apollo fly,  
And lovesick Daphne follow: All arts failing,  
By flight he won the victory, breaking from  
Myscarn'd embraces. The repulse (in women  
Unsuferable) invited me to practise  
A means to be reveng'd; and from this grew  
His accusation, and the abuse  
Of your still-equal justice. My rage over,  
(Thank Heav'n) though wanton, I found not  
myself

So far engag'd to hell, to prosecute  
To th' death what I had plotted; for that love,  
That made me first desire him, then accuse  
him,

Commands me, with the hazard of myself,  
First to entreat his pardon, then acquit him.

*Man.* Whate'er you are, so much I love  
your virtue, [loose  
That I desire your friendship. Do you un-  
Him from those bonds you are worthy of.

Your repentance  
Makes part of satisfaction; yet I must  
Severely reprehend you.

*Leop.* I am made  
A sale on all parts! But this fellow shall  
Pay dearly for her favour.

*Arn.* My life's so full  
Of various changes, that I now despair  
Of any certain port; one trouble ending,  
A new and worse succeeds it: What should  
Zenocia

Do in this woman's house? Can chastity  
And hot lust dwell together, without infec-  
tion?

I would not be or jealous, or secure;  
Yet something must be done, to sound the  
depth on't.

That she lives is my bliss; but living there,  
A hell of torments! There's no way to her  
In whom I live, but by this door, thro' which  
To me 'tis death to enter; yet I must  
And will make trial.

*Man.* Let me hear no more  
Of these devices, lady: This I pardon,  
And, at your intercession, I forgive  
Your instrument the Jew too. Get you home.  
The hundred thousand crowns you lent the  
city,

Towards the setting forth of the last navy  
Bound for the Islands, was a good then, which  
I balance with your ill now.

*Char.* Now, Sir, to him;  
You know my daughter needs it.

*Hip.* Let me take  
A farewell with mine eye, Sir, though my lip  
Be barr'd the ceremony courtesy,  
And custom too, allows of.

*Arn.* Gentle madam,  
I neither am so cold, nor so ill-bred,  
But that I dare receive it. You are un-  
guarded;

And let me tell you, that I am asham'd  
Of my late rudeness, and would gladly there-  
fore,

If you please to accept my ready service,  
Wait on you to your house.

*Hip.* Above my hope!  
Sir, if an angel were to be my convoy,  
He should not be more welcome.

*Ex. Arn. and Hip.*  
*Clod.* Now you know me. {memb'ring

*Man.* Yes, Sir, and honour you; ever re-  
Your many bounties, being ambitious only  
To give you cause to say, by some one service,  
That I am not ungrateful.

*Clod.* 'Tis now offer'd:  
I have a suit to you, and an easy one,  
Which ere long you shall know.

*Man.* When you think fit, Sir;  
And then as I command I will receive it;  
Till then, most welcome. You are welcome  
too, Sir; [not

'Tis spoken from the heart, and therefore needs  
Much protestation. At your better leisure  
I will enquire the cause that brought you  
hither;

I' th' mean time serve you.

*Clod.* You out-do me, Sir. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Duarte and Doctor.*

*Dua.* YOU have bestow'd on me a second  
life, [better'd  
For which I live your creature; and have  
What Nature fram'd imperfect; My first  
being, [ter,  
Inolent pride made monstrous; but this lat-  
In learning me to know myself, hath taught  
Not to wrong others. [me

*Doct.* Then we live indeed,  
When we can go to rest without alarm  
Giv'n ev'ry minute to a guilt-sick conscience,  
To keep us waking, and rise in the morning  
Secure in being innocent: But when,  
In the remembrance of our worse actions,  
We ever bear about us whips and furies,  
To make the day a night of sorrow to us,  
Ev'n life's a burden.

*Dua.* I have found and felt it;  
But will endeavour, having first made peace

With those intestine enemies, my rude passions,

To be so with mankind. But, worthy doctor, Pray, if you can, resolve me; was the gentleman,

That left me dead, e'er brought unto his trial?

*Doct.* Nor known, nor apprehended.

*Dua.* That's my grief. [punish'd?

*Doct.* Why, do you wish he had been

*Dua.* No; [way:

The stream of my swol'n sorrow runs not that For could I find him, as I vow to hear'n

It shall be my first care to seek him out,

I would with thanks acknowledge that his sword, [poison'd,

In opening my veins, which proud blood Gave the first symptoms of true health.

*Doct.* 'Tis in you

A christian resolution. That you live Is by the governor's, your uncle's, charge

As yet conceal'd; and though a sun's loss never [row,

Was solemniz'd with more tears of true sorrow Than have been paid by your unequal'd mother

For your supposed death, she's not acquainted With your recovery.

*Dua.* For some few days, Pray, let her so continue. Thus disguis'd,

I may abroad unknown.

*Doct.* Without suspicion Of being discover'd.

*Dua.* I am confident, No moisture sooner dies than woman's tears;<sup>39</sup>

And therefore, though I know my mother virtuous,

Yet being one of that frail sex, I purpose Her further trial.

*Doct.* That as you think fit; I'll not betray you.

*Dua.* To find out this stranger, This true physician of my mind and manners,

Were such a blessing—He seem'd poor, and may, [find him!

Perhaps, be now in want: 'Would I could The inns I'll search first, then the public stews:

He was of Italy, and that country breeds not Precisions that way, but hot libertines;

And such the most are. 'Tis but a little travel. I am unfurnish'd too: Pray, Mr. Doctor,

Can you supply me?

*Doct.* With what sum you please.

*Dua.* I will not be long absent.

*Doct.* That I wish too;

For, till you have more strength, I would not have you

To be too bold.

*Dua.* Fear not; I will be careful. [Exeunt.

*Enter Leopold, Zabulon, and Bravo.*

*Zab.* I have brought him, Sir; a fellow that will do it,

Though hell stood in his way; ever provided, You pay him for't.

*Leop.* He has a strange aspect, [man And looks much like the figure of a hang-

In a table of the Passion.

*Zab.* He transcends

All precedents, believe it; a flesh'd ruffian, That hath so often taken the strappado,

That 'tis to him but as a lofty trick

Is to a tumbler. He hath perus'd too

All dungeons in Portugal; thrice sev'n years Row'd in the galleys for three several mur-

ders; [dred, Though I presume that he has done a hun-

And 'scap'd unpunish'd.

*Leop.* He is much in debt to you, [Sir, You set him off so well. What will you take,

To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?<sup>40</sup>

*Bra.* To beat him, say you?

*Leop.* Yes, beat him to lameness; To cut his lip or nose off; any thing,

That may disfigure him.

*Bra.* Let me consider?

Five hundred pistolets for such a service, I think, were no dear pennyworth.

*Zab.* Five hundred! [city, Why, there are of your brotherhood in the

I'll undertake, shall kill a man for twenty.

*Bra.* Kill him? I think so; I'll kill any For half the money. [man

*Leop.* And will you ask more For a sound beating than a murder?

*Bra.* Ay, Sir, And with good reason; for a dog that's dead,

The Spanish proverb says, will never bite: But should I beat or hurt him only, he may

Recover, and kill me.

*Leop.* A good conclusion.

The obduracy of this rascal makes me tender:

<sup>39</sup> ————— *I am confident,*

*No moisture sooner dies than woman's tears;]* Moisture dying is stark nonsense; the insertion of a single letter gives the true sense, dries. *Symson.*

*Dries* is not 'nonsense'; but rather more poetical here than *dries*; the *evaporation* or *drying-up* of moisture being, metaphorically, the *death* of it. *Dries*, however, it must be confessed, is more obvious, and probably the word used by our Authors.

<sup>40</sup> ————— *What will you take, Sir,*

*To beat a fellow for me, that thus wrong'd me?]* Thus wrong'd me? The nature and quality of the wrong are not in one syllable premised. The Poets certainly wrote, that *has* wrong'd me. *Symson.*

The acute Mr. Symson did not observe that *thus* might refer to a supposed explanation by Zabulon, before the Bravo's interview with Leopold.

I'll run some other course. There's your reward—  
Without the employment.

*Bra.* For that, as you please, Sir. [ward  
me;  
When you have need to kill a man, pray use  
But I am out at beating. [Exit.

*Zab.* What's to be done then?  
*Leap.* I'll tell thee, Zabulon, and make  
thee privy [which

To my most near designs. This stranger,  
Hippolyta so dotes on, was my prisoner  
When the last virgin I bestow'd upon her  
Was made my prize; how he escap'd, here-  
after

I'll let thee know; and it may be, the love  
He bears the servant makes him scorn the  
mistress.

*Zab.* 'Tis not unlike; for, the first time he  
saw her, [proof,

His looks express'd so much; and, for more  
Since he came to my lady's house, though yet  
He never knew her, he hath practis'd with me  
To help him to a conference, without  
The knowledge of Hippolyta; which I prom-  
is'd.

[meeting;  
*Leap.* And by all means perform it, for their  
But work it so, that my disdainful mistress  
(Whom, notwithstanding all her injuries,  
Thy hard fate to love) may see and hear

*Zab.* To what end, Sir? [them.

*Leap.* This, Zabulon: When she sees  
Who is her rival, and her lover's baseness  
To leave a princess for her bond-woman,  
The sight will make her scorn what now she  
dotes on.

I'll double thy reward.

*Zab.* You are like to speed then:  
For, I confess, what you will soon believe,  
We serve them best that are most apt to give.

For you, I'll place you where you shall see all,  
And yet be unobserv'd.

*Leap.* That I desire too. [Exit.

*Enter Arnoldo.*

*Arn.* I cannot see her yet. How it afflicts  
me,  
The poison of this place should mix itself  
With her pure thoughts! 'Twas she that was  
commanded, [face,

Or my eyes fail'd me grossly; that youth, that  
And all that noble sweetness. May she not  
live here,  
And yet be honest still?

*Enter Zenocia.*

*Zen.* It is Arnoldo,  
From all his dangers free. Fortune, I bless  
thee!

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

*Zen.* Who, though she be your wife, will  
never hinder you;

So much I rest a servant to your wishes,

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

*Zen.* Who, though she be your wife, will  
never hinder you;

So much I rest a servant to your wishes,

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

*Zen.* Who, though she be your wife, will  
never hinder you;

So much I rest a servant to your wishes,

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

*Zen.* Who, though she be your wife, will  
never hinder you;

So much I rest a servant to your wishes,

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

My noble husband! how my joy swells in me!  
But why in this place? what business hath he  
here?

He cannot hear of me; I am not known here.  
I left him virtuous; how I shake to think  
now?

And how that joy I had cools and forsakes

*Enter, above, Hippolyta and Zabulon.*

This lady is but fair; I have been thought so,  
Without compare admir'd. She has be-  
witch'd him,

And he forgot—

*Arn.* 'Tis she again; the same,  
The same Zenocia.

*Zab.* There they are together:  
Now you may mark.

*Hip.* Peace; let 'em parley.

*Arn.* That you are well, Zenocia, and  
once more

Bless my despairing eyes with your wish'd  
presence,

I thank the Gods! But that I meet you  
here—

*Hip.* They are acquainted.

*Zab.* I found that secret, madam,  
When you commanded her go home. Pray  
hear 'em.

*Zen.* That you meet me here! ne'er blush  
at that, Arnoldo. [man;

Your cunning comes too late:<sup>41</sup> I am a wo-  
And one woman with another may be trusted.

Do you fear the house?

*Arn.* More than a fear, I know it;  
Know it not good, not honest.

*Zen.* What do you here then?

I' th' name of virtue, why do you approach it?  
Will you confess the doubt, and yet pursue it?  
Where have your eyes been wand'ring, my  
Arnoldo?

[Fy,  
What constancy, what faith, do you call this?  
Aim at one wanton mark, and wound another?  
I do confess the lady fair, most beauteous,

[*Leopold places himself unseen below.*  
And able to betray a strong man's liberty;  
But you, that have a love, a wife—You do  
well

To deal thus wisely with me. Yet, Arnoldo,  
Since you are pleas'd to study a new beauty,  
And think this old and ill, beaten with misery,  
Study a nobler way, for shame, to leave me:<sup>42</sup>

Wrong not her honesty—

*Arn.* You have confirm'd me.

*Zen.* Who, though she be your wife, will  
never hinder you;

So much I rest a servant to your wishes,

<sup>41</sup> Your coming comes too late.] Mr. Theobald proposes reading *coming*; which is preferable to the word we find in the text; but falls short of our Authors' strength of expression; who, we do not doubt, wrote *cunning*; a confirmation of which occurs afterwards, in her saying he deals *wisely* with her.

<sup>42</sup> Study a nobler way for shame to love me.] A nobler way to love her, when she suspected that he had ceased to love her at all? We must read, to leave me. The foregoing lines sufficiently evince the genuineness of this emendation. Seward.

And love your loves, though they be my destructions. [in thee;

No man shall know me, nor the share I have  
No eye suspect I am able to prevent you:

For since I am a slave to this great lady,  
Whom I perceive you follow—

*Arn.* Be not blinded. [service:

*Zen.* Fortune shall make me useful to your  
I will speak for you.

*Arn.* Speak for me? You wrong me.

*Zen.* I will endeavour, all the ways I am  
able, [please?

To make her think well of you: Will that  
To make her dote upon you, dote to madness.  
So far, against myself, I will obey you.

But when that's done, and I have shew'd this  
duty, [price)

This great obedience (few will buy't at my  
Thus will I shake hands with you, wish you  
well,

But never see you more, nor receive comfort  
From any thing, Arnaldo.

*Arn.* You are too tender;

I neither doubt you, nor desire longer  
To be a man, and live, than I am honest,  
And only yours: Our infinite affections  
Abus'd us both.

*Zab.* Where are your favours now?

The courtesies you shew'd this stranger, ma-  
dam?

*Hip.* Have I now found the cause?

*Zab.* Attend it further.

*Zen.* Did she invite you, do you say?

*Arn.* Most cunningly;

And with a preparation of that state  
I was brought in and welcom'd—

*Zen.* Seem'd to love you? [dotingly.

*Arn.* Most infinitely, at first sight, most

*Zen.* She is a goodly lady.

*Arn.* Wondrous handsome.

At first view, being taken unprepar'd,  
Your memory not present then to assist me,  
She seem'd so glorious, sweet, and so far stir'd  
me—

Nay, be not jealous, there's no harm done.

*Zen.* Prithce,

Didst thou not kiss, Arnaldo?

*Arn.* Yes, faith, did I.

*Zen.* And then—

*Arn.* I durst not, did not.

*Zen.* I forgive you:

Come, tell the truth.

*Arn.* May be, I lay with her.

*Hip.* He mocks me too, most basely.

*Zen.* Did you, faith?

Did you forget so far?

*Arn.* Come, come, no weeping; [that.

I would have lyen first in my grave; believe  
Why will you ask those things you would not  
hear?

She's too intemperate to betray my virtues,  
Too openly lascivious. Had she dealt

But with that seeming modesty she might,  
And flug a little art upon her ardor—

But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,

And glad I was deceiv'd. No, my Zenocia,  
My first love here begun, rests here unrep'd  
And here for ever. [yet,

*Zen.* You have made me happy;  
Even in the midst of bondage blest.

*Zab.* You see now,  
What rubs are in your way.

*Hip.* And quickly, Zabulon, [ly.

I'll root 'em out. Be sure you do this present—

*Zab.* Do not you alter then.

*Hip.* I'm resolute. [Exit Zabulon.

*Arn.* To see you only I came hither last,  
Drawn by no love of hers, nor base allure-  
ments;

For, by this holy light, I hate her heartily.  
*Leop.* I am glad of that; you have sav'd  
me so much vengeance,

And so much fear. From this hour fair be-  
fall you! [redeem you;

*Arn.* Some means I shall make shortly to  
'Till whee, observe her well, and fit her tem-  
Only her lust contemn. [per,

*Zen.* When shall I see you?

*Arn.* I will live hereabouts, and bear her  
fair still,

'Till I can find a fit hour to redeem you.

*Hip.* Shut all the doors.

*Arn.* Who's that?

*Zen.* We are betray'd;

The lady of the house has heard our parley,  
Seen us, and seen our loves.

*Hip.* You courteous gallant, [at

You, that scorn all I can bestow, that laugh  
Th' afflictions and the groans I suffer for you.

That slight and jeer my love, contemn the  
fortune [you?

My favours can fling on you, have I caught  
Have I now found the cause you fool my  
wishes?

Is mine own slave my bane? I nourish that,  
That sucks up my content. I'll pray no more,  
Nor woo no more; thou shalt see, foolish wagh,

And, to thy bitter pain and anguish, look on  
The vengeance I shall take, provok'd and  
sighted; [Zabulon!

Redeem her then, and steal her hence. Ho,  
Now to your work.

*Enter Zabulon and Servants, some holding  
Arnaldo, some ready with a cord to strangle  
Zenocia.*

*Arn.* Lady! but hear me speak first,  
As you have pity.

*Hip.* I have none. You taught me:  
When I even hung about your neck, you  
scorn'd me.

*Zab.* Shall we pluck yet?

*Hip.* No, hold a little, Zabulon;  
I'll pluck his heart-strings first. Now am I  
worthy

A little of your love?

*Arn.* I'll be your servant; [aim at,

Command me through what danger you shall  
Let it be death!

*Hip.* Be sure, Sir, I shall fit you.

*Arn.* But spare this virgin!<sup>41</sup>  
*Hip.* I would spare that villain first,  
 Had cut my father's throat.  
*Arn.* Bounteous lady,  
 If in your sex there be that noble softness,  
 That tenderness of heart, women are crown'd  
 for— [honour;  
*Zen.* Kneel not, Arnol'do; do her not that  
 She is not worthy such submission:  
 I scorn a life depends upon her pity. [ger  
 Proud woman, do thy worst, and arm thy an-  
 With thoughts as black as hell, as hot and  
 bloody!  
 I bring a patience here, shall make 'em blush,  
 An innocence, shall out-look thee, and death  
 too. [dom to you,  
*Arn.* Make me your slave; I give my free-  
 For ever to be fetter'd to your service!  
 'Twas I offended; be not so unjust then,  
 To strike the innocent. This gentle maid  
 Never intended fear and doubt against you:  
 She is your servant; pay not her observance  
 With cruel looks, her dutious faith with death.  
*Hip.* Am I fair now? now am I worth  
 your liking?  
*Zen.* Not fair, not to be lik'd, thou glori-  
 ous devil! [fury!  
 Thou varnish'd piece of lust, thou painted  
*Arn.* Speak gently, sweet, speak gently.  
*Zen.* I'll speak nobly;  
 'Tis not the saving of a life I aim at.  
 Mark me, lascivious woman, mark me truly,  
 And then consider, how I weigh thy anger!  
 Life is no longer mine, nor dear unto me,  
 Than useful to his honour I preserve it.  
 If thou hadst studied all the courtesies  
 Humanity and noble blood are link'd to,  
 Thou couldst not have propounded such a  
 benefit, [mour,  
 Nor heap'd upon me such unlook'd-for ho-  
 As dying for his sake, to be his martyr.  
 'Tis such a grace—  
*Hip.* You shall not want that favour:  
 Let your bones work miracles!  
*Arn.* Dear lady,  
 By those fair eyes—  
*Hip.* There is but this way left you  
 To save her life—  
*Arn.* Speak it, and I embrace it. [ly,  
*Hip.* Come to my private chamber present-  
 And there, what love and I command—  
*Arn.* I'll do it.  
 Be comforted, Zenobia.  
*Zen.* Do not do this;  
 To save me, do not lose yourself, I charge you!  
 I charge you, by your love, that love you bear  
 me,

That love, that constant love you have twin'd  
 to me, [em)—  
 By all your promises (take heed you keep  
 Now is your constant trial! If thou dost this,  
 Or mov'st one foot, to guide thee to her lust,  
 My curses and eternal hate pursue thee!  
 Redeem me at the base price of disloyalty?  
 Must my undoubted honesty be thy bawd too?  
 Go, and entwine thyself about that body!  
 Tell her, for my life thou hast lost thine ho-  
 nour, [basely,  
 Pull'd all thy vows from Heav'n; basely, most  
 Stoop'd to the servile flames of that foul wo-  
 man,  
 To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,  
 Know thee not again, nor name thee for a  
 husband!  
*Arn.* What shall I do to save her?  
*Hip.* How now? what haste there?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The governor, attended with some  
 gentlemen, [ship.  
 Are newly enter'd, to speak with your lady.  
*Hip.* Fox o' their business! Reprieve her  
 for this hour;  
 I shall have other time.  
*Arn.* Now, Fortune, help us!  
*Hip.* I'll meet 'em presently. Retire awhile  
 all. [Ex.  
*Zen.* You rise to-day upon your right side,  
 lady.  
 You know the danger too, and may prevent it;  
 And if you suffer her to perish thus,  
 (As she must do, and suddenly, believe it,  
 Unless you stand her friend) you know the  
 way on't;  
 I guess you poorly love her, less your fortune.  
 Let her know nothing, and perform this mat-  
 ter;  
 There are hours ordain'd for several businesses.  
 You understand—  
*Arn.* I understand you bawd, Sir,  
 And such a counsellor I never car'd for.

*Enter the Governor, Clodio, Leopold, Cha-  
 rino and attendants at one door, Hippolyta  
 at the other.*

*Hip.* Your lordship does me honour.  
*Gor.* Fair Hippolyta,  
 I'm come to ease you of a charge.  
*Hip.* I keep none  
 I count a burden, Sir.—And yet I lie too.  
*Gor.* Which is the maid? Is she here?  
*Clod.* Yes, Sir; this is she, this is Zenobia;  
 The very same I sued to your lordship for.

<sup>41</sup> But spare this virgin, &c.] Mr. Theobald reads,

*But spare this virgin.*

*Hip.* I would spare that villain,

*Had cut my father's throat, first;*

and says, 'The metre here is so defective, that the transposition, and correction in the point-  
 ing, which I have made, seem absolutely necessary.' But we apprehend, that, as the metre  
 is so frequently licentious, the present defect does not warrant the change.

Zen. Clodio again? Mure misery? more ruin?

Under what angry star is my life govern'd?

Gov. Come hither, maid: You are once more a free woman;

Here I discharge your bonds.

Arn. Another smile,

Another trick of Fortune to betray us!

Hip. Why does your lordship use me so unnobly? [man?

Against my will, to take away my bond-woman?

Gov. She was no lawful prize, therefore no bond-woman:

She's of that country we hold friendship with, And ever did; and, therefore, to be us'd With entertainment fair and courteous.

The breach of league in us gives foul example; Therefore, you must be pleas'd to think this honest.

Did you know what she was?

Leap. Not 'till this instant; [ner.

For had I known her, she had been no prisoner.

Gov. There, take the maid; she's at her own dispose now:

And if there be ought else to do your honour Any poor service in—

Clod. I am vow'd your servant. [comfort;

Arn. Your father's here too, that's our only And in a country now, we stand free people,

Where Clodio has no power. Be comforted.

Zen. I fear some trick yet.

Arn. Be not so dejected. [well, lady.

Gov. You must not be displeas'd; so, farewell, gentlemen. Captain, you must with I have a little business. [me too;

Leap. I attend your lordship.

Now my way's free, and my hope's lord again.<sup>44</sup>

[*Exeunt all but Hip. and Zub.*

Hip. D'ye jeer me now ye are going? I may live yet—to make you howl both.

Zub. You might have done; you had power then;

But now the chains are off, the command lost; And such a story they will make of this,

To laugh out lazy time—

Hip. No means yet left me? [me?

For now I burst with anger! None to satisfy No comfort? no revenge?

Zub. You speak too late; [vants,

You might have had all these your useful ser- Had you been wise and sudden. What pow'r,

or will, Over her beauty have you now, by violence

To constrain his love? She is as free as you are, And no law can impeach her liberty;

And, while she's so, Arnolde will despise you.

Hip. Either my love or anger must be sa- Or I must die! [tisied,

Zub. I have a way would do it, Would do it yet; protect me from the law.

Hip. From any thing! Thou know'st what power I have,

What money, and what friends.

Zub. 'Tis a devilish one: [tell you;

But such must now be us'd. Walk in, I'll And if you like it, if the devil can do any thing—

Hip. Devil, or what thou wilt, so I be sa- tisfied. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sulpitia and Jaques.*

Sul. This is the rarest and the lustiest fel- And so bestirs himself— [low,

Ja. Give him breath, mistress;

You'll melt him else.

Sul. He does perform such wonders— The women are mad on him.

Ja. Give him breath, I say;

The man is but a man; he must have breath.

Sul. How many had he yesterday?

Ja. About fourteen; and they paid bravely too.<sup>45</sup> [have him.

But still I cry, give breath; spare him, and

Sul. Five daunces to-day: This was a small stage;

He may endure five more.

Ja. Breath, breath, I cry still;

Body o'me, give breath; the man's a lost man else.

Feed him, and give him breath.

*Enter two Gentlewomen.*

Sul. Welcome, gentlewomen; You're very welcome.

1 Gent. We hear you have a lusty and well-complexion'd fellow, [here

That does rare tricks. My sister and myself Would trifle out an hour or two, so please you.

Sul. Jaques, conduct 'em in.

Both. There's for your courtesy. [*Exeunt Ja. and Gent.*

Sul. Good pay still, good round pay. This happy fellow

Will set me up again; he brings in gold Faster than I have leisure to receive it.

Oh, that his body were not flesh, and fading!

<sup>44</sup> Now my way's free, and my hopes. *Lords againe.*] This is the reading of the oldest edition; but as there is no making sense of the passage in this state, we have, with Mr. Theobald, followed the folio of 1679.

<sup>45</sup> How many had he yesterday? And they paid bravely too.

Ja. About fourteen.] The necessary transposition here is so self-evident, that it wants no note in confirmation. The metre is lame and defective; and Sulpitia is made to say what belongs to Jaques, which quite destroys the sense. I decline saying more upon this occasion, because, as the subject is not a little dissolute, *puer his nequitia immorari*. A proper regard to decency is a respect due to the readers; and an editor ever ought to blush, when he takes a voluntary liberty of offending them. *Theobald*

But I'll so pap him up—Nothing too dear for him. [Jaques?]

What a sweet scent he has? Now, what news,

Ja. He cannot last; I pity the poor man, I suffer for him. Two coaches of young city-dames,

And they drive as the devil were in the wheels, Are ready now to enter: And behind these, An old dead-palsied lady, in a litter;

And she makes all the haste she can. The man's lost! [nine-pins;

You may gather up his dry bones to make But, for his flesh—

Sul. These are but easy labours;

Yet, for I know he must have rest—

Ja. He must;

You'll beat him off his legs else presently.

Sul. Go in, and bid him please himself; I'm pleas'd too.

To-morrow's a new day. But, if he can,

I would have him take pity o'th' old lady:

Alas, 'tis charity!

Ja. I'll tell him all this;

And, if he be not too fool-hardy—

*Enter Zalulon.*

Sul. How now?

What news with you?

Zab. You must presently

Shew all the art you have, and for my lady.

Sul. She may command.

Zab. You must not dream nor trifle.

Sul. Which way?

Zab. A spell you must prepare, a wondrous

Peruse but these directions, you shall find all;

There is the picture too: Bequick and faithful,

And do it with that strength—When 'tis

perform'd, [have it.

Pitch your reward at what you please, you

Sul. I'll do my best, and suddenly. But,

Will you never lie at home again? [hark ye,

Zab. Excuse me;

I have too much business yet.

Sul. I am right glad o't.

Zab. Think on your business; so, farewell.

Sul. I'll do it.

Zab. Within this hour I'll visit you again,

And give you greater lights.

Sul. I shall observe you.

This brings a brave reward; bravely, I'll do it,

And all the hidden art I have, express in't.

[*Exeunt at both doors.*

*Enter Rutilio with a night-cap.*

Rut. Now do I look as if I were crow-

trudden! [me,

Fy, how my hams shrink under me! Oh

I am broken-winded too! Is this a life?

Is this the recreation I have aim'd at?

I had a body once, a handsome body, [rascal, And wholesome too: Now I appear like a That had been hung a year or two in gibbets. Fy, how I faint! Women/ keep me from women!

Place me before a cannon, 'tis a pleasure;

Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;

But women! women! oh, the devil! women!

Curtius's gulf was never half so dangerous.

Is there no way to find the trap-door again,

And fall into the cellar, and be taken?

No lucky fortune to direct me that way?

No gallies to be got, nor yet no gallows!

For I fear nothing now, no earthly thing,

But these unsatisfied men-leeches, women!

How devilishly my bones ache! Oh, the old

lady! [back too;

I have a kind of waiting-woman lies cross my

Oh, how she stings! No treason to deliver me!

Now, what are you? do you mock me?

*Enter three, with night-caps, very faintly.*

1. No, Sir, no;

We were your predecessors in this place.

2. And come to see how you bear up.

Rut. Good gentlemen! [Sir,

You seem to have a snuffling in your head,

A parlours snuffling; but this same dampish

2. A dampish air, indeed. [air—

Rut. Blow your face tenderly,

Your nose will ne'er endure it. Mercy o' me,

What are men chang'd to here! Is my nose

fast yet? [gentlemen,

Methinks it shakes i'th' hilts. Pray tell me,

How long is't since you flourish'd here?

3. Not long since. [tender.

Rut. Move yourself easily; I see you are

Nor long endured?

2. The labour was so much, Sir,

And so few to perform it—

Rut. Must I come to this,

And draw my legs after me, like a lame dog?

I cannot run away, I am too feeble.

Will you see for this place again, gentlemen?

1. No truly, Sir, the place has been too

warm for our complexions. [Sir!

2. We have enough o'n't: Rest you merry,

We came but to congratulate your fortune;

You have abundance.

3. Bear your fortune soberly;

And so we leave you to the next fair lady.

[*Exeunt the three.*

Rut. Stay but a little, and I'll meet you,

gentlemen,

At the next hospital. There's no living thus,

Nor am I able to endure it longer: [me,

With all the help and heats that can be given

I am at my trot already.<sup>46</sup> They are fair and

young,

<sup>46</sup> With all the helps and heats that can be given me

*I'm at my trot already.*] The first line here would be very obscure, and the text to be very much suspected, but for the subsequent one; from which, I think, the allusion is plainly to the managery of horses. It is the duty of a groom to give his horses *heats*, (i. e. to pace 'em out in a morning) lest they should grow restive and short-winded. This Rutilio complains to be his case, he is quite broken-winded, beaten off his speed, is reduced to a *trot*, and just all power of galloping. *Theobald,*

Most of the women that repair unto me;  
But they stick on like burs, shake me like  
feathers.

*Enter Sulpitia.*

More women yet? 'Would I were honestly  
married

To any thing that had but half a face,  
And not a groat to keep her, nor a smock;  
That I might be civilly merry when I pleas'd,  
Rather than labouring in these flogging-mills.

*Sul.* By this, the spell begins to work. You  
I see; you bear up bravely yet. [are lusty,

*Rut.* Do you hear, lady? [hourly,  
Do not make a game-heat of me, to play me  
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold:  
Play me with some discretion; to-day, one  
And, two days hence, another. [course,

*Sul.* If you be so angry,  
Pay back the money I redeem'd you at,  
And take your course; I can have men enough.  
You have cost me a hundred crowns since  
you came hither, [do pay me,  
In broths and strength'ning caudles; till you  
If you will eat and live, you shall endeavour;  
I'll chain you to't else.

*Rut.* Make me a dog-kennel, [hare bones.  
I'll keep your house and bark, and feed on  
And be whipp'd out o' doors! Do you mark  
me, lady? whipp'd!  
I'll eat old shoes.

*Enter Duarte.*

*Dua.* In this house, I am told,  
There is a stranger, of a goodly person; [him,  
And such a one there was——[if I could see  
I yet remember him.

*Sul.* Your business, Sir?  
If it be for a woman, you are cozen'd;  
I keep none here. [Exit.

*Dua.* Certain, this is the gentleman:  
The very same.

*Rut.* 'Death! if I had but money,  
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,  
I'd thresh, set up a cobler's shop, keep hogs,  
And feed with 'em, sell tinder-boxes  
And knights of ginger-bread; thatch for three  
Half-pence a day, and think it lordly,  
From this base stallion-trade. Why does he  
Eye me so narrowly? [eye me,

*Dua.* It seems, you are troubled, Sir;  
I heard you speak of want.

*Rut.* 'Tis better hearing  
Far, than relieving, Sir.

*Dua.* I do not think so;  
You know me not.

*Rut.* Not yet, that I remember.

*Dua.* You shall, and for your friend; I  
am beholden to you,  
Greatly beholden, Sir. If you remember,  
You fought with such a man, they call'd  
*Duarte,*

A proud distemper'd man: He was my enemy,  
My mortal foe; you slew him fairly, nobly.

*Rut.* Speak softly, Sir; you do not mean  
to betray me? [fairly.

I wish'd the gallows; now they're coming  
*Dua.* Be confident; for, as I live, I love  
you, [vice,

And now you shall perceive it: For that ser-  
me and my purse command; there, take it to  
you; [cats;

'Tis gold, and no small sum; a thousand do-  
Supply your want.

*Rut.* But do you do this faithfully? [me.

*Dua.* If I mean ill, spit in my face, and kick  
In what else may I serve you, Sir?

*Rut.* I thank you!

This is as strange to me as knights' adventures.  
I have a project, 'tis an honest one,  
And now I'll tempt my fortune.

*Dua.* Trust me with it. [you;

*Rut.* You are so good and honest, I must trust  
'Tis but to carry a letter to a lady,  
That sav'd my life once.

*Dua.* That will be most thankful;  
I will do't with all care.

*Rut.* Where are you, White-broth?

*Enter Sulpitia.*

Now, lusty blood, come in, and tell your  
money;

'Tis ready here: No threats, nor no orations,  
Nor prayers now.

*Sul.* You do not mean to leave me?

*Rut.* I'll live in hell sooner than here, and  
cooler. [wholome.

Come quickly, come, dispatch! this air's un-  
Quickly, good lady, quickly to't!

*Sul.* Well, since it must be,

The next I'll fetter faster sure, and closer.

*Rut.* And pick his bones, as you've done  
mine, pox take you! [be quarter'd.

*Dua.* At my lodging, for a while, you shall  
And there take physick for your health.

*Rut.* I thank you.  
I have found my angel now too, if I can keep  
him! [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Rutilio and Duarte.*

*Rut.* YOU like the letter?

*Dua.* Yes; but I must tell you,  
You tempt a desperate hazard, to solicit

The mother (and the griev'd one too, 'tis ru-  
Of him you slew so lately. [mour'd)

*Rut.* I have told you  
Some proofs of her affection; and I know not  
A nearer way to make her satisfaction  
For a lost son, than speedily to help her



To a good husband; one that will beget  
Both sons and daughters, if she be not barren.  
I have had a breathing now, and have recover'd  
What I lost in my late service; 'twas a hot  
one; [you, Sir,  
It fired and fired me;<sup>47</sup> but, all thanks to  
You have both freed and cool'd me.

*Dua.* What is done, Sir,  
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded;  
And therefore spare your thanks.

*Rut.* I'll no more whoring; [wears one  
This fencing 'twixt a pair of sheets more  
Than all the exercise in the world besides.  
To be drunk with good canary, a mere julep,  
Or like gourd-water to it; twenty surfeits  
Come short of one night's work there. If I  
get this lady,

(As ten to one I shall; I was ne'er denied yet)  
I will live wondrous honestly; walk before her  
Gravely and demurely,  
And then instruct my family. You are sad;  
What do you muse on, Sir?

*Dua.* Truth, I was thinking [letter;  
What course to take for the deliv'ry of your  
And now I have it. But, faith, did this lady  
(For do not gull yourself) for certain know,  
You kill'd her son?

*Rut.* Give me a book, I'll swear't;  
Deny'd me to the officers that pursu'd me,  
Brought me herself to the door, then gave me  
gold [then  
To bear my charges; and shall I make doubt  
But that she lov'd me? I am confident  
Time baying ta'en her grief off, that I shall be  
Most welcome to her: For then to have woo'd  
Had been unseasonable. [her,

*Dua.* Well, Sir, there's more money,  
To make you hand-ome. I'll about your bu-  
You know where you must stay? [siness:

*Rut.* There you shall find me.  
'Would I could meet my brother now, to know

Whether the Jew his genius, or my Christian,  
Has prov'd the better friend. [Exit.

*Dua.* Oh, who would trust  
Deceiving woman?<sup>48</sup> or believe, that one  
The best, and most canoniz'd, ever was [now  
More than a seeming goodness? I could rail  
Against the sex, and curse it; but the theme  
And way's too common. Yet that Guionar  
My mother (nor let that forbid her to be  
The wonder of our nation), she that was  
Mark'd out the great example for all matrons,  
Both wife and widow; she that in my breeding  
Express'd the utmost of a mother's care,  
And tenderness to a son; she that yet feigns  
Such sorrow for me; good God, that this mo-  
ther,

After all this, should give up to a stranger  
The wreak she ow'd her son!<sup>49</sup> I fear her ho-  
nour. [only,

That he was sav'd, much joys me; I grieve  
That she was his preserver. I'll try further,  
And, by this engine, find whether the tears,  
Of which she is so prodigal, are for me,  
Or us'd to cloke her base hypocrisy. [Exit.

*Enter Hippolyta and Sulpitia.*

*Hip.* Are you assur'd the charm prevails?

*Sul.* Do I live?

Or you speak to me? Now, this very instant,  
Health takes its last leave of her; meagre  
paleness,

Like winter, nips the roses and the lillies,  
The spring that youth and love adorn'd her  
face with.

To force affection is beyond our art;  
For I have prov'd all means that hell has  
taught me,

Or th' malice of a woman, which exceeds it,  
To change Arnoldo's love; but to no purpose.  
But, for your bond-woman—

*Hip.* Let her pine and die!

<sup>47</sup> It fired and fired me; but, all thanks to you, Sir,

You have both freed and cool'd me.] I imagine, an *antithesis* was design'd by the poets in this passage, but half of it is quite lost. *Cool'd* stands very well in opposition to *fired*; but the contrast to *freed* is wanting. My conjecture supplies the other part of the *antithesis*: For Rutilio was not only *fired* in his hot service, but *fetter'd* to it; so confin'd, and watch'd, that he could not make an escape. *Sympton.*

Mr. Sympton reads,

*It fired and fetter'd me; but, all thanks to you, Sir,*

*You have both freed and cool'd me.*

This alteration, being unauthorised, we think unwarrantable, at the same time that it is injurious to the metre, and no great improvement of the sense. There seems to us, also, to be a vigor of expression in the repetition, *fired* and *fired*, which is enfeebled by Mr. Sympton's alteration.

<sup>48</sup> Oh, who would trust

Deceiving woman? In writing this severe invective against the female sex, our Authors seem to have had the well-known speech of Posthumus in their contemplation. See *Cymbeline*, act ii. scene v.

*R.*

<sup>49</sup> ——— Good God, that this mother,

After all this, should give up to a stranger

The wreak she ow'd her son!] i. e. That she should give up the right and duty of vengeance which she ow'd for her son's murder, by screening, protecting, and dismissing his murderer out of the pursuit and reach of justice. *Thobald.*

She remov'd, which like a brighter sun  
Obscures my beams, I may shine out again,  
And, as I have been, be admir'd and sought to.  
How long has she to live?

*Sul.* Lady, before

The sun twice rise and set, be confident, [her.  
She is but dead; I know my charm hath found  
Nor can the governor's guard, her lover's tears,  
Her father's sorrow, or his pow'r that freed her,  
Defend her from it.

*Enter Zabulon.*

*Zab.* All things have succeeded [home,  
As you could wish; I saw her brought sick  
The image of pale death stamp'd on her fore-  
Let me adore this second Herate, [head.  
This great commandress of the fatal sisters,  
That, as she pleases, can shut short, or  
The thread of life! [lengthen,

*Hip.* Where was she when the enchantment  
First seiz'd upon her?

*Zab.* Taking the fresh air, [Clodio;  
I th' company of the governor and count  
Arnoldo too was present, with her father;  
When, in a moment (so the servants told me)  
As she was giving thanks to the governor  
And Clodio, for her unexpected freedom,  
As if she had been blasted, she sunk down,  
To their amazement.

*Hip.* 'Tis thy master-piece, [here:<sup>50</sup>  
Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix  
And, with the hazard of thy life, no more  
Make trial of thy pow'rful art; which, known,  
Our laws call death! Off with this magical  
And be thyself. [robe,

*Enter Governor, Clodio and Charino.*

*Sul.* Stand close; you shall hear more.

*Man.* You must have patience; all rage is  
vain now,

And piety forbids that we should question  
What is decreed above, or ask a reason,  
Why Heav'n determines this or that way of us.

*Clod.* Heav'n has no hand in't; 'tis a work  
of hell!

Her life hath been so innocent, all her actions  
So free from the suspicion of a crime,  
As rather she deserves a saint's place here,  
Than to endure what now her sweetness suf-  
fers. [suffers:

*Char.* Not for her fault, but mine, Zenocia  
The sin I made, when I sought to raze down  
Arnoldo's love, built on a rock of truth,  
Now to the height is punish'd. I profess,  
Had he no birth nor parts, the present sorrow  
He now expresses for her, does deserve her  
Above all kings, though such had been his  
rivals. [hands

*Clod.* All ancient stories, of the love of hus-  
To virtuous wives, be now no more remem-  
ber'd!

*Char.* The tales of turtles ever be forgotten,  
Or, for his sake, believ'd!

*Man.* I have heard, there has been  
Between some married pairs such sympathy,  
That the husband has felt really the throes  
His wife then teeming suffers: 'This true grief  
Confirms, 'tis not impossible.

*Clod.* We shall find  
Fit time for this hereafter; let's use now  
All possible means to help her.

*Man.* Care, nor cost,  
Nor what physicians can do, shall be wanting;  
Make use of any means or men.

*Char.* You are noble.

[*Ex. Man, Clod, and Char.*

*Sul.* Ten colleges of doctors shall not save  
Her fate is in your hand. [her.

*Hip.* Can I restore her?

*Sul.* If you command my art.

*Hip.* I'll die myself first!  
And yet I will go visit her, and see  
This miracle of sorrow in Arnoldo: [her,  
An 'twere for me, I should change places with  
And die most happy! Such a lover's tears  
Were a rich monument; but too good for her,  
Whose misery I glory in. Come, Sulpitia,  
You shall along with me. Good Zabulon,  
Be not far off.

*Zab.* I will attend you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Duarte and a Serrant.*

*Ser.* I have serv'd you from my youth, and  
ever you [treasure  
Have found me faithful. That you live 's a  
I'll lock up here; nor shall it be let forth,  
But when you give me warrant.

*Dua.* I rely

Upon thy faith: Nay, no more protestations;  
Too many of them will call that in question,  
Which now I doubt not. She is there?

*Ser.* Alone too;

But take it on my life, your entertainment,  
Appearing as you are, will be but coarse.  
For the displeasure I shall undergo  
I am prepar'd.

*Dua.* Leave me; I'll stand the hazard.

[*Exit Serrant.*

The silence that's observ'd, her close retire-  
No visitants admitted, not the day, [ments,  
These sable colours, all signs of true sorrow,  
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'll look nearer;  
Manners, give leave! She sits upon the ground;  
By Heav'n, she weeps; my picture in her hand  
She kisses it, and weeps again. [too;

*Enter Guiomar.*

*Gui.* Who's there? [dam.

*Dua.* There is no starting back now, ma-  
*Gui.* Ha!

Another murderer! I'll not protect thee,  
Though I have no more sons.

<sup>50</sup> Which I will so reward, that thou shalt fix here, &c.] i. e. I'll reward thee so liberally,  
as to set thee above all the necessities of life, and thou shalt rest in this last trial of thy perni-  
cious destructive practices, which, once discover'd, are death by the laws. Theobald.

*Dua.* Your pardon, lady;  
There's no such foul fact taints me.

*Gui.* What mak'st thou here then?  
Where are my servants? Do none but my  
sorrows [hither?

Attend upon me? Speak, what brought thee  
*Dua.* A will to give you comfort.

*Gui.* Thou'rt but a man,  
And 'tis beyond a human reach to do it.  
If thou couldst raise the dead out of their  
graves, [was,

Bid time run back, make me now what I  
A happy mother, gladly I would hear thee!  
But that's impossible.

*Dua.* Please you but to read this;  
You shall know better there why I am sent,  
Than if I should deliver it.

*Gui.* From whom comes it? [stranger;

*Dua.* That will instruct you.—I suspect this  
Yet she spake something that holds such al-  
liance [on't.

With his reports, I know not what to think  
What a frown was there? She looks me thro'  
and thro',

Now reads again, now pauses, and now smiles;  
And yet there's more of anger in't than mirth.  
These are strange changes! Oh, I understand it!  
She's full of serious thoughts.

*Gui.* You are just, you Heav'n's,  
And never do forget to hear their pray'rs,  
That truly pay their vows! The deferr'd ven-  
geance,

For you and my word's sake so long deferr'd,  
Under which as a mountain my heart groans  
yet,

When 'twas despair'd of, now is offer'd to me;  
And, if I lose it, I am both ways guilty.

The woman's mask, dissimulation, help me!  
Come hither, friend; I am sure you know the  
That sent these charms. [gentleman

*Dua.* Charms, lady?

*Gui.* Ay, these charms; [me  
I well may call them so; they've won upon  
More than e'er letter did. Thou art his friend,  
(The confidence he has in thee confirms it)  
And, therefore, I'll be open-breasted to thee:  
To hear of him, though yet I never saw him,  
Was most desir'd of all men! Let me blush,  
And then I'll say I love him.

*Dua.* All men see,  
In this, a woman's virtue!

*Gui.* I expected, [seen him;  
For the courtesy I did, long since to have  
And though I then forbid it, you men know,  
Between our hearts and tongues there's a large  
distance.

But I'll excuse him; may be, hitherto  
He has forborne it, in respect my son  
Fell by his hand.

*Dua.* And reason, lady.

*Gui.* No;  
He did me a pleasure in't; a riotous fellow,  
And, with that, insolent, not worth the own-  
ing!

I have indeed kept a long solemn sorrow,

Vol. I.

For my friends' sake partly; but especially  
For his long absence.

*Dua.* Oh, the devil!

*Gui.* Therefore,  
Bid him be speedy; a priest shall be ready  
To tie the holy knot. This kiss I send him;  
Deliver that, and bring him.

*Dua.* I am dumb:  
A good cause I have now, and a good sword,  
And something I shall do! I wait upon you.  
[*Exe.*

*Enter Manuel, Charino, Arnaldo, Zenocia  
borne in a chair, two Doctors, and Clodio.*

*Doct.* Give her more air; she dies else.

*Arn.* Oh, thou dread pow'r,  
That mad'st this all, and of thy workmanship  
This virgin wife, the master-piece, look down  
on her! [garment,  
Let her mind's virtues, cloath'd in this fair  
That worthily deserves a better name  
Than flesh and blood, now sue, and prevail  
for her!

Or, if those are deny'd, let innocence,  
To which all passages in Heav'n stand open,  
Appear in her white robe, before thy throne,  
And mediate for her! Or, if this age of sin  
Be worthy of a miracle, the sun  
In his diurnal progress never saw  
So sweet a subject to employ it on!

*Man.* Wonders are ceas'd, Sir, we must  
work by means. [are:

*Arn.* 'Tis true, and such reverend physicians  
To you thus low I fall then! So may you ever  
Be styl'd the hands of Heav'n, Nature's re-  
storers;

Get wealth and honours; and by your success,  
In all your undertakings, propagate  
Your great opinion in the world, as now  
You use your saving art! For know, good  
gentlemen,

Besides the fame, and all that I possess,  
For a reward, posterity shall stand  
Indebted to you; for (as Heav'n forbid it)  
Should my Zenocia die, robbing this age  
Of all that's good or graceful, times succeeding,  
The story of her pure life not yet perfect,  
Will suffer in the want of her example.

*Doct.* Were all the world to perish with  
her, we

Can do no more than what art and experience  
Give us assurance of. We have us'd all means  
To find the cause of her disease, yet cannot:  
How should we then, promise the cure?

*Arn.* Away!  
I did belie you, when I charg'd you with  
The pow'r of doing: Ye are mere names only,  
And ev'n your best perfection accidental.  
Whatever malady thou art, or spirit,  
(As some hold all diseases that afflict us)  
As love already makes me sensible  
Of half her sufferings, ease her of her part,  
And let me stand the butt of thy fell malice,  
And I will swear thou'rt merciful!

*Doct.* Your hand, lady.

2 A

What a strange heat is here! Bring some warm water. [my sorrow]

*Arn.* She shall use nothing that is yours; Provides her of a better bath, my tears Shall do that office.

*Zen.* Oh, my best Arnoldo! The truest of all lovers! I would live, Were Heav'n so pleas'd, but to reward your sorrow [use,

With my true service; but since that's denied May you live long and happy! Do not suffer (By your affection to me, I conjure you) My sickness to infect you; though much love Makes you too subject to it.

*Arn.* In this only Zenocia wrongs her servant: Can the body Subsist, the soul departed? 'tis as easy, As I to live without you! I am your husband, And long have been so, though our adverse fortune, Bandyng us from one hazard to another, Would never grant me so much happiness As to pay a husband's debt. Despite of fortune, In death I'll follow you, and guard mine own;

And there enjoy what here my fate forbids me! *Clod.* So true a sorrow, and so feelingly Express'd, I never read of.

*Man.* I am struck With wonder to behold it, as with pity. *Char.* If you, that are a stranger, suffer for Being tied no further than humanity [them, Leads you to soft compassion; think, great What of necessity I must endure, [Sir, That am a father!

*Hippolyta, Zubulon, and Sulpitia at the door.*

*Hip.* Wait me there; I hold it Unfit to have you seen. As I find cause, You shall proceed.

*Man.* You're welcome, lady.

*Hip.* Sir, I come to do a charitable office. How does the patient?

*Clod.* You may enquire Of more than one; for two are sick, and dead! [of, He languishes in her; her health's despair'd And in hers, his.

*Hip.* 'Tis a strange spectacle:

With what a patience they sit unmov'd?

Are they not dead already?

*Doct.* By her pulse, She cannot last a day.

*Arn.* Oh, by that summons, I know my time too!

*Hip.* Look to the man!

*Clod.* Apply

Your art to save th' lady; preserve her, A town is your reward!<sup>1</sup>

*Hip.* I'll treble it

In ready gold, if you restore Arnoldo; For in his death I die too.

*Clod.* Without her

I am no more.

*Arn.* Are you there, madam? Now You may feast on my miseries. My coldness In answering your affections, or hardness, [of; Give it what name you please, you are reveng'd For now you may perceive, our thread of life Was spun together, and the poor Arnoldo Made only to enjoy the best Zenocia, And not to serve the use of any other; And, in that, she may equal;<sup>2</sup> my lord Clodio Had long since else enjoy'd her: Nor could I Have been so blind, as not to see your great And many excellencies, far, far beyond Or my deservings, or my hopes. We are now Going our latest journey, and together: Our only comfort we desire; pray, give it; Your charity to our ashes, such we must be, And not to curse our memories.

*Hip.* I'm much mov'd. [women,

*Clod.* I am wholly overcome. All love to Farewell for ever! Ere you die, your pardon; And yours, Sir! Had she many years to live, Perhaps I might look on her as a brother, But as a lover never. And since all Your sad misfortunes had original [country, From th' barb'rous Custom practis'd in my Heav'n witness, for your sake, I here release it. So, to your memory, chaste wives and virgins Shall ever pay their vows. I give her to you; And wish she were so now, as when my lust Forc'd yon to quit the country.

*Hip.* It is in vain

To strive with destiny; here my dotage ends! Look up, Zenocia! Health in me speaks to you;

She gives him to you, that, by divers ways,

<sup>1</sup> A town is your reward.

*Hip.* I'll treble it

In ready gold.] I can't think, how a town should be trebled in ready money. Indeed, where it is made a guarantee, or hostage, it may be rated at a particular value; or where it is simply mortgaged, another may be willing to advance three times the value. But Clodio had no town to give away; and if he had, what should Sulpitia, or the Doctor, do with it? It must be the crown, or golden coronet, or nothing: Upon which Hippolyta replies, that she'll give thrice the value of such a coronet in ready money. *Symson.*

A crown or town were equally out of Clodio's power to give. To think he meant merely a golden coronet is poor and childish. He speaks hyperbolically, not literally.

<sup>2</sup> And in that she may equal.] 'Mr. Symson and I both saw,' says Mr. Theobald, 'that the Poets wrote "my equal." But the old reading seems to us very good sense; signifying, that 'in that respect, Zenocia may be said to equal his affection; which is proved by his having refused Clodio.'

So long has kept him from you! And repent not,  
That you were once my servant; for which,  
health,

In recompence of what I made you suffer,  
And th' hundred thousand crowns the city  
Shall be your dower. [owes me,

*Mon.* 'Tis a magnificent gift,  
Had it been timely given.

*Hip.* It is, believe it.

*Sulpitia!*

*Enter Sulpitia and a Servant.*<sup>51</sup>

*Sul.* Madam.

*Hip.* Quick, undo the charm!  
Ask not a reason why; let it suffice,  
It is my will.

*Sul.* Which I obey, and gladly. [Exit.

*Man.* Is to be married, say'st thou?

*Ser.* So she says, Sir,

And does desire your presence.

*Man.* Tell her I'll come. [already

*Hip.* Pray carry them to their rest; for tho'  
They do appear as dead, let my life pay for't,  
If they recover not.

[*They are borne off in chairs*

*Man.* What you have warranted,  
Assure yourself, will be expected from you;  
Look to them carefully; and till the trial—

*Hip.* Which shall not be above four hours.

*Man.* Let me [thing  
Entreat your companies: There now is some-  
Of weight invites me hence.

*All.* We'll wait upon you. [Exeunt.

*Enter Guimur and Servants.*

*Gui.* You understand what my directions  
are, [mise  
And what they guide you to; the faithful pro-  
You've made me all.

*All.* We do, and will perform it.

*Gui.* The governor will not fail to be here  
presently.

Retire a while, till you shall find occasion;  
And bring me word when they arrive.

<sup>51</sup> *Enter Sulpitia, and a Servant.*] Mr. Theobald informs us, Mr. Sympson sagaciously  
hinted to him, that the Servant should not enter when Sulpitia does, but on her departure;  
and therefore, when she is gone, he reads,

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Manuel.*

With all due deference to the sagacity of the one, and the complaisance of the other, we think  
this alteration arbitrary and hurtful; for, if the Servant enters at the same time as Sulpitia,  
he has time to give the information, which Manuel appears to have acquired, while Hippolyta  
speaks to Sulpitia.

<sup>52</sup> *I am wondrous brave.*] i. e. As the word is used by our ancient writers, *fine, handsome,*  
*magnificent.* So Shakespeare,

'What think you, if he were convey'd to-bed,

'Wrapt in sweet cloaths; rings put upon his fingers;

'A most delicious banquet by his bed;

'And brave attendants near him.'

*Taming of the Shrew.*

And Rowley, in the comedy of *A Match at Midnight*, makes the Welshman say, 'Randall  
'will be nn serving-mans now; hur will buy hur *prave* parrels, *prave* swords, *prave* daggers,  
'and *prave* feathers, and go a-wooing to *prave* comely pretty maid.' In *Philaster*, where he  
says to Bellario, who is *new-drest* by Arethusa, 'Why, boy, she has made thee *brave*.' R.

*All.* We shall, madam.

*Gui.* Only stay you to entertain.

*1 Ser.* I am ready.

*Gui.* I wonder at the bold and practis'd ma- [lice,

Men ever have o' foot against our honours;

That nothing we can do, never so virtuous,

No shape put on so pious (no, not think

What a good is, be that good ne'er so noble,

Never so laden with admir'd example)

But still we end in lust; our aims, our actions,

Nay, even our charities, with lust are branded!

Why should this stranger else, this wretched

stranger, [here yet,

Whose life I sav'd at what dear price sticks

Why should he hope? He was not here an

hour;

And certainly in that time, I may swear it,

I gave him no loose look; I had no reason!

Unless my tears were flames, my curses court-

ships,

The killing of my son a kindness to me,

Why should he send to me, or with what safety

(Examining the ruin he had wrought me)

Though at that time my pious pity fenc'd him,

And my word fix'd? I am troubled, strongly

troubled.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The gentlemen are come.

*Gui.* Then bid 'em welcome. I must retire.

[Exit.

*Enter Rutilio and Duarte disguised.*

*Ser.* You are welcome, gentlemen.

*Rut.* I thank you, friend; I would speak  
with your lady.

*Ser.* I'll let her understand.

*Rut.* It shall befit you. [Ex. Servant.

How do I look, Sir, in this handsome trim?

Methtinks, I am wondrous brave.<sup>52</sup>

*Dua.* You're very decent.

*Rut.* These by themselves, without more  
helps of nature,

Would set a woman hard: I know 'em all,

And where their first aims light. I'll lay my head on't,

I'll take her eye, as soon as she looks on me;  
And if I come to speak once, woe be to her!  
I have her in a nooze, she cannot 'scape me,  
I have their several lasts.

*Dua.* You are thoroughly studied.

But tell me, Sir, being unacquainted with her,  
As you confess you are—

*Rut.* That's not an hour's work;

I'll make a nun forget her beads in two hours.

*Dua.* She being set in years; next, none of those lustres

Appearing in her eye that warm the fancy;  
Nor nothing in her face, but handsome ruins— [authentic,

*Rut.* I love old stories: Those live believ'd,  
When twenty of your modern faces are called in,

For new opinion, paintings, and corruptions;  
Give me an old confirm'd face. Besides, she sav'd me, [her?

She sav'd my life; have I not cause to love  
She's rich, and of a constant state, a fair one,  
Have I not cause to woo her? I have tried  
sufficient [try'd 'em,

All your young fillies, I think, this back has  
And smarted for it too: They run away with me,

Take bit between the teeth, and play the devils;  
A stay'd pace now becomes my years, a sure one,

Where I may sit and crack no girths.

*Dua.* How miserable, [now,  
If my mother should confirm what I suspect  
Beyond all human cure, were my condition!  
Then I shall wish this body had been so too.  
Here comes the lady, Sir.

*Enter Guimard.*

*Rut.* Excellent lady.

To shew I am a creature bound to your service,  
And only yours—

*Gui.* Keep at that distance, Sir;

For if you stir—

*Rut.* I am obedient.

She has found already, I am for her turn.  
With what a greedy hawk's eye she beholds  
Mark, how she musters all my parts. [me?

*Gui.* A goodly gentleman,  
Of a more manly set I never look'd on.

*Rut.* Mark, mark her eyes still; mark but  
the carriage of 'em! [fell,

*Gui.* How happy am I now, since my son  
He fell not by a base un noble hand; [py  
As that still troubled me? How far more hap-

Shall my revenge be, since the sacrifice  
I offer to his grave, shall be both worthy  
A son's untimely loss, and a mother's sorrow?

*Rut.* Sir, I am made, believe it; she is  
mine own;

I told you what a spell I carried with me.

All this time does she spend in contemplation  
Of that unmatch'd delight—I shall be thank-  
ful to you; [it,

And if you please to know my house, to use  
To take it for you own—

*Gui.* Who waits without there?

*Enter Guard and Servants; they seize upon  
Rutilio and bind him.*

*Rut.* How now? what means this, lady?

*Gui.* Bind him fast. [for me?

*Rut.* Are these the bride-laces you prepare  
The colours that you give?

*Dua.* Fy, gentle lady;

This is not noble dealing.

*Gui.* Be you satisfied;

It seems you are a stranger to this meaning;  
You shall not be so long.

*Rut.* Do you call this wooing?

Is there no end of women's persecutions?  
Must I needs fool into mine own destruction?<sup>55</sup>  
Have I not had fair warnings, and enough too?  
Still pick the devil's teeth? You are not mad,  
lady?

Do I come fairly, and like a gentleman,  
To offer you that honour—

*Gui.* You are deceiv'd, Sir;

You come besotted to your own destruction;  
I sent not for you. What honour can you  
add to me, [on?

That brake that staff of honour my age lean'd  
That robb'd me of that right made me a mo-  
ther? [terror;

Hear me, thou wretched man, hear me with  
And let thine own bold folly shake thy soul!  
Hear me pronounce thy death, that now hangs  
o'er thee, [ruin?

Thou desperate fool! Who had thee seek this  
What mad unmanly fate made thee discover  
Thy cursed face to me again? Was't not  
enough

To have the fair protection of my house,  
When misery and justice close pursued thee?  
When thine own bloody sword cried out  
against thee, [thee.

Hatch'd in the life of him?<sup>56</sup> Yet I forgave  
My hospitable word, even when I saw  
The goodliest branch of all my blood lopp'd  
from me,

Did I not seal still to thee?

<sup>55</sup> *Must I needs fool into my own destruction?* I think verily, we ought to read,  
*Must I needs fool it, to, &c.*

It appears to me much the more natural expression.

*Seward.*  
Mr. Seward's reading may be more natural, in his idea; but we think that of the old copies  
so expressive, that any variation would be unnecessary.

<sup>56</sup> *Hatch'd in the life of him?* Hatch'd, among cutlers, is used to mean when the hilts of  
a sword are gilt: So she would say that Rutilio's bloody sword was hatch'd or gilt in the life  
of her son Duarte. *Theobald.*

*Rut.* I am gone. [misery,  
*Gui.* And when thou went'st, to imp thy  
 Did I not give thee means?<sup>57</sup> But hark, un-  
 grateful!

Was it not thus, to hide thy face and fly me?  
 To keep thy name for ever from my memory?  
 Thy cursed blood and kindred? Did I not  
 swear then, [me,

If ever (in this wretched life thou hast left  
 Short and unfortunate) I saw thee again,  
 Or came but to the knowledge where thou  
 wandrest, [geance,

To call my vow back, and pursue with ven-  
 With all the miseries a mother suffers?

*Rut.* I was born to be hang'd; there's no  
 avoiding it.

*Gui.* And dar'st thou with this impudence  
 appear here? [in,

Walk like the winding sheet my son was put  
 Stain'd with those wounds!<sup>58</sup>

*Dua.* I am happy now again!  
 Happy the hour I fell, to find a mother,  
 So pious, good, and excellent in sorrows!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* The governor's come in.

*Gui.* Oh, let him enter.

*Rut.* I have fool'd myself a fair thread!  
 Of all my fortunes,

This strikes me most; not that I fear to perish,  
 But that this unmannerly boldness has brought  
 me to it.

*Enter Governor, Clodio, and Charino.*

*Gov.* Are these fit preparations for a wed-  
 ding, lady?

I came prepar'd a guest.

*Gui.* Oh, give me justice!

As ever you will leave a virtuous name,

Do justice, justice, Sir! [it.

*Gov.* You need not ask it; I am bound to

*Gui.* Justice upon this man, that kill'd my

*Gov.* Do you confess the act? [son]

*Rut.* Yes, Sir.

*Clod.* Rutilio?

*Char.* 'Tis the same.

*Clod.* How fell he thus?

Here will be sorrow for the good Arnaldo!

*Gov.* Take heed, Sir, what you say.

*Rut.* I have weigh'd it well;

I am the man! nor is it life I start at;

Only I am unhappy I am poor,

Poor in expence of lives; there I am wretched,

That I've not two lives lent me for this sac-  
 rifice;<sup>59</sup>

One for her son, another for her sorrow!  
 Excellent lady, now rejoice again; [blood,  
 For though I cannot think you're pleas'd in  
 Nor with that greedy thirst pursue your ven-  
 geance; [that]

(The tenderness, even in those tears, denies  
 Yet let the world believe, you lov'd Duarte!

The unmatched courtesies you have done my  
 miseries, [me

Without this forfeit to the law, would charge  
 To tender you this life, and proud 'twould

please you.

*Gui.* Shall I have justice?

*Gov.* Yes.

*Rut.* I'll ask it for you;

I'll follow it myself, against myself.

Sir, 'tis most fit I die; dispatch it quickly:

The monstrous burden of that grief she la-  
 bours with

Will kill her else; then blood on blood lies  
 on me!

Had I a thousand lives, I'd give 'em all,  
 Before I'd draw one tear more from that vir-  
 tue. [bold sword—

*Gui.* Be not too cruel, Sir—and yet his  
 But his life cannot restore that—he's a man too

Of a fair promise—but, alas! my son's dead!—  
 If I have justice, must it kill him?

*Gov.* Yes. [goodly!

*Gui.* If I have not, it kills me; strong and  
 Why should he perish too?

*Gov.* It lies in your pow'r;

You only may accuse him, or may quit him.

*Clod.* Be there no other witnesses?

*Gui.* Not any. [claim,

And, if I save him, will not the world pro-  
 I have forgot a son, to save a murderer?

And yet he looks not like one; he looks  
 manly. [perish!

*Clod.* Pity, so brave a gentleman should  
 She cannot be so hard, so cruel-hearted.

*Gui.* Will you pronounce?—Yet, stay a  
 little, Sir.

*Rut.* Rid yourself, lady, of this misery,  
 And let me go: I do but breed more tempests,

With which you are already too much shaken.

*Gui.* Do, now pronounce! I will not hear.

*Dua.* You shall not! [Discovering himself.

Yet turn and see, good madam.

*Gov.* Do not wonder:  
 'Tis he, restor'd again, thank the good doctor.

Pray, do not stand amaz'd; it is Duarte,  
 He's well, is safe again.

*Gui.* Oh, my sweet son! [tions.

I will not press my wonder now with ques-

<sup>57</sup> ——— to imp thy misery.

Did I not give thee means? i. e. Did I not furnish thee with money, to assist thy flight?  
 It is a term in falconry; to imp is said, when a fresh feather of a hawk is put to an old broken  
 stump. Theobald.

<sup>58</sup> Stand with those wounds! Thus say all the editions. We have ventured to substitute  
 stain'd for stand.

<sup>59</sup> That I have not two lives lent me for his sacrifice. For whose sacrifice? Not for Duarte's;  
 that the beginning of the subsequent verse contradicts. To make any sense, we must read,  
 this, Sympson.

Sir, I am sorry for that cruelty  
I urg'd against you.

*Rut.* Madam, it was but justice [again;

*Dua.* 'Tis true, the doctor heal'd this body  
But this man heal'd my soul, made my mind  
perfect: [sav'd me;

The good sharp lessons his sword read to me,  
For which, if you lov'd me, dear mother,  
Honour and love this man.

*Gai.* You sent this letter?

*Rut.* My boldness makes me blush now.

*Gai.* I'll wipe off that;

And, with this kiss, I take you for my husband.  
Your wooing's done, Sir; I believe you love  
me,

And that's the wealth I look for now.

*Rut.* You have it. [wishes.

*Dua.* You have ended my desire to all my

*Gor.* Now 'tis a wedding again. And if  
Hippolyta

Make good, what with the hazard of her life  
She undertook, the evening will set clear,  
After a stormy day.

*Enter Hippolyta, and Leopold leading Arnol-  
do, and Zenocia, with Zabulon, and  
Sulpitia.*

*Char.* Here comes the lady. [again

*Clod.* With fair Zenocia, health with life  
Restor'd unto her.

*Zen.* The gift of her goodness. [too,

*Rut.* Let us embrace; I am of your order  
And though I once despair'd of women, now  
I find they relish much of scorpions;  
For both have stings, and both can hurt, and  
cure too.

But what have been your fortunes?

*Arn.* We'll defer

Our story, and, at time more fit, relate it.

Now all that reverence virtue, and in that  
Zenocia's constancy and perfect love,

Or for her sake Arnol'do's, join with us  
In th' honour of this lady.

*Char.* She deserves it. [hereafter:

*Hip.* Hippolyta's life shall make that good  
Nor will I alone better myself, but others;  
For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made  
their actions

Not altogether innocent,<sup>60</sup> shall from me  
Be so supplied, that need shall not compel  
them

To any course of life, but what the law  
Shall give allowance to.

*Zab. and Sul.* Your ladyship's creatures.

*Rut.* Be so, and no more, you man-hucks-  
ter! [such ferour

*Hip.* And, worthy Leopold, you that with  
So long have sought me, and in that deserv'd  
me,

Shall now find full reward for all your travels,  
Which you have made more dear by patient  
sufferance. [me

And though my violent dotage did transport  
Beyond those bounds my modesty should have  
kept in, [act,

Though my desires were loose, from unchaste  
Heav'n knows, I am free.<sup>64</sup>

*Leop.* The thought of that's dead to me;

I gladly take your offer.

*Rut.* Do so, Sir;

A piece of crack'd gold ever will weigh down  
Silver that's whole.

*Gor.* You shall be all my guests;

I must not be deny'd.

*Arn.* Come, my Zenocia,

Our hark at length has found a quiet harbour;  
And the unspotted progress of our loves  
Ends not alone in safety, but reward;

To instruct others, by our fair example,

That, though good purposes are long with-  
stood, [good.

The hand of Heav'n still guides such as are  
[*Exeunt omnes.*

<sup>60</sup> For these, whose wants, perhaps, have made their actions

Not altogether innocent, &c.] Hippolyta had obligations to the agency both of Zabulon and Sulpitia; and she shews a sort of romantic generosity in requiting their services; but, indeed, in poetical justice, they both ought to have been punished: Zabulon was a scoundrel pimp to a bawdy-house; and Sulpitia was not only a notorious bawd, but a dealer in magic and a poisoner. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald, we apprehend, has mistaken the Poets here: Hippolyta does not mean to give Zabulon and Sulpitia a reward, instead of a punishment, for their malversation; she means to 'better' the community at large, by placing these vile instruments in such a state, as that 'need shall not compel them to any course of life, but what the law shall give allowance to.' It must be confessed, however, that all this MAGICAL episode is both unpleasant and improbable. Hippolyta's character, too, is almost too vicious even for reformation sufficient to recommend her to the favour of the audience.

<sup>64</sup> ——— from unchaste art,

Heav'n knows, I am free.] The Editors of 1750 concur in altering. we think properly, art to act.



## THE EPILOGUE.

Why there should be an Epilogue to a play,  
I know no cause. The old and usual way,  
For which they were made, was t' entreat the  
grace  
Of such as were spectators: In this place,

And time, 'tis to no purpose; for, I know,  
What you resolve already to bestow  
Will not be alter'd, whatsoe'er I say  
In the behalf of us, and of the Play;  
Only to quit our doubts, if you think fit,  
You may or cry it up or silence it.

## ANOTHER EPILOGUE.

I SPAKE much in the Prologue for the Play,  
To its desert, I hope; yet you might say,  
Should I change now from that, which then  
was meant,  
Or in a syllable grow less confident,

I were weak-hearted: I am still the same  
In my opinion, and forbear to frame  
Qualification, or excuse. If you  
Concur with me, and hold my judgment true  
Shew it with any sign; and from this place,  
Or send me off exploded, or with grace.



# THE ELDER BROTHER.

## A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills speak of Fletcher as sole Author of this Comedy; and some of the old quartos have his name only in the title, while others have Beaumont's also, The Prologue, and the Epilogue, ascribe it totally to Fletcher. The first copy we have seen was printed in 1637; which we apprehend Mr. Theobald was not possessed of, as he speaks of an edition of 1640 as the oldest. We have heard of one bearing date 1629; but have not seen it, nor that of 1640; and that which is dated 1651, is said in the title to be 'the second edition.' Colley Cibber, as has been mentioned in our account of the Custom of the Country, has introduced parts of this Play into his Comedy of Love makes a Man, or the Pop's Fortune.

### THE PROLOGUE.

BUT that it would take from our modesty,  
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,  
Till your fair suffrage crown it; I should say,  
You're all most welcome to no vulgar Play;  
And so far we are confident. And if he  
That made it still live in your memory;  
You will expect what we present to-night  
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and sight:

You shall hear Fletcher in it; his true strain,  
And neat expressions. Living, he did gain  
Your good opinions; but, now dead, commends  
This orphan to the care of noble friends:<sup>1</sup>  
And may it raise in you content and mirth,  
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth!

Your grace erects new trophies to his fame,  
And shall to after-times preserve his name,

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

LEWIS, a lord.  
MIRAMONT, a gentleman.  
BRISAC, a justice, brother to Miramont.  
CHARLES, a scholar, } sons to Brisac.  
EUSTACE, a courtier, }  
EGREMONT, } two courtiers, friends to Eu-  
COWSY, } stace.<sup>2</sup>  
ANDREW, servant to Charles.  
COOK, } servants to Brisac.  
BUTLER, }

PRIEST.  
NOTARY.  
SERVANTS.  
OFFICERS.

#### WOMEN.

ANGELLINA, daughter to Lewis.  
SYLVIA, her woman.  
LILLY, wife to Andrew.  
Ladies.

### LECTORI.

Wouldst thou all wit, all comick art survey?  
Read here and wonder; Fletcher writ the play.

<sup>1</sup> ——— But, now dead, commends

*This orphan to the care of noble friends.*] By this passage it should seem, the Elder Brother was not given to the stage till after Fletcher's demise; a circumstance on which it is impossible for us to decide. All the information we can give is, that this prologue is printed to the edition of 1637; and, if the play was published in 1629, that was not till four years after Fletcher died.

<sup>2</sup> Friends to Eustace.] This is the reading of all the copies prior to 1750; when Mr. Theobald chose to substitute *dependants* on Eustace; which may, perhaps, be more characteristic of the persons: But an arbitrary variation should at least be mentioned.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Lewis, Angellina, and Sylvia.*

*Lewis.* NAY, I must walk you further.

*Ang.* I am tir'd, Sir,  
And ne'er shall foot it home.

*Lew.* 'Tis for your health;  
The want of exercise takes from your beauties,  
And sloth dries up your sweetness. That you  
are

My only daughter, and my heir, is granted;  
And you in thankfulness must needs acknow-  
You ever find me an indulgent father, [ledge  
And open-handed.

*Ang.* Nor can you tax me, Sir,  
I hope, for want of duty to deserve  
These favours from you.

*Lew.* No, my Angellina,  
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,  
Which my care to advance thee shall confirm.  
All that I aim at is, to win thee from  
The practice of an idle foolish state,  
Us'd by great women, who think any labour  
(Though in the service of themselves) a ble-  
To their fair fortunes. [mish

*Ang.* Make me understand, Sir,  
What 'tis you point at.

*Lew.* At the custom, how  
Virgins of wealthy families waste their youth:  
After a long sleep, when you wake, your wo-  
man

Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,  
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others'  
hands,

You're led to dinner, and that ended, either  
To cards or to your couch (as if you were  
Borne without motion), after this to supper,  
And then to-bed: And so your life runs round  
Without variety, or action, daughter.

*Syl.* Here's a learn'd lecture!

*Lew.* From this idleness,  
Diseases, both of body and of mind,  
Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature,  
With wholesome exercise, guards both from  
danger. [hunt,

I'd have thee rise wi' th' sun, walk, dance, or  
Visit the groves and springs, and learn the  
virtues

Of plants and simples: Do this moderately,  
And thou shalt not, with eating chalk, or coals,  
Leather and oatmeal, and such other trash,  
Fall into the green-sickness.

*Syl.* With your pardon,  
(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could  
Prescribe a remedy for my lady's health,  
And her delight too, far transcending those  
Your lordship but now mention'd.

*Lew.* What is it, Sylvia? [word,

*Syl.* What is't? a noble husband: In that  
'A noble husband,' all content of women  
Is wholly comprehended. He will rouse her,  
As you say, with the sun; and so pipe to her,

As she will dance, ne'er doubt it; and hunt  
with her,

Upon occasion, until both be weary;  
And then the knowledge of your plants and  
simples,

As I take it, were superfluous. A loving,  
And but add to it, a gamesome bedfellow,  
Being the sure physician!

*Lew.* Well said, wench. [deliver

*Ang.* And who gave you commission to  
Your verdict, minion?

*Syl.* I deserve a fee,  
And not a frown, dear madam. I but speak  
Her thoughts, my lord, and what her modesty  
Refuses to give voice to. Shew no mercy  
To a maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't.  
Let her lose no time, Sir: Fathers that deny  
Their daughters lawful pleasures, when ripe  
for them,

In some kind edge their appetites to taste of  
The fruit that is forbidden.

*Lew.* 'Tis well urg'd,  
And I approve it. No more blushing, girl;  
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented  
What I meant to move to thee. There dwells  
near us

A gentleman of blood, monsieur Brissac,  
Of a fair state, six thousand crowns *per annum*,  
The happy father of two hopeful sons, [lar,  
Of different breeding; the elder, a mere scho-  
The younger, a quaint courtier.

*Ang.* Sir, I know them  
By public fame, though yet I never saw them;  
And that oppos'd antipathy between  
Their various dispositions, renders them  
The general discourse and argument;  
One part inclining to the scholar Charles,  
The other side preferring Eustace, as  
A man complete in courtship.

*Lew.* And which way  
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)  
Doth your affection sway you?

*Ang.* To be plain, Sir,  
(Since you will teach me boldness) as they are,  
Simply themselves, to neither. Let a courtier  
Be never so exact, let him be bless'd with  
All parts that yield him to a virgin gracious,  
If he depend on others, and stand not  
On his own bottoms, though he have the  
means

To bring his mistress to a masque, or, by  
Conveyance from some great one's lips, to  
taste [pounce

Such favour from the king's; or, grant he  
Precedency in the country, to be sworn  
A servant-extraordinary to the queen;  
Nay, though he live in expectation of  
Some huge preferment in reversion; if  
He want a present fortune, at the best  
Those are but glorious dreams, and only yield  
him

A happiness in *posse*, not in *esse*.

Nor can they fetch him silks from th' mercer;

nor  
Discharge a taylor's bill, nor in full plenty,  
Which still preserves a quiet bed at home,  
Maintain a family.

*Lew.* Aptly consider'd,  
And to my wish. But what's thy censure of  
The scholar?

*Ang.* Troth, if he be nothing else, [nets,  
As of the courtier: All his songs, and son-  
His anagrams, acrostics, epigrams,  
His deep and philosophical discourse  
Of nature's hidden secrets, make not up  
A perfect husband. He can hardly borrow  
The stars of the celestial crown to make me  
A tire for my head; nor Charles's wane for a  
craunch,

Nor Ganymede for a page, nor a rich gown  
From Juno's wardrobe; nor would I lye-in,  
For I despair not once to be a mother,  
Under Heav'n's spangled canopy, or banquet  
My guests and gossips with imagin'd nectar;  
Pure Orleans would do better. No, no, father,  
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my  
husband

A courtier, and a scholar, young, and valiant,  
These are but gaudy nothings, if there be not  
Something to make up a substance.

*Lew.* And what's that? [said all:]

*Ang.* A full estate; and, that said, I've  
And, get me such a one, with these additions,  
Farewell, virginity! and welcome, wedlock!

*Lew.* But where is such one to be met  
with, daughter?

A black swan is more common;<sup>2</sup> you may wear  
Grey tresses ere we find him.

*Ang.* I am not  
So punctual in all ceremonies; I will bate  
Two or three of these good parts, before I'll  
Too long upon the chauce. [dwell]

*Syl.* Only, my lord, remember  
That he be rich and active; for, without these,  
The others yield no relish: But, these perfect,  
You must bear with small faults, madam.

*Lew.* Merry wench;  
And it becomes you well! I'll to Brisac,  
And try what may be done. I th' mean  
time, home, [a bride.

And feast thy thoughts with th' pleasures of  
*Syl.* Thoughts are but airy food, Sir; let  
her taste them. [Exeunt severally.]

<sup>2</sup> A black swan is more common.] The Poets seem here to have had an eye to this Latin hexameter.

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno. *Theobald.*

<sup>4</sup> A Spanish carrack.] A carrack is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a galloon. So Shakespeare;

'Faith, he to night hath boarded a land carrack:

'If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever. *Othello*, act i.

And in the Coxcomb, by our Authors,

'—— they'll be freighted;

'They're made like carracks, all for strength and stowage. *R.*

<sup>5</sup> He breaks his fast, &c.] This passage seems to have been before Mr. Congreve, when he wrote the beginning of his play of Love for Love.

*R.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Andrew, Cook, and Butler.*

*And.* Unload part of the library and make  
room [you.

For th' other dozen of carts; I'll strait be with  
*Cook.* Why, hath he more books?

*And.* More than ten marts send over.

*But.* And can he tell their names?

*And.* Their names! he has 'em [thing;  
As perfect as his *Pater Noster*; but that's no-  
H'has read them over, leaf by leaf, three thou-  
sand times. [sink

But here's the wonder; tho' their weight would  
A Spanish carrack,<sup>4</sup> without other ballast,  
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet  
He walks upright.

*But.* Surely he has a strong brain.

*And.* If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd  
with books, [in

Made of the barks of trees, or myst'ries writ  
Old moth-eaten vellum, he would sip thy cellar  
Quite dry, and still be thirsty. Then, for's diet,  
He eats and digests more volumes at a meal,  
Than there would be larks (though the sky  
should fall)

Devour'd in a month in Paris: Yet fear not,  
Sons o' th' buttery and kitchen! though his  
learn'd stomach

Cannot be appeas'd, he'll seldom trouble you;  
His knowing stomach contemns your black-  
jacks, Butler,

And your flagons; and, Cook, thy boil'd, thy  
roast, thy bak'd!

*Cook.* How liveth he?

*And.* Not as other men do;

Few princes live like him: He breaks his fast  
With Aristotle, dines with Tully, takes

His watering with the muses, sups with Livy,  
Then walks a turn or two in *Vid Lactæ*,<sup>5</sup>

And, after six hours' conference with the stars,  
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*.

*But.* This is admirable. [my old master,

*And.* I'll tell you more hereafter. Here's  
And another old ignorant elder; I'll upon 'em.

*Enter Brisac and Lewis.*

*Bri.* What, Andrew? welcome, where's  
my Charles? speak, Andrew;

Where didst thou leave thy master?

*And.* Contemplating

The number of the sands in the highway;  
And, from that, purposes to make a judgment  
Of the remainder in the sea. He is, Sir,  
In serious study, and will lose no minute,  
Nor out of 's pace to knowledge.\*

*Lew.* This is strange. [him]

*And.* Yet he hath sent his duty, Sir, before  
In this fair manuscript.

*Bri.* What have we here?

Pot-hooks and andiroos!

*And.* I much pity you!

It is the Syrian character, or the Arabic.

Would you have it said, so great and deep a  
scholar

As master Charles is, should ask blessing  
In any Christian language? Were it Greek,  
I could interpret for you; but, indeed,  
I'm gone no further.

*Bri.* And in Greek you can

Lie with your smug wife Lilly?<sup>†</sup>

*And.* If I keep her [Sir,

From your French dialect (as I hope I shall,  
How'er she is your laundress) she shall put you  
To the charge of no more sope than usual  
For th' washing of your sheets.

*Bri.* Take in the knave,

And let him eat.

*And.* And drink too, Sir?

*Bri.* And drink too, Sir:

And see your master's chamber ready for him.

*But.* Come, doctor Andrew, without dis-  
Thou shalt commence i'th' cellar. [putation,

*And.* I had rather

Commence on a cold bak'd meat.

*Cook.* Thou shalt ha't, boy. [Exeunt.

*Bri.* Good monsieur Lewis, I esteem myself  
Much honour'd in your clear intent to join  
Our antient families, and make them one;  
And 'twill take from my age and cares, to live  
And see what you have purpos'd put in act,  
Of which your visit at this present is  
A hopeful omen; I each minute expecting  
Th' arrival of my sons. I have not wrong'd  
Their birth for want of means and education,

To shape them to that course each was ad-  
dicted;

And therefore, that we may proceed discreetly,  
Since what's concluded rashly seldom prospers,  
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,  
And then, from your allowance, your fair  
May fashion her affection. [daughter

*Lew.* Monsieur Brisac,

You offer fair and nobly, and I'll meet you  
In the same line of honour; and, I hope,  
Being bless'd but with one daughter, I shall  
Appear impertinently curious, [not  
Though, with my utmost vigilance and study,  
I labour to bestow her to her worth.

Let others speak her form, and future fortune  
From me descending to her; I in that  
Sit down with silence.

*Bri.* You may, my lord, securely;

Since fame aloud proclaimeth her perfections,  
Commanding all men's tongues to sing her  
praises.

Should I say more, you well might censure me  
(What yet I never was) a flatterer.

What trampling's that without of horses?

*Enter Butler.*

*But.* Sir, my young masters are newly  
alighted. [sitions.

*Bri.* Sir, now observe their several dispo-

*Enter Charles.*

*Char.* Bid my subsiser carry my hackney to  
The butt'y, and give him his bever; it is a  
evil

And sober beast, and will drink moderately;  
And, that done, turn him into the quadrangle.

*Bri.* He cannot out of his university tone.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsey.*

*Eust.* Lackey, take care our conversers be  
well rubb'd [in speed.

And cloath'd; they have outstripp'd the wind

*Lew.* Ay, marry, Sir, there's metal in this  
young fellow!

\* ——— and will lose no minute,

Nor out of space to knowledge.] We do not thoroughly comprehend this passage, but  
suspect a corruption. Perhaps the author wrote,

——— and will lose no minute,

Nor ought of space to knowledge;

The meaning of which is clear. Time and space are no uncommon association.

† ——— And in Greek you can

Lie with your smug wife Lilly.] Brisac is here strangely out of character. He is repre-  
sented as an old stupid justice of the peace, one of no polite literature, and read only in the old  
statutes, and in them no better learned than his clerk: Yet here, 'tis manifest, he is making an  
allusion to a passage in Juvenal's Satires.

*Hec cuncta effundunt animi secreta. Quid ultra?*

*Concumbunt Græcè.*

*Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald complains, that the country justice is here out of character, as he supposes  
him to refer to Juvenal's *Concumbunt Græcè*. But supposing the Author took his hint from  
hence, he does not make the country justice refer to it. But Mr. Theobald does not seem to  
have observed the equivocation of the word *Lilly*, which refers to the old grammarian, as  
Andrew says after, *To bring me back from my grammar to my horn-book!* This is an allusion  
surely within the compass of a country squire, and therefore quite in character. *Seward.*

What a sheep's look his Elder Brother has!

Char. Your blessing, Sir!

Bri. Rise, Charles; thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the court, (Since 'tis the country's garb) I bend my knee, And do expect what follows.

Bri. Courty beg'd.

My blessing! take it. [adorer.

Eust. (to Lew.) Your lordship's vow'd What a thing this brother is! Yet I'll vouchsafe him

The new Italian shrug. How clownishly The book-worm does return it.

Char. I am glad you're well. [Reads.

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge This pair of accomplish'd monsieurs: [of

They are gallants that have seen both Tro- Bri. I embrace their loves. [picks.

Egre. Which we'll repay with servulating.<sup>8</sup>

Cos. And will report your bounty in the court. [first.

Bri. I pray you, make deserving use on't Eustace, give entertainment to your friends; What's in my house is theirs.

Eust. Which we'll make use of: [healths, Let's warm our brains with half-a-dozen And then, hang cold discourse; for we'll speak fire-works. [Exeunt.

Lew. What, at his book already?

Bri. Fy, fy, Charles, No hour of interruption?

Char. Plato differs from Socrates in this.

Bri. Come, lay them by; Let them agree at leisure.

Char. Man's life, Sir, being So short,<sup>9</sup> and then the way that leads unto The knowledge of ourselves, so long and tedious, Each minute should be precious. [dious,

Bri. In our care [with To manage worldly business, you must part This bookish contemplation, and prepare Yourself for action; to thrive in this age, Is held the palm of learning. You must study To know what part of my land's good for th' plough,

And what for pasture; how to buy and sell To the best advantage; how to cure my oxen<sup>10</sup> When they're o'ergone with labour.

Char. I may do this [tillage, From what I've read, Sir. For what concerns Who better can deliver it than Virgil In his Georgicks? and to cure your herds, His Bucolicks is a master-piece.<sup>11</sup> But when He does describe the commonwealth of bees, Their industry, and knowledge of the herbs From which they gather honey, with their care To place it with decorum in the hive, Their government among themselves, their order

In going forth and coming laden home, Their obedience to their king, and his rewards To such as labour, and his punishments<sup>12</sup> Only inflicted on the slothful drone; I'm ravish'd with it, and there reap my harvest, And there receive the gain my cattle bring me, And there find wax and honey.

Bri. And grow rich In your imagination. Heyday, heyday!

Georgicks, and Bucolicks, and bees! Art mad?

Char. No, Sir, the knowledge of these

guards me from it. [of books,

Bri. But can you find among your bundle

And put in all your dictionaries that speak all tongues,

What pleasures they enjoy, that do embrace A well-shap'd wealthy bride? Answer me that.

Char. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in story: There I read of

All kind of virtuous and vicious women, The ancient Spartan dames, and Roman ladies, Their beauties and deformities. And when I light upon a Portia or Cornelia, Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,

With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes, As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted Their ravishing sweetness; at the present, loving The whole sex for their goodness and example. But, on the contrary, when I look on A Clytemnestra or a Tullia, [latter, The first bath'd in her husband's blood; the

<sup>8</sup> Which we'll repay with servulating.] This is the reading of 1637. The edition of 1651, and all the subsequent, say, with service. The old reading is probably right, and meant to ridicule the conceit and affectation of Eustace's travelled companions.

<sup>9</sup> Man's life, Sir, being

So short, &c.] Charles is here immediately shewing his learning; for if I am not very much mistaken, the Poets have given him this sentiment from the first Aphorism of Hippocrates. Ὁ βίος βραχύς, ἡ δὲ τέχνη μακρὴ, ὁ δὲ καιρὸς ὀξύς, ἡ δὲ πείρα σφαλερὴ, ἡ δὲ καίσις χαλεπή. Theobald.

<sup>10</sup> ——— How to cure my oxen,

When they're o'ergrown with labour.] O'ergrown, we think with the editors of 1750, is erroneous. Those gentlemen read o'ergone; but as o'ergone, which conveys the same meaning, is nearer the trace of the old letters, we have chose to adopt tht word.

<sup>11</sup> And to cure our herds

His Bucolicks is a master-piece.] This mistake, of mentioning those subjects, as occurring on the Bucolicks, which are treated of in the Georgicks, is noticed by Mr. Symphon.

<sup>12</sup> ——— with his punishments

Only inflicted on the slothful drone.]

Ignavum fucos pecus à praeceptis arcent, says Virgil.

Theobald.

Without a touch of piety, driving on  
Her chariot o'er her father's breathless trunk,  
Horror invades my faculties; and comparing  
The multitudes o' th' guilty, with the few  
That did die innocents, I detest and loath 'em,  
As ignorance or atheism.

*Bri.* You resolve then, [me?  
Ne'er to make payment of the debt you owe

*Char.* What debt, good Sir?

*Bri.* A debt I paid my father  
When I begat thee, and made him a grandsire;  
Which I expect from you.

*Char.* The children, Sir,  
Which I will leave to all posterity,  
Begot and brought up by my painful studies,  
Shall be my living issue. [collection

*Bri.* Very well; and I shall have a general  
Of all the quiddits<sup>12</sup> from Adam to this time  
To be my grandchild.

*Char.* And such a one, I hope, Sir,  
As shall not shame the family.

*Bri.* Nor will you take care of my estate?

*Char.* But in my wishes: [soul

For know, Sir, that the wings on which my  
Is mounted, have long since borne her too high  
To stoop to any prey that soars not upwards.  
Sordid and dunghill minds, compos'd of earth,  
In that gross element fix all their happiness;  
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd, shake off  
That clog of human frailty. Give me leave  
To enjoy myself; that place that does contain  
My books, the best companions, is to me  
A glorious court, where hourly I converse  
With the old sages and philosophers;  
And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their  
counsels;

Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account, and, in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-plac'd statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities? No; be it your care  
To augment your heap of wealth; it shall be  
mine

To increase in knowledge. Lights there, for  
my study! [Exit.

*Bri.* Was ever man, that had reason, thus  
transported

From all sense and feeling of his proper good?  
It vexes me; and if I found not comfort  
In my young Eustace, I might well conclude  
My name were at a period!

*Lew.* He's indeed, Sir,  
The surer base to build on.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowley, and  
Andrew.*

*Bri.* Eustace!

*Eust.* Sir.

*Bri.* Your ear in private.

*And.* I suspect my master [less  
Has found harsh welcome; he's gone supper-  
Into his study. Could I find out the cause,  
It may be borrowing of his books, or so,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Eust.* My duty shall, Sir, [tion  
Take any form you please; and, in your mo-  
To have me married, you cut off all dangers  
The violent heats of youth might bear me to.

*Lew.* It is well answer'd.

*Eust.* Nor shall you, my lord,  
Nor your fair daughter, ever find just cause  
To mourn your choice of me. The name of  
husband,

Nor the authority it carries in it,  
Shall ever teach me to forget to be,  
As I am now, her servant, and your lordship's:  
And, but that modesty forbids that I  
Should sound the trumpet of my own deserts,  
I could say, my choice manners have been such,  
As render me lord and remarkable  
To the princes of the blood.

*Cow.* Nay, to the king.

*Egre.* Nay, to the king and council.

*And.* These are court-admirers,  
And ever echo him that bears the bag:  
Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this  
juggling.

*Eust.* Then for my hopes——

*Cow.* Nay, certainties.

*Eust.* They stand

As far as any man's. What can there fall  
In compass of her wishes, which she shall not  
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?  
By the grace and favour of my princely friends,  
I am what she would have me.

*Bri.* He speaks well,  
And I believe him.

*Lew.* I could wish I did so. [man.  
Pray you a word, Sir. He's a proper gentle-  
And promises nothing but what is possible;  
So far I will go with you: Nay, I add,  
He hath won much upon me; and, were he  
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain  
Were soon struck up.

*Bri.* What's that, my lord?

*Lew.* The heir. [shall be.

*And.* Which he is not, and, I trust, never

*Bri.* Come, that shall breed no difference.

You see, [take,  
Charles has giv'n o'er the world; I'll under-  
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of  
him [state

For a dry-fat of new books; nor shall my  
Alone make way for him, but my elder bro-  
th-r's;

Who, being issueless, I advance our name,  
I doubt not, will add his. Your resolution?

*Lew.* I'll first acquaint my daughter with  
the proceedings:

On these terms, I am yours, as she shall be,

<sup>12</sup> All the quiddits.] Subtilities or equivocations. The word occurs in Shakespeare's Ham-  
let: 'Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets,  
' his cases, and his tricks?'



Make you no scruple; get the writings ready,  
She shall be tractable. To-morrow we will  
hold

A second conference. Farewell, noble Eu-  
And you, brave gallants.

*Eust.* Full increase of honour

Wait ever on your lordship! [grim]

*And.* The gout, rather, and a perpetual mo-  
*Bri.* You see, Eustace,

How I travail to possess you of a fortune

You were not born to. Be you worthy of it:

I'll furnish you for a suitor; visit her,

And prosper in't.

*Eust.* She's mine, Sir, fear it not:

In all my travels, I ne'er met a virgin

That could resist my courtship.

*Coe.* If this take now,

We're made for ever,<sup>14</sup> and will revel it!

[*Exeunt.*

*And.* In tough Welch parlsy, which, in our  
vulgar tongue, is

Strong hempen halters. My poor master  
cozen'd,

And I a looker-on! If we have studied  
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,  
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombs,  
We've made a fair hand on't! I'm glad I've  
found

Out all their plots, and their conspiracies.

This shall t' old monsieur Marimont; one,  
that though

He cannot read a proclamation, [Charles

Yet dotes on learning, and loves my master

For being a scholar. I hear he's coming hither;

I shall meet him; and if he be that old

Rough testy blade he always us'd to be,

He'll ring 'em such a peal<sup>16</sup> as shall go near

To shake their bell-room; peradventure, beat  
'em,

For he is fire and flax; and so have at him.

[*Exit.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Miramont and Brisac.*

*Mr.* NAY, brother, brother!

*Bri.* Pray, Sir, be not mov'd;

I meddle with no business but mine own;

And, in mine own, 'tis reason I should govern.

*Mr.* But know to govern then, and under-  
stand, Sir, [be

And be as wise as you're hasty. Though you

My brother, and from one blood sprung, I  
must tell you,

Heavily and home too——

*Bri.* What, Sir?

*Mr.* What I grieve to find;

You are a fool, and an old fool, and that's two.

*Bri.* We'll part 'em, if you please.

*Mr.* No, they're entail'd to you.

Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,

Your eldest son, Sir, and your very image,  
(But he's so like you, that he fares the worse  
for't)

Because he loves his book, and dotes on that,  
And only studies how to know things excel-  
lent,

Above the reach of such coarse brains as yours,  
Such muddy fancies, that never will know  
further

Than when to cut your vines, and cozen mer-  
And choke your hide-bound tenants with  
mucky harvests!

[*chants,*

*Bri.* You go too fast.

*Mr.* I'm not come to my paece yet.

Because he's made his study all his pleasure,

And is retir'd into his contemplation,

Not meddling with the dirt and chaff of na-  
ture,

That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,

<sup>14</sup> ———— *If this take now,*

*We're made for ever.*] Several of the editions old and modern continue this to Eustace's  
speech; others have nonsensically assigned it to Brisac. The oldest quarto of all has it thus.

*Eust.* *If this take now, &c.*

But Eustace was the last speaker, and nobody had interrupted him; therefore 'tis absurd, that  
his name should be put here only because he continues to speak. It must certainly be placed  
to one of his hangers on, who hugs himself with the thought, that if this match takes place,  
they shall have it in their power to revel it with a vengeance. *Theobald.*

These words might be spoken by Eustace, but the oldest quarto marking them as a new  
speech, gives force to Mr. Theobald's conjecture.

<sup>16</sup> *I'll ring him such a peal.*] *To ring a peal* is a metaphor for scolding, which Andrew  
would certainly not use: No more than he would beat Brisac and Eustace: It is plain, Mira-  
mont was to do both; we must read therefore;

*He'll ring 'em such a peal——*

This will restore both the sense and grammar.

*Seward.*

Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance? [boy,<sup>17</sup>

Must he be dispossess'd, and monsieur Gingle-  
His younger brother—

*Bri.* You forget yourself.

*Mir.* Because h' has been at court, and  
learn'd new too-gives,

And how to speak a tedious piece of nothing,  
To vary his face as seamen do their compass,  
To worship images of gold and silver,  
And fall before the she-calves of the season,  
Therefore must he jump into his brother's  
land? [enough

*Bri.* Have you done yet, and have you spake  
In praise of learning, Sir?

*Mir.* Never enough. [ing is?

*Bri.* But, brother, do you know what learn-

*Mir.* It is not to be a justice of peace, as you  
are,

And <sup>18</sup> palter out your time i' th' penal statutes—  
To hear the curious tenets controverted  
Between a Protestant constable and a Jesuit  
cobler;

To pick natural philosophy out of lawdry, [lady;  
When your worship's pleas'd to correctify a  
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blind justice,  
(Which is deep learning) when your worship's  
tenants

Bring a light cause and heavy hens before you,  
Both fat and feasible, a goose or pig;  
And then you sit, like Equity, with both hands  
Weighing indifferently the state o'th' question.  
These are your *quodlibets*, but no learning,  
brother. [learning,

*Bri.* You are so pariously in love with  
That I'd be glad to know what you under-  
stand, brother:

I'm sure you have read all Aristotle.

*Mir.* Faith, no:

But I believe; I have a learned faith, Sir,  
And that's it makes a gentleman of my sort.  
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the  
sound on't;

It goes so thundering as it conjoin'd devils:  
Charles speaks it loftily, and, if thou wert a  
man,

Or hadst but ever heard of Homer's *Iliads*,

Hesiod, and the Greek poets, thou wouldst  
run mad, [gentleman  
And hang thyself for joy thou'dst such a  
To be thy son. Oh, he has read such things  
To me!

*Bri.* And you do understand 'em, brother?

*Mir.* I tell thee, no; that's not material;  
the sound's

Sufficient to confirm an honest man.

Good brother Brisac, does your young courtier,  
That wears the fine clothes, and is the excel-  
lent gentleman,

The traveller, the soldier, as you think too,  
Understand any other power than his taylor?  
Or know what motion is, more than an home-  
race? [from taverns?

What the moon means, but to light him home  
Or the comfort of the sun is, but to wear  
ash'd clothes in? [up,

And must this piece of ignorance be pop'd  
Because 't can kiss the hand, and cry, 'sweet  
lady?' [licks,

Say, it had been at Rome, and seen the re-  
Drunk your Verdea wine,<sup>19</sup> and rid at Naples,  
Brought home a box of Venice treacle with it,  
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:  
Must this thing therefore—

*Bri.* Yes, Sir, this thing must!

I will not trust my land to one so sotted,  
So grown like a disease unto his study.  
He that will fling off all occasions [state is,  
And cares, to make him understand what  
And how to govern it, must, by that reason,  
Be flung himself aside from managing:  
My younger boy is a fine gentleman.

*Mir.* He is an ass, a piece of ginger-bread,  
Gilt over to please foolish girls and puppets.

*Bri.* You are my elder brother.

*Mir.* So I had need, [all else.  
And have an elder wit; thou'dst shame us  
Go to! I say Charles shall inherit.

*Bri.* I say, no;

Unless Charles had a soul to understand it.  
Can he manage six thousand crowns a-year  
Out of the metaphysics? or can all  
His learn'd astronomy look to my vineyards?  
Can the drunken old poets make up my vices?

<sup>17</sup> ——— and monsieur Gingle-boy,

[His younger brother—] We must read, *jingle-boy*. i. e. A fop, that fell into every upstart fashion. It was the custom in the latter part of queen Elizabeth's reign, and also in that of king James the First, for the men to wear boots; as we may see by the pictures of those times, and their spurs were equipped with a sort of bells, or loose rowels, which jingled whenever they moved. Theobald.

Mr. Theobald's solution of this passage is a good one; but we see no cause why *jingle* may not be spelt with a g.

<sup>18</sup> And palter out your time.] Shakespeare says, in his *Macbeth*,

'And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

'That putter with us in a double sense;

'That keep the word of promise to our ear,

'And break it to our hope—'

R.

<sup>19</sup> Drunk your Verdea wine.] There is a river in Italy, that runs through the territory of Præneste, which of old was called Veresis: The more modern geographers tell us that now its name is Verdé. I doubt not, but our Authors allude to the wines made in that neighbourhood.

Theobald.

(I know, they can drink 'em) or your excellent humanists

Sell 'em the merehants for my best advantage?  
Can history cut my hay, or get my corn in?  
And can geometry vent it in the market?  
Shall I have my sheep kept with a Jacob's staff now?

I wonder you will magnify this mad-man;  
You that are old and should understand.

*Mir.* Should, say'st thou?  
Thou monstrous piece of ignorance in office!  
Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy clerk infuses,

Thy dapper clerk, larded with ends of Latin,  
And he no more than custom of his office;<sup>20</sup>  
Thou unreprieveable dunce! (that thy furlmal band-strings,

Thy ring, nor pomander, cannot expiate for)  
Dost thou tell me I should? I'll poze thy worship

In thine own library, an almanack;  
Which thou art daily poring on, to pick out  
Days of iniquity to cozen fools in, [me,  
And full moons to cut cattle! Dost thou taint  
That have run over story, poetry,  
Humanity?

*Bri.* As a cold nipping shadow [ed.  
Does o'er the ears of corn, and leave 'em blast-  
Put up your anger; what I'll do, I'll do.

*Mir.* Thou shalt not do.

*Bri.* I will.

*Mir.* Thou art an ass then,  
Adull old tedious ass; thou'rt ten times worse,  
And of less credit, than dunce Hollingshead  
The Englishroan, that writes of shows and sheriffs.<sup>21</sup>

*Enter Lewis.*

*Bri.* Well, take your pleasure; here's one I must talk with.

*Lew.* Good day, Sir.

*Bri.* Fair to you, Sir.

*Lew.* May I speak wi' you?

*Bri.* With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodness.

*Lew.* Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.

*Mir.* Oh, sweet Sir,

Keep your good-morrow to cool your worship's pottage.

A couple of the world's fools met together

To raise up dirt and dunghills!

*Lew.* Are they drawn? [two hours,

*Bri.* They shall be ready, Sir, within these  
And Charles set his hand.

*Lew.* 'Tis necessary; [state  
For he being a joint purchaser, though your  
Was got by your own industry, unless  
He seal to the conveyance, it can be  
Of no validity.

*Bri.* He shall be ready,

And do it willingly.

*Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.

*Bri.* I hope your daughter likes.

*Lew.* She loves him well, Sir:

Young Eustace is a bait to catch a woman;  
A budding sprightly fellow. You're resolv'd  
That all shall pass from Charles? [then,

*Bri.* All, all; he's nothing;  
A bunch of books shall be his patrimony,  
And more than he can manage too.

*Lew.* Will your brother  
Pass over his land too, to your son Eustace?  
You know he has no heir.

*Mir.* He will be flead first,  
And horse-collars made of 's skin!

*Bri.* Let him alone; [Sir.  
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turn,  
And how does your daughter?

*Lew.* Ready for the hour;  
And like a blushing rose, that stays the pulling.

*Bri.* To-morrow then's the day.

*Lew.* Why then to-morrow,  
I'll bring the girl; get you the writings ready.

*Mir.* But hark you, monsieur, have you  
the virtuous conscience

To help to rob an heir, an Elder Brother,  
Of that which nature and the law flings on  
him?

You were your father's eldest son, I take it,  
And had his land; 'would you had had his  
wit too,

Or his discretion, to consider nobly  
What 'tis to deal unworthily in these things!  
You'll say, he's none of yours, he is his son;  
And he will say, be is no son to inherit  
Above a shelf of books. Why did he get him?  
Why was he brought up to write and read,  
and know things? [tice?

Why was he not, like his father, a dumb jus-  
A flat dull piece of phlegm, shap'd like a man?  
A reverend idol in a piece of arras?

Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,  
Or any capital crime to his charge?

<sup>20</sup> And he no more than custom of offenees.] There is great humour in this passage, and 'tis pity that it should be hurt by so obscure an expression at the close. I can affix no idea to it, but that the justice's clerk's whole literature consists in the forms of commitment for common offences; and therefore thought that the original might have been, — *customary offences*: Which conveys this idea more clearly than the present reading, which is too obscure to be genuine. But by a small change of the letters, I have, I think, hit upon a much clearer one, and which for that reason is most likely to have been the original one.

And he no more than custom of his office. Seward.

<sup>21</sup> That writes of snows and sheriffs.] The *quarto* in 1651, and the *folio* in 1679, have it *snows*; which I take to be the genuine word: Because Hollingshead is very prolix in describing tilts and tournaments, public entries, masques, and other pieces of pageantry. Theobald.

*Lew.* I do not, [me, Sir;  
Nor do not weigh your words; they bite not  
This man must answer.

*Bri.* I have don't already,  
And given sufficient reason to secure me.  
And so, good-morrow, brother, to your patience.

*Lew.* Good-morrow, monsieur Miramont.

*Mir.* Good night-caps

[*Exeunt Bri. and Lew.*

Keep you brains warm, or maggots will breed  
in 'em! [three books yet;

Well, Charles, thou shalt not want to buy  
The fairest in thy study are my gift,  
And the University Louvaine for thy sake  
Hath tasted of my bounty; and to vex  
Th' old doting fool thy father, and thy brother,

[them:  
They shall not share a solz of mine between  
Nay more, I'll give thee eight thousand  
crowns a-year,

In some high strain to write my epitaph. [*Ex.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Consey.*

*Eust.* How do I look now to my Elder  
Nay, 'tis a handsome suit. [Brother?

*Con.* All courtly, courtly.

*Eust.* I'll assure ye, gentlemen, my taylor  
has travell'd,

And speaks a lofty language in his bills too.  
The cover of an old book would not shew  
thus.

Fy, fy, what things these academicks are,  
These book-worms, how they look!

*Egre.* They're mere images,  
No gentled motion nor behaviour in 'em;  
They'll prattle ye of *primum mobile*,  
And tell a story of the state of heav'n,  
What lords and ladies govern in such houses,  
And what wonders they do when they meet  
together, [a juggler,  
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail, like  
And make a noise, when they're drunk, which  
we call thunder.

*Con.* They are the sneaking'st things, and  
the contemptiblest; [thing  
Such small-bear brains! But ask 'em any  
Out of the element of their understanding,  
And they stand gaping like a roasted pig.  
Do they know what a court is, or a council,  
Or how the affairs of Christendom are managed?

Do they know any thing but a tired hackney?  
And then, they cry 'absurd,' as the horse understood 'em.<sup>22</sup> [Brother,  
They have made a fair youth of your Elder  
A pretty piece of flesh!

*Eust.* I thank 'em for it;

Long may he study, to give me his state!  
Saw you my mistress?

*Egre.* Yes, she's a sweet young woman;  
But, be sure, you keep her from learning.

*Eust.* Songs she  
May have, and read a little unback'd poetry,  
Such as the dabblers of our time contrive,  
That has no weight nor wheel to move the  
mind,

Nor, indeed, nothing but an empty sound;  
She shall have clothes, but not made by geometry;

Horses and coach, but of no immortal race.  
I will not have a scholar in mine house,  
Above a gentle reader; they corrupt  
The foolish women with their subtle problems  
I'll have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright  
Prating philosophers from entertainment.

*Con.* It will do well; Love those that love  
good fashions, [mire 'em;  
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to ad-  
That speak the lisp of court; oh! 'tis great  
learning [courtly,

To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle  
They're rare endowments; that have seen far  
countries, [no truths,

And can speak strange things, tho' they speak  
For then they make things common. When  
are you married?

*Eust.* To-morrow, I think; we must have  
a masque, boys,  
And of our own making.

*Egre.* 'Tis not half an hour's work;  
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.  
But let's be handsome; shall's be gods or  
nymphs?

*Eust.* What, nymphs with beards?  
*Con.* That's true; we will be knights then,  
Some wandering knights, that light here on a  
sudden. [gentlemen,

*Eust.* Let's go, let's go; I must go visit,  
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to-  
morrow. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Cook, Andrew, and Butler.*

*Cook.* And how does my master?  
*And.* Is at's book. Peace, coxcomb!  
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should  
ask for him!

*Cook.* Does he not study conjuring too?  
*And.* Have you

Lost any plate, Butler?

*But.* No, but I know  
I shall to-morrow at dinner.

*And.* Then to-morrow [we meddle  
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't;  
With no spirits o' th' but'ry; they taste too  
small for us.

<sup>22</sup> *And, then they cry absurd as the horse understood 'em.* Mr. Theobald censures this passage as *an awkwardness*; Mr. Seward gives the following very proper explanation of it: 'This is spoke of the college-students, whom the tap makes such judgments, as to talk even to their horses in *scholastic terms*, calling it *absurd* in a tired hackney to hobble and stumble.'

Keep me a pie in folio, I beseech thee,  
And thou shalt see how learn'dly I'll trans-  
late him.

Shall's have good cheer to-morrow?

*Cook.* Excellent good cheer, Andrew.

*And.* The spite on't is, that, much about  
that time,

I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,

Which are the uales and females of red her-  
rings; [only;

And whether they be taken in the Red Sea  
A question found out by Copernicus,

The learned motion-maker.

*Cook.* Ay, marry, Butler,

Here are rare things! A man, that look'd  
upon him,

Would swear he understood no more than we

*But.* Certain, a learned Andrew. [do.

*And.* I've so much on't,

And am so loaden with strong understanding,

I fear they'll run me mad. Here's a new in-  
strument, [with,

A mathematical glistier, to purge the moon

When she is laden with cold phlegmatic hum-  
ours;

And here's another, to remove the stars,

When they grow too thick in the firmament.

*Cook.* Oh, Heav'n's! why do I labour out  
my life

In a beef-pot? and only search the secrets

Of a salad, and know no further?

*And.* They are not

Reveal'd to all heads; these are far above

Your element of fire, Cook! I could tell you

Of Archimedes' glass, to fire your coals with;

And of the philosopher's turf, that ne'er goes  
out.

And, Gilbert Butler, I could ravish thee,  
With two rare inventions.

*But.* What are they, Andrew?

*And.* The one, to blanch your bread from  
chippings base,

And in a moment, as thou wouldst an almond;

The sect of the Epicureans invented that:

The other, for thy trenchers, that's a strong  
one,

To cleanse you twenty dozen in a minute,

And no noise heard; which is the wonder,  
Gilbert!

And this was out of Plato's New Ideas.

*But.* Why, what a learned master dost  
thou serve, Andrew?

*And.* These are but the scrapings of his  
understanding, Gilbert. [people,

With gods and goddesses, and such strange

He deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion,

As thou dost with thy boy that draws thy  
drink, [scabblers,

Or Ralph there, with his kitchen-boys and

*Cook.* But why should he not be familiar,  
and talk sometimes,

As other Christians do, of hearty matters?

And come into th' kitchen, and there eat his  
breakfast? [there eat it,

*But.* And then retire to the butt'ry, and

And drink a lusty bowl? My younger master,

That must be now the heir, will do all these,

Ay, and be drunk too; these are mortal things.

*And.* My master studies immortality,

*Cook.* Now thou talk'st of immortality,

How does thy wife, Andrew? My old master

Did you no small pleasure when he procur'd  
her, [her now,

And stock'd you in a farm. If he should love

As he hath a colt's tooth yet, what says your  
learning? [Andrew?

And your strange instruments to that, my

Can any of your learned clerks avoid it?

Can you put by his mathematical engine?

*And.* Yes, or I'll break it. Thou awaken'st  
me;

And I'll peep i' th' moon this month, but I'll  
watch for him!

My master rings; I must go make him a fire,

And conjure o'er his books.

*Cook.* Adieu, good Andrew;

And send thee manly patience with thy learn-  
ing! [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Charles.*

*Char.* I have forgot to eat and sleep with  
reading,

And all my faculties turn into study:

'Tis meat and sleep! What need I outward  
garments, [ing?

When I can clothe myself with understand-

The stars and glorious planets have no taylor's,

Yet ever new they are, and shine like cour-  
tiers;

The seasons of the year find no fond parents,

Yet some are arm'd in silver ice that glisters,

And some in gaudy green come in like mas-  
quers; [lodging,

The silk-worm spins her own suit and her

And has no aid nor partner in her labours!

Why should we care for any thing but know-  
ledge?

Or look upon the world, but to condemn it?

*Enter Andrew.*

*And.* Would you have any thing?

*Char.* Andrew, I find

There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' bull,<sup>22</sup>

Which will go near to blind the constellation.

*And.* Put a gold ring in's nose, and that  
will cure him.

*Char.* Ariadne's crown's awry too; two

main stars,

That held it fast, are slipp'd out.

*And.* Send it presently

<sup>22</sup> There is a stie grown o'er the eye o' th' bull.] Charles is speaking of the Bull, or sign  
Taurus, upon the celestial globe. A piece of dirt was fallen on the Bull's eye, which looked  
like that inflammation which is called a stie.

To Gallileo, the Italian star-wright;<sup>14</sup>  
He'll set it right again, with little labour.

*Char.* Thou art a pretty scholar.

*And.* I hope I shall be: [nothing?]

Have I swept your books so often to know

*Char.* I hear thou'rt married.

*And.* It hath pleas'd your father

To match me to a maid of his own choosing;<sup>15</sup>

(I doubt her constellation's loose too, and  
wants nailing) [Sir.

And a sweet farm he has given us, a mile off,

*Char.* Marry thyself to understanding, Andrew:

These women are *errata* in all authors!

They're fair to see to, and bound up in vellum,  
Smooth, white, and clear; but their contents  
are monstrous;

They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases. [there is

Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as  
On those shelves, Andrew.

*And.* I think I have not, Sir.

*Char.* No, if thou hadst

Thou'dst never have warm'd a woman in thy  
bosom:<sup>16</sup>

They're cataplasms, made o' th' deadly sins.

I ne'er saw any yet but mine own mother,

Or, if I did, I did regard them but

As shadows that pass by of under creatures.

*And.* Shall I bring you one? I'll trust you  
with my own wife.

I would not have your brother go beyond you,  
They're the prettiest natural philosophers to  
play with!

*Char.* No, no; they're opticks to delude  
men's eyes with. [Andrew?

Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet,

*And.* No, but he speaks High Dutch; and  
that goes as daintily. [Yesterday,

*Char.* Reach me the books down I read

And make a little fire, and get a manchet;

Make clean those instruments of brass I

shew'd you, [fox-tail,

And set the great sphere by; then take the

And purge the books from dust; last, take

your Lilly,

And get your part ready.

*And.* Shall I go home, Sir? [lies, Sir.

My wife's name is Lilly; there my best part

*Char.* I mean your grammar. Oh, thou

dunderhead!

Wouldst thou be ever in thy wife's Syntax?

Let me have no noise, nor nothing to disturb

I am to find a secret. [me;

*And.* So am I too;

Which, if I do find, I shall make some smart

for't. [Exit.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, and  
Notary.*

*Lew.* **THIS** is the day, my daughter Angellina,

The happy day, that must make you a fortune,  
A large and full one; my great care has  
wrought it,

And yours must be as great to entertain it.

Young Eustace is a gentleman at all points,

And his behaviour affable and courtly,

His person excellent; I know you find that,

I read it in your eyes, you like his youth.

Young handsome people should be match'd  
together, [fortunes.

Then follow hand-ome children, handsome

The most part of his father's state, my wench,  
Is tied in jointure; that makes up the har-

mony;

And, when ye are married, he's of that soft  
temper,

And so far will be chain'd to your observance,

That you may rule and turn him as you please.

What, are the writings drawn on our side,  
Sir? [him,

*Not.* They are; and here I have so fetter'd

That, if the Elder Brother set his hand to,

Not all the pow'r of law shall e'er release  
him. [knaves,

*Lew.* These notaries are notable confident

And able to do more mischief than an army.

Are all your clauses sure?

*Not.* Sure as proportion; [ings.

They may turn rivers sooner than these writ-

Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?

*Lew.* 'Twas not condition'd.

*Not.* If it had been found,

It had been but a fish made in the writing;

If not found, all the land.

<sup>14</sup> To Gallileo, the Italian star-wright.] But Gallileo was his true name, as I had several years ago marked in the margin of my book, and as Mr. Sympson likewise lately observed to me. *Theobald.*

<sup>15</sup> To match me to a maid of his own choosing.] Mr. Sympson alters *maid* to *mate*; which is certainly as unnecessary as it is unwarranted.

<sup>16</sup> Thou'dst ne'er have warm'd a woman in thy bosom.] The allusion, I take it, is to the silly counsellor in the fable, who cherished a frozen snake in his bosom, till it recovered and stung him. *Theobald.*

*Lee.* These are small devils, [make it;  
That care not who has mischief, so they  
They live upon the mere scent of dissention:  
'Tis well, 'tis well. Are you contented, girl?  
For your will must be known.

*Ang.* A husband's welcome,  
And, as an humble wife, I'll entertain him:  
No sovereignty I aim at; 'tis the man's, Sir;  
For she that seeks it kills her husband's honour.

The gentleman I have seen, and well observed him,  
Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise;

A pretty gentlemen, and he may please too;  
And some few flashes I have heard come from  
But not to admiration, as to others; [him,  
He's young, and may be good, yet he must  
make it; [also.<sup>17</sup>

And I may help, and, help'd too, thank him  
It is your pleasure I should make him mine,  
And 't has been still my duty to observe you.

*Lee.* Why then let's go, and I shall love  
your modesty. [lina,

To horse, and bring the coach out. Angel-  
To-morrow you will look more womanly.

*Ang.* So I look honestly, I fear no eye, Sir.  
[*Exe.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Brisac, Andrew, Cook, and Lilly.*

*Bri.* Wait on your master; he shall have  
that befits him.

*And.* No inheritance, Sir?

*Bri.* You speak like a fool, a coxcomb!

He shall have annual means to buy him books,  
And find him clothes and meat; what would  
he more? [nature.

Trouble him with land? 'tis flat against his  
I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

*And.* Shall master Eustace have all?

*Bri.* All, all; he knows how

To use it; he's a man bred in the world,  
Tother i' th' heav'ns. My masters, pray be  
wary. [sances

And serviceable; and, Cook, see all your  
Be sharp and poignant in the palate, that  
they may

Commend you; look to your roast and bak'd  
meats handsomely. [things—  
And what new kickshaws and delicate made  
Is th' music come?

*But.* Yes Sir, they're here at breakfast.

*Bri.* There will be a masque too. You  
must see this room clean, [lows:  
And, Butler, your door open to all good fel-  
But have an eye to your plate, for there be  
furies—

My Lilly, welcome! you are for the linen;

Sort it, and set it ready for the table;

And see the bride-bed made, and look the  
cords be

Not cut asunder by the gallants too;

There be such knacks abroad. Hark hither,  
Lilly! [w'ye:

To-morrow night, at twelve o'clock, I'll sup

Your husband shall be safe; I'll send you  
meat too.

Before, I cannot well slip from my company.

*And.* Will you so, will you so, Sir? I'll  
make one to eat it;

I may chance to make you stagger too.

*Bri.* No answer, Lilly?

*Lil.* One word about the linen. I'll be ready,  
And rest your worship's still.

*And.* And I'll rest w'ye; [nimble?

You shall see what rest 'twill be. Are you so  
A man had need have ten pair of ears to  
watch you. [wants you;

*Bri.* Wait on your master, for I know he  
And keep him in his study, that the noise

Do not molest him. I will not fail, my Lilly!

Come in, sweet-hearts, all to their several du-  
ties. [Ex.

*And.* Are you kissing-ripe, Sir? Double  
but my farin,

And kiss her 'till thy heart ake. These  
smock-vermin!

How eagerly they leap at old mens' kisses!

They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure.

And if 'twere not for the scurvy name of  
cuckold, [bour at length

He should lie with her. I know, she'll la-

With a good lordship. If he had a wife now!

But that's all one, I'll fit him. I must up  
Unto my master; he'll be mad with study.

[*Exit.*

<sup>17</sup> *He's young and may be good, yet he must make it,*

*And I may help, and help to thank him also.*] I can make no sort of sense of the latter part of the last line; but as the foregoing lines point out the intention of the author, so that will direct us to the true reading. The sense I take to be this. He's yet too young to be fix'd to either good or evil, but he may hereafter make himself good, and I may help to make him so: And, as I am young, he, in return, may help to fix me in goodness. The slight reformation, that I have offered, entirely gives this sense. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

*He's young, and may be good, yet he must make him so,*

*And I may help, and for help thank him also.*

We think Mr. Seward's explanation of the *sense* of this passage just; but the *words* we have introduced to the text are nearer those of the old copies, while they convey the same meaning: 'Each giving *help*, and each giving *thanks*.' The alteration in the first line seems totally unnecessary.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Charles.*

*Chor.* What noise is this? My head is broken! In ev'ry corner,<sup>23</sup>

As if the earth were shaken with some strange  
cholic,  
There are stirs and motions. What planet  
rules this house?

<sup>23</sup> *What noise is in this house, my head is broken.*] The old editions have handed down to us as ridiculous a blunder upon this passage, as ever pass'd the press. They read;

———— *my head is broken,*  
Within a parenthesis in ev'ry corner:

Our learned and ingenious Mr. Cibber, who jumbled the Custom of the Country and this play into one comedy, sagaciously saw, that *within a parenthesis* did not so harmoniously begin a verse; he has therefore alter'd it thus.

———— *my head is broken*  
With a parenthesis in ev'ry corner;

This gentleman, I suppose, might have met with this scrap of Latin, which is said to those who make false grammar, *Diminus Prisciani caput*: You break Priscian's head. Now if a little false grammar would break Priscian's head, he naturally concluded, a common man's head might be broken with a parenthesis: and so he very judiciously adopted the expression.——But may it not be asked, how did this nonsense slip at first into the old books? I believe, I can give a solution for that. Some careful reader had written in the margin of his book at the words,

———— *My heart is broken*  
Within a parenthesis.

But forgetting to make the two half-moons, which form a parenthesis, it was mistook at press for a part of the text, and thence we derive this wonderful interpolation. *Theobald.*

As this passage has been most strangely treated, we hope our readers will allow us to lay before them the lessons of the several editions which have come to our hands, together with a few remarks on the different variations: But which, as it may be censured as a species of *verbal criticism*, we should not have done, had we not imagined it would afford entertainment to the curious and discerning ——Quarto, 1637, says,

*What noise is in this house, my head is broken,*  
*Within a parenthesis, in every corner*  
*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Quarto, 1651,

*What noise is this, my head is broken,*  
*Within a parenthesis, in every corner*  
*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Folio, 1676 (wherein the whole of this beautiful poem is degraded into prose), except saying, *What a noise*, copies the words of 1637.——Octavo, 1711,

*What noise is in this house, my head is broken,*  
*With several noises; and in every corner,*  
*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

Here we find that the rejection of the words, *within a parenthesis*, was concluded on near forty years before Mr. Theobald's edition was published; a circumstance he ought to have mentioned, as well as the interpolation of the words, *with several noises*; and ——Octavo, 1750,

*What noise is in this house, (my head is broken!)*  
*With several noises; and in every corner;*  
*As if the earth were shaken, &c.*

We will give Mr. Theobald credit for the rejected words having been meant as a direction; but surely, then, the parenthesis should have extended further than he has made it; it should have gone on to the word *corner*; otherwise, assisted by his alteration of the points, the whole passage is (to use that gentleman's favourite expression) *stark nonsense*. It is beyond the power of human ingenuity, we believe, to make any sense of, *What noise is in this house, with several noises; and in every corner; as if the earth were shaken, &c.* A plain proof this is, among innumerable others, that the deservedly-most-admired Editor of Shakespeare undertook the revival of the next-best English dramatist, when his faculties were debilitated and his fancy extinguished, if not his understanding impaired. Of the quartos, the oldest are, generally, most to be depended on; but the Elder Brother is an exception to this rule. The copy of 1651 corrects various passages which appear nonsense in that of 1637, as well as enables us to rectify



*Enter Andrew.*

Who's there?

*And.* 'Tis I, Sir, faithful Andrew.

*Char.* Come near,

And lay thine ear down; hear'st no noise?

*And.* The cooks [pies,  
Are chopping herbs and mince-meat to make  
And breaking marrow-bones.

*Char.* Can they set them again?

*And.* Yes, yes, in broths and puddings;  
and they grow stronger,  
For th' use of any man.

*Char.* What squeaking's that?

Sure, there is a massacre.

*And.* Of pigs and geese, Sir, [Sir,  
And turkeys, for the spit. The cooks are angry,  
And that makes up the medley.

*Char.* Do they thus

At every dinner? I ne'er mark'd them yet,  
Nor know who is a cook.

*And.* They're sometimes sober,  
And then they beat as gently as a taker.

*Char.* What loads are these?

*And.* Meat, meat, Sir, for the kitchen;  
And stinking fowls the tenants have sent in:  
They'll ne'er be found out at a general eating.  
And there's fat venison, Sir.

*Char.* What's that?

*And.* Why, deer; [sures,  
Those that men fatten for their private plea-  
And let their tenants starve upon the commons.

*Char.* I've read of deer, but yet I ne'er eat  
any. [viare,<sup>26</sup> Sir;

*And.* There's a fishmonger's boy with ca-  
Anchovies, and potargo,<sup>27</sup> to make you drink.

*Char.* Sure, these are modern, very modern  
For I understand 'em not. [ineats,

*And.* No more does any man  
From *caca-merda*,<sup>28</sup> or a substance worse,  
Till they be greas'd with oil, and rubb'd with  
onions, [sallads.

And then flung out of doors, they are rare

*Char.* And why is all this, prithee, tell me,  
Andrew?

Are there any princies to dine here to-day?

By this abundance, sure, there should be  
princies.

I've read of entertainment for the gods, [em?  
At half this charge. Will not six dishes serve  
I never had but one, and that a small one.

*And.* Your brother's married this day; he's  
Your younger brother, Eastace! [married;  
*Char.* What of that? [bither;

*And.* And all the friends about are bidden  
There's not a dog that knows the house but

*Char.* Married? to whom? [comes too.

*And.* Why, to a dainty gentlewoman,

Young, sweet, and modest.

*Char.* Are there modest women?

How do they look?

*And.* Oh, you'd bless yourself to see them.

He parts with'st his book! He ne'er did so before

*Char.* What does my father for 'em? [yet!

*And.* Gives all his land,

And makes your brother heir.

*Char.* Must I have nothing?

*And.* Yes, you must study still, and he'll  
maintain you.

*Char.* I am his Elder Brother.

*And.* True, you were so;

But he has leap'd o'er your shoulders, Sir.

*Char.* 'Tis well;

He'll not inherit my understanding too?

*And.* I think not; he'll scarce find tenants  
Out to. [to let it

*Char.* Hark, hark!

*And.* The coach that brings the fair lady.

*Enter Lewis, Angelina, Ladies, Notary, &c.*

Now you may see her.

*Char.* Sure, this should be modest; [of it,  
But I do not truly know what women make  
Andrew! She has a face looks like a story;<sup>29</sup>  
The story of the Hear'ns looks very like her.

several new errors in the more modern editions: Not that that is immaculate: Without the first copy (aided by the same infinite drudgery of comparison necessary for the other sixteen plays printed in quarto) we should not be enabled to furnish our readers with such a copy of the Elder Brother as would give ourselves satisfaction.

With respect to *parentheses*, our ancestors were unreasonably fond of them; in the present instance, to put the words, *my head is broken*, between a *parenthesis*; though allowable, is totally unnecessary. We have (except in punctuation) followed our favourite quarto; and flatter ourselves, the reading here exhibited will be allowed to be, more than any prior to it, sensible, poetical, and nervous.

The interpolated words, *with several noises*, we apprehend to have been originally a direction for the representation at the theatre.

<sup>26</sup> *Cariare.*] The eggs of a sturgeon.

<sup>27</sup> *Potargo.*] A pickle, prepared in the West Indies.

<sup>28</sup> *Caca merda.*] This expression, too gross for an English audience, or an English reader, will be understood by every person conversant in the Spanish and Portuguese languages.

<sup>29</sup> ———— *She has a face looks like a story:*

*The story of the Hear'ns looks very like her.*] Mr. Seward, out of kindness to Charles, and that he may 'not talk nonsense,' would alter *story* to *glory* in both places: But, says Mr. Theobald, 'I have preserv'd the word *story*, because our Authors have used the same image' in their Philaster;

————— *How that foolish man,  
That reads the story of a woman's face,  
And dies believing it, is lost for ever!*

*And.* She has a wide face then.

*Char.* She has a cherubin's,  
Cover'd and veil'd with modest blushes.  
*Eustace*, be happy, whilst poor *Charles* is  
patient!  
Get me my book again, and come in with me.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, Coway  
and Miramont.*

*Bri.* Welcome, sweet daughter; welcome,  
noble brother; [writings;  
*And* you are welcome, Sir, with all your  
Ladies, most welcome! What, my angry brother!  
[else.]

You must be welcome too; the feast is flat  
*Mir.* I come not for your welcome, I expect none;

I bring no joys to bless the bed withal;  
Nor songs, nor masques, to glorify the nuptials.

I bring an angry mind, to see your folly,  
A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

*Bri.* You'll stay and dine though?

*Mir.* All your meat smells musty;

Your table will shew nothing to content me.

*Bri.* I'll assure you, here's good meat.

*Mir.* But your sauce is scurvy; [tion.]

It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

*Eust.* It seems your anger is at me, dear uncle. [thou'rt a boy;

*Mir.* Thee! Thou art not worth my anger;

A lump o' thy father's likeness, made of nothing [head,

But anticl clothes and cringes! Look in thy

And 'twill appear a foot-ball full of fumes

And rotten smoke! Lady, I pity you;

You are a handsome and a sweet young lady,

And ought to have a handsome man yok'd

t'ye,

An understanding too; this is a ginerack,

That can get nothing but new fashions on you;

For say, he have a thing shap'd like a child,

'Twill either prove a tumbler or a taylor.

*Eust.* These are but harsh words, uncle.

*Mir.* So I mean 'em. [ther.]

Sir, you play harsh play w' your Elder Brother.

*Eust.* I would be loth to give you—

*Mir.* Do not venture; [then.]

I'll make your wedding-clothes sit closer t'ye

I but disturb you; I'll go see my nephew.

*Leu.* Pray take a piece of rosemary.<sup>22</sup>

*Mir.* I'll wear it;

But for the lady's sake, and none of yours!

May be, I'll see your table too.

*Bri.* Pray do, Sir. [Exit Mir.]

*Ang.* A mad old gentleman.

*Bri.* Yes, faith, sweet daughter, [ledge.]  
He has been thus his whole age, to my know-  
He has made *Charles* his heir, I know that  
certainly; [thing]

Then why should he grudge *Eustace* any

*Ang.* I would not have a light head, nor

one laden [Charles is,

With too much learning, as, they say, this

That makes his book his mistress. Sure,

there's something

hid in this old man's anger, that declares him

Not a mere sot.

*Bri.* Come, shall we go and seal, brother?

All things are ready, and the priest is here.

When *Charles* has set his hand unto the writ-  
ings,

As he shall instantly, then to the wedding,

And so to dinner.

*Leu.* Come, let's seal the book first,

For my daughter's jointure.

*Bri.* Let's be private in't, Sir. [Exeunt.]

# SCENE IV.

*Enter Charles, Miramont, and Andrew.*

*Mir.* Nay, you're undone!

*Char.* Hum!

*Mir.* Ha'ye no greater feeling? [Sir,

*And.* You were sensible of the great book,

When it fell on your head; and, now the

house

Is ready to fall, do you fear nothing?

*Char.* Will he have my books too?

*Mir.* Nu; he has a book,

A fair one too, to read on, and read wonden.

I would thou hadst her in thy study, nephew,

An 'twere but to new-string her.

*Char.* Yes, I saw her; [learning;

*And.* methought, 'twas a curious piece of

Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.

*And.* He flung away his book.

*Mir.* I like that in him:

'Would he had flung away his dullness too,

And spake to her.

*Char.* And must my brother have all?

*Mir.* All that your father has.

*Char.* And that fair woman too?

*Mir.* That woman also.

*Char.* He has enough then. [ter?

May I not see her sometimes, and call her sis-

I will do him no wrong.

*Mir.* This makes me mad;

I could now ery for anger! These old fools

Are the most stubborn and the wilfull'st ex-  
combs!

wherein he certainly is very right; which is still stronger proved, by *Eustace* afterwards saying,

*How do you, brother, with your curious story?  
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?*

<sup>22</sup> *Pray take a piece of rosemary.*] It has been observed, that *rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and that it was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings. See *Hamlet*, act iv. sc. v. R.

Farewell, and fall to your book; forget your brother;

You are my heir, and I'll provide y' a wife.  
I'll look upon this marriage, though I hate it.

[Exit.

*Enter Brisac.*

*Bri.* Where is my son?

*And.* There, Sir; casting a figure

What chopping children his brothers shall have.

*Bri.* He does well. How dost, Charles?

Still at thy book? [his father.

*And.* He's studying now, Sir, who shall be

*Bri.* Peace, you rude knave! Come hither,

Charles; be merry. [Sir.

*Char.* I thank you; I am busy at my book,

*Bri.* You must put your hand, my Charles,

as I would have you,

Unto a little piece of parchment here;

Only your name. You write a reasonable

hand. [it.

*Char.* But I may do unreasonably to write

What is it, Sir?

*Bri.* To pass the land I have, Sir,

Unto your younger brother.

*Char.* Is't no more? [provided for;

*Bri.* No, no, 'tis nothing: You shall be

And new books you shall have still, and new

studies; [care, boy;

And have your means brought in without thy

And one still to attend you.

*Char.* This shews your love, father.

*Bri.* I'm tender to you.

*And.* Like a stone, I take it.

*Char.* Why, father, I'll go down, an't

please you let me, [woman.

Because I'd see the thing they call the gentle-

see no women, but through contemplation,

And there I'll do't before the company,

And wish my brother fortune.

*Bri.* Do, I prithee. [above,

*Char.* I must not stay; for I have things

Require my study.

*Bri.* No, thou shalt not stay;

Thou shalt have a brave dinner too.

*And.* Now has he

O'erthrown himself for ever. I will down

Into the cellar, and be stark drunk for anger!

[Exit.

# SCENE V.

*Enter Lewis, Angellina, Eustace, Priest,*

*Ladies, Cowley, Notary, and Miramont.*

*Not.* Come, let him bring his son's land,

and all's done.

Is your's ready?

*Priest.* Yes, I'll dispatch ye presently,

Immediately; for, in truth, I am a-hungry.

*Eust.* Do, speak apace, for we believe ex-

Do not we stay long, mistress? [actly.

*Ang.* I find no fault; [do them.

Better things well done, than wait time to

Uncle, why are you sad?

*Vol. I.*

*Mir.* Sweet-smelling blossom! [tent;

'Would I were thine uncle to thine own con-

I'd make thy husband's state a thousand bet-

ter,

A yearly thousand. Thou hast miss'd a man

(But that he is addicted to his study,

And knows no other mistress than his mind)

Would weigh down bundles of these empty

kexes.

*Ang.* Can he speak, Sir?

*Mir.* 'Faith, yes; but not to women:

His language is to Heav'n, and heav'nly

wonder,

To nature, and her dark, and secret causes.

*Ang.* And does he speak well there?

*Mir.* Oh, admirably!

But he's too bashful to behold a woman;

There's none that sees him, nor he troubles

*Ang.* He is a man. [none.

*Mir.* Yes, and a clear sweet spirit.

*Ang.* Then conversation, methinks—

*Mir.* So think I too;

But 'tis his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

*Ang.* I like thy nobleness.

*Eust.* See, my mad uncle

Is courting my fair mistress.

*Lew.* Let him alone;

There's nothing that allays an angry mind

So soon as a sweet beauty. He'll come to us.

*Enter Brisac and Charles.*

*Eust.* My father's here, my brother too,

that's a wonder;

Broke like a spirit from his cell.

*Bri.* Come hither, [see

Come nearer, Charles; 'twas your desire to

My noble daughter, and the company, [boy.

And give your brother joy, and then to seal,

You do like a good brother.

*Lew.* Marry, does he,

And he shall have my love for ever for't.

Put to your hand now.

*Not.* Here's the deed, Sir, ready.

*Char.* No, you must pardon me awhile: I

tell you,

I am in contemplation; do not trouble me.

*Bri.* Come, leave thy study, Charles.

*Char.* I'll leave my life first;

I study now to be a man; I've found it.

Before, what man was, was but my argument.

*Mir.* I like this best of all; he has taken

His dull mist flies away. [fire;

*Eust.* Will you write, brother?

*Char.* No, brother, no; I have no time for

poor things; [lion.

I'm taking th' height of that bright constella-

*Bri.* I say you trifle time, son.

*Char.* I will not seal, Sir:

I am your Eldest, and I'll keep my birth-right;

For, Heav'n forbid I should become example.

Had y'only shew'd me land, I had deliver'd it,

And been a proud man to have parted with it;

'Tis dirt, and labour. Do I speak right, uncle?

*Mir.* Bravely, my boy; and bless thy

tongue!

2 D

*Char.* I'll forward.  
But you have open'd to me such a treasure,  
(I find my mind free; Heav'n direct my fortune!) <sup>[sacrifice?]</sup>

*Mir.* Can he speak now? Is this a son to

*Char.* Such an inimitable piece of beauty,  
That I have studied long, and now found only,  
That I'll part sooner with my soul of reason,  
And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a fly,  
And only make the number of things up,  
Than yield one foot of land, if she be tied to't!

*Lew.* He speaks unhappily.

*Ang.* And, methinks, bravely.  
This the mere scholar?

*Eust.* You but vex yourself, brother,  
And vex your study too.

*Char.* Go you and study;  
For 'tis time, young Eustace. You want man  
and manners; <sup>[on't]</sup>  
I've studied both, although I made no show  
Go, turn the volumes over I have read,  
Eat and digest them, that they may grow in  
thee: <sup>[lamps]</sup>

Wear out the tedious night with thy dim  
And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt:  
Distil the sweetness from the poets' spring,  
And learn to love; thou know'st not what  
fair is:

Traverse the stories of the great heroes,  
The wise and civil lives of good men walk  
through: <sup>[tries]</sup>

Thou hast seen nothing but the face of count-  
And brought home nothing but their empty  
words!

Why shouldst thou wear a jewel of this worth,  
That hast no worth within thee to preserve  
her?

Beauty clear and fair,  
Where the air  
Rather like a perfume dwells;  
Where the violet and the rose  
Their blue veins in blush disclose,  
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,  
And planted there,  
Is to live, and still live new;  
Where to gain a favour is  
More than light, perpetual bliss,  
Make me live by serving you.

Dear, again back recall  
To this light,  
A stranger to himself and all;

Both the wonder and the story  
Shall be yours, and eke the glory:  
I am your servant, and your thrall.

*Mir.* Speak such another ode, and take all  
What say you to the scholar now? <sup>[yet!]</sup>

*Ang.* I wonder!

Is he your brother, Sir?

*Eust.* Yes. 'Would he were buried!

I fear he'll make an ass of me; a younker.<sup>24</sup>

*Ang.* Speak not so softly, Sir; 'tis very  
likely.

*Bri.* Come, leave your finical talk, and let's  
dispatch, Charles.

*Char.* Dispatch! what?

*Bri.* Why, the land.

*Char.* You are deceiv'd, Sir: <sup>[man,</sup>  
Now I perceive what 'tis that woos a wo-  
And what maintains her when she's woo'd.  
I'll stop here.

A wilful poverty ne'er made a beauty,  
Nor want of means maintain'd it virtuously.  
Though land and monies be no happiness,  
Yet they are counted good additions.

That use I'll make; he that neglects a bless-  
ing, <sup>[use it,</sup>

Though he want present knowledge <sup>how to</sup>  
Neglects himself. May be, I have done you  
wrong, lady, <sup>[geth'er]</sup>

Whose love and hope went hand in hand to-  
May be, my brother, that has long expected  
The happy hour, and bless'd my ignorance.

(Pray, give me leave, Sir, I shall clear all  
doubts.) <sup>[that]</sup>

Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me  
(*Mir.* He'll talk thee into a pension for  
thy knavery.)

*Char.* You, happy you! why did you break  
unto me? <sup>[by]</sup>

The rosy-finger'd morn ne'er broke so sweet-  
I am a man, and have desires within me,  
Affections too, though they were drown'd  
awhile, <sup>[them:]</sup>

And lay dead, till the spring of beauty rais'd  
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump,  
A chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;

Then from those eyes shot Love, and be dis-  
tinguish'd,

And into form he drew my faculties; <sup>[too]</sup>  
And now I know my land, and now I love

*Bri.* We had best remove the maid.

*Char.* It is too late, Sir; <sup>[Eustace]</sup>  
I have her figure here. Nay, frown not,  
There are less worthy souls for younger bro-  
thers:

<sup>24</sup> *I fear, he'll make an ass of me, a younker.* A younker what? He was already his younger brother. I hope, I may venture to say, that I have retrieved the original word. A younker, among the sailors, is a lad employed in the most servile offices belonging to the ship: such as sawing the deck, taking in the top-sails, slinging the yards, taking their turns at the helm, &c. *Theobald.*

This contemptuous distinction is very common in the old plays. So Falstaff says, 'What will you make a younker of me?' First Part Henry IV. act iii. *H.*

And yet, probably, after all, younker is the right word; since the whole play turns on an attempt to make the Younger Brother the Elder, which the Elder Brother defeats.

This is no form of silk, but sanctity, [fy.  
Which wild lascivious hearts can never digni-  
Remove her where you will, I walk along still,  
For, like the light, we make no separation.  
You may sooner part the billows of the sea,  
And put a bar betwixt their fellowships,  
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut  
Old Time into a den, and stay his motion;  
Wash off the swift hours from his downy  
wings,

Or steal Eternity to stop his glass,  
Than shut the sweet idea I have in me.  
Room for an Elder Brother! Pray give place,  
Sir! [beat thee;

Mir. H's studied duel too; take heed, he'll  
H's frighted the old justice into a fever!  
I hope, he'll disinherit him too for an ass;  
For, though he be grave with years, he's a  
great baby.

Char. Do not you think me mad?  
Ang. No, certain, Sir: [cellent.  
I have heard nothing from you but things ex-  
Char. You look upon my clothes, and  
laugh at me;

My scurvy clothes!  
Ang. They have rich linings, Sir.

I would your brother—  
Char. His are gold, and gaudy.

Ang. But touch 'em inwardly, they smell  
of copper. [sweet lady,

Char. Can you love me? I am an heir,  
However I appear a poor dependant.  
Can you love with honour? I shall love so  
ever.

Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.  
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father  
must die. [take it deeply.

Mir. That was well put in; I hope he'll  
Char. Old men are not immortal, as I  
take it.

Is it you look for youth and handsomeness?  
I do confess my brother's a handsome gentle-  
man; [lady.  
But he shall give me leave to lead the way.  
Can you love for love,<sup>15</sup> and make that the  
reward?

The old man shall not love his heaps of gold  
With a more doting superstition, [lights;  
Than I'll love you; the young man his de-  
The merchant, when he ploughs the angry  
sea up, [him,  
And sees the mountain-billows falling on  
As if all elements, and all their angers,

Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction,  
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safety.  
We'll live together like two wanton vines,  
Circling our souls and loves in one another;  
We'll spring together, and we'll bear one  
fruit; [mourn,

One joy shall make us smile, and one grief  
One age go with us, and one hour of death  
Shall close our eyes, and one grave make us  
happy. [yours for ever!

Ang. And one hand seal the match: I'm  
Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay!

Ang. Nay, certainly, 'tis done, Sir.

Bri. There was a contract.

Ang. Only conditional,

That if he had the land, he had my love too:  
This gentleman's the heir, and he'll maintain  
Pray be not angry, Sir, at what I say; [it.  
Or, if you be, 'tis at your own adventure.

You have the outside of a pretty gentleman,  
But, by my troth, your inside is but barren.

'Tis not a face I only am in love with;  
Nor will I say, your face is excellent;

A reasonable hunting face, to court the wind  
with; [plac'd too,

Nor they're not words, unless they be well  
Nor your sweet *dam-mee's*, nor your hir'd  
verses, [horses,

Nor telling me of clothes, nor coach and  
No, nor your visits each day in new suits,

Nor your black patches you wear variously,  
Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some  
lozenges.<sup>16</sup> [ther!

All which but shew you still a younger bro-  
Mir. Gramercy, wench, thou hast a noble  
soul too. [knowledge,

Ang. Nor your long travels, nor your little  
Can make me dote upon you. Faith, go study,  
And glean some goodness, that you may shew  
manly; [you.)

(Your brother at my suit, I'm sure, will teach  
Or only study how to get a wife, Sir.

You're cast behind; 'tis good you should be  
melancholy, [money,

It shews like a gamester that had lost his  
And 'tis the fashion to wear your arm in a  
scarf, Sir, [gers.

For you have had a shrewd cut o'er the fin-  
Lew. But are you in earnest?

Ang. Yes, believe me, father;  
You shall ne'er chuse for me; you're old and  
dim, Sir, [judgment.

And th' shadow of the earth eclips'd your

<sup>15</sup> *Love for Love.*] These words are the title of Congreve's comedy, in which he has palpably copied our Authors, particularly in endeavouring to make the Elder Brother forego his birthright, in favour of the Younger. The very name of Angelica, Valentine's mistress, is perhaps borrowed from Angellina.

<sup>16</sup> *Nor your black patches you wear variously, Some cut like stars, some in half-moons, some lozenges. All which but shew you still a younger brother.*] The custom of wearing black patches on the face began amongst the men, being made of black velvet, and cut in various shapes. It was a foppish imitation of the officers of the army, who, in one place of our Authors, are said, after a campaign, to be obliged from their wounds, to wear their faces in velvet scarbards. Seward.

You've had you're time without controul,  
dear father, [now, Sir.

And you must give me leave to take mine  
*Bri.* This is the last time of asking; will  
you set your hand to?

*Char.* This is the last time of answering;  
I will never!

*Bri.* Out of my doors!

*Char.* Most willingly.

*Mir.* He shall, Jew;

Thou of the tribe of *Man-y-asses!* coxcomb!  
And never trouble thee more till thy ehops be  
cold, fool.

*Ang.* Must I begone too?

*Lew.* I will never know thee.

*Ang.* Then this man will: What fortune  
he shall run, father,  
Be't good or bad, I must partake it with him.

*Enter Egremont.*

*Egre.* When shall the masque begin?

*Eust.* 'Tis done already:

All, ali, is broken off; I am undone, friend!  
My brother's wise again, and has spoil'd all,  
Will not release the land; has won the wench  
too.

*Egre.* Could he not stay till th' masque was  
past? We're ready.

What a scurvy trick is this?

*Mir.* Oh, you may vanish! [wives

Perform it at some hall, where the citizens'  
May see't for six-pence a-piece, and a cold  
supper. [daughter,

Come, let's go, Charles! And now, my noble  
I'll sell the titles of my house ere thou shalt  
want, wench.

Rate up your dinner, Sir, and sell it cheap.

Some younger brother will take't up in com-  
modities. [the law,

Send you joy, nephew Eustace! If you study  
Keep your great pippin-pies; they'll go far  
with you.

*Char.* I'd have your blessing.

*Bri.* No, no; meet me no more!

Farewell! thou wilt blast mine eyes else.

*Char.* I will not.

*Lew.* Nor send not you for gowns!

*Ang.* I'll wear coarse flannel first.

*Bri.* Come, let's go take some counsel.

*Lew.* 'Tis too late.

*Bri.* Then stay and dine; it may be, we  
shall vex 'em. [Ereunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Brisac, Eustace, Egremont, and  
Cowsy.*

*Bri.* NE'ER talk to me! You are no men,  
but masquers;  
Shapes, shadows, and the signs of men; court-  
bubbles,  
That every breath or breaks or blows away!  
You have no souls, no mettle in your bloods,  
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion!  
Frozen dull things, that must be turn'd with  
leavers! [lants?

Are you the courtiers, and the travell'd gal-  
The sprightly fellows, that the people talk of?  
You've no more spirit than three sleepy sots!

*Eust.* What would you have me do, Sir?

*Bri.* Follow your brother, [tune!

And get you out of doors, and seek your for-  
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged dotard,  
A hair-brain'd puppy, and a bookish boy,  
That never knew a blade above a penknife,  
And how to cut his meat in characters,  
Cross my design, and take thy own wench  
from thee? [fellow!

In mine own house too? Thou despis'd, poor

*Eust.* The reverence that I ever bare to  
you, Sir, [sauceiness

Then to my uncle, with whom 't had been but  
T have been so rough—

*Egre.* And we not seeing him

Strive in his own cause, that was principal,

And should have led us on, thought it ill  
manners

To begin a quarrel here.

*Bri.* You dare do nothing.

Do ye make your care th' excuse of your  
cowardliness? [penny halberts,

Three boys on hobby-horses, with three-  
Would beat you all.

*Cow.* You must not say so.

*Bri.* Yes,

And sing it too.

*Cow.* You are a man of peace,  
Therefore we must give way.

*Bri.* I'll make my way; [you;

And therefore quickly leave me, or I'll force  
And, having first torn off your flaunting fea-  
thers, [you

I'll trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach  
To quit my house, I'll kick you out of my  
gates, [fire,

You gaudy glow-worms, carrying seeming  
Yet have no heat within you!

*Cow.* Oh, bless'd travel!

How much we owe thee for our pow'r to suf-  
fer? [never seen

*Egre.* Some splenitive youths now, that had  
More than their country smoke, would grow  
in choler:

It would shew fine in us!

*Eust.* Yes, marry, would it,

That are prime courtiers, and must know no  
angers;

But give thanks for our injuries, if we purpose  
To hold our places.

*Bri.* Will you find the door, [way, Sir,  
And find it suddenly? You shall lead the  
With your perfum'd retinue, and recover  
The now-lost Angellina; or, build on it,  
I will adopt some beggar's doubtful issue,  
Before thou shalt inherit.

*Eust.* We'll to counsel; [loud  
And what may be done by man's wit or va-  
We'll put in execution.

*Bri.* Do, or never  
Hope I shall know thee. [Exit.

*Enter Lewis.*

*Lew.* Oh, Sir, have I found you?

*Bri.* I never hid myself. Whence flows  
this fury, [fright me?

With which, as it appears, you come to

*Lew.* I smell a plot, a mere conspiracy,  
Among ye all, to defeat me of my daughter;  
And if she be not suddenly deliver'd,  
Untainted in her reputation too,  
The best of France shall know how I am  
juggled with.

She is my heir, and if she may be ravish'd  
Thus from my care, farewell, nobility!  
Honour and blood are mere neglected no-  
things. [and tax him

*Bri.* Nay, then, my lord, you go too far,  
Whose innocency understands not what fear is.  
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell  
On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude  
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,  
To make good my integrity and truth?  
Nor can her lightness, nor your supposition,  
Cast an aspersion on me.

*Lew.* I am wounded  
In fact, nor can words cure it. Do not trifle;  
But speedily, once more I do repeat it,  
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither,  
Or you shall hear from me in such a kind  
As you will blush to answer! [Exit Lewis.

*Bri.* All the world,  
I think, conspires to vex me; yet I will not  
Torment myself; some sprightly mirth must  
banish [echo'd me:  
The rage and melancholy which hath almost  
Ta' knowing man 'tis physie, and 'tis thought  
one.

One merry hour I'll have, in spite of fortune,  
To hear my heart, and this is that appointed:  
This night I'll hug my Lilly in my arms;  
Provocatives are sent before to cheer me;  
We old men need 'em; and though we pay  
dear

For our stol'n pleasures, so it be done securely,  
The charge, much like a sharp sauce, gives  
'em relish.

Well, honest Andrew, I gave you a farm,  
And it shall have a beacon, to give warning

To my other tenants when the foe approaches;  
And presently, you being bestow'd elsewhere,  
I'll graft it with dexterity on your forehead;  
Indeed, I will. Lilly, I come! poor Andrew!  
[Ex.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Miramont and Andrew.*

*Mir.* Do they chafe roundly?

*And.* As they were rubb'd with sope, Sir.  
And now they swear aloud, now calm again,  
Like a ring of bells, whose sound the wind  
still alters;

And then they sit in council what to do,  
And then they jar again, what shall be done.  
They talk of warrants from the parliament,  
Complaints to the king, and forces from the  
province; [minutes,  
They have a thousand heads in a thousand  
Yet ne'er a one head worth a head of garlick.

*Mir.* Long may they chafe, and long may  
we laugh at 'em,

A couple of pure puppies yolk'd together!  
But what says the young courtier, master  
And his two warlike friends? [Eustace,

*And.* They say but little;  
How much they think, I know not. They  
look ruefully, [house,  
As if they had newly come from a vaulting-  
And had been quite shot thro' 'tween wind  
and water

By a she Dunkirk, and had sprung a leak, Sir.  
Certain, my master was to blame.

*Mir.* Why, Andrew? [from him,

*And.* To take away the wench o' th' sudden  
And give him no lawful warning; he is tender,  
And of a young girl's constitution, Sir,  
Ready to get the green-sickness with conceit.  
Had he but ta'en his leave in travelling lan-  
guage,

Or bought an elegy of his condolment,<sup>37</sup>  
That th' world might have ta'en notice he had  
An ass, 't had been some savour. [been

*Mir.* Thou say'st true, [things  
Wise Andrew; but those scholars are such  
When they can prattle!

*And.* Very parlous things, Sir. [tinguish

*Mir.* And when they gain the liberty to dis-  
The difference 'twixt a father and a fool,  
To look below and spy a younger brother,  
Pruning and dressing up his expectations  
In a rare glass of beauty, too good for him;  
Those dreaming scholars then turn tyrants,  
And shew no mercy. [Andrew,

*And.* The more the pity, Sir. [brother,

*Mir.* Timu told'st me of a trick to catch my  
And anger him a little further, Andrew.  
It shall be only anger, I assure thee,  
And a little shame.

*And.* And I can fit you, Sir.

Hark in your ear.

<sup>37</sup> Or bought an elegy of his condolment.] This is spoke of Eustace, whom Angellina  
before attacks for hiring verses; but Mr. Theobald unaccountably mistook it to be spoke of the  
scholar Charles, and therefore reads, brought an elegy. *Steward.*

*Mer.* Thy wife?

*And.* So, I assure you :  
This night at twelve o'clock.

*Mir.* 'Tis neat and handsome ;  
There are twenty crowns due to thy project,  
Andrew.

I've time to visit Charles, and see what lecture  
He reads to his mistress. That done, I'll not  
To be with you. [Exit.

*And.* Nor I to watch my master. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Angellina, and Sylvia with a taper.*

*Ang.* I'm worse than e'er I was, for now  
I fear

That that I love, that that I only dote on.  
He follows me through every room I pass,  
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,  
As if a spark of innocence were blown  
Into a flame of lust. Virtue defend me !  
His uncle too is absent, and 'tis night ;  
And what these opportunities may teach him—  
What fear and endless care 'tis, to be honest !  
To be a maid, what misery, what mischief !  
'Would I were rid of it, so it were fairly !

*Syl.* You need not fear that ; will you be  
a child still ?

He follows you, but still to look upon you.  
Or, if he did desire to lie with you, [end.  
'Tis but your own desire ; you love for that  
I'll lay my life, if he were now a-bed w' you,  
He is so modest, he would fall asleep straight.

*Ang.* Dare you venture that ?

*Syl.* Let him consent ; and have at you.  
I fear him not ; he knows not what a woman is,  
Nor how to find the mystery men sin at.  
Are you afraid of your own shadow, madam ?

*Ang.* He follows still, yet with a sober face,  
'Would I might know the worst, and then I  
were satisfied. [you.

*Syl.* You may both,<sup>38</sup> let him but go with

*Enter Charles.*

*Char.* Why do you fly me ? What have I  
About me, or within me, to deserve it ? [so ill

*Ang.* I am going to-bed, Sir.

*Char.* And I am come to light you ;  
I am a maid, and 'tis a maiden's office.  
You may have me to-bed without a scruple ;  
And yet I am chary too who comes about me.  
Two innocents should not fear one another.

*Syl.* The gentleman says true. Pluck up  
your heart, madam. [declining,

*Char.* The glorious sun, both rising and  
We boldly look upon ; even then, sweet lady,  
When, like a modest bride, he draws night's  
curtains ; [hold him.

Even then he blushes, that men should be—

*Ang.* I fear he will persuade me to mistake  
him. [rind to't.

*Syl.* 'Tis easily done, if you will give your  
Ang. Pray you, to your bed.

*Char.* Why not to yours, dear mistress ?

One heart and one bed.

*Ang.* True, Sir, when 'tis lawful :

But yet, you know—

*Char.* I would not know ; forget it.

Those are but sickly loves that hang on cere-  
mony, [and healthful,  
Nurs'd up with doubts and fears ; ours high  
Full of belief, and fit to teach the priest.

Love should seal first, then hands confirm the  
bargain.

*Ang.* I shall be an heretic, if this continue.  
What would you do a-bed ? You make me  
blush, Sir.

*Char.* I'd see you sleep, for, sure, your  
sleeps are excellent :

You, that are waking such a noted wonder,  
Must in your slumbers prove an admiration.  
I would behold your dreams too, if 'twere  
Those were rich shows. [possible ;

*Ang.* I am becoming traitor.

*Char.* Then, like blue Neptune, courting  
of an island,

Where all the perfumes and the precious things  
That wait upon great nature are laid up,  
I'd clip you in mine arms, and chaste kiss you ;  
Dwell in your bosom like your dearest thoughts,  
And sigh and weep.

*Ang.* I've too much woman in me.

*Char.* And those true tears, falling on your  
pure crystals, [wear.<sup>39</sup>

Should turn to armlets for great queens to

*Ang.* I must be gone.

*Char.* Do not ; I will not hurt you.

This is to let you know, my worthiest lady,  
You've clear'd my mind, and I can speak of  
love too.

Fear not my manners ; though I never knew,  
Before these few hours, what a beauty was,  
And such a one that fires all hearts that feel it ;  
Yet I have read of virtuous temperance,

<sup>38</sup> *You may both.*] Mr. Theobald's edition reads, *You may know both* ; which interpolation, we think, destroys the Poets' meaning. Sylvia is designed to say, BOTH you and Charles may know the worst.

<sup>39</sup> *Should turn to armlets for great queens t' adore.*] But why should a queen, or lady of any other rank, *adore* her bracelets ? They might be very rich and finely made, and so far to be admired and esteem'd : But to make them the subject of devotion, is a rapture a little above the pitch of common sense. For *great queens* to wear, is, I think, a sufficient compliment ; and so I have ventur'd to reform the text.

*Theobald.*  
Is it not astonishing, that, after this parade and this *reforming the text*, these words, to *wear*, appear in the edition of 1651, which Mr. Theobald often quotes, and therefore must have been seen ? Neither Mr. Seward nor Mr. Simpson, as appears by their Postscript and Addenda, knew that this authority existed.



And studied it among my other secrets:  
And sooner would I force a separation  
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,  
Than but conceiye one rudeness against chas-

Ang. Then, we may walk. [tiny.

Char. And talk of any thing,

Any thing fit for your ears, and my language.  
Though I was bred up dull, I was ever civil.  
'Tis true, I have found it hard to look on you,  
And not desire; 'twill prove a wise man's task;  
Yet those desires I have so mingled, mistress,  
And temper'd with the quality of honour,  
That, if you should yield, I should hate you  
I am no courtier, of a light condition, [for't.  
Apt to take fire at every beauteous face,  
That only serves his will and wantonness;  
And lets the serious part of life run by,  
As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name,<sup>40</sup>  
You must be mine! why should I rob myself  
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?  
Why should I seek to cuckold my delights,  
And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?  
We'll lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle,  
Where every little bird shall be a Cupid,  
And sing of love and youth; each wind that

blows, [lights;

And curls the velvet leaves, shall breed de-  
The wanton springs shall call us to their banks,  
And on the perfum'd flow'rs wooe us to  
tumble;

Yet we'll walk by, untainted of their pleasures,  
And, as they were pure temples, we'll talk in  
them. [a fair end

Ang. To-bed, and pray then, we may have  
Of our fair loves.<sup>41</sup> Would I were worthy of you,  
Or of such parents that might give you thanks!  
But I am poor in all but your affections.  
Once more, good night!

Char. A good night t'ye, and may  
The dew of sleep fall gently on you, sweet one,  
And lock up those fair lights in pleasing slum-  
bers! [fancy!  
No dreams but chaste and clear attempt your  
And break betimes, sweet morn! I've lost my  
light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night, when I lose you.<sup>41</sup>

Syl. This scholar never went to a free-  
school, he's so simple.

*Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Your brother, with two gallants, is at  
the door, Sir:

And they're so violent, they'll take no denial.

Ang. This is no time of night—

Char. Let 'em in, mistress.

Ser. They stay no leave. Shall I raise the  
house on 'em?

Char. Not a man, nor make no murmur  
of 't, I charge you.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Cowsey.*

Eust. They're here; my uncle absent; stand  
close to me.

How do you, brother, with your curious story?  
Have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Char. No, brother, no; I stay yet in the  
The style's too hard for you. [preface;

Eust. I must entreat her;

She's parcel of my goods.

Char. She's all, when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly,  
rude Sir;

Nor I, nor what I have, depend on you.

Char. Do, let her alone; she gives good  
counsel. Do not [light;

Trouble yourself with ladies; they are too  
Let out your land, and get a provident steward.

Ang. I cannot love you, let that satisfy you!  
Such vanities as you, are to be laugh'd at.

Eust. Nay then, you must go, I must  
claim mine own.

Both. Away, away with her!

Char. Let her alone,

[*She strikes off Eustace's hat.*

Pray let her alone, and take your coxcomb up.  
Let me talk civilly awhile with you, brother:  
It may be, on some terms, I may part with her.

Eust. Oh, is your heart come down? What  
are your terms, Sir?

Put up, put up.

Char. This is the first and chiefest.

Let's walk a turn. Now stand off, fools, I  
advise ye. [Snatches away his sword.

Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy.  
This is the first sword yet I ever handled,  
And a sword's a beauteous thing to look upon,

<sup>40</sup> As thin neglected sand. Whiteness of name, &c.] Mr. Theobald totally misunderstood this passage; and therefore pointed it thus:

*And lets the serious part of life run by,  
As thin neglected sand, whiteness of name.  
You must be mine, &c.*

\*The relative *you*, says Mr. Seward, misled him; he thought it related to Angellina, whereas, with infinite poetic beauty, it relates to *whiteness of name*: The meaning of the passage being evidently this—If you should yield, I should hate you; for I am no courtier, that gives the rein to all his wanton appetites. No; *whiteness of name*, i. e. the character and consciousness of chastity and innocence, *you must be always mine*; which I should forfeit eternally, should I debauch my mistress before marriage, for

*Why should I seek to cuckold my delights?  
And widow all those sweets I aim at in you?*

<sup>41</sup> We think the Poets have not paid due regard to the delicacy of female character, in this scene of Angellina: The behaviour of Charles is admirable.

And, if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence!  
 'Tis sharp, I'm sure; and, if I put it home,  
 'Tis ten to one I shall new pink your sattins.  
 I find, I have spirit enough to dispose of it,  
 And will enough to make ye all examples!  
 Let me toss it round; I have the full command on't:

Fetch me a native fencer, I defy him!  
 I feel the fire of ten strong spirits in me.  
 Do you watch me when my uncle is absent?  
 This is my grief, I shall be flesh'd on cowards!  
 Teach me to fight; I will am to learn.  
 Are ye all gilded flies? nothing but show in ye?  
 Why stand ye gaping? Who now touches her?  
 Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me, [her?

But name her, as his own? who dares look on  
 That shall be mortal too; to think is danger-  
 Art thou a fit man to inherit land, [ous!  
 And hast no wit, nor spirit, to maintain it?  
 Stand still, thou sign of naught, and pray for thy friends;

Pray heartily; good prayers may restore ye.

*Ang.* Do not kill 'em, Sir.

*Char.* You speak too late, dear:

It is my first fight, and I must do bravely;  
 I must not look with partial eyes on any;  
 I cannot spare a button of these gentlemen:  
 Did life lie in their heel, Achilles-like, [em.  
 I'd shoot my anger at those parts, and kill  
 Who waits within?

*Ser.* Sir!

*Char.* View all these; view 'em well;  
 Go round about 'em, and still view their faces.  
 Round about yet; see how death waits upon  
 For thou shalt never view 'em more. [em;

*Eust.* Pray hold, Sir. [fore me;

*Char.* I cannot hold, you stand so fair be-  
 I must not hold, 'twill darken all my glories.  
 Go to my uncle, bid him post to the king,  
 And get my pardon instantly; I have need on't.

*Eust.* Are you so unnatural?

*Char.* You shall die last, Sir; [with.  
 I'll talk thee dead, thou art no man to fight  
 Come; will ye come? Methinks I have fought  
 whole battles! [know on, Sir.

*Coe.* We have no quarrel to you, that we

*Egre.* We'll quit the house, and ask you  
 mercy too.

Good lady, let no murder be done here;

We came but to parly.

*Char.* How my sword

Thirsts after them? Stand away, sweet.

*Eust.* Pray, Sir, [ever—

Take my submission, and I disclaim for  
*Char.* Away, ye poor, slight, despicable  
 creatures!

Do you come post to fetch a lady from me,  
 From a poor school-boy, that ye scorn'd of late,  
 And grow lame in your hearts, when you  
 should execute?

Pray, take her, take her; I am weary of her;  
 What did ye bring to carry her?

*Egre.* A coach and four horses.

*Char.* But are they good?

*Egre.* As good as France can shew, Sir.  
 Are you willing to leave those, and take you  
 Speak quickly. [safeties?

*Eust.* Yes, with all our hearts.

*Char.* 'Tis done then. [bargain.

Many have got one horse; I've got four by th'

*Enter Miramont.*

*Mir.* How now? who's here?

*Ser.* Nay, now you're gone without bail.

*Mir.* What, drawn, my friends? Fetch me  
 my two-hand sword! [wretches!

I will not leave a head on your shoulders,

*Eust.* In truth, Sir, I came but to do my

*Both.* And we to renew our loves. [duty.

*Mir.* Bring me a blanket.

What came they for?

*Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir: [em,

But one, who ne'er fought yet, has so frighted  
 So bastinado'd them with manly carriage,  
 They stand like things Gorgon had turn'd to  
 stone. [thought

They watch'd your being absent, and then  
 They might do wonders here, and they have  
 done so:

For, by my troth, I wonder at their coldness;  
 The nipping North, or frosts, never came near  
 them; [sensible:

St. George upon a sign would grow more  
 If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,  
 These were the most sufficient men to do it.

In all the world, and yet they are but young.

What will they rise to? They're as full of fire  
 As a frozen glow-worm's tail, and shine as  
 goodly;

Nobility and patience are match'd rarely  
 In these three gentlemen; they have right  
 use on't;

They'll stand still for an hour, and be beaten.

These are the anagrams of three great worthies.

*Mir.* They will infect my house with  
 cowardice,

If they breathe longer in it; my roof covers  
 No baffled mousieurs; walk and air your-  
 selves! [wretches!

As I live, they stay not here, white-liver'd

Without one word to ask a reason why,

Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed!

For, if I take ye in hand, I shall dissect ye,

And read upon your phlegmatic dull carcasses.

[*Exeunt Eustace, Egremont, and Cowry.*

My horse again there! I have other business,

Which you shall hear hereafter, and laugh at it.

Good night, Charles; fair goodness to you,

'Tis late, 'tis late. [dear lady.

*Ang.* Pray, Sir, be careful of us.

*Mir.* It is enough; my best care shall at-  
 tend ye. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Andrew.*

*And.* Are you come, old master? Very  
 good, your horse

Is well set up; but ere ye part, I'll ride you,

And spur your reverend justiceship such a question;<sup>43</sup> [bleed;  
As I shall make the sides o' your reputation  
Truly, I will. Now must I play at bo-peep.  
A banquet? Well! Potatoes,<sup>44</sup> and eringoos,  
And, as I take it, cantharides. Excellent!  
A priapism follows; and, as I'll handle it,  
It shall, old lecherous goat in authority.  
Now they begin to bill. How he slavers her!  
Gra'mercy, Lilly! she spits his kisses out;  
And, now he offers to fumble, she falls off,  
(That's a good wench) and cries, 'fair play,  
'above-board.'

Who are they in the corner? As I live, [yet  
A covey of fiddlers; I shall have some music  
At my making free o' th' company of horners.<sup>45</sup>  
There's the comfort; and a song too! He  
beckons for one.

Sure, 'tis no authem, nor no borrowed rhymes  
Out of the School of Virtue. I will listen.

[A song.  
This was never penn'd at Geneva; the note's  
too sprightly. [follows?

So, so, the music's paid for; and now what  
Oh, that monsieur Miramont would but keep  
his word, [laughter!

Here were a feast to make him fat with  
At the most, 'tis not six minutes riding from  
his house; [come, Sir?

Nor will he break, I hope. Oh, are you

*Enter Miramont.*

The prey is in the net;<sup>46</sup> and we'll break in  
Upon occasion.

*Mr.* Thou shalt rule me, Andrew.  
Oh, th' infinite fright that will assail this gentleman!

The quartans, tertians, and quotidian  
That will hang, like sergeants, on his wor-  
ship's shoulders!

The humiliation of the flesh of this man,  
This grave austere man, will be woo'd'd at!  
How will those solemn looks appear to me,

And that severe face, that spoke chains and  
shackles, [with him?  
Now I take him in the nick, ere I have done  
He'd better have stood between two panes<sup>47</sup>

of wainscot,  
And made his recantation in the market,  
Than hear me conjure him.

*And.* He must pass this way, [close,  
To th' only bed I have. He comes; stand

*Enter Brisac and Lilly.*

*Bri.* Well done, well done; give me my  
night-cap. So! [trounce thee!

Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and  
Come, wench, a kiss between each point;  
It is a sweet parenthesis. [kiss close;

*Lil.* You're merry, Sir. [feel it,  
*Bri.* Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt

Thou shalt, my Lilly.

*Lil.* Shall I air your bed, Sir?

*Bri.* No, no, I'll use no warning-paw but  
thine, girl;

That's all. Come, kiss me again.

*Lil.* Ha' you done yet? [Lilly.

*Bri.* No; but I will do, and do wonders,  
Shew me the way.

*Lil.* You cannot miss it, Sir.

You shall have a caudle in the morning, for  
Your worship's breakfast!

*Bri.* How? i' th' morning, Lilly?

Thou'rt such a witty thing, to draw me on.

Leave fooling, Lilly; I am hungry now,

And th' hast another kickshaw; I must taste it.

*Lil.* 'Twill make you surfeit, I am tender

You've all you're like to have. [of you;

*And.* Can this be earnest?

*Mr.* It stems so, and she honest.

*Bri.* Have I not

Thy promise, Lilly?

*Lil.* Yes; and I've perform'd

Enough to a man of your years: This is truth,

And you shall find, Sir. You have kiss'd and

tous'd me, [more, Sir?

Handled my leg and foot: What would you

<sup>43</sup> *And spur your reverend justiceship such a question.*] To *spur* such a *question*, I think, is downright nonsense. The word, that I have ventured to substitute, gives a meaning and honour into the bargain; i. e. such an *inquest*, such an *enquiry* into what you are about; and the term is the more peculiarly proper, as connected with *justiceship*. *Theobald.*

This gentleman says, *such a quest on't*; but to us this alteration seems puerile; for if *quest* means *inquest* or *enquiry*, surely *question* conveys the same sense.

<sup>44</sup> *Potatoes.*] If the reader should be desirous of any information why this vegetable is introduced on the present occasion, he may see the subject very learnedly discussed in the Appendix to the last edition of Shakespeare. *R.*

<sup>45</sup> *My making free o' th' company of horners.*] This word must signify *planters of horns*, *cuckold-makers*; but this was not Andrew's case, he was to be dubb'd a *cuckold*; and therefore, consequently, to be made free of the company of *horn'd ones*. *Theobald.*

*Mr. Theobald* reads, *horn'd ones*. 'This is one of the finest strokes of verbal criticism we recollect. If Andrew had any kind of dealing with *horns*, he commenced *horner*.'

<sup>46</sup> *The prey is in the net, and will break in*

*Upon occasion.*] If the prey was already in the net, where was it to break into? Andrew means, that he and Miramont would break in, and surprize it. *Mr. Seward* saw with me, that the slight alteration made, was quite necessary to the sense. *Theobald.*

<sup>47</sup> *Two panes of wainscot.*] Some of the old writers use *pane* and *panel* indiscriminately; both are deduced from the French word *paneau*. We still say, '*pane* of glass.'

As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,  
And the labour in an old man would breed  
aches,<sup>47</sup>

Sciaticas, and cramps; you shall not curse me,  
For taking from you what you cannot spare,  
Sir.

Be good unto yourself; you've ta'en already  
All you can take with ease; you are past  
threshing,

It is a work too boisterous for you; leave  
Such drudgery to Andrew.

*Mir.* How she jeers him?

*Lil.* Let Andrew alone with his own tillage;  
He's tough, and can manure it.

*Bri.* You're a quean,  
A scoffing jeering quean!

*Lil.* It may be so, but,  
I'm sure, I'll ne'er be yours.

*Bri.* Do not provoke me; [turn  
If thou dost, I'll have my farm again, and  
Thee out a-begging.

*Lil.* Though you have the will, [Sir,  
And want of honesty, to deny your deed,  
Yet, I hope, Andrew has got so much learning  
From my young master, as to keep his own.

*And.* I warrant thee, wench. [the judges,

*Lil.* At the worst, I'll tell a short tale to  
For what grave ends you sign'd your lease, and  
What terms you would revoke it. [on

*Bri.* Whore, thou dar'st not! [blood boils,  
Yield, or I'll have thee whipp'd. How my  
As if 'twere o'er a furnace!

*Mir.* I shall cool it.

*Bri.* Yet, gentle Lilly, pity and forgive me!  
I'll be a friend to you, such a loving bountiful  
friend— [a little;

*Lil.* To avoid suits in law, I would grant  
But should fierce Andrew know it, what would  
Of me? [become

*And.* A whore, a whore!

*Bri.* Nothing but well, wench:  
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,  
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my  
Lilly: [him,

Nay, he shall hold the door, as I will work  
And thank thee for the office.

*Mir.* Take heed, Andrew;  
These are shrewd temptations.

*And.* Pray you, know [worship's favour!  
Your cue, and second me, Sir.—By your  
*Bri.* Andrew!

*And.* I come in time to take possession  
Of th' office you assign me; hold the door!  
Alas, 'tis nothing for a simple man  
To stay without, when a deep, understanding  
Holds conference within; say, with his wife:  
A trifle, Sir. I know I hold my fur

In cuckold's tenure; you are lord o' th' soil, Sir:  
Lilly is a weft, a stray; she's yours to use, Sir,  
I claim no interest in her.

*Bri.* Art thou serious? [heard us,  
Speak, honest Andrew, since thou hast o'er-  
And wink at small faults, man; I'm but a  
pidler, [enough,

A little will serve my turn; thou'lt find  
When I've my belly full: Wilt thou be private  
And silent?

*And.* By all means; I'll only have  
A ballad made o' t, sung to some lewd tune,  
And the name of it shall be the Justice Trap:  
It will sell rarely with your worship's name,  
And Lilly's, on the top.

*Bri.* Seek not the ruin  
O' my reputation, Andrew.

*And.* 'Tis for your credit;  
Monsieur Brisae, printed in capital letters,  
Then pasted upon all the posts in Paris.

*Bri.* No mercy, Andrew?

*And.* Oh, it will proclaim you [royal.  
From th' city to the court, and prove sport.

*Bri.* Thou shalt keep thy farm.

*Mir.* He does afflict him rarely. [arriving,  
*And.* You trouble me. Then his intent

The vizard of his hypocrisy pull'd off  
To the judge criminal—

*Bri.* Oh, I am undone. [grace,  
*And.* He's put out of commission with dis-

And held incapable of bearing office  
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,

And this I'll put in practice.

*Bri.* Do but hear me.

*And.* To bring me back from my grammar  
to my horn-book!

It is unpardonable.

*Bri.* Do not play the tyrant;  
Accept of composition.

*Lil.* Hear him, Andrew.

*And.* What composition?

*Bri.* I'll confirm thy farm,  
And add unto't an hundred acres more,  
Adjoining to it.

*And.* Hum! this mollifies.

But you're so fickle, and will again deny this,  
There being no witness by.

*Bri.* Call any witness,

I'll presently assure it.

*And.* Say you so?

[hearing,  
Troth, there's a friend of mine, Sir, within  
That is familiar with all that's past;  
His testimony will be authentical.

*Bri.* Will he be secret?

*And.* You may tie his tongue up,  
As you would do your purse-strings.

*Bri.* Miramout!

<sup>47</sup> And the labour in an old man would breed agues.] But will labour in any case breed agues, unless a man gets a violent cold after it? *Arches*, which I have substituted, corresponds with the attendant words, *sciaticas*, and *cramps*. So, in the Knight of Malta;

—————Share her among ye;  
And may she give you as many hurts as I have,  
And twice as many aches!

*Mr.* Ha, ha, ha! [are troubled!]

*And.* This is my witness. Lord, how you  
Sure you've an ague, you shake so with choler.  
He's your loving brother, Sir, and will tell  
nobody,

But all he inects, that you have eat a snake,  
And are grown young, gamesome, and ram-

*Bri.* Caught thus? [pant.

*And.* If he were one that would make jests  
of you, [gravity  
Or plague you with making your religious  
Ridiculous to your neighbours, then you had  
Some cause to be perplex'd.

*Bri.* I shall become  
Discourse for clowns and tapsters.

*And.* Quick, Lilly, quick!  
He's now past kissing between point and point;  
He swoons, fetch him some cordial. Now  
put in, Sir. [mistake.

*Mr.* Who may this be? Sure, this is some  
Let me see his face; wears he not a false  
beard?

It cannot be Brisac, that worthy gentleman,  
The pillar, and the patron, of his country;  
He is too prudent, and too cautelous;  
Experience hath taught him to avoid these  
fooleries.

He is the punisher, and not the doer;  
Besides he's old and cold, unfit for women:

This is some counterfeit; he shall be whipp'd  
for't;

Some base abuser of my worthy brother.

*Bri.* Open the doors! will y' imprison me?  
Are ye my judges?

*Mr.* The man raves! This is not judicious  
Brisac.

Yet, now I think on't, a' has a kind of dog-look  
Like my brother; a guilty hanging face. [do!

*Bri.* I'll suffer bravely; do your worst, do,  
*Mr.* Why, it's manly in you.

*Bri.* Nor will I rail, nor curse. [you;  
You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with  
But all the torments that e'er fell on men  
That fed on mischief, fall heavily on you all!

*Lil.* You have giv'n him a heat, Sir.  
*Mr.* He will ride you the better, Lilly.

*And.* We'll teach him to meddle with us  
scholars.

*Mr.* He shall make good his promise t' en-  
crease thy farm, Andrew,  
Or I'll jeer him to death. Fear nothing, Lilly;  
I am thy champion. This jest goes to Charles;  
And then I'll hunt him out, and monsieur  
Eustace,

The gallant courtier, and laugh heartily  
To see 'em mourn together.

*And.* 'Twill be rare, Sir. [Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Eustace, Egremont, and Courty.*

*Eust.* TURN'd out of doors, and baffled!

*Egre.* We share with you  
In the affront.

*Cow.* Yet bear it not like you,  
With such dejection.

*Eust.* My coach and horses made  
The ransom of our cowardice!

*Cow.* Pish, that's nothing;  
Tis *damnum reparabile*, and soon recover'd.

*Egre.* It is but feeding a suitor with false  
hopes,

And after squeeze him with a dozen of oaths,  
You are new rigg'd, and this no more re-  
member'd. [the example

*Eust.* And does the court, that should be  
And oracle of the kingdom, read to us  
No other doctrine?

*Egre.* None that thrives so well  
As that, within my knowledge.

*Cow.* Flatt'ry rubs on; <sup>41</sup> [selves,  
But since great men learn to admire them-  
Tis something crest-fallen.

*Egre.* To be of no religion  
Argues a subtle moral understanding,  
And it is often cherish'd.

*Eust.* Piety then,  
And valour, nor to do nor suffer wrong,  
Are these no virtues?

*Egre.* Rather vices, Eustace.  
Fighting! what's fighting? It may be in fashion  
Among Provant swords, and buff-jerkin men:  
But w' us, that swim in choice of silks and  
tissues,

Though in defence of that word *reputation*,  
Which is, indeed, a kind of glorious nothing,  
To lose a drachm of blood must needs appear  
As coarse as to be honest.

*Eust.* And all this you seriously believe?

*Cow.* It is a faith  
That we will die in; since, from the black-  
guard

To the grim Sir in office, there are few  
Hold other tenets.

*Eust.* Now my eyes are open;  
And I behold a stroug necessity,  
That keeps me knave and coward.

*Cow.* You're the wiser.

<sup>41</sup> — *Flatt'ry rubs out;*] This is a slight typographical error, which turns into obscurity a  
possession of great wit and humour. We must read, *on*: Flattery makes a shift to rub on at court;  
tho' it is somewhat crest-fallen, since great men have learned to admire themselves. *Seward.*

*Eust.* Nor can I change my copy, if I pur-  
To be of your society? [pose]

*Egre.* By no means.

*Eust.* Honour is nothing with you?

*Cow.* A mere bubble; [garded.]

For, what's grown common is no more re-

*Eust.* My sword forc'd from me too, and  
still detain'd,

You think, 's no blemish?

*Egre.* Get me a battoon; [trouble.]

'Tis twenty times more court-like, and less

*Eust.* And yet you wear a sword.

*Cow.* Yes, and a good one,

A Milan hilt, and a Damasco blade;

For ornament, not use; the court allows it.

*Eust.* Will't not fight of itself?

*Cow.* I ne'er try'd this,

Yet I have worn as fair as any man;

I'm sure, I've made my cutler rich, and paid

For several weapons, Turkish and Toledos,

Two thousand crowns; and yet could never  
Upon a fighting one. [light]

*Eust.* I'll borrow this;

I like it well.

*Cow.* 'Tis at your service, Sir;

A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turn.

*Eust.* And now I have it, leave me! Ye're

infectious, [spreading]

The plague and leprosy of your baseness

On all that do come near you; such as you

Render the Throne of majesty, the court,

Suspected and contemptible! You are sca-  
rabes.<sup>49</sup>

That batten in her dung, and have no palates

To taste her curious viands; and, like owls,

Can only see her night-deformities, [ties]

But, with the glorious splend'r of her beau-

ty, are struck blind as moles, that under-  
mine [shelter!]

The sumptuous building that allow'd you

You stick, like running ulcers, on her face,

And taint the pureness of her native candor;

And, being bad servants, cause your master's  
goodness

To be disputed of! Make you the court,

That is the abstract of all academies

To teach and practise noble undertakings,

(Where Courage sits triumphant, crown'd

with laurel, [honour])

And Wisdom, loaded with the weight of ho-

A school of vices?

*Egre.* What sudden rapture's this?

*Eust.* A heav'nly one,

That, raising me sloth and ignorance,

(In which your conversation long hath

charm'd me)

Carries me up into the air of action,

And knowledge of myself. Even now I feel,

But pleading only in the court's defence,

Though far short of her merits and bright  
lustre,

A happy alteration, and full strength

To stand her champion against all the world  
That throw aspersions on her.

*Cow.* Sure, he'll beat us;

I see it in his eyes.

*Egre.* A second Charles!

Pray look not, Sir, so furiously.

*Eust.* Recant

[up] What you have said, ye mungrels! and lick

The vomit you have cast upon the court,

Where you, unworthily, have had warmth

and breeding; [poison]

And swear that you, like spiders, have made

Of that which was a saving antidote!

*Egre.* We will swear any thing!

*Cow.* We honour the court

As a most sacred place.

*Egre.* And will make oath,

If you enjoin us to't, nor knave, nor fool,

Nor coward, living in it.

*Eust.* Except you two,

You rascals!

*Cow.* Yes; we are all these, and more,

If you will have it so.

*Eust.* And that, until

You are again reform'd, and grown new men,

You ne'er presume to name the court, or press

Into the porter's lodge, but for a penance,

To be disciplin'd for your roguery; and, this

With true contrition—— [done]

*Both.* Yes, Sir.

*Eust.* You again

May eat scraps, and be thankful.

*Cow.* Here's a cold breakfast,

After a sharp night's walking!

*Eust.* Keep your oaths,

And without grumbling vanish.

*Both.* We are gone, Sir. [Exeunt.]

*Eust.* May all the poorness of my spirit go

with you!

The fetters of my thralldom are fil'd off,

And I at liberty to right myself;

And though my hope in Angellina's little,

My honour, unto which compar'd she's no-

thing, [clouds]

Shall, like the sun, disperse those fow'ning

That yet obscure and dim it. Not the name

Of Brother shall divert me, but from him,

That in the world's opinion ruin'd me,

I will seek reparation, and call him

Unto a strict account. Ha! 'tis near day;

And if the muse's friend, rose-cheek'd Aurora,

Invite him to this solitary grove,

As I much hope she will, he seldom missing

To pay his vows here to her, I shall hazard

To hinder his devotions. The doors open.

*Enter Charles.*

'Tis he, most certain; and by's side my sword.

Blest opportunity!

<sup>49</sup> ———— You are scarabes.] A species of *beetles*, bred in dung and corrupted filth. Subtle, in the *Alchymist*, quarrelling with Face, calls him *scarabe*; which he afterwards explains, by adding, 'Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung.' *H.*

Char. I have o'erlept myself, [it.  
And lost part of the morn; but I'll recover  
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes  
Within my table-book, which I'll now con-  
sider. [sword?

Ha! what means this? what do I with a  
Learn'd Mercury needs not th' aid of Mars,  
and innocence

Is to itself a guard: Yet, since arms ever  
Protect arts, I may justly wear and use it;  
For, since 'twas made my prize, I know not  
how, [study,

I'm grown in love with't, and cannot eat, nor  
And much less walk, without it. But I trifle;  
Matters of more weight ask my judgment.

Eust. None, Sir:  
Treat of no other theme; I'll keep you to it;  
And see ye expound it well.

Char. Eustace!

Eust. The same, Sir; [him,  
Your younger brother, who, as duty binds  
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doors) at-  
tend'd to bid good-morrow t' you. [tended,

Char. This, not in scorn,  
Commands me to return it. Would you aught  
else? [begin.

Eust. Oh, much, Sir; here I end not, but  
I must speak to you in another strain  
Than yet I ever us'd; and if the language  
Appear in the delivery rough and harsh,  
You, being my tutor, must condemn yourself,  
From whom I learn'd it.

Char. When I understand, [mand,  
Be't in what style you please, what's your de-  
I shall endeavour, in the self-same phrase,  
To make an answer to the point.

Eust. I come not [own,  
To lay claim to your birth-right, 'tis your  
And 'tis fit you enjoy it; nor ask I from you  
Your learning and deep knowledge: Though  
I am not

A scholar, as you are, I know them diamonds,  
By your sole industry, patience, and labour,  
For'd from steep rocks, and with much toil  
attain'd, [ed;

And but to few, that prize their value, grant-  
And therefore, without rival, freely wear  
them. [inform me,

Char. These not repin'd at, as you seem t'  
The motion must be of a strange condition,  
If I refuse to yield to't; therefore, Eustace,  
Without this tempest in your looks, propound  
And fear not a denial. [it,

Eust. I require then,  
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)  
The reputation of a man, the honour,  
Not by a fair war won when I was waking,  
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me!  
With these, the restitution of my sword,  
With large acknowledgement of satisfaction,  
My coach, my horses; I will part with life,  
Ere lose one hair of them; and, what con-  
cludes all,

My mistress Angellina, as she was  
Before the musical magic of thy tongue  
Enchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd,  
And with submission, and done publicly,  
At my father's and my uncle's intercession,  
(That I put in too) I, perhaps, may listen  
To terms of reconciliation; but if these  
In every circumstance are not subscrib'd to,  
To th' last gasp I defy thee.

Char. These are strict  
Conditions to a brother.

Eust. My rest is up,<sup>39</sup>  
Nor will I give less.

Char. I'm no gamester, Eustace;  
Yet I can guess, your resolution stands  
To win or lose all; I rejoice to find you  
Thus tender of your honour, and that at  
length  
You understand what a wretched thing you  
were;

How deeply wounded by yourself, and made  
Almost incurable in your own hopes;  
The dead flesh of pale cowardice grown over  
Your fester'd reputation, which no balm  
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,  
And I am happy, that I was the surgeon,  
That did apply those burning corrosives,  
That render you already sensible [you,  
O th' danger you were plung'd in; teaching  
And by a fair gradation, how far,  
And with what curious respect and care  
The peace and credit of a man within  
(Which you ne'er thought 'till now) should  
be prefer'd

Before a gaudy outside. Pray you, fix here;  
For so far I go with you.

Eust. This discourse  
Is from the subject.

Char. I'll come to it, brother;  
But if you think to build upon my ruin,  
You'll find a false foundation: Ynur high  
offers,  
Taught by the masters of dependencies,<sup>41</sup>

<sup>39</sup> *My rest is up.*] The word *rest* is frequently employed by the old dramatic writers, and is commonly an allusion to the manner of firing the *burguebus*. This, says Mr. Stevens, was so heavy a gun, that the soldiers were obliged to carry a supporter, called a *rest*, which they fixed on the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uses it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600. 'Set your heart at rest; for I have set up my rest, that unless you run swifter than a hart, home you go not.' See also *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. v.

*Rest*, in this place, seems to allude to some game, like the modern *hazard*. The speech of Eustace and answer of Charles cannot well bear any other sense: *Nor will I give less—I'm no gamester—Your resolution stands to win or lose all.* Some copies read, *Nor will I go less.*

<sup>41</sup> *Taught by the masters of dependencies.*] Mr. Whalley, in his notes on Ben Jonson, 1655, 'dependance', when the fighting system was in vogue, signified the ground or cause of

That, by compounding diff'rencies 'tween others,  
Supply their own necessities, with me  
Will never carry't. As you are my brother,  
I would dispense a little, but no more  
Than honour can give way to; nor must I  
Destroy that in myself I love in you:  
And therefore let not hopes nor threats per-  
suade you

I will descend to any composition,  
For which I may be censur'd.

*Eust.* You shall fight then. [but if

*Char.* With much unwillingness with you;  
There's no evasion——

*Eust.* None.

*Char.* Hear yet a word:

As for the sword, and other fripperies, *fem*;  
In a fair way send for them, you shall have  
But rather than surrender Angellina,  
Or hear it again mention'd, I oppose  
My breast unto loud thunder; cast behind me  
All ties of nature!

*Eust.* She detain'd, I'm deaf  
To all persuasion.

*Char.* Guard thyself then, Eustace!  
I use no other rhetoric.

*Enter Mitamont.*

*Mir.* Clashing of swords

So near my house! Brother oppos'd to brother!  
Here is no fencing at half sword. Hold, hold!  
Charles! Eustace!

*Eust.* Second him, or call in more help.

Come not between us; I'll not know, nor  
spare you!

D'ye fight by th' book?

*Char.* 'Tis you that wrong me. Off, Sir!  
And suddenly I'll conjure down the spirit  
That I have raised in him.

*Eust.* Never, Charles, [me.  
'Till thine, and in thy death, be doubled in

*Mir.* I'm out of breath; yet trust not too  
much to't, boys; [son——

For if you pause not suddenly, and hear rea-  
Do, kill your uncle, do! But that I'm patient,  
And not a choleric old testy fool, [you,<sup>22</sup>

Like your father, I'd dance a mattachin with  
Should make you sweat your best blood for't;

I would, [thee;  
And it may be I will. Charles, I command  
And, Eustace, I entreat thee! thou'rt a brave  
spark,

A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin  
To love thee heartily. Give me a fighting  
courtier,

\* quarrel. The reader may see the doctrine humourously explained in the Devil is an Ass,  
'act iii.' It is also mentioned in the New Inn, and Every Man in his Humour, by the same  
author; and is fully explained by Caranza, in his Treatise on Duelling. R.

<sup>22</sup> I'd dance a mattachin with you.] This was a dance, as Skinner tells us in his *Etymologium*,  
of great rapidity, so called from the Italian word *matto*, a fool or madman: because  
the performers used many frantic gesticulations: And Ferrarius, in his *Origines Linguae Italicae*,  
gives us much the same description of it. Theobald.

<sup>23</sup> spare Charles; and swinge me,

And soundly, three or four walking velvet cloaks,

That wear no swords to guard 'em.] How would Eustace give proof of his valour, by  
beating

I'll cherish him for example; in our age  
They're not born every day.

*Char.* You of late, Sir,  
In me lov'd learning.

*Mir.* True; but take me w'ye, Charles;  
'Twas when young Eustace wore his heart in's  
breeches, [cringes;

And fought his battles in compliments and  
When's understanding wav'd in a flaunting  
feather,

And his best contemplation look'd no further  
Than a new-fashion'd doublet. I confess,

then, [me;  
The lofty noise your Greek made, only pleas'd  
But, now he's turn'd an Oliver and a Row-

land—— [in him)

(Nay, the whole dozen of peers are bound up  
Let me remember! when I was of his years,

I did look very like him; and, did you see  
My picture as I was then, you would swear

That gallant Eustace (I mean, now he dars  
fight)

Was the true substance and the perfect figure.  
Nay, nay, no anger; you shall have enough,

Charles. [from him.

*Char.* Sure, Sir, I shall not need addition  
*Eust.* Nor I from any; this shall decide  
my interest!

Though I am lost to all deserving men,  
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely

Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted,  
By yielding to a minute of delay

In my revenge, and from that made a stranger  
Unto my father's house and favour, n'erwhelm'd

With all disgraces; yet I will mount upward,  
And force myself a fortune, though my birth

And breeding do deny it!

*Char.* Seek not, Eustace,  
By violence, what will be offer'd to you

On easier composition. Though I was not  
Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me

A brother to your bravery of spirit;  
And one that, not compell'd to't by your

sword, [you  
(Which I must never fear) will share with  
In all but Angellina.

*Mir.* Nobly said, Charles; [reason,  
And learn from my experience, you may hear

And never maim your fighting. For your  
credit, [and swinge me,

Which you think you have lost, spare Charles;  
And soundly, three or four walking velvet

cloaks, [serve it,  
That wear not swords to guard 'em,<sup>23</sup> yet de-

Thou art made up again.



*Eust.* All this is lip-salve. [I have done.

*Mir.* It shall be heart's-ease, Eustace, ere  
As for thy father's anger, now thoudar'st fight,  
Ne'er fear't; for I've the doweets of his gravity  
Fast in a string, and will so pinch and wring  
him,

That, spite of his authority, thou shalt make  
Thine own conditions with him.

*Eust.* I'll take leave  
A little to consider.

*Char.* Here comes Andrew.

*Enter Andrew.*

*Mir.* But without his comical and learned  
What sad disaster, Andrew? [face.

*And.* You may read, Sir,  
A tragedy in my face.

*Mir.* Art thou in earnest? [help not,

*And.* Yes, by my life, Sir; and if now you  
And speedily, by force or by persuasion,  
My good old master (for now I pity him)  
Is ruin'd for ever.

*Char.* Ha! my father?

*And.* He, Sir.

*Mir.* By what means? speak.

*And.* At the suit of Monsieur Lewis,  
His house is seiz'd upon, and he in person  
Is under guard (I saw it with these eyes, Sir)  
To be convey'd to Paris, and there sentenc'd.

*Mir.* Nay, then there is no jesting.

*Char.* Do I live,

And know my father injur'd?

*And.* And what's worse, Sir,

My lady Angellina—

*Eust.* What of her?

*And.* She's carried away too.

*Mir.* How?

*And.* While you were absent, [men  
A crew of monsieur Lewis's friends and kins-  
Br force brake in at th' back part of the house,  
And took her away by violence. Faithful  
Andrew

(As this can witness for him) did his best  
In her defence; but 'twould not do.

*Mir.* Away,

And see our horses saddled! 'tis no time  
To talk, but do. Eustace, you now are offer'd  
A spacious field, and in a pious war,  
To exercise your valour; here's a cause,  
And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,  
Your duty and reverence due to a father's name  
Commanding it: But these unnatural jars,

Arising between brothers, should you prosper,  
Would shame your victory.

*Eust.* I would do much, Sir;

But still, my reputation—

*Mir.* Charles shall give you

All decent satisfaction; nay, join hands,  
And heartily. Why, this is done like brothers;  
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns  
The honour of our family, monsieur Lewis,  
If reason cannot work, shall find and feel  
There's hot blood in this arm; I'll lead you  
bravely.

*Eust.* And if I follow not, a coward's name  
Be branded on my forehead!

*Char.* This spirit makes you  
A sharer in my fortunes.

*Mir.* And in mine;  
Of which (Brisac once freed, and Angellina  
Again in our possession) you shall know  
My heart speaks in my tongue.

*Eust.* I dare not doubt it, Sir. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Lewis, Brisac, Angellina, Sylvia, and  
officers.*

*Lew.* I'm deaf to all persuasion.

*Bri.* I use none; [sniffers;

Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence  
But, when the king shall understand how  
falsely

Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice  
Must set me right again.

*Ang.* Sir, let not passion

So far transport you as to think in reason,  
This violent course repairs, but rather ruins,  
That honour you would build up: You destroy  
What you would seem to nourish. If respect  
Of my preferment, or my reputation,  
May challenge your paternal love and care,  
Why do you, now good fortune has provided  
A better husband for me than your hopes  
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?  
In what is my love Charles defective, Sir?  
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,  
Or well-proportion'd limbs be mulets in na-  
ture,

Or, what you only aim'd at, large revenues,  
Are on the sudden grown distasteful to you,  
Of what can you accuse him?

*Lew.* Of a rape

Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust  
Made thee consent to.

beating three or four beaux who had no swords to defend themselves with? The meaning undoubtedly is, who wear swords for ornament, and not for use, as Cowsy above says, he does; and that the court allows it. Put *not* for *no*, and it will give this sense: Only it will still remain capable of the former. I would therefore read,

*That wear swords not to guard them, &c. Seward.*

We believe Mr. Seward perfectly right in altering *no* to *not*; but why transpose? He seems desirous of establishing a *double entendre*; which his transposition entirely destroys. Our reading is nearer the old text; while, taken in either sense, the meaning may be said to be void of ambiguity:

*That wear not swords to guard them.*

*Syl.* Her lust! You are her father.

*Lew.* And you her bawd.

*Syl.* Were you ten lords, 'tis false;

The pureness of her chaste thoughts enter-  
Such spotted instruments. [tains not

*Ang.* As I have a soul, Sir—

*Lew.* I am not to be alter'd: To sit down  
With this disgrace would argue me a peasant,  
And not born noble: All rigour that the law,  
And that encrease of pow'r by favour yields,  
Shall be with all severity inflicted; [serve,  
You have the king's hand for't; no bail will  
And therefore at your perils, officers, away

*Bri.* This is madness. [with 'em.

*Lew.* Tell me so in open court,  
And there I'll answer you.

*Enter Miramont, Charles, Eustace, and Andrew.*

*Mir.* Well overtaken.

*Char.* Kill, if they dare resist!

*Eust.* He, that advances

But one step forward, dies.

*Lew.* Shew the king's writ. [you better.

*Mir.* Shew your discretion; 'twill become

*Char.* You're once more in my power, and  
it again

I part with you, let me for ever lose thee!

[To *Angel.*

*Eust.* Force will not do't, nor threats; ac-  
cept this service

From your despair'd-of Eustace.

*And.* And beware,

Your reverend worship never more attempt

To search my lilly-pot; you see what follows.

*Lew.* Is the king's pow'r contemn'd?

*Mir.* No, but the torrent [good Sir,  
Of your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you,  
If you would but be sensible, what can you  
wish,

But the satisfaction of an obstinate will,

That is not tender'd to you; rather than  
Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'll undo  
Your daughter's fame, the credit of your judg-  
ment, [states,

And your old foolish neighbour! make your  
And in a suit not worth a cardcue,<sup>34</sup>

A prey to advocates, and their buckram scribes;  
And after they have plum'd ye, return home,  
Like a couple of naked fowls, without a fea-  
ther.

*Char.* This is a most strong truth, Sir.

*Mir.* No, no, monsieur,

Let us be right Frenchmen; violent to charge,  
But, when our follies are repell'd by reason,  
'Tis fit that we retreat, and ne'er come on more.  
Observe my learn'd Charles; he'll get thee a  
nephew

On Angellina, shall dispute in her belly,  
And suck the nurse by logick. And here's  
Eustace;

He was an ass, but now is grown an Amadis;  
Nor shall he want a wife, if all my land

For a jointure can effect it. You're a gool

And of a gentle nature; in your looks [lord,  
I see a kind consent, and it shews lovely.

And, do you hear, old fool?

*Bri.* Your brother, Sir.

*Mir.* But I'll not chide;

Hereafter, like me, ever dote on learning;  
The mere belief is excellent, 'twill save you.

And next, love valour; though you dare not  
fight [stace

Yourself, or fright a foolish officer, young Eu-  
Can do it to a hair. And to conclude,

Let Andrew's farm b' increas'd, that is your  
penance,

You know for what; and see you rut no more,  
You understand me. So, embrace on all sides.

I'll pay those billmen, and make large amends;  
Provided we preserve you still our friends.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

## THE EPILOGUE.

'Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way  
Of approbation to a well-lik'd play,  
We only hope; but that you freely would,  
To th' Author's memory, so far unfold,

And shew your loves and liking to his wit,  
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;  
That being the grand assurance, that can give  
The poet and the player means to live.

<sup>34</sup> ——— not worth a cardcue.] We have made an English word of this from a cor-  
ruption of the French, *un quart d'écu*, i.e. the fourth part of a French crown. *Theobald.*

# THE SPANISH CURATE.

## A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Lovelace attribute this Comedy wholly to Fletcher; but we see no more reason for assigning this Play to him exclusively, than any other published in the joint names of him and Beaumont. The folio of 1647 contains the first printed copy. The Spanish Curate was revived at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1749; but it has not been performed for many years past. Dryden (in his Spanish Fryar) and Congreve (in his Old Batchelor) are greatly indebted to the Comedy now before us; and it seems very evident, that it afforded some material hints towards framing a musical entertainment, of a modern date, called the Padlock.

### THE PROLOGUE.

To tell ye, gentlemen, we have a play,  
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to-day,  
The name ye know, that's nothing to my story;  
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void of glory,  
Of state, of bitterness—of wit, you'll say,  
For that is now held wit that tends that way,  
Which we avoid. To tell ye too, 'tis merry,  
And meant to make you pleasant, and not  
weary:  
The streams that guide ye, easy to attend:  
To tell ye, that 'tis good, is to no end,  
If you believe not. Nay, to go thus far,  
To swear it, if you swear against, is war.

To assure you any thing, unless you see,  
And so conceive, is vanity in me;  
Therefore I leave it to itself; and pray,  
Like a good bark, it may work out to-day,  
And stem all doubts; 'twas built for such a  
proof,  
And we hope highly: If she lie aloof  
For her own vantage, to give wind at will,  
Why, let her work, only be you but still,  
And sweet-opinion'd; and we are bound to  
say, [play.  
You're worthy judges, and you crown the

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

DON HENRIQUE, { an voracious lord, cruel  
to his brother.  
DON JAMIE, { younger brother to don Hen-  
rique.  
BARTOLUS, { a covetous lawyer, husband to  
Amaranta.  
LEANDRO, { a gentleman who wantonly  
loves the lawyer's wife.  
ANGELO,<sup>1</sup>  
MILANES, { three gentlemen, friends to  
Arzenio, Leandro.  
ARZENIO,  
ASCANIO, son to don Henrique.  
OCTAVIO, supposed husband to Jacintha.

LOPEZ, the Spanish Curate.

DIEGO, his sexton.

ASSISTANT, which we call a judge.

ALGAZIERS, whom we call serjeants.

Four Parishioners, Apparitor, Singers, Ser-  
vants.

#### WOMEN.

VIOLANTE, supposed wife to don Henrique.

JACINTHA, { formerly contracted to don  
Henrique.

AMARANTA, wife to Bartolus.

A Woman Moor, servant to Amaranta.

### SCENE, SPAIN.

<sup>1</sup> Angelo.] This character, Mr. Theobald, with a freedom unknown to any Editors but those of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works in 1750, expunges from the drama; and yet he suffers the name *Angelo* to remain to those speeches which are allotted to him in the play.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Angelo, Milanes, and Arsenio.*

*Ars.* LEANDRO paid all.

*Mil.* 'Tis his usual custom,  
And requisite he should. He has now put off  
The funeral black your rich heir wears with  
joy, [ther.<sup>2</sup>

When he pretends to weep for his dead fa-  
Your gathering sires so long heap mock toge-  
ther,

That their kind sons, to rid them of their care,  
Wish them in Heav'n; or, if they take a taste  
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not,  
Provided they remove hence. What is be-  
fal'n

To his father in the other world, I ask not;  
I am sure his prayer is heard. 'Would I could  
use one

For mine, in the same method.

*Ars.* Fy upon thee!

This is profane.

*Mil.* Good doctor, do not school me  
For a fault you are not free from. On my life,  
Were all heirs in Corduba put to their oaths,  
They would confess, with me, 'tis a sound  
I'm sure Leandro does. [tenet:

*Ars.* He is the owner  
Of a fair estate.

*Mil.* And fairly he deserves it;  
He's a royal fellow; yet observes a mean  
In all his courses, careful too on whom  
He showers his bounties. He that's liberal  
To all alike, may do a good by chance,  
But never out of judgment. This invites  
The prime men of the city to frequent  
All places he resorts to, and are happy  
In his sweet converse.

*Ars.* Don Jamie, the brother [taken  
To the grandee don Henrique, appears much  
With his behaviour.

*Mil.* There is something more in't:  
He needs his purse, and knows how to make  
use on't.

'Tis now in fashion for your Don, that's poor,  
To row all leagues of friendship with a mer-  
chant

That can supply his wants; and, howsoc'er  
Don Jamie's noble born, his elder brother

Don Henrique rich, and his revenues long  
since

Encreas'd by marrying with a wealthy heir,  
Call'd madam Violante, he yet holds  
A hard hand over Jamie, allowing him  
A bare annuity only.

*Ars.* Yet, 'tis said,  
He hath no child; and, by the laws of Spain,  
If he die without issue, don Jamie  
Inherits his estate.

*Mil.* Why, that's the reason [lord  
Of their so many jars. Though the young  
Be sick of th' elder brother, and in reason  
Should flatter and observe him; he's of a na-  
ture

Too bold and fierce to stoop so, but bears up,  
Presuming on his hopes.

*Ars.* What's the young lad  
That all of 'em make so much of?

*Mil.* 'Tis a sweet one,  
And the best-condition'd youth I ever saw yet;  
So humble, and so affable, that he wins  
The love of all that know him; and so modest,  
That, in despite of poverty, he would starve  
Rather than ask a courtesy. He's the son  
Of a poor east captain, one Octavio;  
And she, that once was call'd the fair Ja-  
cintha,

Is happy in being his mother. For his sake,

[*Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Ascanio.*]

Though in their fortunes fal'n, they are  
esteem'd of [come.  
And cherish'd by the best. Oh, here they  
I now may spare his character; but observe  
He'll justify my report. [him,

*Jam.* My good Ascanio,  
Repair more often to me; above women  
Thou ever shalt be welcome.

*Asc.* My lord, your favours  
May quickly teach a raw untutor'd youth  
To be both rude and saucy.

*Lean.* You cannot be  
Too frequent, where you are so much desir'd.  
And give me leave, dear friend, to be your  
rival

In part of his affection; I will buy it  
At any rate.

*Jam.* Stood I but now possess'd

<sup>2</sup> ———— *He has now put off*

*The funeral black (your rich heir wears with joy,  
When he pretends to weep for his dead father.)* This sentiment is shadowed out from  
one of the select sentences of Seneca, and Publ. Syrus.

*Heredis fletus sub personâ risus est.*

Which Ben Jonson has thus very closely translated, in his *Fox*.

——— *Tut! forget, Sir.*

*The weeping of an heir should still be laughter,  
Under a vizor.* *Theobald.*

Of what my future hope presages to me,  
I then would make it clear thou hadst a patron,  
That would not say, but do. Yet, as I am,  
Be mine; I'll not receive thee as a servant,  
But as my son; and, though I want myself,  
No page attending in the court of Spain  
Shall find a kinder master.

*Asc.* I beseech you,  
That my refusal of so great an offer  
May make no ill construction; 'tis not pride  
(That common vice is far from my condition)  
That makes you a denial to receive  
A favour I should sue for; nor the fashion  
Which the country follows, in which to be a  
servant

In those that groan beneath the heavy weight  
Of poverty, is held an argument  
Of a base and abject mind. I wish my years  
Were fit to do you service in a nature  
That might become a gentleman (give me  
leave  
To think myself one.) My father serv'd the  
As a captain in the field; and though his fortune

Return'd him home a poor man, he was rich  
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken;  
Nor am I by his ill success deterr'd;  
I rather feel a strong desire, that sways me  
To follow his profession; and if Heav'n  
Hath mark'd me out to be a man, how proud,  
I th' service of my country, should I be,  
To trail a pike under your brave command!  
There, I would follow you as a guide to honour,

Though all the horrors of the war made up  
To stop my passage.

*Jam.* Thou'rt a hopeful boy,  
And it was bravely spoken: For this answer,  
I love thee more than ever.

*Mil.* Pity, such seeds [prosper!  
Of promising courage should not grow and  
*Ang.* Whatever his reputed parents be,  
He hath a mind that speaks him right and  
noble. [sweet Ascario;

*Lean.* You make him blush. It needs not,  
We may hear praises when they are deserv'd,  
Our modesty unwounded. By my life,  
I would add something to the building up  
So fair a mind; and if, till you are fit  
To bear arms in the field, you'll spend some  
years

In Salamanca, I'll supply your studies  
With all conveniencies.

*Asc.* Your goodness, Signiors,  
And charitable favours, overwhelm me.  
If I were of your blood, you could not be  
More tender of me: What then can I pay,  
A poor boy and a stranger, but a heart [ness  
Bound to your service? With what willing-  
I would receive, good Sir, your noble offer,  
Heav'n can bear witness for me; but, alas,  
Should I embrace the means to raise my fortunes,

I must destroy the lives of my poor parents,  
To whom I owe my being; they in me

Place all their comforts, and, as if I were  
The light of their dim eyes, are so indulgent,  
They cannot brook one short day's absence  
from me;

And, what will hardly win belief, though  
I am their steward and their nurse: The  
bounties [em;

Which others bestow on me, serve to sustain  
And to forsake them in their age, in me  
Were more than murder.

*Enter Henrique.*

*Ang.* This is a kind of begging  
Would make a broker charitable.

*Mil.* Here, sweetheart,  
I wish that it were more.

*Lean.* When this is spent,  
Seek for supply from me.

*Jam.* Thy piety  
For ever be remember'd! Nay, take all,  
Though 'twere my exhibition to a ryal  
For one whole year.

*Asc.* High Heav'n's reward your goodness!

*Hen.* So, Sir, is this a slip of your own  
You are so prodigal? [grafting,

*Jam.* A slip, Sir?

*Hen.* Yes,

A slip; or call it by the proper name,

Your bastard. [voke me:

*Jam.* You're foul-mouth'd. Do not pro-  
I shall forget your birth if you proceed,  
And use you, as your manners do deserve,  
Uncivilly.

*Hen.* So brave! Pray you, give me hearing:  
Who am I, Sir?

*Jam.* My elder brother: One, [puted,  
That might have been born a fool, and so re-  
But that you had the luck to creep into  
The world a year before me.

*Lean.* Be more temperate. [it

*Jam.* I neither can nor will, unless I learn  
By his example. Let him use his harsh  
Unsavory reprehensions upon those [land  
That are his hinds, and not on me. The  
Our father left to him alone, rewards him  
For being twelve months elder: Let that be  
Forgotten, and let his parasites remember  
One quality of worth or virtue in him,  
That may authorize him to be a censor  
Of me, or of my manners, and I will  
Acknowledge him for a tutor; till then,  
never. [Sir?

*Hen.* From whom have you your means,

*Jam.* From the will  
Of my dead father; I am sure I spend not,  
Nor give't, upon your purse.

*Hen.* But will it hold out  
Without my help?

*Jam.* I am sure it shall; I'll sink else;  
For sooner I will seek aid from a whore,  
Than a courtesy from you.

*Hen.* 'Tis well; you are proud of [him,  
Your new exchequer; when you have cheated  
And worn him to the quick, I may be found  
In the list of your acquaintance.

*Leon.* Pray you, hold;  
And give me leave, my lord, to say thus much,  
And in mine own defence; I am no gull  
To be wrought on by persuasion, nor no  
coward [whom  
To be beaten out of my means, but know to  
And why I give or lend, and will do ooothing  
But what my reason warrants. You may be  
As sparing as you please; I must be bold  
To make use of my own, without your licence.

*Jam.* 'Pray thee let him alone; he's out  
worth thy anger.

All that he does, *Leandro*, 's for my good:  
I think, there's not a gentleman of Spain  
That has a better steward, than I have of him.

*Hen.* Your steward, Sir?

*Jam.* Yes, and a provident one.  
Why, he knows I'm giv' to large expence,  
And therefore lays up for me: Could you be-  
lieve else, [yoke  
That he, that sixteen years hath worn the  
Of barren wedlock, without hope of issue,  
His coffers full, his lands and vineyards fruit-  
ful,

Could be so sold to base and sordid thrift,  
As almost to deny himself the means  
And necessities of life? Alas, he knows  
The laws of Spain appoint me for his heir;  
That all must come to me, if I outlive him,  
Which sure I must do, by the course of nature,  
And the assistance of good mirth and sack,  
However you prove melancholy.

*Hen.* If I live,  
Thou dearly shalt repent this.

*Jam.* When thou'rt dead,  
I am sure, I shall not.

*Mil.* Now they begin to burn  
Like oppos'd meteors.

*Ars.* Give them line and way;  
My life for don *Jamie*.

*Jam.* Continue still  
The excellent husband, and join farm to farm;  
Suffer no lordship, that in a clear day  
Falls in the prospect of your covetous eye,  
To be another's; forget you are a grandee;  
Take use upon use, and cut the throats of heirs  
With coz'ning mortgages; rack your poor  
tenants,

Till they look like so many skeletons  
For want of food; and when that widows'  
curses,

The ruins of ancient families, tears of orphans,  
Have hurried you to the devil, ever remember  
All was rak'd up for me, your thankful bro-  
ther,

That will dance merrily upon your grave,  
And, perhaps, give a double pistolet  
To some poor needy friar, to say a mass  
To keep your ghost from walking.

*Hen.* That the law  
Should force me to endure this!

*Jam.* Verily,  
When this shall come to pass, as sure it will,  
If you can find a loop-hole, though in hell,  
To look on my behaviour, you shall see me

Ransack your iron chests; and, once again,  
*Pluto's* flame-colour'd daughter shall be free  
To domineer in taverns, masques, and revels,  
As she was us'd, before she was your captive.  
*Methinks*, the mere conceit of it should make  
you

Go home sick and distemper'd; if it does,  
I'll send you a doctor of mine own, and after  
Take order for your funeral.

*Hen.* You have said, Sir: [you;  
I will not fight with words, but deeds, to tame  
Rest confident, I will; and thou shalt wish,  
This day thou hadst been dumb! [Exit.

*Mil.* You have giv'n him a beat,  
But with your own distemper.

*Jam.* Not a whit;  
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,  
Forget the cause and him: All plagues go  
with him! [stirring?

Let's talk of something else. What oews it  
Nothing to pass the time?

*Mil.* 'Faith, it is said,  
That the next summer will determine much  
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the  
wars. [us discourse

*Leon.* What have we to do with them? Let  
Of what concerns ourselves. 'Tis now in  
fashion,

To have your gallants set down, in a tavern,  
What the arch-duke's purpose is the next  
spring, and what [course

Defence my lords the States prepare, what  
The emperor takes against the encroaching  
Turk,

And whether his moony standards are design'd  
For Persia or Polonia: And all this  
The wiser sort of state-worms see, to know  
Better than their own affairs. This is dis-  
course [young,

Fit for the council it concerns: We are  
And if that I might give the theme, 'twere  
better

To talk of handsome women.

*Mil.* And that's one  
Almost as general.

*Ars.* Yet none agree  
Who are the fairest.

*Leon.* Some prefer the French,  
For their conceited dressings; some the plump  
Italian *bona-roba's*; some the state  
That ours observe; and I have heard one  
swear, [don

A merry friend of mine, that once in *Loa*-  
He did enjoy the company of a gamester,  
A common gamester too, that in one night  
Met him th' *Italiao*, French, and Spanish  
ways, [self,

And ended in the Dutch; for, to cool her-  
She kiss'd him drunk i' th' morning.

*Jam.* We may spare  
The travel of our tongues in foreign nations,  
When in Corduba, if you dare give credit  
To my report (for I have seen her, gallants)  
There lives a woman, of a mean birth too,  
And meanly match'd, whose all-excelling form

Disdains comparison with any she  
That puts in for a fair one; and though you  
borrow

From every country of the earth the best  
Of those perfections which the climate yields,  
To help to make her up, if put in balance,  
This will weigh down the scale.

*Lean.* You talk of wonders. [kept;

*Jam.* She is, indeed, a wonder, and so  
And, as the world deserv'd not to behold  
What curious Nature made without a pattern,  
Whose copy she hath lost too, she's shut up,  
Sequester'd from the world.

*Lean.* Who is the owner  
Of such a gem? I am fir'd.

*Jam.* One Bartolus,  
A wrangling advocate.

*Ars.* A knave on record. [part

*Mil.* I am sure, he cheated me of the best  
Of my estate.

*Jam.* Some business calls me hence,  
And of importance, which denies me leisure  
To give you his full character: In few words,  
Though rich, he's covetous beyond expression;  
And to encrease his heap will dare the devil,  
And all the plagues of darkness; and, to these,  
So jealous, as, if you would parallel  
Old Argus to him, you must multiply  
His eyes an hundred times: Of these none  
sleep: [hire

He, that would charm the heaviest lid, must  
A better Mercury than Jove make use of.  
Bless yourselves from the thought of him and  
her,

For 'twill be labour lost! So, farewell, Sig-  
niors. [Exit.

*Ars.* Leandro! In a dream? Wake, man,  
for shame. [tale

*Mil.* Train'd into a fool's paradise, with a  
Of an imagin'd form?

*Lean.* Jamie is noble, [friend;  
And with a forg'd tale would not wrong his  
Nor am I so much fir'd with lust as envy,  
That such a churl as Bartolus should reap  
So sweet a harvest: Half my state to any,  
To help me to a share!

*Ars.* Tush, do not hope for  
Impossibilities.

*Lean.* I must enjoy her;  
And my prophetic love tells me I shall,  
Lend me but your assistance.

*Ars.* Give it o'er.

*Mil.* I would not have thee fool'd.

*Lean.* I have strange engines  
Fashioning here, and Bartolus on the anvil;  
Dissuade me not, but help me.

*Mil.* Take your fortune;  
If you come off well, praise your wit; if not,  
Expect to be the subject of our laughter.

[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Octavio and Jacintha.*

*Jac.* You met don Henrique?

*Oct.* Yes.

*Jac.* What comfort bring you?  
Speak cheerfully: How did my letter work  
On his hard temper? I am sure, I wrote it  
So feelingly, and with the pen of sorrow,  
That it must force compunction.

*Oct.* You are cozen'd:  
Can you with one hand prop a falling tower,  
Or with the other stop the raging main,  
When it breaks in on the usurped shore,  
Or any thing that is impossible? [left  
And then conclude, that there is some way  
To move him to compassion.

*Jac.* Is there a justice,  
Or thunder, my Octavio, and he  
Not sink unto the centre?

*Oct.* Good Jacintha, [tions;  
With your long-practis'd patience bear afflic-  
And, by provoking, call not on Heav'n's an-  
ger.

He did not only scorn to read your letter, ~  
But, most inhuman as he is, he curs'd you,  
Curs'd you most bitterly.

*Jac.* The had mao's charity!  
Oh, that I could forget there were a tie  
In me upon him! or the relief I seek,  
If given, were bounty in him, and not debt,  
Debt of a dear account!

*Oct.* Touch not that string, [silence,  
'Twill but encrease your sorrow; and tame  
The balm of the oppress'd, which hitherto

<sup>1</sup> ———— and though you borrow, &c.] This description comes in very strongly in support of a parallel one of Shakespeare, in his *Cymbeline*, which has been unnecessarily tampered with.

*And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from each one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all.*

I cannot see any impenetrable nonsense in this, unless o'er-weening critics will labour to expound it into such. The poet's text is a just climax; *scil.* 'She hath all courtly parts more exquisite than any single lady whoever; ay, than many ladies; nay, than the whole sex put together.' Ferdinand, speaking of his mistress Miranda, says almost the same thing in the *Tempest*:

————— But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of ev'ry creature's best.

*Theobald.*

Hath eas'd your griev'd soul, and preserv'd  
Must be your surgeon still. [your fame,

*Jac.* If the contagion  
Of my misfortunes had not spread itself  
Upon my son Ascaoio, though my wants  
Were centupled upon myself, I could be pa-  
But he is so good, I so miserable, [tient:  
His pious care, his duty, and obedience,  
And all that can be wish'd for from a son,  
Discharg'd to me, and I barr'd of all means  
To return any scruple of the debt  
I owe him as a mother, is a torment  
Too painful to be borne.

*Oct.* I suffer with you  
In that; yet find in this assurance comfort,  
High Heav'n ordains, whose purposes cannot  
alter,  
Children, that pay obedience to their parents,  
Shall oever beg their bread.

*Enter Ascanio.*

*Jac.* Here comes our joy.  
Where has my dearest been?  
*Asc.* I have made, mother, [prize,  
A fortunate voyage, and brought home rich  
In a few hours: The owners too contented,  
From whom I took it. See, here's gold;  
good store too;  
Nay, pray you take it.

*Jac.* Men's charities are so cold, [ness,  
That, if I knew not thou wert made of good-  
'Twould breed a jealousy in me, by what  
Thou cam'st by such a sum. [means

*Asc.* Were it ill got,  
I am sure, it could not be employ'd so well  
As to relieve your wants. Some noble friends,  
Rais'd by Heav'n's mercy to me, not my merits,  
Bestow'd it on me.

*Oct.* It were a sacrifice  
To rob thee of their bounty, since they gave it  
To thy use only.

*Jac.* Buy thee brave clothes with it,  
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us  
To our necessities. Why dost thou weep?

*Asc.* Out of my fear I have offended you;  
For, had I not, I'm sure you are too kind  
Not to accept the offer of my service,  
In which I am a gainer. I have heard  
My tutor say, of all aerial fowl  
The stork's the emblem of true piety;  
Because, when age hath seiz'd upon his dam,  
And made unfit for flight, the grateful young  
one  
Takes her upon his back, provides her food,

Repaying so her tender care of him  
Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her.  
Shall I then, that have reason and discourse,  
That tell me, all I can do is too little,  
Be more unnatural than a silly bird?  
Or feed or clothe myself superfluously,  
And know, nay, see you want? Holy saints,  
*Jac.* Can I be wretched, [keep me!+  
And know myself the mother to such good-  
ness? [a feast,

*Oct.* Come, let us dry our eyes; we'll have  
Thanks to our little steward.

*Jac.* And, in him,  
Believe that we are rich.

*Asc.* I'm sure I am,  
While I have power to comfort you, and serve  
you. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Henrique and Violante.*

*Viol.* Is it my fault, don Henrique, or my  
fate? [bed,

What's my offence? I came young to your  
I had a fruitful mother, and you met me  
With equal ardour in your May of blood;  
And why then am I barren?

*Hen.* 'Tis not in man  
To yield a reason for the will of Heav'n,  
Which is inscrutable.

*Viol.* To what use serve [ings,  
Full fortunes, and the meaner sort of bless-  
When that, which is the crow of all out  
The period of human happiness, [wishes,  
One only child, that may possess what's ours,  
Is cruelly deny'd us?

*Hen.* 'Tis the curse  
Of great estates, to want those pledges, which  
The poor are happy in: They in a cottage,  
With joy, behold the models of their youth;  
And, as their root decays, those budding  
branches

Sprout forth and flourish, to renew their age.  
But this is the beginning, not the end  
Of misery to me, that, 'gainst my will,  
Since Heav'n denies us issue of our own,  
Must leave the fruit of all my care and travel  
To an unthankful brother, that insults  
On my calamity.

*Viol.* I will rather choose  
A bastard from the hospital, and adopt him,  
And nourish him as mine own.

*Hen.* Such an evasion,  
My Violante, is forbid to us.

\* *Holy saints keep me.*] Ascanio's speech ends with an imperfect sentence, and the natural sense which supplies it, exactly fills up the hemistich which follows. So that it is very probable it was an accidental omission, which one may venture to fill up without danger of adding what is not our Author's. *Seward.*

*Mr. Seward reads,*

*Holy saints keep me  
From such impiety!*

but the sense is so perfect as the passage stands, and the diction so nervous, that we think any addition totally unnecessary.



Happy the Roman state, where it was lawful,  
If our own sons were vicious, to choose one  
Out of a virtuous stock, though of poor pa-  
rents,  
And make him noble. But the laws of Spain,  
Intending to preserve all ancient houses,  
Prevent such free elections; with this my bro-  
ther's

Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold  
To reign o'er me, as a master.

*Viol.* I will fire

The portion I brought with me, ere he spend  
A rial of it! No quirk left, no quiddit,  
That may defeat him?

*Hen.* Were I but confirm'd [patience,  
That you would take the means I use with pa-  
As I must practise it with my dishonour,  
I could lay level with the earth his hopes,  
That soar above the clouds with expectation  
To see me in my grave.

*Viol.* Effect but this,  
And our revenge shall be to us a son,  
That shall inherit for us.

*Hen.* Do not repent,  
When 'tis too late.

*Viol.* I fear not what may fall,  
He disposess'd, that does usurp on all.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Leandro,<sup>2</sup> Milanes, and Arsenio.*

*Mil.* CAN any thing but wonder—

*Lean.* Wooder on;

I am as ye see; and what will follow, gentle-  
men—

*Ars.* Why dost thou put on this form?  
what can this do?

Thou look'st at most sillily.

*Mil.* Like a young clerk, [ryal.  
A half-pin'd puppy, that would write for a  
Is this a commanding shape to win a beauty?  
To what use, what occasion?

*Lean.* Peace! ye are fools, [norant,  
More silly than my out-side seems; ye are ig-  
They that pretend to wonders, must weave  
cunningly. [or, if gotten,

*Ars.* What manner of access can this get?  
What credit in her eyes?

*Lean.* Will ye but leave me?

*Mil.* Methinks, a young man, and a hand-  
some gentleman, [man,  
(But, sure, thou art lunatic) methinks, a brave  
That would catch cunningly the beams of  
beauty,

As to distribute 'em unto his comfort,  
Should like himself appear, young, high, and  
As in the brightest form. [buxom,

*Lean.* Ye are cozen'd, gentlemen;  
Neither do I believe this, nor will follow it:

Thus as I am, I will begin my voyage.  
When you love, launch it out in silks and  
velvets;

I'll love in serge, and will out-go your sattins.  
To get upon my great horse, and appear  
The sign of such a man, and trot my measures,  
Or fiddle out whole frosty nights, my friends,  
Under the window, while my teeth keep tune,<sup>6</sup>  
I hold no handsomeness. Let me get in,  
There trot, and fiddle, where I may have fair

*Ars.* But how get in? [play.

*Lean.* Leave that to me; your patience;  
I have some toys here that I dare well trust to:  
I have smelt a vicar out, they call him Lopez.  
You are ne'er the nearer now.

*Mil.* We do confess it. [lawyer

*Lean.* Weak simple men! this vicar to this  
Is the most inward Damon.

*Ars.* What can this do? [there.

*Mil.* We know the fellow, and he dwells

*Lean.* So. [the vicar!

*Ars.* A poor, thin thief. He help? he? hang  
Can reading of an homily prefer thee?<sup>7</sup>

Thou art dead-sick in love, and he'll pray for  
thee. [this vicar,

*Lean.* Have patience, gentlemen. I say,  
This thing, I say, is all one with the close  
Bartolus,

For so they call the lawyer! on his nature,<sup>8</sup>  
(Which I have studied by relation,  
And make no doubt I shall hit handsomely)

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Leandro, with a letter writ out.* This is a stage direction, transcrib'd from the Prompter's book; and a memorandum to him only, that Leandro should go on furnish'd with such a letter, to deliver to Lopez the Curate.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *whilst my teeth keep tune.* Mr. Theobald, we think very unnecessarily, alters *tune* to *time*.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *hang the vicar;*

*Can reading of an ——— prefer thee?* 'Tis strange, that none of all the editions should be able to furnish out the intermediate word to fill up the *hiatus* of this verse. As they are talking of the vicar, it is demonstrable it must have been, *homily*; which makes both the metre and sense complete. *Theobald.*

<sup>8</sup> ——— *or his nature, &c.* Mr. Theobald's editinn says, on *his nature*, which reading we have adopted. Probably, however, the original lection was, *o'er his nature*.

Will I work cunningly, and home : Under-stand me.

*Enter Lopez and Diego.*

Next, I pray, leave me, leave me to my fortune; [men :

*Difficilia pulchra*, that's my motto, gentle- I'll win this diamond from the rock, and wear

Or — [her, *Mil.* Peace; the vicar. Seud you a full sail, Sir.

*Ars.* There's your confessor; but what shall be your penance? [sake me.

*Lean.* A fool's head, if I fail; and so for- You shall hear from me daily.

*Mil.* We will be ready. [Exit *Mil.* *Ars.*

*Lop.* Thin world, indeed.

*Lean.* I'll let him breath, and mark him.

No man would think, a stranger, as I am, Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly.

*Lop.* Poor stirring for poor vicars.

*Die.* And poor sextons. [pose ;

*Lop.* We pray, and pray, but to no pur- Those, that enjoy our lands, clinke our devo- tions ;

Our poor thin stipends make us arrant dunces.

*Die.* If you live miserably, how shall we do, master,

That are fed only with the sound of prayers? We rise and ring the bells to get good stomachs,

And must be fain to eat the ropes with reve- rence.

*Lop.* When was there a christ'ning, Diego?

*Die.* Not this ten weeks :

Alas, they have forgot to get children, master.

The wars, the seas, and usury undo us ;

Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our ploughshares.

They eat nothing here, but herbs, and get nothing hut green sauce :

There are some poor labourers, that, perhaps, Once in seven years, with helping one another,

Produce some few pin'd butter-prints, that scarce hold

The christ'ning neither.

*Lop.* Your gallants, they get honour, [vicar ; A strange fantastical birth, to defraud the

And the camp christens their issues, or the 'Tis a lewd time. [courtesans ;

*Die.* They are so hard-hearted here too, They will not die; there's nothing got by bu- rials. [perish.

*Lop.* Diego, the air's too pure; they cannot To have a thin stipend, and an everlasting pa- Lord, what a torment 'tis! [fish,

*Die.* Good sensible master,

You are allow'd to pray against all weathers, Both foul and fair, as you shall find occasion ;

Why not against all airs?

*Lop.* That's not i' th' canons :

I would it had; 'tis out of our way forty pence.

*Die.* 'Tis strange; they are starv'd too, yet they will not die here,

They will not earth. A good stout plague amongst 'em,

Or half a dozen new fantastical fevers, That would turn up their beels by whole-sale,

master, [sels,

And take the doctors too, in their grave coun- That there might be no natural help for money,

How merrily would my bells go then?

*Lop.* Peace, Diego; [well ;

The doctors are our friends; let's please them For, though they kill but slow, they are cer- tain, Diego.

We must remove into a muddy air, A most contagious climate.

*Die.* We must, certain;

An air that is the nursery of agues; [out, Such agues, master, that will shake mens' souls

Ne'er stay for possets, nor good old wives'

*Lop.* Gouts and dead palsies. [plaisters.

*Die.* The dead does well at all times, Yet gouts will hang an arse a long time, master.

The pox, or English surfeits, if we had 'em; Those are rich marle, they make a church- yard fat; [Sir.

And make the sexton sing; they never miss, *Lop.* Then wills and funeral sermons come

And feasts that make us frolick. [in season,

*Die.* Would I could see 'em. [brother,

*Lop.* And tho' I weep i' th' pulpit for my Yet, Diego, here I laugh.

*Die.* The cause requires it. [Diego,

*Lop.* Since people left to die, I am a dunce,

*Die.* 'Tis a strange thing, I have forgot to dig too.

*Lean.* A precious pair of youths! I must make toward 'em.

*Lop.* Who's that? Look out; it seems, he would speak to us. [Diego.

I hope a marriage, or some will to make,

*Die.* My friend, your business?

*Lean.* 'Tis to that grave gentleman.

Bless your good learning, Sir!

*Lop.* And bless you also! [toward.

He bears a promising face; there's some hope *Lean.* I have a letter to your worship.

*Lop.* Well, Sir,

From whence, I pray you?

*Lean.* From Nova Hispania, Sir,

And from an ancient friend of yours.

*Lop.* 'Tis well, Sir;

'Tis very well.—The devil a one I know there. *Die.* Take heed of a snap, Sir; h' has a

cozening countenance.

I do not like his way. *Lop.* Let him go forward. [nothing.

*Cantabit vacuus;* <sup>9</sup> they that have nothing, fear

All I have to lose, Diego, is my learning;

\* *Cantabit vacuus* —] This hemistich is the beginning of a verse in Juvenal's Satyres.

*Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,*

*Theo'uld,*

And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell.<sup>10</sup> [*Reads the letter.*]

*Signor Lopez, since my arrival from Cordova to these parts, I have written divers letters unto you, but as yet receiv'd no answer of any—Good, and very good—And although so great a forgetfulness might cause a want in my due correspondence, yet the desire I have still to serve you must more prevail with me—Better and better: The devil a man know I yet—and therefore, with the present occasion offered, I am willing to crave a continuance of the favours which I have heretofore receiv'd from you, and do recommend my son Leandro, the bearer, to you; with request that he may be admitted in that university, till such time as I shall arrive at home; his studies he will make you acquainted withal. This kindness shall supply the want of your slackness: And so, Heaven keep you.*

*Yours, Alonzo Tiveria.*

Alonzo Tiveria! Very well.

A very ancient friend of mine, I take it;

For, till this hour, I never heard his name yet.

*Leon.* You look, Sir, as if you had forgot my father. [*Her him;*]

*Lop.* No, no, I look, as I would remember for that I never remember'd I cannot forget, Alonzo Tiveria? [*Sir.*]

*Leon.* The same, Sir.

*Lop.* And now i' th' Indies?

*Leon.* Yes.

*Lop.* He may be any where,

For aught that I consider.

*Leon.* Think again, Sir; [*inanca,*]  
You were students both at one time in Sala-  
And, as I take it, chamber-fellows.

*Lop.* Ha?

*Leon.* Nay, sure, you must remember.

*Lop.* 'Would I could! [*sips too.*]

*Leon.* I have heard him say, you were gos-

*Lop.* Very likely; [*students*]

You did not hear him say to whom? for we  
May oft-times over-reach our memories.

Don't thou remember, Diego, this same Signi-  
or?

Thou hast been mine these twenty years.

*Die.* Remember? [*Hispania?*]

Why, this fellow would make ye mad. Nova

And Signior Tiveria? What are these?

He may as well name ye friends out of Cataya.

Take heed, I beseech your worship. Do you

hear, my friend,

You have no letters for me?

*Leon.* Not any letter;

But I was charg'd to do my father's love

To the old honest sexton Diego. Are you  
he, Sir?

*Die.* Ha! have I friends, and know 'em  
not? My name is Diego;

But if either I remember you or your father,

Or Nova Hispania (I was never there, Sir,)

Or any kindred that you have—For heav'n's  
sake, master,

Let's cast about a little, and consider;

We may dream out our time.

*Leon.* It seems I am deceiv'd, Sir:

Yet, that you are don Lopez all men tell me,

The curate here, and have been some time, Sir?

And you the sexton Diego, such I am sent to,

The letter tells as much. May be, they are

dead, [*ye, gentlemen;*]

And you of the like names succeed. I thank

Ye have done honestly in telling truth;

I might have been forward else; for to that

Lopez,

That was my father's friend, I had a charge,

A charge of money to deliver, gentlemen;

Five hundred ducats, a poor small gratuity.

But since you are not he—

*Lop.* Good Sir, let me think;

I pray ye be patient; pray ye, stay a little:

Nay, let me remember: I beseech you stay,

Sir. [*so lovingly;*]

*Die.* An honest noble friend, that sends

An old friend too; I shall remember, sure,

*Lop.* Thou say'st true, Diego. [*Sir.*]<sup>11</sup>

*Die.* 'Pray ye consider quickly;

Do, do, by any means. Methinks, already,

A grave staid gentleman comes to my memory.

*Leon.* He's old indeed, Sir.

*Die.* With a goodly white beard.

(For now he must be so; I know he must be)

Signior Alonzo, master

*Lop.* I begin to have him.

*Die.* He has been from hence about some

twenty years, Sir.

*Leon.* Some five and twenty, Sir.

*Die.* You say most true, Sir;

Just to an hour, 'tis now just five and twenty.

A fine straight-timber'd man, and a brave

He married—let me see— [*soldier.*]

*Leon.* De Castro's daughter.

*Die.* The very same.

*Leon.* Thou art a very rascal! [*Aside.*]

De Castro is the Turk to thee, or any thing.

The money rubs 'em into strange remem-

brances; [*her Adam.*]

For as many ducats more they would remem-

*Lop.* Give me your hand; you are welcome

to your country;

Now I remember plainly, manifestly,

<sup>10</sup> And, when he has gotten that, he may put it in a nut-shell.] Mr. Seward prescribes taking these words from Lopez, and giving them to Diego; because he thinks it 'out of character for Lopez to joke upon himself in this place.' But as Lopez is merry with himself through the whole scene, we have no doubt of the old copies being right.—If this line was not intended for him, it would come with more propriety from Leandro than Diego; he making several satirical remarks, *aside*, upon the conversation of the Curate and Sexton.

<sup>11</sup> I shall remember, sure, Sir.] Mr. Theobald's edition robs this passage of great part of its humour, by reading, you will remember; but without noticing the variation.

As freshly as if yesterday I had seen him.  
Most heartily welcome! Sinful that I am,  
Most sinful man! why should I lose this gentle-  
man? [soul, Sir,

This loving old companion? We had all one  
He dwelt here hard by, at a handsome—  
*Lean.* Farn, Sir:

You say most true.

*Lop.* Alonzo Tiveria!

Lord, Lord, that time should play the treache-  
rous knave thus! [Sir,

Why, he was the only friend I had in Spain,  
I knew your mother too, a handsome gentle-  
woman;

She was married very young; I married 'em.  
I do remember now the masques and sports  
then, [faith, Sir,

The fire-works, and the fine delights. Good  
Now I look in your face—whose eyes are  
those, Diego?

Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture—

*Lean.* Lord, how I blush for these two  
impudents! [Aside,

*Die.* Well, gentleman, I think your name's  
*Lean.* It is, indeed, Sir. [Leandro,

Gra'-mercy, letter; thou hadst never known  
else. [Aside,

*Die.* I have dandled you, and kiss'd you,  
and play'd with you, [you,

A hundred and a hundred times, and dane'd  
And swung you in my bell-ropes—you lov'd

*Lop.* A sweet boy. [swinging,

*Lean.* Sweet lying knaves!  
What would these do for thousands? [Aside,

*Lop.* A wondrous sweet boy then it was.  
See now, [sweeter,

Time, that consumes us, shoots him up still  
How does the noble gentleman? how fares he?  
When shall we see him? when will he bless  
his country? [turn,

*Lean.* Oh, very shortly, Sir. 'Till his re-  
lie has sent me over to your charge.

*Lop.* And welcome; [friend, Sir,

Nay, you shall know you are welcome to your  
*Lean.* And to my study, Sir, which must  
be the law.

To further which, he would entreat your care  
To plant me in the favour of some man

That's expert in that knowledge: For his pains  
I have three hundred ducats more; for my diet,  
Enough, Sir, to defray me; which I am  
' enlarged

To take still, as I use it, from your custody:  
I have the money ready, and I am weary.

*Lop.* Sit down, sit down; and, once more,  
you're most welcome.

The law you have hit upon most happily;  
Here is a master in that art, Bartolus,  
A neighbour by; to him I will prefer you;  
A learned man, and my most loving neighbour.  
I'll do you faithful service, Sir.

*Die.* He's an ass,  
And so we'll use him; he shall be a lawyer!

*Lop.* But, if ever he recover this money  
again—Before, Diego, [hungry,

And get some pretty pittance; my pupil's  
*Lean.* Pray you, Sir, unlade me.

*Lop.* I'll refresh you, Sir:

When you want, you know your exehequer.

*Lean.* If all this get me but access, I am

*Lop.* Come; I am tender of you. [happy,

*Lean.* I'll go with ye.

To have this fort betray'd, these fools must  
fleece me. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.*

*Bar.* My Amaranta, a retir'd sweet life,  
Private, and close, and still, and housewifely,  
Becomes a wife, sets off the grace of woman.  
At home to be believ'd both young and hand-  
some,

As lillies that are cas'd in crystal glasses,  
Makes up the wonder; shew it abroad, 'tis  
stale, [slubber'd,

And still, the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more  
And what need windows open to inviting,  
Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions,<sup>12</sup>

When the most wholesome air, my wife, blows  
inward, [nions,

When good thoughts are the noblest compa-  
And old chaste stories, wife, the best dis-  
courses?

But why do I talk thus, that know thy nature?

*Ama.* You know your own disease, distrust  
and jealousy! [meaning,

And those two give these lessons, not good  
husband,

What trial is there of my honesty, [husband,

When I am mew'd at home? To what end,  
Serve all the virtuous thoughts, and chaste  
behaviours, [most excellent,

Without their uses? Then they are known  
When by their contraries they are set off and  
burnish'd. [tuour,<sup>13</sup>

If you both hold me fair, and chaste, and vir-

<sup>12</sup> And what need windows open to inviting,

Or ev'ning terraces, to take opinions? Mr. Symson reads, to take in minions. To take opinions, is very good sense, and, rightly understood, not an inelegant expression. It does not signify, as in the present style of conversation, and as Mr. Symson seems to construe it, to take a person's opinion on any thing, but to captivate their fancies, and (as he explains his unauthorized reading) to attract admirers. To take in (meaning to derrieve) also is a mere modern barbarism; and the whole of this variation from the old copies is, we think, as weak as it is unprecedented.

<sup>13</sup> If you both hold me fair, &c.] Mr. Seward reads,

If ye both hold me fair, and chaste, and virtuous,  
Let me go fearless out, and win that chasteness.

Let me go fearless out, and win that greatness:  
These seeds grow not in shades, and conceal'd  
places:

Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they rise glorious.

*Bar.* Peace; you are too loud.

*Ama.* You are too covetous; [one.

If that be rank'd a virtue, you have a rich

Set me, like other lawyers' wives, off hand-  
somerly,

Attended as I ought, and, as they have it,  
My coach, my people, and my handsome

My will in honest things. [women,

*Bar.* Peace, Amarañta!

*Ama.* They have content, rich clothes, and  
that secures 'em; [ancee;

Binds to their careful husbands their observ-  
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh.

*Bar.* Thou shalt too. [gentlemen,

*Ama.* And freely may converse with proper  
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

*Enter Woman Moor.*

*Bar.* You are now too far again: Thou  
shalt have any thing,

Let me but lay up for a handsome office,

And then, my Amarañta—

*Ama.* Here's a thing now,  
You place as pleasure to me; all my retinue,  
My chambermaid, my kitchenmaid, my  
friend;

And what she fails in I must do myself.

A foil to set my beauty off; I thank you.

You will place the devil next for a companion.

*Bar.* No more such words, good wife.

What would you have, maid?

*Moor.* Master Curate, and the Sexton,  
and the stranger, Sir,

Attend to speak with your worship.

*Bar.* A stranger?

*Ama.* You had best to be jealous of the  
man you know not.

*Bar.* 'Pray thee, no more of that.

*Ama.* 'Pray you, go out to 'em;  
That will be safest for you, I am well here;

I only love your peace, and serve like a slave  
for it. [nest client,

*Bar.* No, no, thou shalt not; 'tis some ho-  
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought  
to me. [em,

Prithce, go in, my duck; I'll but speak to  
And return instantly.

*Ama.* I am commanded.

One day you will know my sufferancee. [Exit.

*Bar.* And reward it. [hours;

So, so; fast bind, fast find. Come in, my neigh-  
My loving neighbours, pray ye come in; ye  
are welcome.

*Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.*

*Lop.* Bless your good reverence!

*Bar.* Good day, good master Curate,  
And neighbour, Diego, welcome. What's  
your business? [time is precious.

And, pray ye, be short, good friends; the  
Welcome, good Sir.

*Lop.* To beshort then with your mastership,  
For, I know, your several hours are full of  
business, [honest parents,

We have brought you this young man, of  
And of an honest face—

*Bar.* It seems so, neighbours:

But to what end?

*Lop.* To be your pupil, Sir;

Your servant, if you please.

*Lean.* I have travell'd far, Sir,

To seek a worthy man.

*Bar.* Alas, good gentleman,  
I am a poor man, and a private too,  
Unfit to keep a servant of your reckoning;  
My house a little cottage, and scarce able  
To hold myself, and those poor few live  
under it.

Besides, you must not blame me, gentlemen,  
If I were able to receive a servant,

To be a little scrupulous of his dealing;

For in these times—

*Lop.* Pray let me answer that, Sir:

Here are five hundred ducats, to secure him;  
He cannot want, Sir, to make good his credit,  
Good gold, and coin.

*Bar.* And that's an honest pledge;  
Yet, sure, that needs not, for his face and  
carriage

Seem to declare an in-bred honesty.

*Lean.* And (for I have a ripe mind to the  
law, Sir,

In which, I understand, you live a master)  
The least poor corner in your house, poor  
bed, Sir,

(Let me not seem intruding to your worship)  
With some books to instruct me, and your  
counsel, [acquaintance

Shall I rest most content with: Other ac-  
Than your grave presence, and the grounds of  
law,

I dare not covet, nor I will not seek, Sir;

For, surely, mine own nature desires privacy.

Next, for your mouthly pains, to shew my  
thanks,

I do proportion out some twenty ducats; [Sir,

As I grow riper, more: Three hundred now,  
To shew my love to learning, and my master;

My diet I'll defray too, without trouble.

*Lop.* Note but his mind to learning.<sup>14</sup>

We shall not comment upon the impropriety, and consequent tautology, of this alteration; they  
are too glaring to escape the notice of the most inattentive.

<sup>14</sup> Note but his mind to learning.

*Bar.* I do strangely, yes, and I like it too, thanks to his money.

*Die.* Would, he would live with me, and learn to dig too.) Both the measure and  
humour are greatly injur'd by this corrupt reading. I doubt not, but the original ran thus.

*Lop.* Note but his mind to learning.

*Bar.*

*Bar.* I do strangely;  
Yes, and I like it too—Thanks to his money.

*Die.* 'Would he would live with me, and  
learn to dig too.

*Lop.* An wondrous modest mao, Sir.

*Bar.* So it seems.

His dear love to his study must be nourish'd,  
Neighbour: He's like to prove—

*Lop.* With your good counsel,  
And with your diligence, as you will ply him,  
His parents, when they knew your care—

*Bar.* Come hither. [ne'er kept;

*Die.* An honestor young man your worship  
But he is so bashful—

*Bar.* Oh, I like him better. [Sir,  
Say, I should undertake you, which, indeed,  
Will be no little straitness to my living, [Sir,  
Considering my affairs, and my small house,  
(For I see some promises, that pull me to you)  
Could you content yourself, at first thus  
neerly,

To lie hard, in an out-part of my house, Sir?  
For I have not many lodgings to allow you,  
And study should be still remote from com-  
pany;

A little fire sometimes too, to refresh you,  
A student must be frugal; sometimes lights  
According to your labour. [too,

*Lean.* Any thing, Sir,  
That's dry, and wholesome. I am no bred  
wanton. [you

*Bar.* Then I receive you: But I must desire  
To keep within your confines.

*Lean.* Ever, Sir;  
(There's the gold) and ever be your servant.  
(Take it, and give me books) May I but  
prove, Sir, [tiply!

According to my wish, and these shall in-  
volve. [Lop. Do, study hard. Pray you take him  
in, and settle him;

He's only fit for you. Shew him his cell, Sir.

*Die.* Take a good heart; and, when you  
are a cunning lawyer,

I'll sell my bells, and you shall prove it lawful.

*Bar.* Come, Sir, with me. Neighbours,  
I thank your diligence. [with you.

*Lop.* I'll come sometimes, and crack a case  
*Bar.* Welcome.

[*Exeunt Bar. and Leandro.*

*Lop.* Here's money got with ease! here,  
spend that jovially,

*Bar.* ——— I do strangely;  
Yes, and I like it too.

*Die.* ——— Thanks to his money.—  
'Would, he would live with me, &c.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward's regulation of the measure is obviously right; but his varying the interlocutors  
is, in our opinion, as erroneous as it is arbitrary.

<sup>15</sup> *Jam. Angelo, Milanes, did you see this wonder?*

*Mil.* Yes, yes. *Jam.* And you, *Arsenio?*

*Ars.* Yes, he's gone, Sir,

*Strangely disguis'd, he's set upon his voyage.*

Love guide his thoughts! &c.] *Angelo* makes his appearance in the first scene of the first  
act, but he speaks but four lines there; and nothing but what *Arsenio* might full as well have  
said! And he has nothing to do here, but to spoil the verse. As he is quite an unnecessary  
person

And pray for the fool, the founder.

*Die.* Many more fools,  
I heartily pray, may follow his example!

Lawyers, or lubbers, or of what condition,  
And many such sweet friends in *Nova Hispania*!  
[their monies,

*Lop.* It will do well: Let 'em but send  
Come from what quarter of the world, I care  
not, [em;

I'll know 'em instantly; nay, I'll be akin to  
I cannot miss a man that sends me money.

Let him law there! 'Long as his ducats last,  
I'll grace him, and prefer him.

*Die.* I'll turn trade, master, [boy,  
And now live by the living; let the dead sink,  
'Tis a poor stinking trade.

*Lop.* If the young fool now [Diego?  
Should chance to chop upon his fair wife,

*Die.* And handle her case, master; that's  
a law-point,

A point would make him start, and put on  
his spectacles;

A hidden point, were worth the canvassing.

*Lop.* Now, surely, surely, I should love  
him, Diego, [myself,

And love him heartily: Nay, I should love  
Or any thing that had but that good fortune;

For, to say truth, the lawyer is a dog-bolt,  
An arrant worm; and though I call him wor-  
shipful,

I wish him a canoniz'd cuckold, Diego.

Now, if my youth do dub him—

*Die.* He is too demure, Sir.

*Lop.* If he do sting her home—

*Die.* There's no such matter, [sedness,  
The woman was not born to so much ble-  
He has no heat; study consumes his oil,  
master.

*Lop.* Let's leave it to the will of fate, and  
presently,

Over a cup of lusty sack, let's prophesy.  
I am like a man that dream'd he was so em-  
peror.

Come, Diego, hope! and, while he lasts,  
we'll lay it on. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Jamie, Milanes, Arsenio, and Angelo.*

*Jam.* Angelo, Milanes, did you see this  
wonder? <sup>15</sup>

*Mil.* Yes, yes.

*Jam.* And you, Arsenio?

*Ars.* Yes; he's gone, Sir,  
Strangely disguis'd! he's set upon his voyage.

*Jam.* Love guide his thoughts! He's a  
brave honest fellow. [now,

Sit close, don't lawyer! Oh, that arrant knave  
How he will stink, will smoke again, will  
burst!

He's the most arrant beast——

*Mil.* He may be more beast.

*Jam.* Let him bear six, and six, that all  
may blaze him!

The villainy he has sowed into my brother,  
And, from his state, the revenue he has  
reach'd at!

Pay him, my good Leandro! Take my prayers!  
*Ars.* And all our wishes! Plough with his  
fine white heifer!

*Jam.* Mark him, my dear friend, for a fa-  
mous cuckold! [mc,

Let it out-live his books, his pains, and, hear  
The more he seeks to smother it with justice,

(Enter a Servant.)

Let it blaze out the more! What news, An-  
drea?

*And.* News I am loth to tell you; but I  
am charg'd, sir.

Your brother lays a strict command upon you,  
No more to know his house, upon your dan-  
I am sorry, Sir. [ger.

*Jam.* Faith, never be: I am glad on't.  
He keeps the house of pride and foolery:

I mean to shun it; so return my answer:  
Twill shortly spew him out. Come, let's be

merry,  
And lay our heads together carefully,

How we may help our friend; and let's lodge  
near him, [mony,

Be still at hand. I would not for my patri-

But he should crown his lawyer a learn'd  
monster! [him.

Come, let's away; I'm stark mad 'till I see  
[Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

Enter Bartolus and Amaranta.

*Ama.* Why will you bring men in, and yet  
be jealous? [able,

Why will you lodge a young man, a nian  
And yet repine?

*Bar.* He shall not trouble thee, sweet;  
A modest poor slight thing! Did I not tell  
thee

He was only given to the book, and for that  
How royally he pays? finds his own meat too.

*Ama.* I will not have him here: I know  
your courses,

And what fits you will fall into of madness.  
*Bar.* Faith, I will not, wife.

*Ama.* I will not try you.  
*Bar.* He comes not near thee, shall not  
dare to tread

Within thy lodgings: In an old out-room,  
Where logs and coals were laid——

*Ama.* Now you lay fire;  
Fire to consume your quiet.

*Bar.* Didst thou know him, [thee!  
Thou wouldst think as I do. He disquiet

Thou may'st wear him next thy heart, and  
yet not warm him.

His mind, poor man, 's o' th' law; how to  
live after,

And not on, lewdness. On my conscience,  
He knows not how to look upon a woman,

More than by reading, of what sex she is.  
*Ama.* I do not like it, Sir.

*Bar.* Dost thou not see, fool, [fulness?  
What presents he sends hourly in his grate—  
What delicate meats?

person in the play, I fancy, he has intruded into it by some error of the players. However, it is necessary to strike him out from this passage. The latter part of *Arsenio's* speech ought, I believe, to be given to *Jamie*; it is perfectly in his character. I would read therefore;

*Jam.* Milanes, did you see this wonder? *Mil.* Yes, yes.

*Jam.* And you, Arsenio? *Ars.* Yes, he is gone, Sir,

Strangely disguis'd; He's set upon his voyage.

*Jam.* Love guide his thoughts! &c.

Seward.

I will only add to Mr. Seward's observation, that as *Angelo* is no where else spoke of, or to, throughout the whole play; as he is no manner of a character, nor any ways conducive to carrying on the plot; no ways assistant in making *Diego's* will, nor comprehended in *Bartolus's* resentment, I have ventured to expunge him quite out of the drama. *Theobald.*

It is true, the character of *Angelo* is very inconsiderable; but that could not give these gentlemen authority to drive him out of this play, as they did the old crane out of *Plitaster*. Mr. Seward says, the insertion of *Angelo's* name in this place, spoils the verse; but it is just the contrary; since, notwithstanding Mr. Seward alters *he's* to *he is*, in the second line, the verse falls shockingly;

And you, Ar-se-ni-O—Yes, he is gone, Sir.

That the players should add a character is a strange supposition; their companies, formerly, we believe, seldom were so numerous, that they should think it necessary to create employment. It is much more probable, that *Angelo's* part was at first more considerable, and that the players, for want of hands, intended striking it wholly out; but casually overlooked the speeches still remaining to his name.

*Ama.* You had best trust him at your table;  
Do, and repent it, do!

*Bar.* If thou be'st willing,  
By my troth, I think he might come; he's so  
modest, [gave me;  
He never speaks. There's part of that he  
He'll eat but half a dozen bits, and rise im-  
mediately; [thee.  
Ev'n as he eats, he studies; he'll not disquiet  
Do as thou pleasest, wife.

*Ama.* What means this woodcock?

[Knock within.

*Bar.* Retire, sweet; there's one knocks!  
Come in. Your business?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord don Henrique would entreat  
you, Sir,

To come immediately, and speak with him;  
He has business of some moment.

*Bar.* I'll attend him.  
I must be gone: I prithee, think the best,  
wife;

At my return, I'll tell thee more. Good mor-  
row! [hence

Sir, keep you close, and study hard: An hour  
I'll read a new case to you. [Exit.

*Lean.* (within) I'll be ready.

*Ama.* So many hundred ducats, to lie scur-  
vily,

And learn the pelting law? This sounds but  
slenderly,

But very poorly. I would see this fellow,  
Very fain see him, how he looks: I will find  
To what end, and what study—There's the  
place:

I'll go o' th' other side, and take my fortune.  
I think there is a window. [Exit.

*Enter Leandro.*

*Lean.* He's gone out.  
Now, if I could but see her: She is not this  
way.

How nastily he keeps his bouse? My chamber,  
If I continue long, will choke me up,  
It is so damp. I shall be mortified  
For any woman, if I stay a month here.

I'll in, and strike my lute; that sound may  
call her. [Exit.

*Enter Amaranta.*

*Ama.* He keeps very close. Lord, how I  
long to see him!

A lute struck handsomely! a voice too! I'll  
hear that. [Lute and song.<sup>14</sup>

These verses are no law, they sound too  
sweetly.

Now I am more desirous. [Leandro peeping.

*Lean.* 'Tis she, certain.

*Ama.* What's that, that peeps?

*Lean.* Oh, admirable face!

*Ama.* Sure, 'tis the man.

*Lean.* I will go out a little. [noble.

*Ama.* He looks not like a fool; his face is  
How still he stands!

*Lean.* I am stricken dumb with wonder—  
Sure, all the excellence of earth dwells here!

*Ama.* How pale he looks! yet, how his  
eyes, like torches, [shews!

Fling their beams round! How manly his face  
He comes on: Surely, he will speak. He is  
made most handsomely. [you,

This is no clerk behaviour. Now I have seen  
I'll take my time! Husband, you have brought  
home tinder. [Ex. She drops her glove.

*Lean.* Sure she has transform'd me; I had  
forgot my tongue clean.

I never saw a face yet, but this rare one,  
But I was able boldly to encounter it,  
And speak my mind; my lips were lock'd up  
here;

This is divine, and only serv'd with reverence!  
Oh, most fair cover of a hand far fairer,  
Thou blessed innocence, that guards that  
whiteness, [relick;

Live next my heart! I am glad I have got a  
A relick, when I pray to it, may work won-  
ders. [A noise within.

Hark, there's some noise! I must retire again.  
This blessed apparition makes me happy:  
I'll suffer, and I'll sacrifice my substance,  
But I'll enjoy. Now, softly to my kennel.

[Exit.

<sup>14</sup> Song.] The following song not appearing in the first copy of this Comedy, we do not  
look upon it as the production of our Poets, and have therefore removed it from the text.

I. Dearest, do not you delay me,  
Since, thou know'st, I must be gone;  
Wind and tide, 'tis thought, doth stay me,  
But 'tis wind that must be blown  
From that breath, whose native smell  
Indian odours doth excel.

II. Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair,  
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;  
But perfume this neighbouring air,  
Else dull silence sure will starve me:  
'Tis a word that's quickly spoken,  
Which being restrain'd, a heart is broken.



## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Henrique and Bartolus.**Hen.* YOU know my cause sufficiently?*Bar.* I do, Sir.*Hen.* And though it will impair my honesty,  
And strike deep at my credit, yet, my Barto-  
There being no other evasion left to free me  
From the vexation of my spiteful brother,  
That most insultingly reigns over me,  
I must and will go forward.*Bar.* Do, my lord,  
And look not after credit; we shall cure that;  
Your bended honesty we shall set right, Sir;  
We surgeons of the law do desperate cures,  
Sir;And you shall see how heartily I'll handle it:  
Mark, how I'll knock it home. Be of good  
cheer, Sir; [causes;  
You give good fees, and those beget good  
The prerogative of your crowns will carry the  
matter,Carry it sheer. The assistant sits to-morrow,  
And he's your friend. Your monied men  
love naturally,

And as your loves are clear, so are your causes.

*Hen.* He shall not want for that.*Bar.* No, no, he must not;  
Lose your cause warmly, Sir; (the times are  
anguish) [ous!That holds a plea in heart. Hang the peevish-  
Their causes, like their purses, have poor issues.*Hen.* That way I was ever bountiful.*Bar.* 'Tis true, Sir;  
That makes you fear'd, forces the snakes to  
kneel to you.<sup>17</sup>Lose full of money, and supply the lawyer,  
And take your choice of what man's lands  
you please, Sir, [venges;What pleasures, or what profits, what re-  
They are all your own. I must have witnesses  
Enough, and ready.*Hen.* You shall not want, my Bartolus.*Bar.* Substantial, fearless souls, that will  
swear suddenly,

That will swear any thing.

*Hen.* They shall swear truth too.*Bar.* That's no great matter: For variety,  
They may swear truth; else 'tis not much  
look'd after.I will serve process, presently, and strongly,  
Upon your brother, and Octavio, [Sir,  
Jacinta, and the boy. Provide your proofs,  
And set 'em fairly off; be sure of witnesses;  
Tho' they cost money, want no store of wit-  
nesses: [Sir,I have seen a handsome cause so foully lost,  
So beastly cast away, for want of witnesses—*Hen.* There shall want nothing.*Bar.* Then begone, be provident,  
Send to the judge a secret way: You have me?  
And let him understand the heart—*Hen.* I shall, Sir.*Bar.* And feel the pulses strongly beat. I'll  
study, [happy;  
And at my hour, but mark me! Go; be  
Go, and believe i' th' law!*Hen.* I hope 'twill help me. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Lopez, Diego, four Parishioners,  
and Singers.**Lop.* Ne'er talk to me, I will not stay  
amongst ye; [ye,  
Debauch'd and ignorant lazy knaves I found  
And fools I leave ye. I have taught these  
twenty years, [swallow;  
Preach'd spoon-meat to ye, that a child might  
Yet ye are blockheads still. What should I  
say to ye? [ye:Ye have neither faith, nor money, left to save  
Am I a fit companion for such beggars?*1 Par.* If the shepherd will suffer the sheep  
to be scabb'd, Sir—*Lop.* No, no, ye are rotten.*Die.* 'Would they were, for my sake!*Lop.* I have 'nointed ye, and tarr'd ye with  
my doctrine, [mangy!And yet the murrain sticks to ye, yet ye are  
I will avoid ye.*2 Par.* Pray you, Sir, be not angry,  
In the pride of your new cassock; do not part  
with us.

We do acknowledge you a careful Curate,

<sup>17</sup> ———— forces the snakes to kneel to you.] Snakes seems evidently a corrupted reading. For if by snakes we might understand the pettyfoggers of the law, or don Henrique's enemies, or any other set of men, yet our Authors would hardly use so ill-jointed a metaphor as that of snakes kneeling. The words, that seem most like it, are rakes, jacks, and knaves; the latter bids fairest to have been the original. Seward.

I have not disturbed the text, because our Authors, perhaps, by a bold metaphor may mean poor servile wretches that creep like snakes: And when the snake erects its crest a little, and trails its hinder parts on the ground, it in some sort resembles the posture of kneeling.

Theobald.

After all, we cannot help suspecting a corruption of the text, though we are entirely at a loss how to remedy it.

And one that seldom troubles us with sermons:  
A short slice of a reading serves us, Sir.  
We do acknowledge you a quiet teacher;  
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep  
with 'em;

And that's a loving thing.

3 *Par.* We grant you, Sir,  
The only benefactor to our bowling.  
To all our merry sports the first provoker;  
And, at our feasts, we know there is no reason  
But you, that edify us most, should eat most.

*Lop.* I will not stay, for all this; ye shall  
know me

A man born to a more besecming fortune,  
Than ringing all-in to a rout of dunces.

4 *Par.* We will increase your tithes; you  
shall have eggs too, [issues.  
Tho' they may prove most dangerous to our

1 *Par.* I am a smith; yet thus far, out of  
my love,

You shall have the tenth horse I prick, to  
pray for:

I am sure, I prick five hundred in a year, Sir.

2 *Par.* I am a cook, a man of a dry'd con-  
science, [pottage.

Yet thus far I relent: You shall have tithe

3 *Par.* Your stipend shall be rais'd too,  
good neighbour *Diego*.

*Die.* Would ye have me speak for ye? I  
am more angry,

Ten times more vex'd; not to be pacified!  
No, there be other places for poor sextons,  
Places of profit, friends, fine stirring places,  
And people that know how to use our offices,  
Know what they were made for. I speak for  
such capons!

Ye shall find the key o' th' church under the  
door, neighbours;

Ye may go in, and drive away the daws.

*Lop.* My surplice, with one sleeve, ye shall  
find there,

For to that dearth of linen ye have driven me;  
And the old cutwork cope, that hangs by  
geometry: [tender.

'Pray ye turn 'em carefully, they are very  
The remnant of the books lie where they did,  
neighbours, [pipings,

Half puff'd away with the church-wardens'  
Such smoky zeals they have against hard places.  
The poor-man's box is there too: If ye find  
any thing

Beside the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,  
For fear it should awake too much charity,  
Give it to pious uses; that is, spend it.

*Die.* The bell-ropes, they are strong enough  
to hang ye,

So we bequeath ye to your destiny.

1 *Par.* 'Pray ye be not so hasty.

*Die.* I'll speak a proud word to ye:

Would ye have us stay?

2 *Par.* We do most heartily pray ye.

3 *Par.* I'll draw as mighty drink, Sir—

*Lop.* A strong motive;

The stronger still, the more ye come unto me.

3 *Par.* And I'll send for my daughter.

*Lop.* This may stir too:

The maiden is of age, and must be edified.

4 *Par.* You shall have any thing. Lose  
our learned vicar? [Diego?

And our most constant friend, honest, dear  
*Die.* Yet all this will not do. I'll tell ye,  
neighbours,

And tell ye true: If ye will have us stay,  
If ye will have the comforts of our companies,  
Ye shall be bound to do us right in these  
points;

Ye shall be bound, and this the obligation:  
*Die* when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties,<sup>15</sup>  
And do not seek to draw out our undoings.

Marry try'd women, that are free, and fruit-  
ful; [nines,

Get children in abundance, for your christ-  
Or suffer to be got, 'tis equal justice.

*Lop.* Let weddings, christ'nings, church-  
ings, funerals, [still;

And merry gossipings, go round, go round  
Round as a pig, that we may find the profit.

*Die.* And let your old men fall sick hand-  
somerly, [up.

And die immediately; their sons may shoot  
Let women die o' th' sullens too; 'tis natural:

But be sure their daughters be of age first,  
That they may stock us still. Your queary  
young wives,

That perish undeliver'd, I am vex'd with,  
And vex'd abundantly; it much concerns me;

There's a child's burial lost; look that be  
mended.

*Lop.* Let 'em be brought to-bed, then die  
when they please. [sworn to—

These things consider'd, countrymen, and  
2 *Par.* All these, and all our sports again,  
and gambols.

3 *Par.* We must die, and we must live,  
and we'll be merry;

Every man shall be rich by one another.

2 *Par.* We are here to-morrow, and gone  
to-day. For my part, [bours,

If getting children can befriend my neigh-  
I'll labour hard but I will fill your font, Sir.

1 *Par.* I have a mother now, and an old  
father; [months—

They are as sure your own, within these two

4 *Par.* My sister must be pray'd for too;  
she is desperate,

Desperate in love.

*Die.* Keep desperate men far from her,  
Then 'twill go hard. Do ye see how melan-  
choly? [him,

Do ye mark the man? Do ye profess ye love  
And would do any thing to stay his fury,

And are ye unprovided to refresh him?

To make him know your loves? Fy, neigh-  
bours!

<sup>15</sup> *Die when 'tis fit, that we may have fit duties.*] Mr. Sympton alters *duties* to *dues*, we think injudiciously; certainly, arbitrarily.

2 Par. We'll do any thing.  
We have brought music to appease his spirit;  
And the best song we'll give him.

Die. Pray you sit down, Sir; [ready  
They know their duties now, and they stand  
To tender their best mirth.

Lop. 'Tis well. Proceed, neighbours!  
I am glad I have brought ye to understand  
good manners, [pastimes;  
Ye had Puritan hearts awhile, spurn'd at all  
But I see some hope now.

Die. We are set. Proceed, neighbours!  
[Song.<sup>19</sup>

*Enter Arsenio and Milanes.*

Ars. What ails this priest? how highly the  
thing takes it?

Mil. Lord, how it looks? Has he not  
bought some prebend?

Leandro's money makes the rascal merry,  
Merry at heart. He spies us.

Lop. Begone, neighbours; [neighbours,  
Here are some gentlemen. Begone, good  
Begoee, and labour to redeem my favour.  
No more words, but begone. These two are

gentlemen;  
No company for crusty-handed fellows.

Die. We will stay for a year or two, and  
try ye. [stay with ye.

Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy; we will  
Begone; no more! I take your pastimes gra-  
ciously. [Exeunt Parishioners.

Would ye with me, my friends?

Ars. We would look upon you;  
For, methinks, you look lovely.

Lop. You have no letters?

Nor any kind remembrances?

Mil. Remembrances?

Lop. From Nova Hispania, or some part  
remote, Sir; [old friends,

You look like travel'd men. May be, some  
That happily I have forgot; some signiors  
In China or Cataya; some companions—

Die. In the Mogul's court, or elsewhere.

Ars. They are mad, sure.

Lop. You came not from Peru? Do they  
look, Diego,

As if they had some mystery about 'em?

Another don Alonzo now!

Die. Ay, marry, [know not;  
And so much money, Sir, from one you  
Let it be who it will!

Lop. They have gracious favours.

Would ye be private?

Mil. There's no need on't, Sir;

We come to bring you a remembrance from  
a merchant.

Lop. 'Tis very well; 'tis like I know him.

Ars. No, Sir,

I do not think you do.

Lop. A new mistake, Diego;

Let's carry it decently.

Ars. We come to tell you [factor

You have receiv'd great sums from a young  
They call Leandro, that has robb'd his master,  
Robb'd him and run away.

Die. Let's keep close, master;

This news comes from a cold country.

Lop. By my faith, it freezes.

Mil. Is not this true? Do you shrink now,  
good-man Curate?

Do I not touch you?

Lop. We have a hundred ducats

Yet left; we do beseech you, Sir—

Mil. You'll hang, both!

Lop. One may suffice.

<sup>19</sup> Song.] For the same reason as is urged in p. 230, we have removed the following song  
from the text.

- I. Let the bells ring, and let the boys sing,  
The young lasses skip and play;  
Let the cups go round, 'till round goes the ground,  
Our learned old vicar will stay.
- II. Let the pig turn merrily, merrily, ah,  
And let the fat goose swim;  
For verily, verily, verily, ah,  
Our vicar this day shall be trin.
- III. The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,  
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;  
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake  
Of onions and claret below.
- IV. Our wives shall be neat, to bring in our meat  
To thee our most noble adviser;  
Our pains shall be great, and bottles shall sweat,  
And we ourselves will be wiser.
- V. We'll labour and swink, we'll kiss and we'll drink,  
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker;  
We'll fall to our plow, and get children enow,  
And thou shalt be learned old vicar.

*Dic.* I will not hang alone, master;  
I had the least part, you shall hang the highest.  
Plague o' this Tiveria, and the letter!

The devil sent it post, to pepper us,  
From Nova Hispania! we shall hang at home  
now. [passion:]

*Ars.* I see ye are penitent, and I have com-  
Ye are secure both, do but what we charge  
ye; [it,

Ye shall have more gold too, and he shall give  
Yet ne'er endanger ye.

*Lop.* Command us, master, [bly—  
Command us presently, and see how nim-

*Dic.* And if we do not handsomely endea-  
your— [ye private:]

*Ars.* Go home, and, 'till ye hear more, keep  
'Till we appear again, no words, good vicar!

There's something added.

*Mil.* Far you too.

*Lop.* We are ready.

*Mil.* Go, and expect us hourly: If ye falter,  
Though ye had twenty lives—

*Dic.* We are fit to lose 'em. [hang both.

*Lop.* 'Tis most expedient, that we should

*Dic.* If we be hang'd, we cannot blame  
our fortune.

*Mil.* Farewell, and be your own friends.

*Lop.* We expect ye. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*A bar:* A table-book, two chairs, paper, and  
standish set out.

*Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Asconio.*

*Oct.* We cited to the court!

*Jac.* It is my wonder. [men,

*Oct.* But not our fear, Jacintha. Wealthy  
That have estates to lose, whose conscious  
thoughts [ror

Are full of inward guilt, may shake with hor-  
To have their actions sifted, or appear

Before the judge: But we, that know our-  
selves

As innocent as poor, that have no fleece  
On which the talops of the griping law [all

Can take sure hold, may smile with scorn on  
That can be urg'd against us.

*Jac.* I am confident,

There is no man so covetous, that desires  
To ravish our wants from us; and less hope,

There can be so much justice left on earth,  
Though sued, and call'd upon, to ease us of

The burden of our wrongs.

*Oct.* What thinks Ascanio?

Should we be call'd in question, or accus'd

Unjustly, what would you do to redeem us  
From tyrannous oppression?

*Asc.* I could pray

To him that ever has an open ear  
To hear the innocent, and right their wrongs;

Nay, by my troth, I think I could out-plead  
An advocate, and sweat as much as he

Does for a double fee, ere you should suffer  
In an honest cause.

*Enter Jamie and Bartolus.*

*Oct.* Happy simplicity! [Jamie!

*Jac.* My dearest and my best one! Don

*Oct.* And the advocate, that caus'd us to  
be summon'd.

*Asc.* My lord is mov'd; I see it in his looks:  
And that man, in the gown, in my opinion

Looks like a proggng knave.<sup>20</sup>

*Jac.* Peace, give them leave.

*Jam.* Serve me with process?

*Bar.* My lord, you are not lawless.

*Jam.* Nor thou honest; [scribe,

One, that not long since was the buckram  
That would run on mens' errands for an as-

per;<sup>21</sup>

And from such baseness, having rais'd a stock  
To bribe the covetous judge, call'd to the bar.

So poor in practice too, that you would plead  
A needy client's cause, for a starv'd hen,

Or half a little loin of veal, tho' fly-blown;  
And these the greatest fees you could arrive at

For just proceedings: But, since you turn'd  
rascal—

*Bar.* Good words, my lord.

*Jam.* And grew my brother's bawd  
In all his vicious courses, soothing him

In his dishonest practices, you are grown  
'The rich and eminent knave! In the devil's

name,  
What am I cited for?

*Bar.* You shall know anon;

And then too late repent this bitter language,  
Or I'll miss of my ends.

*Jam.* Were't not in court, [food

I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the  
Snatch'd from poor clients' mouths, into a

jelly:

I would, my man of law, but I am patient,  
And would obey the judge.

*Bar.* 'Tis your best course.

'Would every enemy I have would beat me:  
I would wish no better action.

*Oct.* 'Save your lordship.

*Asc.* My humble service.

*Jam.* My good boy, how dost thou?

Why art thou call'd into the court?

<sup>20</sup> Looks like a proggng knave.] I never knew, nor am acquainted with this word: It must certainly be, *proggng*; i. e. an hungry, scraping, hoarding-up rascal. *Prog* is a cant word for *provisions*. Theobald.

In the song of Autolycus, Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. ii. the words *pugging tooth* occur; which both Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton alter to *proggng tooth*; and Dr. Thirlby observed, that this was the cant of gypsies. Theobald.

<sup>21</sup> ——— on mens' errands for an asper.] An *asper* is a Turkish coin, in value about three farthings. R.

*Enter Assistant, Henrique, Officer, and Witnesses.*

*Are.* I know not,  
But 'tis my lord the assistant's pleasure  
I should attend here.

*Jam.* He will soon resolve us.

*Offi.* Make way there for the judge.

*Jam.* How? my kind brother? [wards.

*Nay,* then, 'tis rank, there is some villany to-

*Assist.* This sessions, purchas'd at your suit,  
don Henrique, [mine

Hath brought us hither, to hear and deter-  
Of what you can prefer.

*Hen.* I do beseech

The honorable court, I may be heard  
In my advocate.

*Assist.* 'Tis granted.

*Bar.* Hum! hum!

*Jam.* That preface,  
If left out in a lawyer, spoils the cause,  
Tho' ne'er so good and honest.

*Bar.* If I stood here  
To plead in the defence of an ill man,  
Most equal judge, or to accuse the innocent,  
(To both which I profess myself a stranger)  
It would be requisite I should deck my lan-  
guage

With tropes and figures, and all flourishes  
That grace a rhetorician; 'tis confess'd,  
Adulterate metals need the goldsmith's art  
To set 'em off; what in itself is perfect  
Concerns a borrow'd gloss. This lord, my  
client,

Whose honest cause, when 'tis related truly,  
Will challenge justice, finding in his con-  
science

A tender scruple of a fault long since  
By him committed, thinks it not sufficient  
To be absolv'd of't by his confessor,  
If that in open court he publish not  
What was so long conceal'd.

*Jam.* To what tends this?

*Bar.* In his young years (it is no miracle  
That youth and heat of blood should mix to-  
gether)

He look'd upon this woman, on whose face  
The ruins yet remain of excellent form;  
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.

*Jac.* Ye good angels,  
What an impudence is this?

*Bar.* And us'd all means [win her  
Of service, courtship, presents, that might  
To be at his devotion: But in vain;  
Her maiden fort, impregnable, held out  
Until he promis'd marriage; and before  
These witnesses a solemn contract pass'd,  
To take her as his wife.

*Assist.* Give them their oath.

*Jam.* They are incompetent witnesses, his  
own creatures,  
And will swear any thing for half a rial.

*Offi.* Silence!

*Assist.* Proceed.

*Bar.* Upon this strong assurance,

He did enjoy his wishes to the full;  
Which satisfied, and then, with eyes of judg-  
ment,

Hood-wink'd with lust before, considering  
The inequality of the match, he being  
Nobly descended and allied, but she  
Without a name, or family, secretly  
He purchas'd a divorce, to disannul  
His former contract, marrying openly  
The lady Violante.

*Jac.* As you sit here

The deputy of the great king, who is  
The substitute of that impartial judge,  
With whom, or wealth, or titles, prevail no-  
thing,

Grant to a much-wrong'd widow, or a wife,  
Your patience, with liberty to speak  
In her own cause; and let me, face to face  
To this bad nun, deliver what he is:  
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude ba-  
lan'd,

Move not compassion, let me die unpitied!  
His tears, his oaths, his perjuries, I pass o'er;  
To think of them is a disease; but death,  
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,  
(For innocence cannot justify what's false)  
But all the advocate hath alledg'd concerning  
His falshood, and my shame, in my consent,  
To be most true. But now I turn to thee,  
To thee, don Henrique! and, if impious acts  
Have left thee blood enough to make a blush,  
I'll paint it on thy cheeks! Was not the wrong  
Sufficient, to defeat me of mine honour,  
To leave me full of sorrow as of want,  
The witness of thy lust left in my womb,  
To testify thy falshood, and my shame?  
But, now so many years I had conceal'd  
Thy most inhuman wickedness, and woe  
This gentleman to hide it from the world,  
To father what was thine (for yet, by Heaven,  
Though in the city he pass'd for my husband,  
He never knew me as his wife)——

*Assist.* 'Tis strange!

Give him an oath.

*Oct.* I gladly swear, and truly.

*Jac.* After all this, I say, when I had borne  
These wrongs with saint-like patience, saw  
another

Freely enjoy what was in justice mine,  
Yet still so tender of thy rest and quiet,  
I never would divulge it, to disturb [ous,  
Thy peace at home; yet thou, most barbar-  
To be so careless of me, and my fame,  
(For all respect of thine, in the first step  
To thy base lust, was lost) in open court  
To publish my disgrace; and, on record,  
To write me up an easy-yielding wanton,  
I think, can find no precedent! In my ex-  
tremes,

One comfort yet is left, that though the law  
Divorce me from thy bed, and make free way  
To the unjust embraces of another,  
It cannot yet deny that this my son  
(Look up, Ascanio, since it is come out)  
Is thy legitimate heir.

*Jam.* Confederacy!

A trick, my lord, to cheat me! Ere you give Your sentence, grant me hearing.

*Assist.* New chimeras?

*Jam.* I am, my lord, since he is without issue,

Or hope of any, his undoubted heir:

And this, forg'd by the advocate, to defeat me

Of what the laws of Spain confer upon me,

A mere imposture, and conspiracy

Against my future fortunes.

*Assist.* You are too bold.

Speak to the cause, don Henrique.

*Hen.* I confess

[honour]

[Tho'] the acknowledgment must wound my

That all the court hath heard touching this

cause,

Or with me, or against me, is most true;

The latter part, my brother urg'd, excepted.

For what I now do is not out of spleen,

As he pretends, but from remorse of conscience,

And to repair the wrong that I have done

To this poor woman: And I beseech your

lordship

To think, I have not so far lost my reason,

To bring into my family, to succeed me,

The stranger issue of another's bed.<sup>22</sup>

By proof, this is my son; I challenge him,

Accept him, and acknowledge him, and desire,

By a definitive sentence of the court,

He may be so recorded; and full pow'r

To me, to take him home.

*Jac.* A second rape

To the poor remnant of content that's left me,

If this be granted; and all my former wrongs

Were but beginnings to my miseries,

But this the height of all! Rather than part

With my Ascanio, I'll deny my oath,

Profess myself a strumpet, and endure

What punishment so'er the court decrees

Against a wretch that hath forsworn herself,

Or play'd the impudent whore!

*Assist.* This tastes of passion,

And that must not divert the course of justice.

Doo Henrique, take your son, with this condition,

[birth]

You give him maintenance as becomes his

And it will stand with your honour to do

something

[thing]

For this wrong'd woman: I will compel no-

But leave it to your will. Break up the court!

It is in vain to move me; my doom's pass'd,

And cannot be revok'd. [Exit.]

*Hen.* There's your reward.

*Bar.* More causes, and such fees. Now to

my wife;

I have too long been absent. Health to your

lordship. [Exit.]

*Asc.* You all look strangely, and, I fear, believe

This unexpected fortune makes me proud;

Indeed, it does not: I shall ever pay you

The duty of a son, and honour you

Next to my father. Good my lord, for yet

I dare not call you uncle, be not sad:

I never shall forget those noble favours

You did me, being a stranger; and if ever

I live to be the master of a fortune,

You shall command it.

*Jam.* Since it was determin'd

I should be cozen'd, I am glad the profit

Shall fall on thee. I am too tough to melt;

But something I will do.

*Hen.* 'Pray you, take leave [husband

O' your steward, gentle brother, the good

That takes up all for you.

*Jam.* Very well, mock on!

It is your turn: I may have mine. [Exit.]

*Oct.* But do not

Forget us, dear Ascanio.

*Asc.* Do not fear it:

I every day will see you; every hour

Remember you in my pray'rs.

*Jac.* My grief's too great

To be express'd in words!

*Hen.* Take that, and leave us;

[Gives money to Jac.]

Leave us without reply. Nay, come back,

sirrah; [Exit. Jac. Asc. offers to follow.]

And study to forget such things as these,

As are not worth the knowledge.

*Asc.* Oh, good Sir,

These are bad principles!

*Hen.* Such as you must learn

Now you are mine; for wealth and poverty

Can hold no friendship: And what is my will

You must observe and do, tho' good or ill.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Bar.* Where is my wife? 'Fore Hear'n, I

have done wonders,

Done mighty things to-day. My Amaranis!

My heart rejoices at my wealthy gleanings.

A rich litigious lord I love to follow,

A lord that builds his happiness on brawlings:

Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients.

Why, wife, I say! How fares my studious

pupil?

Hard at it still? You are too violent;

All things must have their rests, they will

not last else;

Come out and breathe.

[me;

*Lean. (within)* I do beseech you, pardon

I am deeply in a sweet point, Sir.

*Bar.* I'll instruct you:

<sup>22</sup> The stranger—issue of another's bed.] It is very frequent both with Shakespeare and our Poets to use the substantive *stranger* adjectively, prefixed to another substantive: In the acceptance of, *foreign*. In confirmation of which it would be needless to amass instances.

*(Enter Amaranta.)*

I say, take breath; seek health first, then your study.

Oh, my sweet soul, I have brought thee golden birds home, [wonders!]

Birds in abundance: I have done strange Things more a-hatching too.

*Ama.* Have you done good, husband?

Then 'tis a good day spent.

*Bar.* Good enough, chicken.

I have spread the nets of the law to catch rich booties, [pupil,

And they come fluttering in. How does my My modest thing? Hast thou yet spoken to him? \* [see him;

*Ama.* As I pass'd by his chamber, I might But he's so bookish—

*Bar.* And so bashful too; [there.

I' faith, he is, before he'll speak, he'll starve

*Ama.* I pity him a little.

*Bar.* So do I too.

*Ama.* And if he please to take the air o' th' gardens, [not—

Or walk i' th' inward rooms, so he molest

*Bar.* He shall not trouble thee; he dare not speak to thee. [a game, wife;

Bring out the chess-board! Come, let's have

*(Enter Moor, with a chess-board.)*

I'll try your mastery; you say you're cunning.

*Ama.* As learned as you are, Sir, I shall beat you.

*Enter Leandro.*

*Bar.* Here he steals out; put him not out of countenance; [else.

Prishee, look another way, he will be gone Walk and refresh yourself; I'll be with you presently. [Play at chess.

*Lean.* I'll take the air a little.

*Bar.* 'Twill be healthful.

*Ama.* Will you be there? Then, here, I'll spare you th' man. [mate fitting.

*Lean.* 'Would I were so near too, and a

*Ama.* What think you, Sir, to this? Have at your knight now.

*Bar.* 'Twas subtly play'd. Your queen lies at my service.

Prishee, look off, he is ready to pop in again; Look off, I say; dost thou not see how he

*Ama.* I do not blast him. [blushes?

*Lean.* But you do, and burn too!

What killing looks she steals?

*Bar.* I have you now close;

Now for a mate. [have her.

*Lean.* You are a blessed man, that may so Oh! that I might play with her! [Knock within

*Bar.* Who's there? I come. You cannot scape me now, wife.

I come, I come. [Knock.

*Lean.* Most blessed hand, that calls him.

*Bar.* Play quickly, wife.

*Ama.* 'Pray ye, give leave to think, Sir.

*Enter Moor.*

*Moor.* An honest neighbour that dwells hard by, Sir, [business.

Would fain speak with your worship about *Lean.* The devil blow him off.

*Bar.* Play.

*Ama.* I will study:

For if you beat me thus, you will still laugh at me. [Knock.

*Bar.* He knocks again; I cannot stay. *Le-* 'Pray thee come near. [andro,

*Lean.* I am well, Sir, here.

*Bar.* Come hither:

Be not afraid, but come.

*Ama.* Here's none will bite, Sir.

*Lean.* God forbid, lady!

*Ama.* 'Pray, come nearer.

*Lean.* Yes, forsooth. [they stand here,

*Bar.* 'Prishee observe these men, just as And see this lady do not alter 'em;

And be not partial, pupil.

*Lean.* No, indeed, Sir.

*Bar.* Let her not move a pawn; I'll come back presently.

Nay, you shall know I am a conqueror.

Have an eye, pupil! [Exit.

*Ama.* Can you play at chess, Sir?

*Lean.* A little, lady.

*Ama.* But you cannot tell me [too? How to avoid this mate, and win the game

(H' has noble eyes!) You dare not friend me so far? [pow'r, lady,

*Lean.* I dare do any thing that's in man's To be a friend to such a noble beauty.

*Ama.* This is no lawyer's language! I pray you tell me [round]

Whither may I remove (you see I am set To avoid my husband?

*Lean.* I shall tell you happily;

But happily you will not be instructed.

*Ama.* Yes, and I'll thank you too; shall I move this man? [serve you,

*Lean.* Those are unseemly: Move one can Can honour you, can love you.

*Ama.* 'Pray you tell quickly;

He will return, and then—

*Lean.* I'll tell you instantly: [you; Move me, and I'll move any way to serve

Move your heart this way, lady.

*Ama.* How?

*Lean.* 'Pray you, hear me. [our; Behold the sport of love, when he's imperi-

Behold the slave of love!

*Ama.* Move my queen this way?

(Sure he's some worthy man) Then, if he hedge me,

Or here to open him—

*Lean.* Do but behold me;

If there be pity in you, do but view me!

But view the misery I have undertaken

For you, the poverty—

*Ama.* He will come presently. [look here. Now play your best, Sir: 'Tis I lose the

Yet I get liberty.

*Lean.* I'll seize your fair hand,  
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kisses!  
The god of love warm your desires but equal!  
That shall play my game now.

*Ama.* What do you mean, Sir?

Why do you stop me?

*Lean.* That you may intend me. [use it.  
The time has blest us both: Love bids us  
I am a gentleman nobly descended,  
Young to invite your love, rich to maintain it.  
I bring a whole heart to you; thus I give it,  
And to those burning altars thus I offer,  
And thus, divine lips, where perpetual spring  
grows—

*Ama.* Take that; you are too saucy!

[Strikes him with the chess-board, and  
throws down the men.

*Lean.* How, proud lady?

Strike my deserts?

*Ama.* I was to blame.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Bar.* What, wife, there!  
Heav'n keep my house from thieves!

*Lean.* I am wretched!  
Open'd, discover'd, lost to all my wishes!  
I shall be hooted at.

*Bar.* What noise was this, wife?

Why dost thou smile?

*Lean.* This proud thing will betray me.

*Bar.* Why these lie here? What anger,

*Ama.* Why, none Sir, [dear?  
Only a chance; your pupil said he play'd well,  
And so, indeed, he does; he undertook for you,  
Because I would not sit so long time idle:  
I made my liberty, avoided your mate,  
And he again as cunningly endang'rd me;

Indeed, he put me strangely to't. When pre-  
sently, [bush too,  
Hearing you come, and having broke his am-  
Having the second time brought off my queen  
fair,

I rose o' th' sudden smilingly to shew you;  
My apron caught the chess-board and the  
And there the noise was. [men,

*Bar.* Thou art grown a master;

For all this I shall beat you.

*Lean.* Or I you, lawyer; [swer,

For now I love her more! 'Twas a neat an-  
And by it hangs a mighty hope; I thank her;  
She gave my pate a sound knock, that it rings  
yet,

But you shall have a sounder if I live, lawyer!  
My heart akes yet: I would not be in that  
fear— [sometimes,

*Bar.* I am glad you are a gamester, Sir;  
For recreation, we two shall fight hard at it.

*Ama.* He will prove too hard for me.

*Lean.* I hope he shall do;  
But your chess-board is too hard for my head;  
line that, good lady.

*Bar.* I have been atoning two most wraug-  
ling neighbours;

They had no money, therefore I made even.  
Come, let's go in and eat; truly, I'm hungry.

*Lean.* I have eaten already; I must entreat  
your pardon. [at supper.

*Bar.* Do as you please, we shall expect y'  
He has got a little heart now; it seems hand-  
somer. [look to you.

*Ama.* You'll get no little head, if I don't.

*Lean.* If ever I catch thee again, thou va-  
nity—

*Ama.* I was to blame to be so rash; I'am  
sorry! [Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter don Henrique, Violante, and Ascanio.*

*Hen.* **H**EAR but my reasons!

*Vio.* Oh, my patience! hear'em!  
Can cunning falshood colour an excuse  
With any seeming shape of borrow'd truth,  
To extenuate this wilful wrong, not error? <sup>24</sup>

*Hen.* You gave consent, that, to defeat my  
I should take any course. [brother,

*Vio.* But not to make  
The cure more loathsome than the foul disease.  
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,

Tir'd with loose dalliance, and with empty  
veins,

All those abilities spent before and wasted,  
That could confer the name of mother on me,  
But that (to perfect my account of sorrow  
For my long barrenness) you must heighten it  
By shewing to my face, that you were fruitful,  
Hugg'd in the base embraces of another?  
If solitude, that dwelt beneath my roof,  
And want of children, was a torment to me,  
What end of my vexation, to behold  
A bastard to upbraid me with my wants,  
And hear the name of father paid to you,

<sup>24</sup> *Extenuate this woful wrong, not error?* The poets are robb'd, I dare say, of the *anti-thesis* here required to support the vivacity of their meaning. Henrique has most plainly been excusing his conduct, and calling the steps he has taken erroneous; Upon which Violante would say, *Do you think to colour out an excuse with cunning falshood, and extenuate the guilt of your proceedings by calling that error, which is a wilful wrong?* And to this tenour I have ventured to amend the text. *Theobald.*



Yet know myself no mother? What can you say? <sup>25</sup> [pardon?]

*Hen.* Shall I confess my fault, and ask your Will that content you? [pardon?]

*Vio.* If it could make void [Henrique, What is confirm'd in court. No, no, don't You shall know, that I find myself abus'd; And add to that, I have a woman's anger; And, while I look upon this basilisk, Whose envious <sup>26</sup> eyes have blasted all my comforts,

Rest confident, I'll study my dark ends, And not your pleasures.

*Asc.* Noble lady, hear me; Not as my father's son, but as your servant, Vouchsafe to hear me; for such in my duty I ever will appear: And far be it from My poor ambition ever to look on you, But with that reverence which a slave stands bound

To pay a worthy mistress. I have heard That dames of highest place, nay queens themselves,

Disdain not to be serv'd by such as are Of meanest birth; and I shall be most happy, To be employ'd when you please to command me,

Even in the coarsest office? As your page I can wait on your trencher, fill your wine, Carry your panioffes, and be sometimes bless'd In all humility to touch your feet:

Or if that you esteem that too much grace, I can run by your coach, observe your looks, And hope to gain a fortune by my service, With your good favour; which now, as a son, I dare not challenge.

*Vio.* As a son?

*Asc.* Forgive me?

I will forget the name; let it be death For me to call you mother.

*Vio.* Still upbraided?

*Hen.* No way left t' appease you?

*Vio.* None. Now hear me;

Hear what I vow before the face of Heav'n, And, if I break it, all plagues in this life, And those that after death are fear'd, fall on me!

While that this bastard stays under my roof, Look for no peace at home, for I renounce All offices of a wife.

*Hen.* What am I fall'n to?

*Vio.* I will not eat, nor sleep with you; and those hours [health

Which I should spend in prayers for your Shall be employ'd in curses!

*Hen.* Terrible! [you

*Vio.* All the day long, I'll be as tedious to As ling'ring fevers, and I'll watch the nights, To ring aloud your shame, and break your sleeps;

Or, if you do but slumber, I'll appear I th' shape of all my wrongs, and like a fury Fright you to madness: And, if all this fail To work out my revenge, I've friends and kinsmen,

That will not sit down tame with the disgrace That's offer'd to our noble family

In what I suffer.

*Hen.* How am I divided Between the duties I owe as a husband, And piety of a parent?

*Asc.* I am taught, Sir, By the instinct of nature, that obedience Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind Before those pleasures that are dearest to me: Be wholly hers, my lord; I quit all parts That I may challenge. May you grow old together,

And no distaste e'er find you; and before The characters of age are printed on you, May you see many images of yourselves, Though I, like some false glass, that's never look'd in,

Am cast aside and broken! From this hour, Unless invited, which I dare not hope for, I never will set my forbidden feet Over your threshold; only give me leave, Though cast off to the world, to mention you In my devotions, it is all I sue for; And so I take my last leave!

*Hen.* Though I am Devoted to a wife, nay almost sold A slave to serve her pleasures, yet I cannot So part with all humanity, but I must Shew something of a father; thou shalt not go Unfurnish'd and unfriended too: Take that To guard thee from necessities. May thy goodness

Meet many favours, and thine innocence Deserve to be the heir <sup>27</sup> of greater fortunes

<sup>25</sup> *What can I say?*] The answer plainly shews that it should be *you*. *Seward.*

<sup>26</sup> *Whose envious eyes.*] For *envious*, Mr. Seward substitutes *venomous*; but we see no need of alteration, *envious* being both sense and poetry.

<sup>27</sup> ——— and *thine innocence*

*Deserve to be the heir.*] Ascanio has shew'd so many instances of innocence, that the occasion here seems only to require a prayer that his innocence may be rewarded. It should seem therefore that either the word *deserve* should be chang'd to *arrive*, or the whole be turn'd into an affirmation, as I have ventured to make it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— may thy goodness  
Meet many favours, for thine innocence  
Deserves to be the heir, &c.

Than thou wert born to! Scorn me not, Violante;  
This banishment is a kind of civil death;  
And now, as it were at his funeral,  
To shed a tear or two is not unmanly;  
And so, farewell for ever! One word more;  
Though I must never see thee, my Ascanio,  
When this is spent, for so the judge decreed,  
Send to me for supply. Are you pleas'd now?  
[Exit Ascanio.]

*Vio.* Yes; I have cause, to see you howl  
and blubber

At th' parting of my torment, and your shame.  
Tis well! proceed; supply his wants; do, do!  
Let the great dow'r I brought, serve to maintain  
Your bastard's riots; send my clothes and  
jewels [his mother:

T' your old acquaintance, your dear damie,  
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow.

*Hen.* Is all I do misconstru'd?

*Vio.* I will take

A course to right myself, a speeding one;  
By the bless'd saints, I will! If I prove cruel,  
The shame to see thy foolish pity, taught me  
To lose my natural softness. Keep off from  
me!

Thy flatteries are infectious, and I'll flee thee  
As I would do a leper.

*Hen.* Let not fury [ture;

Transport you so; you know I am your crea-  
All love, but to yourself, with him, hath left  
I'll join with you in any thing. [me.

*Vio.* In vain; [partners.

I'll take mine own ways, and will have no  
*Hen.* I will not cross you.

*Vio.* Do not! They shall find,

That, to a woman of her hopes beguil'd,  
A viper trod on, or an aspick, 's milder.  
[Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Lopez, Milnes, and Arsenio.*

*Lop.* Sits the game there? I have you. By  
I love Leandro for't. [mine order,

*Mil.* But you must shew it

In lending him your help, to gain him means  
And opportunity.

*Lop.* He shall want nothing.

I know my advocate to a hair, and what  
Will fetch him from his pray'rs, if he use any.  
I am honey'd with the project! I would have  
For a most precious heast. [him horn'd

*Ars.* But you lose time.

*Lop.* I am gone. Instruct you Diego; you  
will find him

A sharp and subtle knave; give him but hints,  
And he will amplify. See all things ready.  
I'll fetch him with a vengeance! [Exit.

*Ars.* If he fail now,

We'll give him over too.

*Mil.* Tush, he is flesh'd, [credit.  
And knows what vein to strike for his own  
*Ars.* All things are ready.  
*Mil.* Then we shall have a merry scene,  
ne'er fear it. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Amaranta, with a note, and Moor.*

*Amar.* Is thy master gone out?

*Moor.* Even now; the Curate fetch'd him,  
About a serious business, as it seem'd,  
For he snatch'd up his cloak, and brush'd his  
hat straight,

Set his hand handsomely, and out he gallop'd.

*Ama.* 'Tis well, 'tis very well; he went  
out, Egla,

As luckily as one would say, 'go, husband!'  
He was call'd by providence. Fling this  
short paper

Into Leandro's cell, and waken him;

He is monstrous vex'd, and musty, at my  
chess-play;

But this shall supple him, when he has read it.  
Take your own recreation for two hours,  
And hinder nothing.

*Moor.* If I do, I'll hang for't. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Octavio and Jacintha.*

*Oct.* If that you lov'd Ascanio for himself,  
And not your private ends, you rather should  
Bless the fair opportunity, that restores him  
To his birth-right, and the honours he was  
born to,

Than grieve at his good fortune.

*Jac.* Grieve, Octavio?

I would resign my essence, that he were -  
As happy as my love could fashion him,  
Though every blessing that should fall on him  
Might prove a curse to me! My sorrow springs  
Out of my fear and doubt he is not safe.

I am acquainted with don Henrique's nature,  
And I have heard too much the fiery temper  
Of madam Violante: Can you think  
That she, that almost is at war with Heaven  
For being barren, will with equal eyes  
Behold a son of mine?

*Oct.* His father's care,

That, for the want of issue, took him home,  
Though with the forfeiture of his own fame,  
Will look unto his own safety.

*Jac.* Stepmothers

Have many eyes, to find a way to mischief,  
Though blind to goodness.

*Enter Jamie and Ascanio.*

*Oct.* Here comes don Jamie,  
And with him our Ascanio.

*Jam.* Good youth, leave me;

which alterations surely are unnecessary; the meaning being obviously, 'May your goodness  
'be rewarded, and a continuance in your present innocent state render you deserving of greater  
'fortunes than your birth entitles you to.'

I know thou art forbid my company,  
And, only to be seen with me, will call on  
Thy father's anger.

*Asc.* Sir, if that to serve you  
Could lose me any thing, as indeed it cannot,  
I still would follow you. Alas, I was born  
To do you hurt, but not to help myself!  
I was, for some particular end, took home,  
But am cast off again.

*Jam.* Is't possible? [wife,

*Asc.* The lady, whom my father calls his  
Abhors my sight, is sick of me, and fore'd him  
To turn me out of doors.

*Jac.* By my best hopes,  
I thank her cruelty; for it comes near  
A saving charity!

*Asc.* I am only happy  
That yet I can relieve you; 'pray you, share!  
My father's wondrous kind, and promises  
That I should be supplied: But sure the lady  
Is a malicious woman, and I fear  
Means me no good.

*Enter Servant.*

*Jam.* I am turn'd a stone with wonder,  
And know not what to think.

*Ser.* From my lady,  
Your private ear, and this——

*Jam.* New miracles? [fortune,

*Ser.* She says, if you dare make yourself a  
She will propose the means. My lord Don  
Henrique

Is now from home, and she alone expects you:  
If you dare trust her, so; if not, despair of  
A second offer. [Exit.

*Jam.* Though there were an ambush  
Laid for my life, I'll on, and sound this secret.  
Retire thee, my Ascaio, with thy mother;  
But stir not forth; some great design's on foot.  
Fall what can fall, if ere the sun be set,  
I see you not, give me for dead.

*Asc.* We will expect you,  
And those bless'd angels that love goodness  
guard you! [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*Enter Lopez and Bartolus.*

*Bar.* Is't possible he should be rich?

*Lop.* Most possible; [gettings,  
He hath been long, though he'd but little  
Drawing together, Sir.

*Bar.* Accounted a poor sexton;  
Honest, poor Diego.

*Lop.* I assure you, a close fellow;  
Both close and scraping, and that fills the  
bags, Sir.

*Bar.* A notable good-fellow too.<sup>15</sup>

*Lop.* Sometimes, Sir;  
When he hop'd to drink a man into a surfeit,  
That he might gain by his grave.

*Bar.* So many thousands?

*Lop.* Heaven knows what.

*Bar.* 'Tis strange,  
'Tis very strange. But, we see, by endeavour,  
And honest labour——

*Lop.* Milo, by continuance, [reverence]  
Grew, from a silly calf (with your worship's  
To carry a bull. From a penny to a pound,  
Sir,

And from a pound to many: 'Tis the progress.

*Bar.* You say true; but he lov'd to feed  
And that, methinks—— [well also,

*Lop.* From another man's trencher, Sir,  
And there he found it season'd with small  
charge; [devour you

There he would play the tyrant, and would  
More than the graves he made: At home he  
liv'd

Like aameleon, suck'd the air of misery,

[Table set out, stonish, paper, and stools.  
And grew fat by the brewis of an egg-shell;  
Would smell a cook's-shop, and go home and  
surfeit,

And be a month in fasting out that fever.

*Bar.* These are good symptoms. Does he  
lie so sick, say you?

*Lop.* Oh, very sick.

*Bar.* And chosen me executor?

*Lop.* Only your worship.

*Bar.* No hope of his amendment?

*Lop.* None, that we find.

*Bar.* He hath no kinsmen neither?

*Lop.* Truth, very few.

*Bar.* His mind will be the quieter.

What doctors has he?

*Lop.* There's none, Sir, he believes in.

*Bar.* They are but needless things, in such  
extremities.

Who draws the good man's will?

*Lop.* Marry that do I, Sir;

And so my grief.

*Bar.* Grief will do little now, Sir;

Draw it to your comfort, friend, and as I  
counsel you. [ways.

An honest man; but such men live not al-  
Who are about him?

*Lop.* Many, now he is passing,  
That would pretend t' his love, yes, and some  
gentlemen [kindred;

That would fain counsel him, and be of his  
Rich men can want no heirs, Sir.

*Bar.* They do ill,

Indeed they do, to trouble him; very ill, Sir.  
But we shall take a care.

*Enter, with Diego in a bed, Milanese, Arse-  
nio, and Parishioners.*

*Lop.* Will you come near, Sir?

'Pray you bring him out. Now you may see  
his what state——

Give him fresh air.

*Bar.* I am sorry, neighbour Diego,  
To find you in so weak a state.

<sup>15</sup> A notable Good-fellow too.] Good-fellow, in this place, means a boon companion, a  
bottle-friend, as the answer demonstrates.

*Die.* You're welcome;

But I am fleeing, Sir.

*Bar.* Methinks he looks well; [cheerful.  
His colour fresh, and strong; his eyes are

*Lop.* A glimmering before death; 'tis nothing else, Sir. [do you note that?

Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet?<sup>29</sup>

*Die.* My learned Sir, 'pray you sit. I am bold to send for you,

To take a care of what I leave.

*Lop.* Do you hear that?

*Ar.* Play the knave finely!

*Die.* So I will, I warrant you, } *Apart.*

And carefully.

*Bar.* 'Pray ye do not trouble him;

You see he's weak, and has a wand'ring fancy.

*Die.* My honest neighbours, weep not; I must leave ye,

I cannot always bear ye company.

We must drop still; there is no remedy.

'Pray ye, master Curate, will you write my testament,

And write it largely, it may be remember'd?  
And be witness to my legacies, good gentlemen.

Your worship I do make my full executor:  
[*To Bartolus.*

You are a man of wit and understanding.

Give me a cup of wine to raise my spirits,

For I speak low. I would, before these neighbours, [cutted,

Have you to swear, Sir, that you'll see it executed  
And what I give let equally be render'd,

For my soul's health.

*Bar.* I vow it truly, neighbours;

Let not that trouble you; before all these,

Once more I give my oath.

*Die.* Then set me higher,

And pray ye come near me all.

*Lop.* We're ready for you.

*Mil.* Now spur the ass, add get our friend time! [*Apart.*

*Die.* First then,

After I have given my body to the worms

(For they must be serv'd first, they're seldom cozen'd)——

*Lop.* Remember your parish, neighbour.

*Die.* You speak truly;

I do remember it, a lewd vile parish, [of it,  
And pray it may be mended: To the poor

Which is to all the parish, I give nothing;

For nothing unto nothing is most natural;

Yet leave as much space as will build an hos-  
Their children may pray for me. [pital,

*Bar.* What do you give to it?

*Die.* Set down two thousand ducats.

*Bar.* 'Tis a good gift,

And will be long remember'd.

*Die.* To your worship,

Because you must take pains to see all finish'd,  
I give two thousand more—it may be three,

A poor gratuity for your pains-taking. [Sir—  
*Bar.* These are large sums.

*Lop.* Nothing to him that has 'em.

*Die.* To my old master Vicar I give five hundred;

Five hundred and five hundred are too few,  
But there be more to serve.

*Bar.* This fellow coins sure.

*Die.* Give me some more drink. Pray ye buy books, buy books, [rice,

You have a learned head, stuff it with libra-  
And understand 'em when ye have done, 'tis

justice.

Run not the parish mad with controversies,  
Nor preach up abstinence to longing women,

'Twill purge the bottoms of their consciences.  
I'd give the church new organs, but I prophesy

The churchwardens would quickly pipe 'em  
out o' th' parish. [feel,

Two hundred ducats more to mend the chancel  
And to paint true orthography, as many

They write *sunt*, with a *c*, which is abominable;

[marrriages—  
'Pray you set that down. To poor maidens'

*Lop.* Ay, that's well thought of; what's your will in that point?

A meritorious thing.

*Bar.* No end of this will? [lockram,\*

*Die.* I give *per annum* two hundred ells of  
That there be no strait dealings in their livers,

But the sails cut according to their burdens.  
To all bell-ringers I bequeath new ropes,

And let them use 'em at their own discretions.  
*Ar.* You may remember us.

*Die.* I do, good gentlemen; [geons,  
And I bequeath ye both good careful sor-

A legacy ye have need of more than money;  
I know ye want good diets, and good lotions,

And, in your pleasures, good take-heed.  
*Lop.* He raves now;

But 'twill be quickly off.

*Die.* I do bequeath ye [threads,  
Commodities of pins, brown papers, jack-

Roast pork, and puddings, gingerbread, and  
jews-trunps,

Of penny pipes, and mouldy pepper, take 'em,  
Take 'em even where you please, and be co-

zen'd with 'em;  
I should bequeath ye executions also,  
But those I'll leave to th' law.

*Lop.* Now he grows temperate.

*Bar.* You'll give no more?

<sup>29</sup> Do you see how he fumbles with the sheet.] This appears to be an impotent attack on the description of Falstaff's death, in Shakespeare's Henry V.

<sup>30</sup> Two hundred ells of lockram.] Lockram was a kind of linen. It is mentioned by Shakespeare in Coriolanus, act ii. and, in confirmation of this explanation, the last Editor of that Author hath produced the following examples: Greene, in his Vision, describing the dress of a man, says, 'His ruffe was of fine lockram, stiched very fair with Coventry blue.' And in Glaphorne's Wit in a Constable, 1639, 'Thou thought'st, because I did wear lockram shirts, I had no wit.' R.

*Die.* I am loth to give more from you,  
Because I know you'll have a care to execute.  
Only, to pious uses, Sir, a little. [ever.]

*Bar.* If he be worth all these, I'm made for  
*Die.* I give to fatal dames that spin mens'  
threads out,

And poor distressed damsels, that are militant  
As members of our own afflictions, [in.]  
A hundred crowns to buy warm tubs to work  
I give five hundred pounds to buy a church-  
yard, [knave in:]

A spacious church-yard, to lay thieves and  
Rich men and honest men take all the room  
*Lop.* Are you not weary? [up.]

*Die.* Never of well-doing.

*Bar.* These are mad legacies.

*Die.* They were got as madly;

My sheep, and oxen, and my moveables,  
My plate, and jewels, and five hundred acres;  
I have no heirs.

*Bar.* This cannot be; 'tis monstrous.

*Die.* Three ships at sea too.

*Bar.* You have made me full executor?

*Die.* Full, full, and total; would I had  
more to give you;

But these may serve an honest mind.

*Bar.* You say true,

A very honest mind, and make it rich too;  
Rich, wondrous rich! But where shall I raise  
these monies? [miscs.<sup>21</sup>]

About your house, I see no such great pro-  
Where shall I find these sums?

*Die.* Ev'n where you please, Sir;

You're wise and provident, and know business.  
Ev'n raise 'em where you shall think good;  
I'm reasonable.

*Bar.* Think good? will that raise thousands?  
What do you make me? [all my comfort.]

*Die.* You have sworn to see it done; that's

*Bar.* Where I please? This is pack'd sure  
to disgrace me! [you'll do it;]

*Die.* You're just, and honest, and I know  
Ev'n where you please, for you know where  
the wealth is. [scorn'd,]

*Bar.* I am abus'd, betray'd! I'm laugh'd at,  
Baffled, and boor'd, it seems!

*Ars.* No, no; you are fool'd.

*Lop.* Most finely fool'd, and handsomely,  
and neatly; [times, Sir,  
Such cunning masters must be fool'd some-  
And have their worships' noses wip'd; 'tis  
healthful.

We are but quit: You fool us of our monies,  
In every cause, in every quiddit wipe us.

*Die.* Ha, ha, ha, ha! some more drink,  
for my heart, gentlemen.

This merry lawyer—Ha, ha, ha, ha! this  
scholar— [tor—]

I think this fit will cure me! This execu-  
I shall laugh out my lungs! [lany]

*Bar.* This is derision above sufferance; vil-  
Plotted and set against me!

*Die.* Faith, 'tis knavery; [lawyer.]

In troth, I must confess thou art fool'd indeed,  
*Mil.* Did you think, bad this man been  
rich—

*Bar.* 'Tis well, Sir.

*Mil.* He would have chosen such a wolf,  
a canker,

A maggot, rat, to be his whole executor?<sup>22</sup>  
*Lop.* A lawyer, that entangles all mens'  
honesties,

Lives like a spider in a cobweb lurking,  
And catching at all flies that pass his pit-falls,  
Puts powder to all states, to make 'em caper,  
Would he trust you? Do you deserve—

*Die.* I find, gentlemen,

This cataplasm of a well-cozen'd lawyer  
Laid to my stomach, lenifies my fever:  
Methinks I could eat now, and walk a little.

*Bar.* I am ashamed to feel how flat I'm  
cheated; [game!]

How grossly, and maliciously, made a may-  
A damned trick! My wife, my wife! Some  
rascal—

My credit, and my wife! Some lustful villain,  
Some bawd, some rogue—

*Ars.* Some craftsman, fool, has found you.<sup>23</sup>

This 'tis, Sir, to teach you to be too busy,  
To covet all the gains, and all the rumours,  
To have a stirring oar in all mens' actions.

*Lop.* We did this but to vex your fine offi-  
ciousness.

*Bar.* Good yield you, and good thank you!  
I am fool'd, gentlemen!

The lawyer is an ass, I do confess it,  
A weak, dull, shallow ass! Good even to  
your worships!

Vicar, remember, vicar! Rascal, remember,  
Thou notable rich rascal!

*Die.* I do remember, Sir. [cies,

'Pray you stay a little; I have ev'n two lega-  
To make your mouth up, Sir.

*Bar.* Remember, varlets,

Quake, and remember, rogues, I have brine  
for your buttocks! [Erit.]

*Lop.* Oh, how he frets, and fumes now,  
like a dunghill!

<sup>21</sup> — *Such great promises*:] Mr. Sympson conjectures that the lawyer would naturally use the word *promises*, but seems unwilling to disturb the text.

<sup>22</sup> *A maggot-pate, to be his whole executor?*] Whimsical idle shatter brain'd people are frequently called *maggot-pated*: but this is by no means the lawyer's character, nor does it suit with the two former titles, which both imply villany and eating into other men's estates. My conjecture is near the trace of the letters, and will, I hope, be allow'd. Seward.

<sup>23</sup> *Some crafty fool has found you*:] It cannot be supposed that Arsenio would call Leandro a fool, and the reading therefore is probably corrupt; mine is very near it, and is not liable to the same objection: and though I do not remember the word *craftsman* in our Authors, yet it is used in the same sense by Fairfax, in his excellent translation of Tasso. Seward.

*Die.* His gall contains fine stuff now to  
Rare damned stuff! [make poisons,

*Ara.* Let's after him, and still vex him,  
And take my friend off. By this time he has  
prosper'd;

He cannot lose this dear time, 'tis impossible.

*Mil.* Well, Diego, thou hast done.

*Lop.* Hast done it daintily.

*Mil.* And shalt be as well paid, boy.

*Ara.* Go; let's crucify him. [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Amaranta and Leandro.*

*Lean.* I've told you all my story, and how  
desperately— [precious,

*Ama.* I do believe. Let's walk out; time is  
Not to be spent in words; here no more woo-  
The open air's an enemy to lovers. [ing,  
Do as I tell you.

*Lean.* I'll do any thing:

I am so over-joy'd, I'll fly to serve you.

*Ama.* Take your joy moderately, as 'tis mi-  
nister'd,

And as the cause invites: That man's a fool,  
That, at the sight o' th' bond, dances and leaps;  
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.

*Leon.* You cannot now deny me.

*Ama.* Nay, you know not;  
Women have crotchets, and strange fits.

*Lean.* You shall not. [fidently,

*Ama.* Hold you to that, and swear it con-  
Then I shall make a scruple to deny you.

'Pray you let's step in, and see a friend of  
mine; [hour,

The weather's sharp: We'll stay but half an  
We may be miss'd else: A private fine house  
'tis, Sir,

And we may find many good welcomes.

*Lean.* Do, lady;

Do, happy lady!

*Ama.* All your mind's of doing!

You must be modester.

*Lean.* I will be any thing. [Exit.

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Bar.* Open the doors, and give me room to  
elafe in, [maid, there!

Mine own room, and my liberty! Why,  
Open, I say, and do not anger me! [claut,  
I'm subject to much fury. When, you dish-

When do you come? Asleep, you lazy hell-  
hound?

Nothing intended but your ease, and eating?  
Nobody here? Why, wife! why, wife! why,  
jewel!

Nn tongue to answer me? Prithee, good pupil,  
Dispense a little with thy careful study,  
And step to th' door, and let me in. Nor be  
neither?

Ha! not at's study? nor asleep? nor nobody?  
I'll make ye hear! The house of ignorance!  
No sound inhabits here. I have a key yet,  
That commands all. I fear I'm metanor-  
phos'd! [Exit.

*Enter Lopez, Arsenio, Milanese, and Diego.*

*Lop.* He keeps his fury still, and may do  
mischief. [lers there, boys.

*Mil.* He shall be hang'd first; we'll be stick-

*Die.* The hundred thousand dreams now  
that possess him,

Of jealousy, and frailty; of revenge,

Of drawing bills against us, and petitions!

*Lop.* And casting what his credit shall re-  
cover. [we care not,

*Mil.* Let him cast 'till his maw come up;  
You shall be still secur'd.

[A great noise within.

*Die.* We'll pay him home then.

Hark, what a noise be keeps within.

*Lop.* Certain. [roars there.

It has set his chimnies o' fire, or the devil

*Die.* The codices o' th' law are broke  
loose, gentlemen.

*Ara.* He's fighting, sure.

*Die.* I'll tell you that immediately. [Exit.

*Mil.* Or doing some strange outrage on  
himself.

*Ara.* Hang him, he dares not be so valiant.

*Enter Diego.*

*Die.* There's nobody at home, and he chafes  
like a lim,

And stinks withal! [Noise still.

*Lop.* Nobody?

*Die.* Not a creature;

Nothing within, but he and his law-tempest!

The ladies, dishes, kettles, how they fly all!

And how the glasses through the rooms.

*Enter Bartolus.*

*Ara.* My friend sure [on't.  
Has got her out, and now h' has made an end

*Lop.* See where the sea comes! how it  
foams and bristles?<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> —[bristles?] Not knowing this word, I have ventured to strike out the *r*; *bristles* would make an inconsistent metaphor with the sea.

I suppose the line once to have run in this manner,

*See where the seal comes.*

The seal, i. e. *sea-calf*, an appellation severe enough in all conscience and reason; and how clearly does the remaining part of the line establish this reading,

*See where the seal comes, how he foams and bristles.*

i. e. *bristles*.

Sympton.

The great leviathan o' th' law, how it tum-  
bles? [sides?]

Bar. Made ev'ry way an ass? abus'd on all  
And from all quarters people come to laugh at  
Rise like a comet, to be wonder'd at? [me?]  
A horrid comet, for boys' tongues, and ballads?  
I will run from my wits!

*Enter Amaranta and Leandro.*

Ars. Do, do, good lawyer, [quiet.  
And from thy money too; then thou wilt be  
Mil. Here she comes home! Now mark  
the salutations.

How like an ass my friend goes?

Ars. She has pull'd his ears down.

Bar. Now, what sweet voyage? to what  
garden, lady?

Or to what cousin's house?

Ama. Is this my welcome? [dal'd;  
I cannot go to church, but thus I am sear-  
Use no devotion for my soul, but, gentle-

Bar. To church? [men—

Ama. Yes; and you keep sweet youths to  
wait upon me,

Sweet hired-up youths, to be a credit to me!  
There's you're delight again; pray take him  
to you;

He never comes near me more to debase me.

Bar. How's this? how's this? Good wife,  
how has he wrong'd you? [before me;

Ama. I was fain to drive him like a sheep  
I blush to think how people flier'd, and  
scorn'd me. [viour,

Others have handsome men, that know beha-  
Place, and observance; this silly thing knows  
nothing,

Cannot tell ten, let every rascal juggle me;  
And still I push'd him on, as he had been  
coming.<sup>35</sup>

Bar. Ha! did you push him on? is he so  
stupid?

Ama. When others were attentive to the  
priest,

Good devout gentleman, then fell he fast,  
Fast, sound asleep: Then first began the bag-  
pipes, [sick,

The several stops on's nose made a rare mu-

A rare and loud, and those play'd many an  
anthem.

Put out of that, he fell straight into dreaming.

Ars. As cunning as she's sweet! I like this

Bar. What did he then? [carriage.

Ama. Why, then he talk'd in's sleep too.

Nay, I'll divulge your moral virtues, sheeps-  
face! [him:

And talk'd aloud, that ev'ry ear was fix'd to  
Did not I suffer, do you think, in this time?

Talk of your bawling law, of appellations,

Of declarations, and excommunications,

Warrants, and executions, and such devils,

That drove all th' gentlemen out o' th' church,

by hurries, [again.

With execrable oaths they'd ne'er come there

Thus am I serv'd and man'd!

Lean. I pray you forgive me;

I must confess I am not fit to wait upon you.

Alas, I was brought up—

Ama. To be an ass,

A lawyer's ass, to carry books, and buckram't

Bar. But what did you at church?

Lop. At church, did you ask her?

Do you hear, gentlemen? do you mark that

question?

Because you're half an heretic yourself, Sir,

Would you breed her too? This shall to th'

Inquisition.

A pious gentlewoman reprov'd for praying!

I'll see this fil'd; and you shall hear further,

Ars. You have an ill heart. [Sir.

Lop. It shall be found out, gentlemen;

There be those youths will search it.

Die. You are warm, signior, [witnesses.

But a faggot will warm you better! We are

Lop. Enough to hang him, do not doubt,

Mil. Nay certain,

I do believe li'has rather no religion.

Lop. That must be known too. Because

she goes to church, Sir!

O, monstrum informe ingens!

Die. Let him go on, Sir;

His wealth will build a nunnery, a fair one,

And this good lady, when he's hang'd and

rotten,

May there be abbess.

We do not think the word *scal* so proper as *sea*, nor so likely to be the right reading as she  
old and received one. *Brustles* might, however, be *genuine*; it is expressive, though, perhaps,  
in no dictionary.

<sup>35</sup> *As he had been coming.*] As neither Mr. Symson nor I can affix any idea to this reading,  
I have been forced to take an unusual liberty, rather than leave nonsense in the text. I have,  
however, known several corrupt readings that have departed more from what was demon-  
strably the original, than my correction supposes this to have done; and as the sense I give  
seems perfectly natural, it is probable it might have been the Authors'. It must be observed  
that in most countries abroad, it is the custom for servants to walk before, not after their  
mistresses; it is, I know, in Italy, and I suppose our Authors knew it to be in Spain. She says  
therefore, instead of clearing the way for me, I was forc'd to push him forwards, or he would  
have lag'd behind me, as if he had been the woman. Since I wrote this note, a friend to whom  
I shew'd it, hit off another reading which I think full as probable as my own. He would  
read, *And still I push'd him on. Was that becoming?* Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *And still I push'd him on as he'd been the woman.* We have followed  
the old reading, because we confess ourselves utterly at a loss what word to substitute in the  
place of *coming*, which is probably a corruption.

*Bar.* You are cozen'd, honest gentlemen! I do not forbid the use, but the form, mark me.

*Lop.* Form! what do you make of form?

*Bar.* They will undo me;

Swear, as I oft have done, and so betray me! I must make fair way, and hereafter—Wife, You're welcome home, and henceforth take your pleasure;

Go when you shall think fit, I will not hinder My eyes are open now, and I see my error— My shame, as great as that, but I must hide it: *[Basta!]*

The whole conveyance now I smell; but, Another time must serve—You see us friends now,

Heartily friends, and no more chiding, gentle—I have been too foolish, I confess; no more words,

No more, sweet wife.

*Ama.* You know my easy nature. *[angry:]*

*Bar.* Go, get you in: You see she has been Forbear her sight a while, and time will pass And learn to be more bold. *[cify:]*

*Lean.* I would I could;

I will do all I am able. *[Exit.]*

*Bar.* Do, Leandro.

We will not part, but friends of all hands.

*Lop.* Well said;

Now you are reasonable, we can look on you.

*Bar.* Ye have jerk't me; but for all that I forgive ye,

Forgive ye heartily, and do invite ye To-morrow to breakfast, I make but seldom; But now we will be merry.

*Ars.* Now you are friendly. *[you,]* Your doggedness and nicardize flung from And now we will come to you.

*Bar.* Give me your hands, all!

You shall be welcome heartily.

*Lop.* We will be,

For we'll eat hard.

*Bar.* The harder, the more welcome; And, till the morning farewell! I have business. *[Exit.]*

*Mil.* Farewell, good bountiful Bartolus! 'Tis a brave wench,

A sudden witty thief, and worth all service.

Go, we'll all go, and crucify the lawyer.

*Die.* I'll clap four tier of teeth into my mouth more,

But I will grind his substance.

*Ars.* Well, Leandro,

Thou hast had a strange voyage, but I hope

Thou rid'st now in safe harbour.

*Mil.* Let's go drink, friends,

And laugh aloud at all our merry may-games.

*Lop.* A match, a match! 'twill whet our stomachs better. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT V.

### SCENE 1.

*Enter Violante and Servant.*

*Ser.* MADAM, he's come.

*[Chair and stools out.]*

*Viol.* 'Tis well. How did he look When he knew from whom you were sent?

Was he not startled?

Or confident or fearful?

*Ser.* As appear'd,

Like one that knew his fortune at the worst, And ear'd not what could follow.

*Viol.* 'Tis the better. *[careful]* Reach me a chair. So; bring him in; be That none disturb us. I will try his temper; And, if I find him apt for my employments, I'll work him to my ends; if not, I shall Find other engines.

*Enter Jamie and Servant.*

*Ser.* There's my lady.

*Viol.* Leave us.

*Jam.* You sent for me?

*Viol.* I did: and does the favour, Your present state consider'd, and my power, Deserve no greater ceremony?

*Jam.* Ceremony?

I use to pay that where I do owe duty, Not to my brother's wife: I cannot fawn; If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd; And so farewell.

*Viol.* He bears up still; I like it. *[Aside.]* Pray you a word.

*Jam.* Yes; I will give you hearing On equal terms, and sit by you as a friend, But not stand as a suitor? Now, your pleasure.

*Viol.* You're very bold.

*Jam.* 'Tis fit, since you are proud: I was not made to feed that foolish humour, With flatt'ry and observance.

*Viol.* Yet, with your favour, A little form, join'd with respect, to her That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em,

Nay, raise you to a fate beyond your hopes, Might well become your wisdom.

*Jam.* It would rather

Write me a fool, should I but only think That any good to me could flow from you, Whom for so many years I've found and prov'd My greatest enemy. I am still the same; My wants have not transform'd me: I dare tell you,

<sup>16</sup> Basta.] It is enough. Spanish. R.



To your new-cerud face, what I have spoken  
Freely behind your back, what I think of you!  
You are the proudest thing, and have the least  
Reason to be so, that I ever read of.  
In stature you're a giantess; and your taylor  
Takes measure of you with a Jacob's staff,  
Or he can never reach you: This by the way,  
For your large size. Now, in a word or two,  
To treat of your complexion were decorum:<sup>37</sup>  
You are so far from fair, I doubt your mother  
Was too familiar with the Moor that serv'd  
her.

Your limbs and features I pass briefly over.  
As things not worth description; and come  
roundly [ful.

To your soul, if you have any; for 'tis doubt-  
ful. I laugh at this! Proceed.

Jam. This soul I speak of,  
Or rather salt to keep this heap of flesh  
From being a walking stench, like a large inn  
Stands open, for the entertainment of  
All impious practices: But there's no corner  
An honest thought can take up. And, as it  
were not

Sufficient in yourself to comprehend  
All wicked plots, you've taught the fool my  
brother,

By your contagion, almost to put off  
The nature of the man, and turn'd him devil,  
Because he should be like you; and I hope  
You'll march to Hell together. I have spoken;  
And if the lightning you in your true colours  
Can make the painter gracious, I stand ready  
For my reward; or if my words distaste you,  
I weigh it not, for though your groans were  
ready

To cut my throat for't, be assur'd I cannot  
Use other language.

Fiol. You think you have said now  
like a brave fellow. In this woman's war  
You ever have been train'd; spoke big, but  
suffer'd [gall'd,  
like a tame ass; and, when most spurr'd and  
were never master of the spleen or spirit  
That could raise up the anger of a man,  
And force it into action.

Jam. Yes, vile creature,  
Wert thou a subject worthy of my sword,  
Or that thy death, this moment, could call  
home  
My banish'd hopes, thou now wert dead;  
deal, woman!

But, being as thou art, it is sufficient  
I scorn thee, and condemn thee!

Fiol. This shews nobly,  
I must confess it: I am taken with it;  
For had you kneel'd, and whin'd, and shew'd  
a base

And low dejected mind, I had despis'd you.  
This bravery, in your adverse fortune, con-  
quers [den,  
And does command me; and, upon the sud-  
I feel a kind of pity growing in me,  
For your misfortunes: Pity, some say, 's the  
parent  
Of future love; and I repent my part  
So far in what you've suffer'd, that I could  
(But you are cold) do something to repair  
What your base brother (such, Jamie, I think  
Hath brought to ruin. [him)

Jam. Ha?

Fiol. Be not amaz'd;

Our injuries are equal in his bastard!  
You are familiar with what I groan for;  
And though the name of husband holds a tie  
Beyond a brother, I, a poor weak woman,  
Am sensible and tender of a wrong; [lets,  
And, to revenge it, would break through all  
That durst oppose me.

Jam. Is it possible?

Fiol. By this kiss! Start not. Thus much,  
as a stranger, [pleas'd,  
You may take from me; but, if you were  
I should select you as a bosom friend;  
I would print 'em thus, and thus.

Jam. Keep off.

Fiol. Come near.

Nearer,<sup>38</sup> into the cabinet of my counsels!  
Simplicity and patience dwell with fools,  
And let them bear those burdens, which wise  
men  
Boldly shake off! Be mine, and join with me;  
And when that I have rais'd you to a fortune,  
(Do not deny yourself the happy means)  
You'll look on me with more judicious eyes,  
And swear I am most fair.

Jam. What would this woman?

The purpose of these words? Speak not in  
riddles; [counsel,  
And when I understand what you would  
My answer shall be sudden.

Fiol. Thus then, Jamie:

The objects of our fury are the same;  
For young Ascanio, whom you snake-like  
lugg'd [bosom,  
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warm  
Lives to supplant you in your certain hopes,  
And kills in me all comfort.

Jam. Now 'tis plain;

I apprehend you: And, were he remov'd—  
Fiol. You, once again, were the undaunted  
heir. [fore,

Jam. 'Tis not to be deny'd. I was ice be-  
But now you've fir'd me.

Fiol. I'll add fuel to it;  
And, by a nearer cut, do you but steer

<sup>37</sup> To treat of your complexion were decorum.] Mr. Symphon reads, *to treat of your complexion with decorum*. We think his variation exceedingly improper; the Author's meaning appearing to be, 'Having treated of your stature, I shall, with propriety, mention your complexion, which is so far from fair,' &c.

<sup>38</sup> Near into.] This is one of Mr. Theobald's marginal corrections, which both restores the verse and heightens the sentiment. Seward.

As I direct you, we'll bring our bark into  
The port of happiness.

*Jam.* How?

*Viol.* By Henrique's death! [fortunes,  
But, you'll say, he's your brother: In great  
Which are epitomes of states and kingdoms,  
The politic brook no rivals.

*Jam.* Excellent!

For sure I think, out of a scrupulous fear,  
To feed in expectation, when I may,  
Dispensing but a little with my conscience,  
Come into full possession, would not argue  
One that desir'd to thrive.

*Viol.* Now you speak like  
A man that knows the world.

*Jam.* I needs must learn, [you,  
That have so good a tutress. And what think  
(Don Henrique and Ascanio cut off)  
That none may live that shall desire to trace us  
In our black paths, if that Octavio,  
His foster-father, and the said Jacintha,  
(Faith, pity her, and free her from her sor-  
rows)

Should fall companions with 'em? When  
we're red

With murder, let us often bathe in blood;  
The colour will be scarlet.

*Viol.* And that's glorious,  
And will protect the fact.

*Jam.* Suppose this done:  
If undiscover'd, we may get for money  
(As that, you know, buys any thing in Rome)  
A dispensation.

*Viol.* And be married?

*Jam.* True. [jewels,  
Or, if it be known, truss up our gold and  
And fly to some free state, and there with  
scorn— [admirable!

*Viol.* Laugh at the laws of Spain. 'Twere

*Jam.* We shall beget rare children. I am  
rapt with

The mere imagination!

*Viol.* Shall it be done?

*Jam.* Shall? 'tis too tedious. Furnish me  
with means

To hire the instruments, and to yourself  
Say it is done already. I will shew you,  
Ere the sun set, how much you've wrought  
upon me;

Your province is only to use some means  
'To send my brother to the grove, that's neigh-  
bour

To the west port o' th' city; leave the rest

To my own practice. I have talk'd too long,  
But now will do! This kiss, with my con-  
fession,

To work a fell revenge a man's a fool,  
If not instructed in a woman's school.

[*Exeunt*.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Bartolus, Alguazils, and an Ap-  
poritor.*

*The table set out, and stools.*

*Bar.* Ye are well enough disguis'd; furnish  
the table;

Make no show what ye are, till I discover:  
Not a soul knows you here: Be quick and  
diligent.

These youths I have invited to a breakfast,  
But what the sauce will be—I am of  
opinion

I shall take off the edges of their appetites,  
And grease their guns for eating heartily  
'This month or two. They have play'd their  
prizes with me,

And with their several flirts they've lighted  
dangerously;<sup>39</sup>

But sure I shall be quit! I hear 'em coming.  
Go off, and wait the bringing-in your service,  
And do it handsomely: You know where to  
have it.

*Enter Milones, Arsenio, Lopez, and Diego.*

Welcome, i' faith.

*Ars.* That's well said, honest lawyer.

*Lop.* Said like a neighbour.

*Bar.* Welcome all! All's over,<sup>40</sup>

And let's be merry.

*Mil.* To that end we came, Sir;

An hour of freedom's worth an age of jug-  
lings. [stomach]

*Die.* I am come too, Sir, to specify my  
A poor retainer to your worship's bounty.

*Bar.* And thou shalt have it fill'd, my  
merry Diego,

My liberal, and my bonny bounteous Diego;  
Even fill'd till it groan again.

*Die.* Let it have fair play,

And if it founder, then—

*Bar.* I'll tell ye, neighbours;

Tho' I were angry yesterday with ye all,  
And very angry, for methought ye bobb'd  
me—

<sup>39</sup> And with their several flirts they've lighted dangerously.] I can scarce affix any idea to the old reading, nor am I satisfied with my own conjecture [substituting dangers for dangerously]; it only seems the best of four that occurred, viz. they've slighted me, or they've slighted dangers, or lighted anger. Seward.

Lighted we understand to mean trifled; and Bartolus to say, 'these several flirts, or affronts, they have put on me, they think lightly of, but they shall find that they have trifled dangerously.

<sup>40</sup> Welcome all: all over.

And let's be merry.] The pointing of the first line must be wrong, if he only reiterates their welcome; but by the insertion I have made, the sense is quite different, and I think much better viz. All affronts are forgot, and let's be merry. Symson.

*Lop.* No, no, by no means.

*Bar.* No, when I consider'd

It was a jest, and carried off so quaintly,  
It made me merry, very merry, gentlemen.  
I do confess I could not sleep to think on't;  
The mirth so tickled me, I could not slumber.

*Lop.* Good mirth does always work so,  
honest mirth.

Now, should we've meant in earnest——

*Bar.* You say true, neighbour.

*Lop.* It might have bred such a distaste  
and sourness,

Such fond imaginations in your brains, Sir,  
For things thrust home in earnest——

*Bar.* Very certain; [long]

But I know ye all for merry wags, and ere  
Ye shall know me too in another fashion;  
Tho' ye're pamp'erd, ye shall bear part o' th'  
burden.

(Enter *Amaranta* and *Leandro*.)

Come, wife; come, bid 'em welcome: come,  
my jewel! [backward;

And, pupil, you shall come too. Ne'er hang  
Come, come, the woman's pleas'd, her anger's  
over;

Come, be not bashful.

*Ama.* What does he prepare here?

Sure there's no meat i' th' house, at least not  
dress'd. [bred crotchit

Does he mean to mock 'em? Or some new-  
Come o'er his brains? I do not like his kind-  
ness; [play,

But silence best becomes me. If he mean foul  
Sure they're enough to right themselves; and  
let 'em;

I'll sit by, so they beat him not to powder.

*Bar.* Bring in the meat there, ho! Sit  
down, dear neighbour;

A little meat needs little compliment;

Sit down, I say.

*Ama.* What do you mean by this, Sir?

*Bar.* Convey away their weapons hand-  
somer. [to answer you,

*Ama.* You know there's none i' th' house  
But the poor girl; you know there's no meat  
neither. [smoke else:

*Bar.* Peace, and be quiet; I shall make you  
There's men and meat enough. Set it down  
formally.

Enter *Alguazils*, with dishes.

*Ama.* I fear some lewd trick, yet I dare  
not speak on't.

*Bar.* I have no dainties for ye, gentlemen,  
Nor loads of meat, to make the room smell of  
'em:

Only a dish to every man I've dedicated;

And, if I've pleas'd his appetite——

*Lop.* Oh, a capon, [it.

A bird of grace, an't be thy will; I honour  
*Die.* For me some forty pound of lovely  
beef,

Plac'd in a mediterranean sea of brewis.

*Bar.* Fall to, fall to, that we may drink  
and laugh after.

Wait diligently, knaves!

*Mil.* What rare bit's this?

An execution! bless me!

*Bar.* Nay, take it to you, [Sir,

There's no avoiding it; 'tis somewhat tough,  
But a good stomach will endure it easily;

The sum is but a thousand ducats, Sir.

*Asc.* A capias from my surgeon, and my  
silk-man!

*Bar.* Your careful makers;<sup>41</sup> but they have  
marr'd your diet.

Stir not; your swords are gone; there's no  
avoiding me;

And these are alguazils. Do you hear that  
passing-bell?

*Lop.* A strong citation! bless me!

*Bar.* Out with your beads, Curate;

The devil's in your dish: Bell, book, and  
candle!

*Lop.* A warrant to appear before the judges!  
I must needs rise, and turn to th' wall.

*Bar.* You need not; [breeches.

Your fear, I hope, will make you find your  
*All.* We are betray'd!

*Bar.* Invited! do not wrong me.

Fall to, good guests; ye have diligent men  
about ye;

Ye shall want nothing that may persecute ye;  
These will not see ye start. Have I now

found ye?

Have I requited ye? Ye fool'd the lawyer,

And thought it meritorious to abuse him,

A thick ram-headed knave! Ye rid, ye spurr'd  
him, [him!

And glorified your wits, the more ye wrong'd  
Within this hour ye shall have all your cre-  
ditors,

A second dish of new debts, come upon ye,  
And new invitations to the whip, don Diego,

And excommunications for the learned Cu-  
rate;

A masque of all your furies shall dance to ye!

*Ars.* You dare not use us thus?

<sup>41</sup> *Your careful makers.*] As Mr. Simpson thinks this obscure, it may probably need explanation. The debauchees, who, in the next play, are said to be *daily mending like Dutch watches, and plaitering like old walls*, may properly call their surgeon their *maker*; their bodies are *made up* by him, and to him they owe their present being. I have myself heard one boast, that his last salvation *new-made* him. It is likewise very common, both in Shakespeare and our Authors, to call taylor and silk-men the *makers* of fops. Thus Kent, in *King Lear*, tells the foppish steward, that a *taylor made him*. 'Tis a nervous expression, that seems to annihilate both the soul and body, and to allow no worth or even existence to the fop, but in his clothes. *Steward.*

*Bar.* Ye shall be bobb'd, gentlemen.  
 Stir, and, as I have a life, ye go to prison,  
 To prison, without pity instantly;  
 Before ye speak another word, to prison.  
 I have a better guard without, that waits!  
 Do you see this man, don Curate? 'tis a 'pa-  
 ritor,'<sup>43</sup>

That comes to tell you a delightful story  
 Of an old whore you have, and then to teach  
 you

What is the penalty. Laugh at me now, Sir!  
 What legacy would you bequeath me now,  
 (And pay it on the nail) to fly my fory!

*Lop.* Oh, gentle Sir!

*Bar.* Dost thou hope I will be gentle,  
 Thou foolish unconsiderate Curate?

*Lop.* Let me go, Sir.

*Bar.* I'll see the hang first.

*Lop.* And, as I am a true vicar—  
 Hark in your ear, hark softly!

*Bar.* No, no bribery; [eal!  
 I'll have my swinge upon thee. Sirrah! ras-  
 you lentin-ehaps! you that lay sick, and  
 mock'd me;

Mock'd me abominably, abus'd me lewdly,  
 I'll make thee siek at heart, before I leave  
 thee, [nothing,

And groan, and die indeed, and be worth  
 Not worth a blessing, nor a bell to knell for  
 thee,

A sheet to cover thee, but that thou steal'st,  
 Steal'st from the merchant, and the ring he  
 was buried with,

Steal'st from his grave! Do you smell me now?

*Dic.* Have mercy on me!

*Bar.* No psalm of mercy shall hold me  
 from hanging thee!

How do ye like your breakfast? 'Tis but  
 short, gentlemen,

But sweet, and healthful. Your punishment,  
 and yours, Sir,

For some near reasons that concern my credit,  
 I will take to myself.

*Ama.* Do, Sir, and spare not:

I have been too good a wife, and too obe-  
 dient; [ish—

But, since you dare provoke me to be fool-  
*Lean.* She has, yes, and too worthy for  
 your usage;<sup>44</sup>

Before the world, I justify your goodness;  
 And turn that man, that dares but taint her  
 virtues, [man!]

To my sword's point (that lying man, that base  
 Turn him but face to face, that I may know  
 him!

*Bar.* What have I here?

*Lean.* A gentleman, a free man;

One that made trial of this lady's constancy,  
 And found it strong as fate! Leave off your  
 fooling; [nicled

For if you follow this course, you'll be chro-  
 For a devil, whilst a saint she's mention'd.

You know my name, indeed: I'm now no  
 lawyer.

*Enter Jamie and Assistant.*

*Dic.* Some comfort now, I hope; or else,  
 would I were hang'd up!

And yet, the judge! He makes me sweat.

*Bar.* What news now?

*Jam.* I'll justify, upon my life and credit,  
 What you have heard for truth, and will  
 make proof of. [there;

*Assist.* I will be ready at th' appointed hour  
 And so I leave you.

*Bar.* Stay, I beseech your worship,  
 And do but hear me.

*Jam.* Good Sir, intend this business,<sup>45</sup>  
 And let this bawling fool!<sup>46</sup> No more words,  
 lawyer, [sons:

And no more angers; for I guess your rea-  
 This gentleman I'll justify in all places,

And that fair lady's worth, let who dare cross  
 it. [lous,

The plot was cast by me, to make thee jea-  
 But not to wrong your wife; she's fair and  
 virtuous. [honour;

*Dic.* Take us to mercy too, we beseech your  
 We shall be justified the way of all flesh else.

*Jam.* No more talk, nor no more dissention,  
 lawyer;

I know your anger; 'tis a vain and slight one;  
 For, if you do, I'll lay your whole life open,

A life that all the world shall—I'll bring  
 witness,

And rip before a judge the ulcerous vil-  
 lanes—

You know I know you, and I can bring  
 witness.

*Bar.* Nay, good Sir, noble Sir!

*Jam.* Be at peace then presently;

Immediately take honest and fair truce  
 With your good wife, and shake hands with  
 that gentleman:

H' has honour'd you too much; and do it  
 cheerfully.

*Lop.* Take us along, for Heav'n sake, too!

*Bar.* I am friends,

(There is no remedy; I must put up all,

<sup>43</sup> 'Tis a paratour,] An apparitor (which is obviously meant here) is an officer that summons offenders, and serves the process in the spiritual court.

<sup>44</sup> ——— worthy of your usage.] Former editions. Seward.

<sup>45</sup> ——— intend this business.] Intend is here used to signify regard, or pay attention to. The reader will find it occur in the same sense in various parts of our Authors' works. In this play, p. 238, Ama. *Why do you stop me?* Lean. *That you may intend me.* Again, p. 244, Nothing intended but your eating and drinking?

<sup>46</sup> And let this bawling fool.] The modern copies say, leave this bawling fool; but as the word let is used to signify hindrance, or obstruction, we have followed the oldest books.

And like my neighbours rub it out by th' shoulders) [you,  
And perfect friends. Leandro, now I thank  
And there's my hand, I have no more grudge  
to you; [pany.

But I'm too mean henceforward for your com-  
Leon. I shall not trouble you.

Ans. We will be friends too. [further;

Mil. Nay, lawyer, you shall not fright us  
For all your devils, we will bolt.

Bar. I grant you; [coming:  
The gentleman's your bail, and thank his  
Did he not know me too well, you should  
smart for't. [gentlemen,

Go all in peace; but, when ye fool next,  
Come not to me to breakfast.

Die. I'll be bak'd first.

Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye're  
bold and merry, [ye.

The lawyer's banquet, and the sauce he gave  
Jam. Come, go along; I have employment  
for you, [you;

Employment for your lewd brains too, to cool  
For all, for every one.

All. We're all your servants.

Die. All, all, for any thing! From this  
day forward, [ners.

I'll hate all breakfasts, and depend on din-  
Jam. I'm glad you come off fair.

Leon. T'be fair has blest me. [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, and Ascanio.

Oct. This is the place; but why we are  
appointed

By don Jamie to stay here, is a depth  
I cannot sound.

Asc. Believe't, he is too noble  
To purpose any thing but for our good.  
Had I assurance of a thousand lives,  
And with them 'perpetuity of pleasure,  
And should lose all, if he proved only false,  
Yet I durst run the hazard.

Jac. 'Tis our comfort,  
We cannot be more wretched than we are;  
And death concludes all misery.

Oct. Undiscover'd,  
We must attend him.

Enter Henrique and Jamie.

Asc. Our stay is not long.  
With him don Henrique?

Jac. Now I fear! be silent.

Hen. Why dost thou follow me?

Jam. To save your life;

A plot is laid for't. All my wrongs forgot,  
I have a brother's love.

Hen. But thy false self,  
I fear no enemy.

Jam. You have no friend,  
But what breathes in me. If you move a step  
Beyond this ground you tread on, you are lost.

Hen. 'Tis by thy practice then. I am sent  
hither

To meet her that prefers my life and safety  
Before her own.

Jam. That you should be abus'd thus,  
With weak credulity! She, for whose sake  
You have forgot we had one noble father,  
Or that one mother bare us; for whose love  
You brake a contract to which Heav'n was  
witness;

To satisfy whose pride and wilful humour  
You have expos'd a sweet and hopeful son  
To all the miseries that want can bring him,  
(And such a son, though you are most ob-  
durate,

To give whom entertainment savages  
Would quit their caves themselves, to keep  
him from [man,

Bleak cold and hunger!) this dissembling wo-  
This idol whom you worship, all your love  
And service trod under her feet, designs you  
To fill a grave, or dead to lie a prey  
For wolves and vultures.

Hen. 'Tis false. I defy thee,  
And stand upon my guard!

Enter Leandro, Milanese, Arsenio, Bartolus,  
Lopez, Diego, Octavio, Jacintha, As-  
canio, and Servants.

Jam. Alas, 'tis weak.

Come on! Since you will teach me to be cruel,  
By having no faith in me, take your fortune.  
Bring the rest forth, and bind them fast.

Oct. My lord!

Asc. In what have we offended?

Jam. I am deaf;

And following my will, I do not stand  
Accountable to reason. See her ring, [her,  
The first pledge of your love and service to  
Deliver'd as a warrant for your death!

These bags of gold you gave up to her trust,  
The use of which you did deny yourself,  
Bestow'd on me, (and with a prodigal hand)  
Whom she pick'd forth to be the architect

Of her most bloody building; and to fee  
These instruments, to bring materials

To raise it up, she bad me spare no cost,  
And, as a surplussage, offer'd herself

To be at my devotion.

Hen. Oh, accurs'd!

Jam. But, be incredulous still; think this  
my plot;

Fashion excuses to yourself, and swear  
That she is innocent, that she dotes on you.

Believe this as a fearful dream, and that  
You lie not at my mercy, which in this

I will shew only: She herself shall give  
The dreadful sentence, to remove all scruple

Who 'tis that sends you to the other world.

(Enter Violante.)

Appears my Violante? Speak, my dearest,  
Does not the object please you?

*Viol.* More than if  
All treasure that's above the earth, with that  
That lies conceal'd in both the Indian mines,  
Were laid down at my feet! Oh, bold Jamie,  
'Thou only canst deserve me!

*Jam.* I am forward;  
And, as you easily may perceive, I sleep not  
On your commands.

*Enter Assistant and Officers.*

*Viol.* But yet they live: I look'd  
To find them dead.

*Jam.* That was deferr'd, that you  
Might triumph in their misery, and have the  
power

To say 'they are not.'

*Viol.* 'Twas well thought upon.  
This kiss, and all the pleasures of my bed  
This night, shall thank thee.

*Hen.* Monster!

*Viol.* You, Sir, that  
Would have me mother bastards, being unable  
To honour me with one child of mine own,  
That underneath my roof kept your cast  
strumpet,

And out of my revenues would maintain  
Her riotous issue: now you find what 'tis  
To tempt a woman! With as little feeling  
As I turn off a slave, that is unfit  
To do me service; or a horse, or dog,  
That have out-liv'd their use; I shake thee off,  
To make thy peace with Heav'n!

*Hen.* I do deserve this;  
And never truly felt before, what sorrow  
Attends on wilful dotage.

*Viol.* For you, mistress,  
That had the pleasure of his youth before me,  
And triumph'd in the fruit that you had by  
him,  
But that I think, to have the bastard strangled  
Before thy face, and thou with speed to follow  
The way he leads thee, is sufficient torture,  
I would cut off thy nose, put out thy eyes,  
And set my foot on those bewitching lips,  
That had the start of mine! But, as thou art,  
Go to the grave unpitied.

*Assist.* Who would believe  
Such rage could be in woman?

*Viol.* For this fellow,  
He is not worth my knowledge.

*Jam.* Let him live then,  
Since you esteem him innocent.

*Viol.* No, Jamie,  
He shall make up the mess. Now strike to-  
gether,  
And let them fall so!

*Assist.* Unheard-of cruelty!  
I can endure no longer: Seize on her!

*Viol.* Am I betray'd?  
Is this thy faith, Jamie?

*Jam.* Could your desires  
Challenge performance of a deed so horrid?  
Or, though that you had sold yourself to Hell,

I should make up the bargain? Live, dear  
brother,

Live long, and happy! I forgive you freely;  
To have done you this service, is to me  
A fair inheritance; and howe'er harsh lan-  
guage,

Call'd on by your rough usage, pass'd my lips,  
In my heart I ever lov'd you. All my labours  
Were but to shew, how much your love was  
cozen'd,

When it beheld itself in this false glass,  
That did abuse you; and I am so far  
From envying young Ascanio his good fortune,  
That, if your state were mine, I would adopt  
him.

These are the murderers; my noble friends!  
Which, to make trial of her bloody purpose,  
I won, to come disguis'd thus.

*Hen.* I am too full [do,  
Of grief and shame to speak: But what I'll  
Shall to the world proclaim my penitence;  
And, howsoever I have liv'd, I'll die  
A much-chang'd man.

*Jam.* Were it but possible  
You could make satisfaction to this woman,  
Our joys were perfect.

*Hen.* That's my only comfort,  
That it is in my pow'r: I ne'er was married  
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,  
But daily did defer it, still expecting  
When grief would kill Jacintha.

*Assist.* All's come out, [rique;  
And finds a fair success. Take her, don Hen-  
And once again embrace your son.

*Hen.* Most gladly.

*Assist.* Your brother hath deserv'd all.

*Hen.* And shall share

The moiety of my state.  
*Assist.* I have heard, advocate,  
What an ill instrument you have been to him:  
From this time strengthen him with honest  
counsels,  
And you'll deserve my pardon.

*Bar.* I'll change my copy:  
But I am punish'd, for I fear I have had  
A smart blow, though unseen.

*Assist.* Curate, and Sexton,  
I have heard of you too; let me hear no more,  
And what's past is forgotten. For this wo-  
man;

Though her intent were bloody, yet our law  
Calls it not death; yet, that her punishment  
May deter others from such bad attempts,  
The dowry she brought with her shall be em-  
ploy'd

To build a nunnery, where she shall spend  
The remnant of her life.

*Viol.* Since I have miss'd my ends,  
I scorn what can fall on me.

*Assist.* The strict discipline  
O' th' church will teach you better thought.  
And, signiors,

You that are batchelors, if you ever marry,  
In Bartolus you may behold the issue

Of covetousness and jealousy; and of dotage,  
And falshood in don Henrique. Keep a mean  
then;

For be assur'd, that weak man meet all ill,  
That gives himself up to a woman's will.

[*Exeunt.*]

### THE EPILOGUE.

THE play is done, yet our suit never ends,  
Still when you part, you would still part our  
friends,  
Our noblest friends! If aught have fall'n amiss,  
Oh, let it be sufficient, that it is,

And you have pardon'd it. (In buildings great,  
All the whole body cannot be so neat,  
But something may be mended.) Those are  
fair,<sup>46</sup>  
And worthy love, that may destroy, but spare.

<sup>46</sup> *But something may be mended: Those are fair,*] As the text stood before, it had great obscurity; *buildings* seeming the antecedent to *those*; it means those persons are fair or candid judges, who spare what they might destroy. *Seward.*





# WIT WITHOUT MONEY.

## A COMEDY.

This Comedy is universally allowed to be the joint production of our Authors. The first edition was printed in 1639. It was the first play that was acted after the burning of the King's House in Drury Lane; a new prologue being then wrote for the occasion, by Mr. Dryden. About the year 1708, it was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, with *alterations*, and, as the title-page modestly asserts, *amendments*, by some Persons of Quality. It hath been since frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

VALENTINE, { *a gallant that will not be persuaded to keep his estate.*  
FRANCISCO, *his younger brother.*  
MASTER LOVEGOOD, *their uncle.*  
A MERCHANT, *friend to Master Lovegood.*  
FOUNTAIN, { *companions of Valentine, and*  
BELLAMORE, { *suitors to the widow.*  
HAREBRAIN, {  
LANCE, { *a falconer, and an ancient servant*  
          { *to Valentine's father.*  
SHORTHOSE, { *the clown, and servant to the*  
              { *widow.*

ROGER, {  
RALPH, and } *three servants to the widow.*  
HUMPHRY, }  
          *Three Servants.*  
          *Musicians.*

#### WOMEN.

LADY HARTWELL, *a widow.*  
ISABELL, *her sister.*  
LUCE, { *a waiting-gentlewoman to the wi-*  
          { *dow.*

### ACT I.

*Enter Unc.e and Merchant.*

*Merchant.* WHEN saw you Valentine?  
*Unc.* Not since the horse-  
race;  
He's taken up with those that wooe the widow.  
*Mer.* How can he live by snatches from  
He bore a worthy mind. [such people?  
*Unc.* Alas, he's sunk, [is worse,  
His means are gone, he wants, and, which  
Takes a delight in doing so.  
*Mer.* That's strange.

*Unc.* Runs lunatick, if you but talk of  
states:<sup>1</sup>  
He can't be brought, now he has spent his own,  
To think there is inheritance or means,  
But all a common riches, all men bound  
To be his bailiffs.  
*Mer.* This is something dangerous.  
*Unc.* No gentleman that has estate,<sup>2</sup> to use it  
In keeping house, or followers, for those ways  
He cries against, for eating sins, dull surfeits,  
Cramming of serving-men, mustering of beg-  
gars,

<sup>1</sup> *States.*] *State and estate* are generally used in the same sense throughout this play.

*Seward.*

<sup>2</sup> *No gent. that has estate to use it, &c.*] Mr. Seward reads, or rather writes, *No gentleman that has estate's to use it*; and says, he could not make sense of the passage, till he added the verb, which 'consists here of a single letter.' Such an addition is certainly inelegant, and (as we think) unnecessary. The beginning of the Uncle's speech is a resumption of his last; both summing up the romantick ideas of Valentine, in regard to property: *All a common riches, all men bound to be his bailiffs*—*No gentleman that has estate to use it, &c.*

Maintaining hospitals for kites and cures,  
Grounding their fat faiths upon old country  
proverbs,

God bless the founders! These he would have  
Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage,<sup>3</sup>  
And never thinks of state, or means, the  
ground-works; [bodies,  
Holding it monstrous, men should feed their  
And starve their understandings.

*Mer.* That's most certain.

*Unc.* Yes, if he could stay there.

*Mer.* Why, let him marry,  
And that way rise again.

*Unc.* It's most impossible;  
He will not look with any handsomeness  
Upon a woman.

*Mer.* Is he so strange to women?

*Unc.* I know not what it is; a foolish glory  
He has got, I know not where, to balk those  
benefits;

And yet he will converse and flatter 'em,  
Make 'em, or fair or foul, rugged or smooth,  
As his impression serves; for he affirms,  
They're only lumps, and undigested pieces,  
Lick'd over to a form by our affections, [pass.  
And then they show. The Lovers! let 'em

*Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain.*

*Mer.* He might be one; he carries as much  
They are wondrous merry. [promise.

*Unc.* Oh, their hopes are high, Sir.

*Fount.* Is Valentine come to town?

*Bel.* Last night, I heard. [reactions;

*Fount.* We miss him monstrously in our dis-  
For this widow is as stately, and as crafty,  
And stands, I warrant you—

*Hare.* Let her stand sore;  
She falls before us else. Come, let's go seek  
Valentine.

*Mer.* This widow seems a gallant.

*Unc.* A goodly woman;  
And to her handsomeness she bears her state,  
Reserv'd and great;<sup>4</sup> Fortune has made her  
mistress

Of a full means, and well she knows to use it.

*Mer.* I would Valentine had her.

*Unc.* There's no hope of that, Sir.

*Mer.* O' that condition, he had his mort-  
gage in again.<sup>5</sup>

*Unc.* I would be had.

*Mer.* Seek means, and see what I'll do;

(However, let the money be paid in;)  
I never sought a gentleman's undoing,  
Nor eat the bread of other men's vexations.  
The mortgage shall be render'd back; take  
time for't.

You told me of another brother.

*Unc.* Yes, Sir,

More miserable than he, for he has eat him  
And drank him up; a handsome gentleman,  
And a fine scholar.

*Enter three Tenants.*

*Mer.* What are these?

*Unc.* The tenants;

They'll do what they can.

*Mer.* It is well prepar'd. [him;  
Be earnest, honest friends, and loud upon  
He's deaf to his own good.

*Lance.* We mean to tell him

Part of our minds, an't please you.

*Mer.* Do, and do it home,

<sup>3</sup> *Into more manly uses, wit, and carriage.*] Mr. Sympson would read *wit and courage*: taking, I believe, *manly* to signify *courageous*; but *manly*, both here and in the next scene, is the same as *humane*, or what is proper to the nature of man. Seward.

*Wit and carriage* is certainly right, and confirmed by the whole tenor of the play. When Valentine is reproaching the Lovers (towards the conclusion of the third act) he says to them, *who taught you manners, and apt carriage?* Many other passages in the play likewise support this reading.

<sup>4</sup> *And to her handsomeness she bears her state reserv'd, and great fortune has made her mistress of a full means.*] The want of attention to the metre here caused the former Editors to spoil the sense by giving an unmeaning epithet to Fortune. It may perhaps be asked, how the removal of a stop from one word to another can affect the measure; let it be plac'd with its former stop in its station as a verse, and every reader that has an ear will perceive its harshness.

— *she bears her state*  
*Reserv'd, and great fortune has made her mistress*  
*Of a full means*—

Remove the stop to its right place, and the verse recovers its harmony. They who would search the reason of this, must first know that the principal rule by which the English heroic verse is govern'd, is, that the even syllables, viz. the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth must have the accents upon them; and, secondly, that there is one only exception to this rule, viz. That where a pause precedes an odd syllable, there the odd syllable may have the accent. Thus in the case above, the first syllable of *fortune* is the fifth in the verse, and unless the pause immediately precedes, it spoils the metre. All the writers upon the English measure that I have seen, have not only been very deficient for want of knowing this exception to the general rule above, but have fall'n into great errors, and condemned verses that were remarkably harmonious. Seward.

<sup>5</sup> *He had his mortgage in again.*] *He had*, in this place, according to the old manner, signifies *he should have*.

And in what my care may help, or my per-  
When we meet next— [suasions,

Unc. Do but persuade him fairly;  
And for your money, mine, and these men's  
thanks too,

And what we can be able—

Mer. You're most honest;  
You shall find me no less, and so I leave you.  
Prosper your business, friends! [Exit Mer.

Unc. Pray Heav'n it may, Sir.

Lance. Nay, if he will be mad, I'll be  
mad with him,

And tell him that—I'll not spare him—  
His father kept good meat, good drink, good  
fellows, [hours welcome;

Good hawks, good hounds, and bid his neigh-  
Kept him too, and supplied his prodigality,  
Yet kept his state still.

Must we turn tenants now (after we have liv'd  
Under the race of gentry, and maintain'd

Good yeomanry) to some of the city,  
To a greater shoulder of mutton and a custard,

And have our state turn'd into cabbage-gar-  
Must it be so? [deus?

Unc. You must be milder to him.

Lance. That's as he makes his game.

Unc. Entreat him lovingly,

And make him feel.

Lance. I'll pinch him to the bones else.

Val. (within) And tell the gentleman, I'll  
be with him presently.

Say I want money too; I must not fail, boy.

Lance. You will want clothes, I hope.

Enter Valentine.

Val. Bid the young courtier

Repair to me anon; I'll read to him.

Unc. He comes; be diligent, but not too  
Start him, but not affright him. [rugged;

Val. Phew! are you there? [angry.

Unc. We come to see you, nephew; be not

Val. Why do you dog me thus, with these  
strange people? [more,

Why, all the world shall never make me rich  
Nor master of these troubles.

Ten. We beseech you,

For our poor children's sake.

Val. Who bid you get 'em?

Have you not threshing work enough, but  
children

Must be bang'd out o' th' sheaf too? Other  
men,

With all their delicates, and healthful diets,  
Can get but wind-eggs: You, with a clove of

garlick, [sour milk,

A piece of cheese would break a saw, and  
Can mount like stallions; and I must maintain

These tumbler!

Lance. You ought to maintain us; we  
Have maintain'd you, and when you slept  
provided for you. [labours;

Who bought the silk you wear? I think our  
Reckon, you'll find it so. Who found your

horses, [vans,

Perpetual pots of ale,<sup>6</sup> maintain'd your ta-  
And who extol'd you in the half-crown boxes,

Where you might sit and muster all the beau-  
ties? [pies!

We had no hand in these; no, we're all pup-  
Your tenants base vexations!

Val. Very well, Sir.

Lance. Had you land, Sir,

And honest men to serve your purposes,  
Honest and faithful, and will you run away

from 'em,  
Betray yourself, and your poor tribe to misery;

Mortgage all us, like old cloaks? Where will  
you hunt next?

You had a thousand acres, fair and open:  
The King's Bench is enclos'd, there's no good

riding; [heed, Sir]

The Counter's full of thorns and brakes (take  
And bogs; you'll quickly find what broth<sup>7</sup>

they're made of.

Val. You're short and pithy.

Lance. They say you're a fine gentleman,  
And excellent judgment they report you have;

a wit; [cloak with you,

Keep yourself out o' th' rain,<sup>8</sup> and take your  
Which by interpretation is your state, Sir,

Or I shall think your fame belied you. You  
And may have means. [have money,

Val. I prithee leave prating!

Does my good lie within thy brain to further,  
Or my undoing in thy pity? Go, [horses,

Go, get you home; there whistle to your  
And let them edify! Away, sow hemp,

To hang yourselves withal! What am I to you,  
Or you to me? Am I your landlord, puppies?

Unc. This is unevill.

<sup>6</sup> *Who found your horses perpetual pots of ale.*] This is evidently corrupt. Mr. Sympon conjectures, *Who found your horses perpetual outs and hay?* But as my correction seems more easy, and is confirm'd by Mr. Theobald's concurrence, I have ventured to insert it in the text.

Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *Who found you horses?*

The old reading, with only the insertion of a stop, conveys the same sense as Mr. Seward's amendment.

<sup>7</sup> *What broth they're made of.*] Mr. Sympon reads, with Mr. Seward's concurrence,

*You'll quickly find what both they're made of.*

We think *broth* the right word, meaning, 'You'll soon find what sort of *liquid* is in the bogs.' After all, *broth* is a strange expression, but Mr. Sympon's reading is hard, and scarcely English.

<sup>8</sup> *Keep yourself out o' th' rain, &c.*] You are wise, keep you warm.

Vol. I.

2 L

*Val.* More unmerciful you, [dings;  
To vex me with these bacon-broth and pud-  
They are the walking shapes of all my sorrows!

*3 Ten.* Your father's worship would have  
us'd us better.

*Val.* My father's worship was a fool!

*Lance.* Hey, hey, boys!

Old Valentine i' faith; the old boy still!

*Unc.* Fy, cousin! [never

*Val.* I mean besotted to his state; he had  
Left me the misery of so much means else,  
Which, till I sold, was a mere megrim to me.  
If you will talk, turn out these tenants:  
They are as killing to my nature, Unele,  
As water to a fever.

*Lance.* We will go;

But 'tis like rams, to come again the stronger:  
And you shall keep your state!

*Val.* Thou liest; I will not.

*Lance.* Sweet Sir, thou liest; thou shalt;  
and so good morrow! [Exeunt Tenants.

*Val.* This was my man, and of a noble  
Now to your business, Unele. [breeding.

*Unc.* To your state then. [it no more;

*Val.* 'Tis gone, and I am glad on't; name  
'Tis that I pray against, and Heav'n has heard  
I tell you, Sir, I am more fearful of it, [me.  
I mean of thinking of more lands, or livings,  
Than sickly men are travelling o' Sundays,  
For being quell'd with earriers. Out upon't!  
*Caveat emptor!* Let the fool out-sweat it,  
That thinks he has got a catch on't.

*Unc.* This is madness,  
To be a wilful beggar.

*Val.* I am mad then,

And so I mean to be; will that content you?  
How bravely now I live, how jocund!  
How near the first inheritance, without fears!  
How free from title-troubles!

*Unc.* And from means too.

*Val.* Means? Why, all good men's my  
means;<sup>9</sup> my wit's my plough,  
The town's my stock, tavern's my standing-  
house, [gentlemen  
And all the world knows there's no want; all  
That love society, love me; all purses  
That wit and pleasure open, are my tenants;  
Every man's clothes fit me, the next fair lodging  
Is but my next remove, and when I please  
To be more eminent, and take the air,  
A piece is levied, and a coach prepar'd,  
And I go I care not whither. What need  
state here?

*Unc.* But, say these means were honest, will  
they last, Sir?

*Val.* Far longer than your jerkin, and wear  
fairer;  
Should I take ought of you? 'Tis true, I  
beg'd now,

Or which is worse than that, I stole a kindness,  
And which is worst of all, I lost my way in't;  
Your mind is enclosed, nothing lies open nobly,  
Your very thoughts are hinds that work on  
nothing,

But daily sweat and trouble: Were my way  
So full of dirt as this? 'Tis true, I shifted.  
Are my acquaintance grasers? But, Sir, know,  
No man that I'm allied to, in my living,  
But makes it equal, whether his own use,  
Or my necessity, pull first; nor is this forc'd,  
But the mere quality and poisure of goodness;  
And do you think I venture nothing equal?

*Unc.* You pose me, cousin.

*Val.* What's my knowledge, Unele? Is't  
not worth money? [ing, wit,  
What's my understanding, my travel, read-  
All these digested, my daily making men,  
Some to speak, that too much phlegm had  
frozen up; [their peace,  
Some other that spoke too much, to hold  
And put their tongues to pensions; some to  
wear their clothes, [Uncle!  
And some to keep 'em? <sup>10</sup> These are nothing,  
Besides these ways, to teach the way of nature,  
A manly love, community to all  
That are deservers—not examining [wicked,  
How much, or what's done for them—it is  
And such a one, like you, chews his thoughts  
double,  
Making 'em only food for his repentance.

*Enter two Servants.*

*1 Ser.* This cloak and hat, Sir, and my  
master's love. [that,

*Val.* Commend us to thy master, and take  
And leave 'em at my lodging.

*1 Ser.* I shall do't, Sir.

*Val.* I do not think of these things. [you.

*2 Ser.* Please you, Sir, I have gold here for  
*Val.* Give it me. Drink that, and com-  
mend me to thy master.

Look you, Unele, do I beg these?

*Unc.* No sure, it is your worth, Sir.

*Val.* 'Tis like enough; but, pray satisfy me,  
Are not these ways as honest as persecuting  
The starv'd inheritance, with musty corn  
The very rats were fain to run away from  
Or selling rotten wood by the pound, like spices,  
Which gentlemen do after burn by th' ounces?  
Do not I know your way of feeling beasts  
With grains, and windy stuff, to blow up  
butchers?

Your racking pastures, that have eaten up  
As many singing shepherds, and their issues,  
As Andeluzia breeds? These are authentic.  
I tell you, Sir, I would not change ways with  
Unless it were to sell your state that hour, [you,  
And, if 'twere possible, to spend it then too,

<sup>9</sup> *All good men's my means*] This is the reading of the oldest copies; the modern (more grammatically, but less poetically) say, *All good men are my means*.

<sup>10</sup> It is plain to any one, who reads the two or three foregoing speeches of Valentine attentively, that he is defending his romantick humour, arguing by way of interrogation; according to which we have reformed the pointing, and, we hope, cleared the text from obscurity.

For all your beasts in Rumney.<sup>11</sup> Now you know me. [you're grown]

Unc. I would you knew yourself; but, since Such a strange enemy to all that fits you, Give me leave to make your brother's fortune.

Val. How? [may recover;]

Unc. From your mortgage, which yet you I'll find the means.

Val. Pray save your labour, Sir; My brother and myself will run one fortune, And I think, what I hold a mere vexation Cannot be safe for him; I love him better; He has wit at will, the world has means, he shall live

Without this triek of state; we are heirs both, And all the world before us.

Unc. My last offer,

And then I'm gone.

Val. What is't? and then I'll answer.

Unc. What think you of a wife yet to restore you?

And tell me seriously, without these trifles.

Val. An you can find one that can please You shall not find me stubborn. [my fancy,

Unc. Speak your woman. [mendations]

Val. One without eyes, that is, self-com- (For when they find they're handsome, they're unwholesome);

One without ears, not giving time to flatterers (For she that hears herself commended, wavers, And points men out a way to make 'em wicked); [man]

One without substance of herself;<sup>12</sup> that w- Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton, Though she be young; forgetting it, tho' fair;

<sup>11</sup> For all your beans in Rumnillo, now you know me.] I would not conclude that there is no such place in England as Rumnillo, merely because I never heard of it; but it does not sound like an English name, and what weighs more with me, it gives a redundant syllable to the verse. The Unele is before described as a great grazier; his beasts therefore are more likely to be mentioned, as the chief of his wealth, than his beans. Rumney Marsh, in Kent, is remarkably famous for fattening cattle; I think therefore my conjecture was probably the true reading.

Seward.

<sup>12</sup> One without substance of her self, that woman without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton, though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, making her glass, &c.] Mr. Seward reads, One without substance of herself; that woman Without the pleasure of her life, that's wanton; Though she be young, forgetting it, though fair, Making her glass, &c.

This passage is certainly difficult, but Mr. Seward's reading has rendered it still more obscure than the licentious pointing of the old books. Our reading is with a strict adherence to the old text, and with but small variation from the old punctuation. The sense of the whole speech we conceive to be this: 'The woman I expect is, one without eyes, to discover her own charms; one without ears, to receive flattery; one without substance of herself, i. e. one without the *vera essentia* of woman; a woman, without wantonness (the chief pleasure of woman's life) though young; unconscious of her beauty, though fair, &c. &c.' This sense is easily obtained by our regulation of the stops, and is (as we believe) the true one.

<sup>13</sup> I am a carvel to her.] Carvel, from the Spanish word *caravila*, an old-fashioned vessel, formerly much used in Spain, sharp before, ill-shaped every way, and all the masts stooping forwards. Their sails are all mizen-sails, that is, triangular; they will lie nearer the wind than other sails, but are not so commodious to handle.—This is the explanation given by the Spanish Dictionaries. Carvel here seems to be used for a small ship, in the same sense as it is by Sir Walter Raleigh: 'I gave them order, if they found any Indians there, to send in the little fly boat, or the carvel, into the river; for with our great ships we durst not approach the coast.' R.

Making her glass the eyes of honest men, Not her own admiration; all her ends Obedience, all her hours new blessings; if There may be such a woman.

Unc. Yes, there may be.

Val. And without state too?

Unc. You're dispos'd to trifle. [me next, Well, fare you well, Sir! When you want You'll seek me out a better seuse.

Val. Farewell, Uncle,

And as you love your state, let not me hear on't.

[Exit.

Unc. It shall not trouble you. I'll watch him still;

And, when his friends fall off, then bend his will. [Exit.

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Luce. I know the cause of all this sadness now; Your sister has engross'd all the brave Lovers.

Isab. She has wherewithal, much good may't do her! [ears,

Prithee, speak softly; we are open to men's

Luce. Fear not, we're safe; we may see all that pass, [language,

Hear all, and make ourselves merry with their And yet stand undiscover'd. Be not melan- You are as fair as she. [holly;

Isab. Who, I? I thank you;

I am as haste ordain'd me, a thing slubber'd:

My sister is a goodly, portly lady,

A woman of a presence; she spreads satin,

As the king's ships do canvas, every where.

She may spare me her mizen, and her bonnets,

Strike her main petticoat, and yet out-sail me;

I am a carvel to her.<sup>13</sup>

*Luce.* But a tight one.

*Isab.* She is excellent well built too.

*Luce.* And yet she's old.

*Isab.* She never saw above one voyage, *Luce*,  
And, eredit me, after another, her hull  
Will serve again, and a right good merchant.  
She plays, and sings too, dances and discourses,  
Comes very near essays, a pretty poet,  
Begins to piddle with philosophy,  
A subtle chymic wench, and can extract  
The spirit of mens' estates; she has the light  
Before her, and cannot miss her choice. For  
'Tis reason I wait my mean fortune. [me,  
*Luce.* You are so bashful!

*Isab.* 'Tis not at first word up and ride;  
thou'rt cozen'd; [lose  
That would shew mad, i'faith! Besides, we  
The main part of our politic government,  
If we become provokers: Then we are fair,  
And fit for mens' embraces, when, like towns,  
They lie before us ages, yet not carried:  
Hold out their strongest batteries, then com-  
pound too

Without the loss of honour, and march off  
With our fair wedding-colours flying! Who  
are these?

*Enter Francisco and Luce.*

*Luce.* I know not, nor I care not.

*Isab.* Prithee peace then!

A well-built gentleman.

*Luce.* But poorly thatch'd!

*Lance.* Has he devour'd you too?

*Fran.* H' has gulp'd me down, *Lance*.

*Lance.* Left you no means to study?

*Fran.* Not a farthing:

Dispatch'd my poor annuity, I thank him.  
Here's all the hope I've left, one bare ten  
shillings.

*Lance.* You're fit for great men's services.

*Fran.* I am fit, but who will take me thus?  
Men's miseries are now accounted  
Stains in their natures. I have travelled,  
And I have studied long, observ'd all king-  
doms,

Know all the promises of art and manners:  
Yet, that I am not bold, nor cannot flatter,  
I shall not thrive; all these are but vain stu-  
dies! [Lance?

Art thou so rich as to get me a lodging,

*Lance.* I'll sell the tiles<sup>24</sup> of my house  
else, my horse, my hawk; [Francis,  
Nay, 'death, I'll pawn my wife! Oh, Mr.  
That I should see your father's house fall thus!

*Isab.* An honest fellow!

*Lance.* Your father's house, that fed me,  
That bred up all my name?

*Isab.* A grateful fellow!

*Lance.* And fall by—

*Fran.* Peace; I know you're angry, *Lance*,  
But I must not hear with whom; he is my  
brother, [dear brother!

And, though you hold him slight, my most  
A gentleman, excepting some few rubs,  
(He were too excellent to live here else)  
Fraught as deep with noble and brave parts,  
The issues of a noble and manly spirit,  
As any he alive. I must not hear you:  
Though I am miserable, and he made me so,  
Yet still he is my brother, still I love him,  
And to that tie of blood link my affections.

*Isab.* A noble nature! Dost thou know

*Luce.* No, mistress. [him, *Luce*?

*Isab.* Thou shouldst ever know such good  
men. [there together!

What a fair body and a mind are married  
Did he not say he wanted?

*Luce.* What is that to you?

*Isab.* 'Tis true, but 'tis great pity.

*Luce.* How she changes! [men too—  
Ten thousand more than he, as handsome

*Isab.* 'Tis like enough; but, as I live, this  
gentleman, [knowing him?

Among ten thousand thousand—Is there no  
Why should he want? Fellows of no merit,  
Slight and puff'd souls, that walk like sha-  
dows by,

Leaving no print of what they are, or poise,<sup>25</sup>  
Let them complain!

*Luce.* Her colour changes strangely.

*Isab.* This man was made to mark his  
wants, to waken us; [him,  
Alas, poor gentleman! But will that fledge  
Keep him from cold? Believe me lie's well-  
And cannot be but of a noble lineage; [bred,  
Mark him, and mark him well.

*Luce.* 'Is a handsome man. [him off;

*Isab.* The sweetness of his suff'rance sets  
Oh, *Luce*—But whither go I?

*Luce.* You cannot hide it.

<sup>24</sup> *I'll sell the tiles of my house else, my horse, my hawk.*] Mr. Theobald has made a query in his margin, whether this should be *tile* or *tiles*. I make no doubt of determining for the last, not because it was my own and Mr. Sympton's conjecture long since, but that the very same expression, *I'll sell the tiles of my house*, occurs in another play of our Authors.

*Seward.*

<sup>25</sup> *Or poise.*] The construction of this is a little difficult, leaving no print of what they are, or of what poise or weight they were. Mr. Sympton not admitting this, would put *voice* for *poise*, it being the property of shadows neither to leave print or *voice* behind them. And *voice*, he says, is used by our Authors for fame. If this be not admitted he would read, *for those, let them complain*. But I cannot see sufficient reason for any change. Little difficulties of construction and incorrectnesses of language too frequently occur to suppose our Authors not sometimes really guilty of them.

*Seward.*

We think this passage possesses a graceful familiarity of phrase, and is without any difficulty of construction.

*Isab.* I would he had what I can spare.

*Luce.* 'Tis charitable.

*Lance.* Come, Sir, I'll see you lodg'd; you've tied my tongue fast.

I'll steal before you want; 'tis but a hanging!

[*Exeunt Lance and Francisco.*]

*Isab.* That's a good fellow too, an honest fellow! [know—]

Why, this would move a stone. I must needs But that some other time.

*Luce.* Is the wind there?

That makes for me.

*Isab.* Come, I forget a business. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

*Enter Widow and Luce.*

*Wid.* MY sister, and a woman of so base a What was the fellow? [pity!]

*Luce.* Why, an ordinary man, madam.

*Wid.* Poor? [whence neither.]

*Luce.* Poor enough; and no man knows from

*Wid.* What could she see?

*Luce.* Only his misery? [somer.]

For else she might behold a hundred hand-

*Wid.* Did she change much?

*Luce.* Extremely, when he spoke;

And then her pity, like an orator, (I fear her love) fram'd such a commendation, And follow'd it so far, as made me wonder.

*Wid.* Is she so hot, or such a want of lovers, That she must dote upon afflictions?

Why does she not go rummage all the prisons, And there bestow her youth, bewray her wantonness, [gary?]

And fly her honour, common both to beg-Did she speak to him?

*Luce.* No, he saw us not;

But ever since she hath been mainly troubled.

*Wid.* Was he young?

*Luce.* Yes, young enough.

*Wid.* And look'd he like a gentleman?

*Luce.* Like such a gentleman would pawn ten oaths for twelve pence. [not he.]

*Wid.* My sister, and sink basely! This must Does she use means to know him?

*Luce.* Yes, madam; and has employ'd a squire call'd Shorthose. [all this private;]

*Wid.* Oh, that's a precious knave! Keep But still be near her lodging. [understand;]

What you can gather by any means, let me I'll stop her heat, and turn her charity another way, [counsels.]

To bless herself first. Be still close to her A beggar, and a stranger! There's a blessed-

ness!

I'll none of that. I have a toy yet, sister, Shall tell you this is foul, and make you find it.

And, for your pains, take you the last gown I wore.

This makes me mad, but I shall force a remedy! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Fountain, Bellamore, Harebrain, and Valentine.*

*Fount.* Sirrah, we have so look'd for thee, and long'd for thee!

This widow is the strangest thing, the stateliest, And stands so much upon her excellencies!

*Bel.* She has put us off this month now, for an answer. [upon her,]

*Hare.* No man must visit her, nor look No, not say 'good morrow,' nor 'good even,' Till that is past.

*Val.* She has found what dough you are made of, and so kneads you:

Are you good at nothing, but these after-games? [they are,]

I have told you often enough what things What precious things, these widows!

*Hare.* If we had 'em. [to woo 'em.]

*Val.* Why, the devil has not craft enough There be three kinds of fools, (mark this note, Mark it, and understand it.) [gentlemen,]

*Fount.* Well, go forward. [litick:]

*Val.* An innocent, a knave fool, a fool po-The last of which are lovers, widow-lovers.

*Bel.* Will you allow no fortune?

*Val.* No such blind one.

*Fount.* We gave you reasons, why 'twas needful for us. [reasons,]

*Val.* As you're those fools, I did allow those But, as my scholars and companions, damn'd 'em.

Do you know what it is to woo a widow? Answer me coolly now, and understandingly.

*Hare.* Why, to lie with her, and to enjoy her wealth.

*Val.* Why, there you're fools still; crafty to catch yourselves, [sweet.]

Pure politick fools; I look'd for such an an-Once more hear me: It is,

To wed a widow, to be doubted mainly, Whether the state you have be yours or no,

Or those old boots you ride in. Mark me; widows

Are long extents in law upon men's livings, Upon their bodies winding-sheets;<sup>15</sup> they that enjoy 'em,

<sup>15</sup> *Widows are long extents in law upon news, livings upon their bodies winding-sheet.]* News was an odd corruption: My first conjecture was, upon men, living upon their bodies winding-sheets. Mr. Theobald read, upon men's livings, upon their bodies winding-sheet.

Lie but with dead men's monuments, and  
beget

Only their own ill epitaphs. Is not this  
plain now?

*Bel.* Plain spoken.

*Val.* And plain truth; but, if you'll needs  
Do things of danger, do but lose yourselves,  
(Not any part concerns your understandings,  
For then you are meacocks, fools, and mis-  
erable) [cug,<sup>17</sup>

March off again! within an inch of a fir-  
Turn me on the toe like a weather-cock!  
Kill every day a serjeant for a twelvemonth,  
Rob the Exchequer, and burn all the Rolls!  
And these will make a show.

*Hare.* And these are trifles? [things;

*Val.* Consider'd to a widow, empty no-  
For here you venture but your persons, there  
The varnish of your persons, your discretions.  
Why, 'tis a monstrous thing to marry at all,  
Especially as now 'tis made: Methinks  
A man, an understanding man, is more <sup>18</sup>  
wife [trinkets.

To me, and of a nobler tie, than all these  
What do we get by women, but our senses,  
Which is the rankest part about us, satisfied?  
And, when that's done, what are we? Crest-  
fall'n cowards!

What benefit can children be, but charges,  
And disobedience? What's the love they ren-  
der

At one-and-twenty years? 'I pray die, father!'  
When they are young, they are like bells rung  
backwards,

Nothing but noise and giddiness; and, come  
to years once,

There drops a son by th' sword in his mistress's  
quarrel;

A great joy to his parents! A daughter ripe  
too,

Grows high and lusty in her blood, must have  
A heating, runs away with a supple-ham'd  
servingman:

His twenty nobles spent, takes to a trade,

And learns to spin men's hair off; there's  
another: [marry!

And most are of this nature. Will you  
*Fount.* For my part, yes, for any doubt I  
feel yet.

*Val.* And this same widow?

*Fount.* If I may; and, methinks, [gen,  
However you are pleas'd to dispute these dan-  
Such a warm match, and for you, Sir, were  
not hurtful.

*Val.* Not half so killing as for you. For me,  
She can't, with all the art she has, make me  
more miserable,

Or much more fortunate: I have no state left,  
A benefit that none of you can brag of,  
And there's the antidote against a widow;  
Nothing to lose, but that my soul inherits,  
Which she can neither law nor claw away;  
To that, but little flesh, it were too much  
else; [else.

And that unwholesome too, it were too rich  
And, to all this, contempt of what she does:  
I can laugh at her tears, neglect her angers,  
Hear her without a faith, so pity her  
As if she were a traitor; moan her person,  
But deadly hate her pride; if you could do  
these,

And had but this discretion, and like fortune,  
'Twere but an equal venture.

*Fount.* This is malice.

*Val.* When she lies with your land, and  
not with you,

Grows great with jointures, and is brought  
to-bed,

With all the state you have, you'll find this  
certain.

But is it come to pass you must marry?

Is there no buff will hold you?

*Bel.* Grant it be so? [maid,

*Val.* Then chuse the tamer evil, take a  
A maid not worth a penny; make her yours,  
Knead her, and mould her yours; a maid  
worth nothing:

There is a virtuous spell in that word *nothing*.

This seemed a better reading than mine. But still it had some obscurities. That widows are long extents in law upon men's livings or estates, is clear; but how are they extents in law upon their bodies winding-sheets? A proper attention to the metre gives good reason to conclude the second *upon* to be an interpolation; for the verse is perfect, and the sense clear without it. Widows are the winding-sheets and monuments of their dead husbands. *Seward*.

The second *upon* should be retained. *Widows*, says Valentine, *are long extents in law upon men's livings; upon their bodies winding-sheets.* 'Extents on their estates, winding-sheets on their bodies.' Where is the difficulty? What follows proves this: *Bedding with a widow*, proceeds Valentine, *is celebrating your funeral.*

<sup>17</sup> *Within an inch of a firecug.* I believe there is no such word as *firecug*. Mr. Theobald alters it to *firelock*, and was very fond of the conjecture, for he sent it me among the few that he favoured me with by letter, but I cannot see what danger there is in merely marching near a firelock, unless in the instant of discharging, or what relation *turning o' the toe like a weather-cock*, has to a *firelock*. I dare say the Authors originally used a word that signified a place to turn upon, where in slip was certain death; the best word I know is *precipice*, but that's too far from the trace of the letters. *Whirlpool, furnace, and spire-top*, would give the sense required, but I shall not venture either of them in the text. *Seward*.

<sup>18</sup> *—more wise to me, —* Good sense, which is the best manuscript, lets us see at once that *wise* is a corruption, and that our Poets undoubtedly wrote *wife*. *Sympton*.



A maid makes conscience [pets; <sup>19</sup>  
Of half-a-crown a-week for pins and pup-  
A maid's content with one coach and two  
horses,

Not falling out because they are not matches;  
With one man satisfied, with one rein guided,  
With one faith, one content, one bed; <sup>20</sup>  
Aged, she makes the wife, preserves the fame  
and issue;

A widow is a Christmas-box that sweeps all.  
Fount. Yet all this cannot sink us.

Val. You're my friends, [money,  
And all my loving friends; I spend your  
Yet I deserve it too; you are my friends still.  
I ride your horses, when I want I sell 'em;  
I eat your meat, help to wear your linen;  
Sometimes I make you drunk, and then you  
seal,

For which I'll do you this commodity.  
Be rul'd, and let me try her, I'll discover her;  
The truth is, I will never leave to trouble her,  
Till I see through her; then, if I find her  
worthy—

Hare. This was our meaning, Valentine.

Val. 'Tis done then.

I must want nothing.

Hare. Nothing but the woman.

Val. No jealousy; for, when I marry,  
The devil must be wiser than I take him,  
And the flesh foolisher. Come, let's to dinner;  
And when I'm whetted well with wine, have  
at her! [Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. But art thou sure?

Luce. No surer than I heard. [ther?

Isab. That it was that flouting fellow's bro-

Luce. Yes, Shorthose told me so.

Isab. He did search out the truth?

Luce. It seems he did.

Isab. Prithee, Luce, call him hither.

If he be no worse, I ne'er repent my pity.  
Now, Sirrah, what was he we sent you after,  
The gentleman i' th' black?

Enter Shorthose.

Short. I' th' torn black?

Isab. Yes, the same, Sir.

Short. What would your worship with him?

Isab. Why, my worship

Would know his name, and what he is.

Short. 'Is nothing;

He is a man, and yet he is no man.

Isab. You must needs play the fool.

Short. 'Tis my profession.

Isab. How is he a man, and no man?

Short. He's a beggar;

Only the sign of a man, the bush pull'd down,  
Which shews the house stands empty.

Isab. What's his calling?

Short. They call him beggar.

Isab. What's his kindred?

Short. Beggars.

Isab. His worth?

Short. A learned beggar, a poor scholar.

Isab. How does he live?

Short. Like worms, he eats old books.

Isab. Is Valentine his brother?

Short. His begging brother.

Isab. What may his name be?

Short. Orson.

Isab. Leave your fooling.

Short. You had as good say, leave your liv- [ing.

Isab. Once more,

Tell me his name directly.

Short. I'll be hang'd first.

Unless I heard him christen'd; but I can tell  
What foolish people call him.

<sup>19</sup> —pins and puppets,] As there is a syllable wanting in the measure here, I have ventured to supply it. *Pins and puppet-shows* seem to me rather more expressive of a lady's pocket expences than pins and puppets. Seward.

Mr. Sympton proposes reading, *pins and pin-puppets*; and says, 'The fashionable pin-cases in our Authors' days, were made in the shape of little puppets, or poppets; and though that custom is discontinued, we still retain the word *pin poppets* to this very day in the north of England.' But allowing this to have been the Authors' meaning, we cannot think any addition necessary; the old text conveying fully the sense required, that a maid will not be so exorbitant in what is called *pin-money* as a widow.

<sup>20</sup> —one bed, aged she makes the wise, —] Mr. Theobald reads, *the wife* from the old quarto, and Mr. Sympton *thee wise*, both retaining the word *aged*, which, though not nonsense, seems to add very little to the sense, especially to Mr. Theobald's reading, which to me seems as far as it alters, to be the true one. But what convinces me that *aged* is a spurious word, is, that it utterly spoils the measure; my reading is near the trace of the letters, restores the verse, and gives, I think, a much better sense, viz. that a maid when married has one good, or the same interest with her husband, in contradiction to a widow, who generally has a separate one. Seward.

Mr. Seward's reading is,

*With one faith, one content, one bed, one good,  
She makes the wife, preserves, &c.*

Mr. Seward's alteration is licentious, and *one good* is not so strong a finish as *one bed*, besides that it is already implied in *one faith, one content*. *Aged* is, it is true, rather hard, but not unintelligible; signifying, that the maid, when grown older, makes a good wife, and preserves the reputation of the family, &c. which is not the case with a widow.

*Isab.* What?

*Short.* Francisco.

*Isab.* Where lies this learning, Sir?

*Short.* In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth.<sup>21</sup>

*Isab.* I mean that gentleman, fool!

*Short.* Oh, that fool; [where.

He lies in loose sheets every where, that's no

*Luce.* You have glean'd,

Since you came to London; in the country,

*Shorthose,* [comb;

You were an arrant fool, a dull cold cox-

Here every tavern teaches you; the pint pot

Has so belabour'd you with wit, your brave

acquaintance

That gives you ale, so fortified your mazard,

That now there is no talking to you.

*Isab.* 'Is much improv'd;

A fellow, a fine discourser!

*Short.* I hope so;

I have not waited at the tail of wit

So long, to be an ass.

*Luce.* But, say now, Shorthose,

My lady should remove into the country?

*Short.* I had as lieve she should remove to

Heav'n,

And as soon I'd undertake to follow her.

*Luce.* Where no old charnico<sup>22</sup> is, nor an-

chovies,

Nor master Such-a-one, to meet at the Rose,

And bring my lady Such-a-one's chief cham-

bermaid.

*Isab.* No bouncing healths to this brave

lad, dear Shorthose,

Nor down o' th' knees to that illustrious lady.

*Luce.* No fiddles, nor no lusty noise of

'Drawer,

' Carry this pottle to my father Shorthose.'

*Isab.* No plays nor gally-foists, no strange

ambassadors

To run and wonder at, till thou be'st oil,  
And then come home again, and lie by th'  
legend.

*Luce.* Say, she should go?

*Short.* If I say so, I'll be hang'd;

Or, if I thought she'd go —

*Luce.* What?

*Short.* I'd go with her. [is—

*Luce.* But, Shorthose, where thy heart

*Isab.* Do not fright him.

*Luce.* By this hand, mistress, 'tis a noise,  
a loud one too, [gone too!

And from her own mouth; presently to be

But why? or to what end?

*Short.* Mayn't a man die first?

She'll give him so much time.

*Isab.* Gone o' th' sudden? [gentlemen.

Thou dost but jest; she must not mock the

*Luce.* She has put them off a month, they

dare not see her.

Believe me, mistress, what I hear I tell you.

*Isab.* Is this true, wench? Goue on so

short a warning!

What trick is this? She never told me of it;

It must not be! Sirrah, attend me presently,

(You know I've been a careful friend unto

you)

Attend me in the hall, and next be faithful.

Cry not; we shall not go.

*Short.* Her coach may crack! [Exeunt.

*Enter Valentine, Francisco, and Lonce.*

*Fal.* Which way to live! How dar'st thou

come to town,

To ask such an idle question?

*Fron.* Methinks, 'tis necessary,

Unless you could restore that annuity

You have tipped up in taverns.

*Fal.* Where hast thou been,

<sup>21</sup> In Paul's Church-yard, forsooth.] In our Authors' time, the booksellers dwelt for the most part round about St. Paul's cathedral, and sheltered their books in a subterranean church under it, called St. Faith's. At the fire of London, the loss to persons in that profession, and in that place only, was estimated at an immense sum. R.

<sup>22</sup> — charnico —] A cup of *charnecco* is mentioned in the Second Part of Henry VI. but as the several Editors of Shakespeare have not agreed in the explanation of it, we shall set down what each hath said on the subject.

'On this,' says bishop Warburton, 'the Oxford Editor thus criticises in his Index: "This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish *charniegos* is a term used for the stocks." It was no cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet intitled, The Discovery of a London Monster, called the Black Dog of Newgate, printed 1612: "Some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux. "There wanted neither sherry, sack, nor *charnecco*, nalligo, nor amber-coloured candy, nor liquorish ipocras, brown beloved bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor."—And as *charnecco* is, in Spanish, the name of a kind of turpentine-tree, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.' Thus far the bishop. Mr. Hawkins says, 'the vulgar name for this liquor was *cheringo*. I meet with it in an old catch set to music by Lawes.' And the last editor has added the following examples. 'In a pamphlet entitled, Wits Miserie; or, The World's Madness, printed in 1596, it is said, that "the only medicine for the flegm is three cups of *charnecco* fasting." In a Collection of Epigrams and Satires, without date, but of the same age, this liquor is mentioned again:

"— happy is the man doth rightly know

"The virtue of three cups of *charnecco*."

R.

And how brought up, Francisco, that thou talk'st

Thou out of France? Thou wert a pretty fellow,

And of a handsome knowledge; who has *Lance*. He that has spoil'd himself, to make him sport,

And, by his copy, will spoil all comes near Bay but a glass, if you be yet so wealthy,

And look there who.

*Fal*. Well said, old Copyhold.

*Lance*. My heart's good freehold, Sir, and so you'll find it;

This gentleman's your brother, your hopeful brother,

(For there's no hope of you) use him there—*Fal*. E'en as well as I use myself. What wouldst thou have, Frank?

*Fran*. Can you procure me a hundred pound?

*Lance*. Hark what he says to you.

Oh, try your wits; they say you're excellent at it;

For your land has lain long bed-rid, and un—*Fran*. And I'll forget all wrongs. You see my state,

And to what wretchedness your will has But what it may be, by this benefit,

If timely done, and like a noble brother, Both you and I may feel, and to our comforts.

*Fal*. A hundred pound! dost thou know what thou'st said, boy?

*Fran*. I said, a hundred pound.

*Fal*. Thou hast said more

Than any man can justify, believe it.

Procure a hundred pounds! I say to thee, There's no such sum in nature; forty shillings

There may be now in the Mint, and that's a treasure.

I have seen five pound; but let me tell it, And 'tis as wonderful as calves with five legs.

Here's five shillings, Frank, the harvest of five weeks,

And a good crop too; take it, and pay thy first-fruits;

I will come down, and eat it out.

*Fran*. 'Tis patience Must meet with you, Sir, not love.

*Lance*. Deal roundly, And leave these fiddle-faddles.

*Fal*. Leave thy prating!

Thou think'st thou art a notable wise fellow, Thou and thy rotten sparrow-hawk; two of the reverend!

*Lance*. I think you are mad, or, if you be not, will be

With the next moon. What would you have him do?

*Fal*. How?

*Lance*. To get money first, that is, to live; You've shew'd him how to want.

*Fal*. 'Slive, how do I live?

Why, what dull fool would ask that question? Three hundred three-pilds more,<sup>23</sup> ay, and live bravely;

The better half o' th' town, and live most Ask them what states they have, or what annuities,

Or when they pray for seasonable harvests!

Thou hast a handsome wit; stir it into the world, Frank,

Stir, stir for shame; thou art a pretty scholar. Ask how to live? Write, write, write any thing;

The world's a fine believing world, write *Lance*. Dragons in Sussex,<sup>24</sup> or fiery battles

Seen in the air at Aspurge?

*Fal*. There's the way, Frank.

And, in the tail of these, fright me the kingdom

With a sharp prognostication, that shall scour (Dearth upon dearth) like Levant taffaties;<sup>25</sup>

Predictions of sea-breaches, wars, and want Of herrings on our coast, with bloody noses.

*Lance*. Whirlwinds, that shall take off the top of Grantham steeple,

<sup>23</sup> *Three hundred three pilds more*, — [i. e. Three hundred who dress richly, or in three-pild velvets. *Seward*.]

<sup>24</sup> *Dragons in Sussex*, — [In 1614, there was a discourse published, of a strange monstrous serpent, in St. Leonard's Forest, and two miles from Horsham in Sussex, which was discovered there in the month of August, in the same year. The relation is set forth with an air of great sincerity, and attested by eye-witnesses living on the place. But, from the description, we are to suppose something further intended by it, or that some *conundrum* or other, as Ben Jonson (by whom it is mentioned in his *Masque*, called *News from the New World Discovered in the Moon*) styles it, was couched under the account: 'This serpent, or dragon, as some call it, is reputed to be nine feet, or rather more, in length, and shaped almost in the form of an axle-tree of a cart; a quantity of thickness in the middle, and somewhat smaller at both ends. The former part, which he shoots forth as a neck, is supposed to be an ell long, with a white ring, as it were, of scales about it. The scales along his back seem to be blackish, and so much as is discovered under his belly appeareth to be red; for I speak of no nearer description than of a reasonable ocular distance. There are likewise, on either side of him, discovered two great hunches, so big as a large football, and, as some think, will in time grow to be wings,' &c. More to the same purpose may be found in the account itself, which is reprinted in the third volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*. *Whalley*.]

<sup>25</sup> — *like eleven taffaties*;] *Levant* or *Turkey taffaties* is good sense, which the former reading seems not to be; the conjecture therefore, which is Mr. Symphon's, though advanced with doubt by him, I think a very happy one. *Seward*.

And clap it on St. Paul's; and, after these,  
A l'envoy to the city for their sins?

*Val.* *Probatum est*; thou canst not want a  
pension.

Go, switch me up a covey of young scholars,  
There's twenty nobles, and two loads of coals.  
Are not these ready ways? *Cosmography*  
Thou'rt deeply read in; draw me a map from  
the Mermaid.<sup>26</sup>

I mean a midnight map, to 'scape the watches,  
And such long senseless examinations;  
And gentlemen shall feed thee, right good  
gentlemen.

I cannot stay long.

*Lance.* You've read learnedly!

And would you have him follow these chim-  
erances?<sup>27</sup>

Did you begin with ballads?

*Fran.* Well, I'll leave you;

I see my wants are grown ridiculous:  
Yours may be so; I will not curse you neither.  
You may think, when these wanton fits are over,  
Who bred me, and who ruin'd me. Look to  
yourself, Sir;

A providence I wait on!

*Val.* Thou art passionate;<sup>28</sup>

Hast thou been brought up with girls?

*Enter Shorthose, with a bag.*

*Short.* Rest you merry, gentlemen.

*Val.* Not so merry as you suppose, Sir.

*Short.* Pray stay a while, and let me take a  
view of you; [pot else.

I may put my spoon into the wrong pottage-  
*Val.* Why, wilt thou muster us?

*Short.* No, you're not he;

You are a thought too handsome.

*Lance.* Who wouldst thou speak withal?  
why dost thou peep so?

*Short.* I'm looking birds' nests: I can find  
none [gentleman.

In your bush-beard! I'd speak with you, black  
*Fran.* With me, my friend?

*Short.* Yes, sure; and the best friend, Sir,  
It seems, you spoke withal this twelve-month,  
gentleman.

There's money for you.

*Val.* How? [so brief!

*Short.* There's none for you, Sir. Be not  
Not a penny. La! how he itches at it!

Stand off; you stir my choler.

*Lance.* Take it; 'tis money.

*Short.* You are too quick too; first, be sure  
you have it:

You seem to be a falconer, but a foolish one.

*Lance.* Take it, and say nothing.

*Short.* You are cozen'd too;

'Tis take it, and spend it.

*Fran.* From whom came it, Sir?

*Short.* Such another word, and you shall  
have none out. [you!

*Fran.* I thank you, Sir; I doubly thank

*Short.* Well, Sir; [hat dress'd.

Then, buy you better clothes, and get your  
And your laundress to wash your boots white.

*Fran.* Pray stay, Sir; may you not be mis-  
taken?

*Short.* I think I am;

Give me the money again; come, quick,  
quick, quick!

*Fran.* I would be loth to render, till I am  
sure it be so. [Francisco?

*Short.* Hark in your ear; is not your name

*Fran.* Yes.

<sup>26</sup> — a map from the Mermaid.] Both sense and measure confirm the trifling alteration which I have made, but I should have ventured it without a note, had it not been necessary to mention that the Mermaid was probably a famous tavern. Valentine, in the next scene, bids Francisco meet him at the Mermaid. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

*Draw me a map o' the Mermaid.*

The Mermaid was a house of entertainment, at which our Poets, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and all the wits of the age, used to assemble. It is frequently mentioned by the writers of our Authors' time, and celebrated by Beaumont, in the following passage of a letter from him to Ben Jonson:

' ——— What things have we seen  
' Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been  
' So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
' As if that every one from whence they came  
' Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
' And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest  
' Of his dull life.'

From the Mermaid is clearly right; meaning 'instructions how to escape the watch, at de-  
' parting from the tavern, and thereby avoid long senseless official examinations; for which  
' map, or instructions, Francisco should be fed by right good gentlemen.' If Mr. Seward only  
thought it probable, that a tavern was meant, it is amazing he should not have understood the  
passage; of which his 'trifling alteration' makes downright nonsense.

<sup>27</sup> — megeras?] Former editions. Seward.

<sup>28</sup> Thou art passionate;] *Passionate* signifies here, in the old sense, tender-hearted; not,  
in the modern sense, disposed to anger.

*Short.* Be quiet then: It may thunder a hundred times,  
Before such stones fall. Don't you need it?

*Fran.* Yes.

*Short.* And it is thought you have it.

*Fran.* Yes; I think

I have. [blown.

*Short.* Then hold it fast; it is not fly-  
You may pay for the poundage; you forget yourself.

I have not seen a gentleman so backward,  
A wanting gentleman.

*Fran.* Your mercy, Sir!

*Short.* Friend, you have mercy, a whole  
bag full of mercy.

Be merry with it, and be wise.

*Fran.* I would fain,

If it please you, but know —

*Short.* It does not please me:

Tell o'er your money, and be not mad, boy.

*Val.* You have no more such bags?

*Short.* More such there are, Sir,

But few I fear for you. I've cast your water;

You've Wit, you need no Money. [Exit.

*Lance.* Be not amaz'd, Sir; [tive,

'Tis good gold, good old gold; this is restora-

And in good time, it comes to do you good.

Keep it and use it; let honest fingers feel it;

Yours be too quick, Sir.

*Fran.* He nam'd me, and he gave it me;

but from whom? [amine it.

*Lance.* Let him send more, and then ex-  
This can be but a preface.

*Fran.* Being a stranger,

Of whom can I deserve this?

*Lance.* Sir, of any man

That has but eyes, and manly understanding,  
To find men's wants: Good men are bound

to do so. [ways than certainties;

*Val.* Now you see, Frank, there are more  
Now you believe. What plough brought you

this harvest,

What sale of timber, coals, or what annuities?

These feed no hinds, nor wait the expectation

Of quarter-days; you see it show'rs in to you.

You are an ass! Lie plodding, and lie fooling,

About this blazing star, and that boopeep,

Whining, and fasting, to find the natural

reason [down!

Why a dog turns twice about before he lie

What use of these, or what joy in annuities,

Where every man's thy study, and thy tenant?

I am asham'd on thee!

*Lance.* Yes, I have seen [by—

This fellow. There's a wealthy widow hard

*Val.* Yes, marry is there.

*Lance.* I think he's her servant; [on't.<sup>29</sup>

I am cozen'd, if — After her! I am sure

*Fran.* I am glad on't.

*Lance.* She's a good woman.

*Fran.* I am gladder.

*Lance.* And young enough, believe.

*Fran.* I am gladder of all, Sir.

*Val.* Frank, you shall lie with me soon.

*Fran.* I thank my money.

*Lance.* His money shall lie with me; three  
in a bed, Sir,

Will be too much this weather.

*Val.* Meet me at the Mermaid,

And thou shalt see what things —

*Lance.* Trust to yourself, Sir.

[Exit, Fran. and Lance.

Enter Fountain, Harebrain,<sup>30</sup> and Bellamore.

*Fount.* Oh, Valentine!

*Val.* How now? why do you look so?

*Bel.* The widow's going, man.

*Val.* Why, let her go, man.

*Hare.* She's going out o' th' town.

*Val.* The town's the happier;

I would they were all gone.

*Fount.* We cannot come

To speak with her.

*Val.* Not to speak to her?

*Bel.* She will

Be gone within this hour; either now,<sup>31</sup> Val.

*Fount.* Hare. Now, now, now, good Val.

*Val.* I'd rather

March i' th' mouth o' th' cannon. But, adieu!

If she be above ground — Go, away to your  
prayers;

Away I say, away! — she shall be spoken  
withal! [Exit.

Enter Shorthose, with one boot on, Roger  
and Humphry.

*Rog.* She will go, Shorthose.

*Short.* Who can help it, Roger?

*Ralph.* (within) Roger, help down with  
the hangings!

*Rog.* By and by, Ralph;

I am making up o' th' trunks here.

*Ralph.* Shorthose!

*Short.* Well.

[Humphry!

*Ralph.* Who looks to my lady's wardrobe?

*Hum.* Here.

*Ralph.* Down with the boxes in the gallery,  
And bring away the coach-cushions.

*Short.* Will it not rain?

<sup>29</sup> I am cozen'd if after her, I am sure on't.] We have here followed the words of the first edition, but varied the pointing in such a manner as for the speech to convey much humour. The more modern editions read, I think he's her servant, or I am cozen'd else, I am sure on't.

<sup>30</sup> Enter Fountain, and Bellamore.] Mr. Theobald has justly added Harebrain to the other two. See card.

<sup>31</sup> Either now Val! Either appears to us to be corrupt, and what follows confirms it. The sense would warrant At her now, Val! — at least, some words to that purport are necessary: See her now, Val! or to her now, Val! or any thing to that effect; perhaps, thither now, Val!

No conjuring abroad, nor no devices,  
To stop this journey?

*Rog.* Why go now, why now,  
Why o' th' sudden now? What preparation,  
What horses have we ready? what provision  
Laid in i' th' country?

*Hum.* Not an egg, I hope.

*Rog.* No, nor one drop of good drink, boys,  
there's the devil.

*Short.* I heartily pray the malt be musty;  
and then

We must come up again.

*Hum.* What says the steward?

*Rog.* He's at's wit's end; for, some four  
hours since,

Out of his haste and providence, he mistook  
The miller's mangy mare for his own nag.

*Short.* And she may break his neck, and  
save the journey.

Ob, London, how I love thee!

*Hum.* I've no boots,

Nor none I'll buy: Or, if I had, refuse me  
If I would venture my ability  
Before a cloak-bag; men are men.

*Short.* For my part,

If I be brought, as I know 'twill be aim'd at,  
To carry any dirty dairy cream-pot,  
Or any gentle lady of the laundry, [ing,  
Chambring, or wantonness, behind my geld-  
With all her streamers, knapsacks, glasses,  
gewgaws,

As if I were a running frippery,<sup>33</sup> [me.  
I'll give 'em leave to cut my girths, and flay  
I'll not be troubled with their distillations,<sup>34</sup>  
At every half-mile's end! I understand my-  
And am resolv'd— [self,

*Hum.* To-morrow night at Oliver's!

Who shall be there, boys? who shall meet  
the wenches?

*Rog.* The well-brew'd stand of ale, we  
should have met at!

*Short.* These griefs, like to another tale of  
Troy,

Would mollify the hearts of barbarous people,  
And make Tom Butcher weep! Æneas enters,  
And now the town is lost.

*Enter Ralph.*

*Ralph.* Why, whither run you?

My lady's mad.

*Short.* I would she were in Bedlam.

*Ralph.* The carts are come; no hands to  
help to load 'em!

The stuff lies in the hall, the plate—

*Widow.* (within) Why knaves there!

Where be these idle fellows?

*Short.* Shall I ride with one boot?

*Wid.* Why, where I say?

*Ralph.* Away, away, it must be so.

*Short.* Oh, for a tickling storm, to last but  
ten days. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Luce.* BY my troth, mistress, I did it for  
the best. [tongue,

*Isab.* It may be so; but, Luce, you have a  
A dish of meat in your mouth, whieb, if  
'twere minc'd, Luce,  
Would do a great deal better.

*Luce.* I protest, mistress—

*Isab.* 'Twill be your own one time or  
other. Walter!

*Walter.* (within) Anon forsooth.

*Isab.* Lay my hat ready, my fan and cloak—  
You are so full of providence—and, Walter,  
Tuck up my little box behind the coach;  
And bid my maid make ready—my sweet  
service

To your good lady mistress—and my dog;  
Good, let the coachman carry him.

*Luce.* But, hear me!

*Isab.* I am in love, sweet Luce, and you're  
so skilful, [me,

That I must needs undo myself—and, hear  
Let Oliver pack up my glass discretely,  
And see my curls well carried—Oh, sweet  
Luce,

You have a tongue, and open tongues have  
open—

You know what, Luce.

*Luce.* Pray you be satisfied.

*Isab.* Yes, and contented too, before I  
leave you!

There is a Roger, which some call a butler<sup>34</sup>—  
I speak of certainties, I do not fish, Luce!

<sup>33</sup> — *frippery.*] Corrected by the Editors of 1750.

*Frippery* is mentioned in *Monsieur d'Olive*, a Comedy, by Chapman, 1606. 'Passing  
' yesterday by the *Frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall, with a gambrell thrust  
from shoulder to shoulder.' It is also mentioned in the *Tempest*, act iv. R.

*Rue de FRIPPERIE*, in Paris, is a place, like our Monmouth-street, destined for the sale of  
old clothes.

<sup>34</sup> — *distibutions.*] Corrected in 1750.

<sup>34</sup> — *call a butcher.*] There was a Roger in the family, but he was the *butler* and not  
a *butcher*, and there can scarce be any doubt of his being the person spoke of here.

*Sympon.*

Nay, do not stare; I have a tongue can talk too—

And a green chamber, Luce, a back-door  
Opens to a long gallery; there was a night,  
Luce—

Do you perceive, do you perceive me yet?  
Oh, do you blush, Luce?—a Friday night—  
I saw your saint, Luce: 'For t'other box of  
marmalade,

All's thine, sweet Roger!—this I heard, and  
kept too.

*Luce.* E'en as you're a woman, mistress—

*Isab.* This I allow [ings,

As good and physical sometimes, these meet  
And for the cheering of the heart; but, Luce,  
To have your own turn serv'd, and to your  
To be a dogbolt! [friend

*Luce.* I confess it, mistress. [of me,

*Isab.* As you have made my sister jealous  
And foolishly, and childishly pursued it—  
I have found out your haunt, and trac'd your  
purposes, [ways

For which mine honour suffers—your best  
Must be applied to bring her back again,  
And seriously and suddenly, that so I  
May have a means to clear myself, and she  
A fair opinion of me: Else, you peevish—

*Luce.* My power and prayers, mistress—

*Isab.* What's the matter?

*Enter Shorthose and Widow.*

*Short.* I have been with the gentleman; he  
has it,

Much good may do him with it. [To *Isab.*

*Wid.* Come, are you ready?

You love so to delay time! the day grows on.

*Isab.* I've sent for a few trifles; when those  
are come.

And now I know your reason.

*Wid.* Know your own honour then—About  
your business;

See the coach ready presently—I'll tell you  
more then; [*Exit Luce and Shorthose.*  
And understand it well. You must not think  
your sister

So tender-eyed as not to see your follies:

Alas, I know your heart, and must imagine,  
And truly too, 'tis not your charity [done;  
Can coin such sums to give away as you have  
In that you have no wisdom, Isabel, no, nor  
modesty,

Where nobler uses are at home. I tell you,  
I am ashamed to find this in your years,  
Far more in your discretion. None to chuse  
But things for pity, none to seal your thoughts on,

But one of no abiding, of no name?

Nothing to bring you but this, cold and  
hunger,

A jolly jointure, sister; you are happy!)

No money, no, not ten shillings?

*Isab.* You search nearly.

*Wid.* I know it, as I know your folly; one  
that knows not

Where he shall eat his next meal, take his rest,  
Unless it be i' th' stocks. What kindred has he,  
But a more wanting brother? or what virtues?

*Isab.* You have had rare intelligence, I see,

*Wid.* Or, say the man had virtue, [sister.

Is virtue in this age a full inheritance?

What jointure can he make you? Plutarch's  
Morals?

Or so much penny-rent in the small poets?

This is not well; 'tis weak, and I grieve to  
know it.

*Isab.* And this you quit the town for?

*Wid.* Is't not time? [I am;

*Isab.* You are better read in my affairs than  
That's all I have to answer. I'll go with you,  
And willingly; and what you think most dan-  
gerous,

I'll sit and laugh at. For, sister, 'tis not folly,  
But good discretion, governs our main for-

*Wid.* I'm glad to hear you say so. [tunes.

*Isab.* I am for you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Shorthose and Humphry, with riding-  
rods.*

*Hum.* The devil cannot stay her, she will  
out.

Eat an egg now; and then we must away.

*Short.* I am gall'd already, yet I will pray:  
May London ways henceforth be full of holes,  
And coaches crack their wheels; may zealous  
smiths

So house all our hacknies,<sup>35</sup> that they may feel  
Compunction in their feet, and tire at High-  
May't rain above all almanacks, until [gate;  
The carriers sail, and the king's fishmonger  
Ride like Arion on a trout to London!

*Hum.* At St. Alban's, let all the inns be  
drunk, [come!

Not an host sober, to bid her worship wel-

*Short.* Not a fiddle, but all preach'd down  
No meat, but legs of beef! [with Puritans;

*Hum.* No beds, but woolpacks!

*Short.* And those so cram'd [bandogs!  
With warrens of starv'd fleas that bite like  
Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger,<sup>36</sup>  
And we pass in the heat on't, and be beaten,  
Beaten abominably, beaten horse and man,

<sup>35</sup> So house all our hacknies.] i. e. Prepare our horses for the journey that they may feel compunction in their feet. It is indeed a little profane, but that I'm sorry for; our Authors are not so cautious of this as we might wish them, though they are much more so than most of the comic writers of their age, or of any since.

<sup>36</sup> Let Mims be angry at their St. Bel Swagger, And we pass in the heat on't!] Mims is in the neighbourhood of St. Albans, and some local custom, tumultuously celebrated, is plainly alluded to in this speech. It was, we doubt not, familiarly known in the times of our Authors; but we have in vain endeavoured to trace its memory, or discover its origin.

And all my lady's linnen sprinkled o'er  
With suds and dish-water!

*Hum.* Not a wheel but out of joint!<sup>37</sup>

*Enter Roger laughing.*

Why dost thou laugh? [gentleman,

*Rog.* There's a gentleman, and the rarest  
And makes the rarest sport!

*Short.* Where, where?

*Rog.* Within here; [coachman,  
H' has made the gayest sport with Tom the  
So tew'd him up with sack, that he lies lashing  
A but of malinsy for his mares!

*Short.* 'Tis very good.

*Rog.* And talks and laughs, and sings the  
rarest songs!

And, Shorthose, he has so mau'd the red  
deer pies,

Made such an alms? the buttery—

*Short.* Better still.

*Enter Valentine and Widow.*

*Hum.* My lady, in a rage with the gentle-  
man!

*Short.* May he anger her into a fever.

[*Exit Servants.*

*Wid.* I pray tell me, who sent you hither?  
For I imagine 'tis not your condition, [man]  
(You look so temperately, and like a gentle-  
To ask me these wild questions.

*Val.* Do you think

I use to walk of errands, gentle lady;  
Or deal with women out of dreams from  
others?

*Wid.* You have not known me, sure?

*Val.* Not much.

*Wid.* What reason  
Have you then to be so tender of my credit?  
You are no kinsman?

*Val.* If you take it so,

The honest office that I came to do you,  
Is not so heavy but I can return it:

Now I perceive you are too proud, not worth  
my visit.

*Wid.* Pray stay a little; proud?

*Val.* Monstrous proud!

I griev'd to hear a woman of your value,  
And your abundant parts, stung by the people;  
But now I see 'tis true: You look upon me  
As if I were a rude and saucy fellow,  
That borrow'd all my breeding from a dung-  
hill; [ship you,

Or such a one, as should now fall and wor-  
In hope of pardon: You are cozen'd, lady;  
I came to prove opinion a loud liar,  
To see a woman only great in goodness,

And mistress of a greater fame than fortune:  
But— [proud now,

*Wid.* You're a strange gentleman! If I were  
I should be monstrous angry (which I am not)  
And shew the effects of pride; I should de-  
But, you are welcome, Sir. [spise you;

To think well of ourselves, if we deserve it, is  
A lustre in us; and ev'ry good we have  
Strives to shew gracious: What use is it else?  
Old age, which,<sup>38</sup> like scar trees, is seldom  
seen affected,

Stirs sometimes at rehearsal of such acts  
His daring youth endeavour'd.

*Val.* This is well; [please me.  
And, now you speak to the purpose; you  
But, to be place-proud—

*Wid.* If it be our own;  
Why are we set here with distinction else,  
Degrees, and orders given us? In you men,  
'Tis held a coolness, if you lose your right;  
Affronts are loss of honour.<sup>39</sup> Streets, and  
walls,

And upper ends of tables, had they tongues,  
Could tell what blood has follow'd, and what  
feud, [you,

About your ranks: Are we so much below  
That, till you have us, are the tops of nature,  
To be accounted drones without a difference?  
You'll make us beasts indeed.

*Val.* Nay, worse than this too, [Jueifer,  
Proud of your clothes, they swear; a mercer's  
A tumour tak'd together by a taylor!

Nay, yet worse, proud of red and white; a  
varnish

That butter-milk can better.

*Wid.* Lord, how little [clothes  
Will vex these<sup>40</sup> poor blind people! If my  
Be sometimes gay and glorious, does it follow,  
My mind must be my mercer's too? Or, say  
my beauty [to think,

Please some weak eyes, must it please them  
That blows one up that every hour blows off?  
This is an infant's anger.

*Val.* Thus they say too: [reivet,  
What tho' you have a coach lin'd thro' with  
And four fair Flanders mares, why should the  
streets be troubled

Continually with you, till carmen curse you?  
Can there be ought in this hut pride of show,  
lady, [lawyers,

And pride of bum-beating? till the learned  
With their fat bags, are thrust against the  
bulks, [lady,

Till all their causes crack? Why should this  
And t'other lady, and the third sweet lady,  
And madam at Mile-End, be daily visited,

<sup>37</sup> Short. Not a wheel but out of joint? All the editions concur in giving these words to Shorthose, notwithstanding the preceding speech belongs to him. We have ventured to place them to Humphrey.

<sup>38</sup> Old age like scar trees, is seldom seen affected, stirs sometimes.] Here a monosyllable dropt had hurt the sense and measure.

<sup>39</sup> Affronts and loss of honour.] It seems absolutely necessary to alter *and* to *are*.

<sup>40</sup> Poor blind people.] Mr. Sympson would read *pur-blind*, but the text does not seem to want any amendment.



And your poorer neighbours with coarse naps<sup>44</sup>  
[neglected, [paintings,

Fashions conferr'd about, pouncings, and  
And young mea's bodies read on like ana-  
*Wid.* You're very credulous, [tomies?

And somewhat desperate, to deliver this, Sir,  
To her you know not; but you shall confess  
me,

And find I will not start. In us all meetings  
Lie open to these lewd reports, and our  
thoughts at church,

Our very meditations, some will swear  
(Which all should fear to judge, at least un-  
charitably) [sleep,

Are mingled with your memories; cannot  
But this sweet gentleman swims to our faucies,  
That scarlet man of war, and that smooth  
signior;

Not dress our heads without new aubushes,  
How to surprise that greatness, or that glory;  
Our very smiles are subject to constructions;  
Nay, Sir, it's come to this, we cannot *pish*,  
But 'tis a favour for some fool or other.

Should we examine you thus, were't not possible  
To take you without perspectives?

*Fal.* It may be;

But these excuse not.

*Wid.* Nor yours force no truth, Sir.

What deadly tongues you have, and to those  
tongues [conscience,

What hearts, and what inventions! On my  
An 'twere not for sharp justice, you would  
venture [glory

To aim at your own mothers, and account it  
To say you had done so. All you think are  
councils,

And cannot err; 'tis we still that shew double,  
Giddy, or gorg'd with passion; we that build  
Rabels for men's confusions; we that scatter,  
As day does his warm light, our killing curses  
Over God's creatures, next to the devil's mal-  
Let us entreat your good words. [lice:

*Fal.* Well, this woman

Has a brave soul. [Aside.

*Wid.* Are we not gaily blest then,

And much beholden to you for your suffer-  
ance? <sup>45</sup> [us,

You may do what you list, we what be seems  
And narrowly do that too, and precisely;  
Our names are serv'd in else at ordinaries,  
And belch'd abroad in taverns.

*Fal.* Oh, most brave wench,

And able to redeem an age of women! [Aside.

*Wid.* You are no whoremasters! Alas, no,  
gentlemen,

It were an impudence to think you vicious:  
You are so holy, handsome ladies fright you;

You are the cool things of the time, the tem-  
perance,

Mere emblems of the law, and veils of virtue;  
You are not daily mending like Dutch watches,  
And plaistering like old walls; they are not  
gentlemen, [geons,

That with their secret sins encrease our sur-  
And lie in foreign countries, for new sores;  
Women are all these vices; you're not envious,  
False; covetous, vain-glorious, irreligious,  
Drunk, revengeful, giddy-eyed like parrots,  
Eaters of others' honours—

*Fal.* You are angry. [more too;

*Wid.* No, by my troth, and yet I could say  
For when men make me angry, I am miser-  
able.

*Fal.* Sure 'tis a man; she could not bear't  
thus bravely else. [Aside.

It may be, I am tedious.

*Wid.* Not at all, Sir. [me.

I am content at this time you should trouble

*Fal.* You are distrustful.

*Wid.* Where I find no truth, Sir.

*Fal.* Come, come, you're full of passion.

*Wid.* Some I have;

I were too near the nature o' God else.

*Fal.* You are monstrous peevish.

*Wid.* Because they're monstrous foolish,

And know not how to use that should try me.

*Fal.* I was never answer'd thus. [Aside.]—

Was you ne'er drunk, lady?

*Wid.* No sure, not drunk, Sir; yet I love  
good wine, [perately.

As I love health and joy of heart, but tem-  
Why do you ask that question?

*Fal.* For that sin [servant;

That they most charge you with, is this sin's  
They say, you are monstrous—

*Wid.* What, Sir, what?

*Fal.* Most strangely—

*Wid.* It has a name, sure?

*Fal.* Infinitely lustful, [your husband.

Without all bounds; they swear you kill'd

*Wid.* Let's have it all, for Heav'n's sake;

'tis good mirth, Sir.

*Fal.* They say you will have four now, and  
those four

Stuck in four quarters, like four winds, to  
cool you.

Will she not cry, nor curse? [Aside.

*Wid.* On with your story! [pensations,

*Fal.* And that you're forcing out of dis-  
With sums of money, to that purpose.

*Wid.* Four husbands! Should not I be  
blest'd, Sir, for example?

Lord, what should I do with them? turn a  
malt-mill,

<sup>44</sup> *Napses.*] So the two oldest quartos. Modern editions, *napses*. The alteration is Mr. Seward's.

<sup>45</sup> *For your substance?*] The widow is declaiming at the libertinism of men; and as a contrast, shews the restraint they on pain of censure inflict on the women. It is not the small share of maintenance or wealth that falls to the female sex which she complains of, as the old reading implies; and therefore it has no connection with the context. My reading seems to give the idea required. Seward.

Or tithe them out like town-bulls to my tenants?

You come to make me angry, but you cannot.

*Val.* I'll make you merry then; you're a brave woman,

And, in despite of envy, a right one.

Go thy ways! troth, thou art as good a woman

As any lord of 'em all can lay his leg over.

I do not often commend your sex.

*Wid.* It seems so, your commendations  
Are so studied for.

*Val.* I came to see you, [ness;

And sift you into flour, to know your pure-

And I have found you excellent; I thank you;

Continue so, and shew men how to tread,

And women how to follow. Get an husband,

An honest man (you are a good woman) [too

And live hedg'd in from scandal; let him be

An understanding man, and to that stedfast;

'Tis pity your fair figure should miscarry;

And then you're fix'd. Farewell!

*Wid.* Pray stay a little;

I love your company, now you are so pleasant,

And to my disposition set so even.

*Val.* I can no longer. [Exit.

*Wid.* As I live, a fine fellow! [honest.

This manly handsome bluntness shews him

What is he, or from whence? Bless me, four

husbands!

How prettily he fool'd me into vices,

To stir my jealousy, and find my nature.

A proper gentleman! I am not well o' th'

sudden.

Such a companion I could live and die with!

His angers are mere mirth.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isab.* Come, come, I'm ready.

*Wid.* Are you so?

*Isab.* What ails she? [goes on;

The coach stays, and the people; the day

I am as ready now as you desire, sister.

Fy, who stays now? Why do you sit and

pout thus?

*Wid.* Prithee be quiet; I am not well.

*Isab.* For Heaven's sake,

Let's not ride stagg'ring in the night! Come,

pray you take [mach—

Some sweetmeats in your pocket: If your sto-

*Wid.* I have a little business.

*Isab.* To abuse me, [picious.

You shall not find new dreams, and new sus-

To horse withal!

*Wid.* Lord, who made you a commander?

Hey ho, my heart!

*Isab.* Is the wind come thither, [to 'em?

And, coward-like, do you lose your colours

Are you sick o' th' Valentine, sweet sister?

[Aside.

Come, let's away; the country will so quicken  
you, [lady's cloak!

And we shall live so sweetly! Luce, my

Nay, you have put me into such a gog of

going, [here,

I would not stay for all the world. If I live

You have so knock'd this love into my head,

That I shall love any body; and I find my

body, [sister;

I know not how, so apt—Pray, let's be gone,

I stand in thorns.

*Wid.* I prithee, Isabella! [me]

[I'faith, I have some business that concerns

I will suspect no more. Here, wear that for

me; [taylor.

And I'll pay the hundred pound you owe your

*Enter Shorthose, Roger, Humphry, and Ralph.*

*Isab.* I had rather go; but—

*Wid.* Come, walk in with me;

We'll go to cards. Unsaddle the horses!

*Short.* A jubilee! a jubilee! we stay, boys!

[Exeunt.

*Enter Uncle and Lance; Fountain, Belle-*

*more, and Harebruin following.*

*Unc.* Are they behind us?

*Lance.* Close, close; speak aloud, Sir.

*Unc.* I'm glad my nephew has so much

discretion, [tain him?

At length to find his wants. Did she enter-

*Lance.* Most bravely, nobly, and gave him

such a welcome!

*Unc.* For his own sake, do you think?

*Lance.* Most certain, Sir;

And in his own cause he hest'rd himself too.

And was such liking from her, she dotes on

him.

It's the command of all the house already.

*Unc.* He deals not well with his friends.

*Lance.* Let him deal in, [her.

And be his own friend; he has most need of

*Unc.* I wonder they would put him—

*Lance.* You are in the right on't;

A man that must raise himself; I knew he'd

cozen 'em,

And glad I am he has. He watch'd occasion,

And found it i' th' nick.

*Unc.* He has deceiv'd me. [about,

*Lance.* I told you, howsoever he wheel'd

He would charge home at length. How I

could laugh now,

To think of these tame fools!

*Unc.* 'Twas not well done,

Because they trusted him; yet—

*Bel.* Hark you, gentlemen! [us.

*Unc.* We are upon a business; pray excuse

They have it home.

*Lance.* Come, let it work. Good even,

gentlemen! [Exeunt Uncle and Lance.

<sup>42</sup> Good on gentlemen.] Former edit. Amended by Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symonds.

Seward.

Pointed in the following manner by Mr. Seward,

Come, let it work good even gentlemen.

*Fount.* 'Tis true, he is a knave; I ever thought it.

*Hare.* And we are fools, tame fools!

*Bel.* Come, let's go seek him.

He shall be hang'd before he colt us basely.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Isab.* Art sure she loves him?

*Luce.* Am I sure I live?

And I have clapt on such a commendation

On your revenge——

*Isab.* Faith, he's a pretty gentleman.

*Luce.* Handsome enough, and that her eye has found out. [the maddest!]

*Isab.* He talks the best, they say, and yet

*Luce.* He has the right way.

*Isab.* How is she?

*Luce.* Bears it well,

As if she car'd not; but a man may see, With half an eye, through all her forc'd behaviour, And find who is her Valentine. [haviours,

*Isab.* Come, let's go see her;

I long to persecute.<sup>43</sup>

*Luce.* By no means, mistress;

Let her take better hold first.

*Isab.* I could burst now!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>43</sup> To prosecute.] Corrected by Mr. Seward.

<sup>44</sup> You pilchers.] *Pilcher*, says Warburton, we should read *pilche*, which signifies a *cloak*, or coat of skins, meaning the *scabard*. This is confirmed by Junius, who renders *pilly* a garment of skins, *pylice* Sax. *pellice* Fr. *pellicia* Ital. *pellis* Lat. R.

<sup>45</sup> You shotten, said.] Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

<sup>46</sup> To rank yourselves? who sh'd you, &c.] *Rank* and *file*.

<sup>47</sup> Small bare sentences.] Corrected by Theobald and Sympson.

<sup>48</sup> With penny-poses.] I think it very probable that some words are lost here, that would have had more relation to penny-poses than what now precedes them, and have completed the verse. Seward.

We see no occasion to suppose words lost; but think the words should be spoken ludicrously, in mockery of the mottoes to garters, &c.

\* Boot-hoses,

\* With penny-poses!

<sup>49</sup> But piping rites that knew you would be prizing.] *Kites* is a term for sharpers, as in the first page of this play,

*Maintaining hospitals for kites and curs.*

That this therefore is the true reading here I cannot doubt, for the epithet *piping* expresses the noise which the *kite* makes in seeking his prey, and cannot, I believe, be joined to any other word with propriety. Both Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald conjectured, *wights*, but gave it up. The change of the last word is equally necessary to the sense. Seward.

<sup>50</sup> Britain's books.] This was a voluminous writer sneer'd by several wits of our Authors' age. The initial letters of his name were mentioned in the *Scornful Lady*, p. 117. And Mr. Theobald there calls him *Broughton*, quoting Ben Jonson's *Alchymist*. But Mr. Sympson has found him mentioned by Broome in his *Merry Beggars*, where he is call'd *Britain*; and by Sir John Suckling in his *Goblins*, by the name of *Briton*: And as they all agree in character, there can be no doubt of their meaning the same person. One may collect from them that his works were full of formal high-flown compliments, and are therefore very properly apply'd here. Seward.

His name was *Nicholas Breton*, and he appears to have been a very voluminous writer, during a long period; we have seen publications by him from the year 1582 to 1621, and possibly there may be found some before and after those years. It is unnecessary to mention the particular works of an author, who seems to have been held in no estimation by his contemporaries; but we cannot avoid taking notice of one piece, merely on account of some verses prefixed to it, signed with the initial letters W. S. It has the following punning title: \* The Wil of Wit, Wit's Will, or Wil's wit, Chuse you Whether; containing five Discourses, the

*Enter Widow and Luce.*

*Fount.* This cannot save you.

*Fal.* Taunt my integrity, you whelps?

*Bel.* You may talk, [ther!]

The stock we gave you out; but, see no further!

*Hare.* You tempt our patience! We have

found you out, [feather'd,

And what your trust comes to; you are well

Thank us; and think now of an honest course,

'Tis time; men now begin to look; and narrowly,

Into your tumbling tricks; they're stale.

*Wid.* Is not that he?

*Luce.* 'Tis he.

*Wid.* Be still, and mark him.

*Fal.* How miserable [em!]

Will these poor wretches be, when I forsake

But, things have their necessities. I'm sorry!

To what a vomit must they turn again now!

To their own dear dunghill breeding! Never hope,

After I cast you off, you men of motley,

You most undone things, below pity, any

That has a soul and sixpence dares relieve you;

My name shall bar that blessing. There's

your cloak, [you]

Sir; keep it close to you; it may yet preserve

A fortnight longer from the fool! Your hat;

Pray be cover'd! [me,

And there's the satten that your worship sent

Will serve you at a sizes yet.

*Fount.* Nay, faith, Sir,

You may e'en rub these out now.

*Fal.* No such relick,

Nor the least rag of such a sordid weakness,

Shall keep me warm. These breeches are

mine own, [passion,

Purchas'd, and paid for, without your count-

And Christian-breeches, founded in Black-

And so I will maintain 'em. [Friars,

*Hare.* So they seem, Sir. [breeches,

*Fal.* Only the thirteen shillings in these

And the odd groat, I take it, shall be yours,

Sir;

A mark to know a knave by; pray preserve it

Do not displease me more, but take it presently!

Now, help me off with my boots!

*Hare.* We're no groomers, Sir.

*Fal.* For once you shall be; do it willingly,

Or by this hand I'll make you.

*Bel.* To our own, Sir,

We may apply our hands.

*Fal.* There's your hangers;

You may deserve a strong pair, and a girdle

Will hold you without buckles. Now I'm

perfect; [me,

And now the proudest of your worships tell

I am beholden to you.

*Fount.* No such matter! [dangerous,

*Fal.* And take heed how you pity me; 'tis

Exceeding dangerous, to prate of pity.

Which are the poorer, you or I, now, pop-

pies?<sup>34</sup>

I without you, or you without my knowledge:

Be rogues, and so be gone! Be rogues, and

For, if you do— [reply not;

*Bel.* Only thus much, and then we'll leave

you:

The air is far sharper than our anger, Sir,

And these you may reserve to rail in warmer.

*Hare.* Pray have a care, Sir, of your health!

[*Exeunt Lovers.*

*Fal.* Yes, hog-hounds, more than you can

have of your wits! [cold too;

'Tis cold, and I am very sensible; extremely

Yet I'll not off, 'till I have sham'd these rascals.

I have endur'd as ill heats as another,

And every way,<sup>35</sup> if one could perish, my

body—

You'll bear the blame on't! I am colder here;<sup>36</sup>

Not a poor penny left!

\* Effects whereof follow; Reade and Judge. Newly corrected and amended, being the fifth time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas Breton, Gentleman. 1606. 4to. We know no writer of that time to whom the above initials will apply, except our great dramatic writer Shakespeare. To another pamphlet of Breton's, Ben Jonson hath prefixed commendatory verses, which are not inserted in the last, or any other edition of his Works. R.

<sup>34</sup> Poorer, ye are now puppies? Here the sense and measure have equally suffered. How flat is it merely to call them puppies? He had called them whelps, and worse names before. I sent my emendation to Mr. Theobald, and find it in his margin. Mr. Symphon too says that he hit upon the same. Seward.

<sup>35</sup> And every way if one could perish my body, you'll bear the blame on't.] Here both sense and measure seem entirely lost, nor can I restore either without taking liberties, which I doubt will be thought unwarrantable. I have given the only tolerable sense which I could pick out of the wreck that is left; but am far from imposing my additions as the genuine text. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

*And almost every way that one can perish;*

*My body, you'll bear cold, but they the blame on't.*

This passage is difficult, yet the additions of Mr. Seward are indeed unwarrantable. Our regulation of the points, we apprehend, makes sense of the old reading, according to which Valentine means, 'I have endured as violent heats as any man, and could endure any extremity—' but you'll bear the blame, you hog-hounds, &c.' meaning the Lovers.

<sup>36</sup> I am colder here.] Meaning his pockets.

*Enter Uncle with a bag.*

*Unc.* 'T has taken rarely;  
And, now he's fled, he will be rul'd.

*Lance.* To him, tew him,  
Abuse him, and nip him close.

*Unc.* Why, how how, cousin?  
Sunning yourself this weather?

*Val.* As you see, Sir;  
In a hot fit, I thank my friends.

*Unc.* But, cousin, [heritance;  
Where are your clothes, man? those are no in-  
Your scruple may compound with those I take  
This is no fashion, cousin. [it;

*Val.* Not much follow'd,  
I must confess; yet, Uncle, I determine  
To try what may be done next term.

*Lance.* How came you thus, Sir? for you're  
strangely mew'd.<sup>54</sup> [fools

*Val.* Rags, toys, and trifles, fit only for those  
That first possess'd 'em, and to those knaves  
they're render'd. [cents,

*Freemen, Uncle, ought to appear like inno-  
Old Adam,*

*A fair fig-leaf sufficient.<sup>55</sup>*

*Unc.* Take me with you;  
Were these your friends that clear'd you thus?

*Val.* Hang friends,  
And even reckonings, that make friends!

*Unc.* I thought till now, [chase,  
There had been no such living, no such pur-  
(For all the rest is labour) as a list [you, Sir,  
Of honourable friends. Do not such men as  
In lieu of all your understandings, travels,  
And those great gifts of nature, aim at more  
Than casting off your coats? I'm strangely  
cozen'd! [could you feel now,

*Lance.* Should not the town shake at the  
And all the gentry suffer interdiction;  
No more sense spoken, all things Goth and  
Vandal, [lets,

Till you be summ'd again, velvets and scar-  
Anointed with gold lace, and cloth of silver  
Turn'd into Spanish cottons for a penance,  
Wit blasted with your bulls, and taverns wi-  
ther'd,

As though the term lay at St. Albans?

*Val.* Gentlemen,  
You've spoken long and level; I beseech you,

Take breath a while, and hear me.

You imagine now, by the twirling of your  
strings,

That I am at the last, as also that my friends  
Are flown like swallows after summer?

*Unc.* Yes, Sir. [pannier,

*Val.* And that I have no more in this poor  
To raise me up again above your rents, Uncle?

*Unc.* All this I do believe.

*Val.* You have no mind to better me?

*Unc.* Yes, cousin, [you  
And to that end I come, and once more offer  
All that my pow'r is master of.

*Val.* A watch then;

Lay me down fifty pounds there.

*Unc.* There it is, Sir. [to give this,

*Val.* And on it write, that you are pleas'd  
As due unto my merit, without caution

Of land redeeming, tedious thanks, or thrift  
Hereafter to be hop'd for.

*Unc.* How?

[*Lance lays a suit and letter at the door.*

*Val.* Without daring,  
When you are drunk, to relish of revilings,  
To which you're prone in sack, Uncle.

*Unc.* I thank you, Sir.

*Lance.* Come, come away, let the young  
wanton play awhile;

Away, I say, Sir! Let him go forward with  
His naked fashion; he'll seek you to-morrow.  
Goodly weather, sultry hot, sultry! how I  
sweat!

*Unc.* Farewell, Sir.

[*Exeunt Uncle and Lance.*

*Val.* 'Would I sweat too! I'm inonstrous  
vex'd, and cold too; [streets in.

And these are but thin pumps to walk the  
Clothes I must get; this fashion will not  
fadge with me;

Besides, 'tis an ill winter wear. What art thou?  
Yes, they are clothes, and rich ones; some  
fool has left 'em:

And if I should utter—What's this paper here?

'Let these be only worn by the most noble

'And deserving gentleman Valentine.'

Dropt out o' th' clouds! I think they're full  
of gold too! [again;

Well, I'll leave my wonder, and be warm  
In the next house I'll shift.

<sup>54</sup> *Strangely mew'd.*] Mr. Theobald says in his margin that *mew'd* is a term in falconry for shedding of feathers; it is derived from *mud* to *change*, and is a very just emendation. The word *summ'd* below, is another term in falconry, and signifies *full plumed*, both proper to *Lance*, who is a falconer as well as tenant.

<sup>55</sup> *And to those knaves, they are rendred freemen* *Uncle, ought to appear like innocents, old Adam, a faire figge-leave sufficient.*] Here, I believe, something is lost that would probably have filled up both sense and measure.

Mr. Seward reads,

*All freemen, Uncle, ought t appear, &c.*

We believe this gentleman right in his opinion, and that some words have been dropped; but cannot think his interpolation either necessary or warrantable.



He'd rise again, within two hours, embroider'd. [so thick  
Sow mustard-seeds, and they can't come up  
As his new sattins do, and cloths of silver:  
There is no striving.

Unc. Let him play a while then,  
And let's search out what hand—

Lance. Ay, there the game lies. [Exeunt.

Enter Fountain, Bellamore, and Haretrain.

Fount. Come, let's speak for ourselves;  
we've lodg'd him sure enough;

His nakedness dare not peep out to cross us,  
Bel. We can have no admittance.

Hare. Let's in boldly, [favour,  
And use our best arts. Who she deigns to  
We're all content.

Fount. Much good may do her with him!  
No civil wars!

Bel. By no means. Now do I [ling;  
Wonder in what old tod\* ivy he lies whist-  
For means nor clothes he hath none, nor  
none will trust him;

We've made that side sure. We'll teach him  
a new wooing.

Hare. Say, it is his Uncle's spite?

Fount. All one, gentlemen;  
That has rid us of a fair incumbrance,  
And makes us look about to our own fortunes,  
Who are these?

Enter Isabella and Luce.

Isab. Not see this man yet! well, I shall  
be wiser: [so?

But, Luce, didst ever know a woman melt  
She's finely hurt to hunt.

Luce. Peace! the three suitors!

Isab. I could so titter now and laugh: 'I  
' was lost, Luce,<sup>36</sup>

'And I must love, I know not what!' Oh,  
Cupid, [cocks!

What pretty gins thou hast to halter wood-  
'And we must into th' country in all haste,

'Luce.' [Laughing.

Luce. For Heaven's sake, mistress—

Isab. Nay, I've done;

I must laugh though; but, scholar, I shall  
teach you!

Fount. 'Tis her sister.

Bel. Save you, ladies!

Isab. Fair met, gentlemen!

You're visiting my sister, I assure myself.

Hare. We would fain bless our eyes.

Isab. Behold and welcome.

You'd see her?

Fount. 'Tis our business,

Isab. You shall see her,  
And you shall talk with her.

Luce. She will not see 'em,  
Nor spend a word.

Isab. I'll make her fret a thousand;  
Nay, now I've found the scab, I will so  
scratch her!

Luce. She can't endure 'em.

Isab. She loves 'em but too dearly.

Come, follow me, I'll bring you to the party;  
Then make your own conditions, gentlemen,

Luce. She's sick, you know.

Isab. I'll make her well, or kill her.—

And take no idle answer, you are fools then;  
Nor stand off for her state, she'll scorn you  
all then;

But urge her still, and, though she fret, still  
follow her;

A widow must be won so.

Bel. She speaks bravely,

Isab. I would fain have a brother-in-law;

I love men's company.

And if she call for dinner, to avoid you,  
Be sure you stay, follow her into her chamber;  
If she retire to pray, pray with her, and boldly,  
Like honest lovers.

Luce. This will kill her.

Fount. You've shew'd us one way, do but  
lead the other.

Isab. I know you stand o' thorns; come,  
I'll dispatch you.

Luce. If you live after this<sup>37</sup>—

Isab. I've lost my aim. [Exeunt.

Enter Valentine and Francisco.

Fran. Did you not see 'em since?

Val. No, hang 'em, hang 'em!

Fran. Nor will you not be seen by 'em?

Val. Let 'em alone, Frank;

I'll make 'em their own justice, and a jerker,

Fran. Such base discourteous dog-whelps!

Val. I shall dog 'em,

And double dog 'em, ere I've done.

Fran. Will you go with me?

For I would fain find out this piece of bounty,  
It was the Widow's man, that I am certain of.

Val. To what end would you go?

Fran. To give thanks, Sir.

Val. Hang giving thanks; hast not thou  
parts deserve it?

It includes a further will to be beholden;

Beggars can do no more at doors. If you

Will go, there lies your way.

Fran. I hope you'll go.

Val. No, not in ceremony, and to a woman,  
Who's mine own father, were he living,

Frank; [be

I would to the court with bears first. If it  
That wench I think it is, (for t'other's wiser)

I would not be so look'd upon, and laugh'd at,  
So made a ladder for her wit to climb upon,

\* Tod.] i. e. Bushy, thick.

<sup>36</sup> I was lost, Luce, &c.] These words are meant at what the Widow had said of her.

<sup>37</sup> If you live after this—] We suppose Luce to be here addressing herself, in idea, to the Widow. She has before said, this project would kill her. And the succeeding short speech of Isabella warrants, if not confirms, this explanation.

(For 'tis the tarest tit in Christendom;  
I know her well, Frank, and have buckled  
with her) [flouted,  
So lik'd, and stroak'd, fear'd upon, and  
Aud shewn to chambermaids, like a strange  
beast

She had purchas'd with her penny!

*Frank.* You're a strange man!

But do you think it was a woman?

*Val.* There's no doubt on't;  
Who can be there to do it else? Besides,  
The manner of the circumstances—

*Frank.* Then, such courtesies, [dom,  
Whoever does 'em, Sir, saving your own wis-  
Must be more look'd into, and better answer'd,  
Than with deserving slights, or what we ought  
To have conferr'd upon us; men may starve  
else:

Means are not gotten now with erving out,

'I am a gallant fellow, a good soldier,

'A man of learning, or fit to be employ'd'

Immediate blessings cease like miracles,

And we must grow by second means. I pray,  
go with me;

Even as you love me, Sir,

*Val.* I'll come to thee; [p'ries;

But, Frank, I will not stay to hear your fop-  
Dispatch those ere I come.

*Frank.* You will not fail me?

*Val.* Some two hours hence, expect me.

*Frank.* I thank you,  
And will look for you. [Exeunt.

*Enter Widow, Shorthose, Roger, and several  
other Servants.*

*Wid.* Who let me in these puppies? You  
blind rascals,<sup>53</sup>

You drunken knaves! [sently.

*Short.* Yes, forsooth, I'll let 'em in pre-  
Gentlemen! [bawling rogue!

*Wid.* 'Spacious, you blown pudding, you

*Short.* I bawl as loud as I can. Would  
you have me fetch 'em  
Upon my back?

<sup>53</sup> *Who let me in these puppies, you blind rascals, you drunken knaves several.*] So the  
first quarto. Mr. Seward,

*Who let in these puppies?*

*You several blind rascals, drunken knaves.*

We apprehend the word *several* to have been a marginal direction for the appearance of *several*  
servants in this place.

<sup>54</sup> *We come to be merry, madam, and very merry, 'me live to laugh heartily.*] First quar-  
to. Second, *MEN LOVE to laugh heartily.*] Mr. Seward reads,

*We come to be merry, madam, very merry,  
Love to laugh heartily, &c.*

We have taken a greater liberty here than is usual with us, but no more than seems absolutely  
necessary.

<sup>55</sup> *Title-piece.*] (Quasi, *frontispiece.*) So the first edition; all the others read, *LITTLE*  
*piece of anger.*

<sup>56</sup> *You know not how to grace yourself.*] As the negative seems to hurt both sense and  
measure, I have expunged it. Seward.

The negative should be retained; it is ironical. So the Nurse of Juliet: 'You know not  
how to chuse a man!' meaning she *does* know, having chosen Romeo.

*Wid.* Get 'em out, rascal, out with 'em,  
I sweat to have 'em near me. [out!

*Short.* I should sweat more

To carry 'em out.

*Rog.* They are gentlemen, madam.

*Short.* Shall we get 'em into the battery,  
and make 'em drink?

*Wid.* Do any thing, so I be eas'd.

*Enter Isabella, Fountain, Bellmore, and  
Harebrain.*

*Isab.* Now to her, Sir; fear nothing.

*Rog.* Slip aside, boy;

I know she loves 'em, howsoe'er she carries it,  
And has invited 'em; my young mistress told  
me so. [rants,

*Short.* Away to tables then. [Exeunt Ser-

*Isab.* I shall burst with the sport on't.

*Fount.* You are too curious, madam,  
Too full of preparation; we expect it not.

*Bel.* Methinks the house is handsome,  
ev'ry piece decent;

What need you be so vex'd?

*Hare.* We are no strangers. [us,

*Fount.* What tho' we come ere you expected  
Do not we know your entertainments, madam,  
Are free and full at all times?

*Wid.* You are merry, gentlemen.

*Bel.* We come to be merry, madam, and  
very merry, [lady,

Come to laugh heartily,<sup>57</sup> and, now and then,  
A little of our old plea.

*Wid.* I am busy,

And very busy too. Will none deliver me?

*Hare.* There is a time for all; you may be  
busy,

But when your friends come, you've as much  
pow'r, madam—

*Wid.* This is a tedious torment.

*Fount.* How handsomely

This title-piece<sup>58</sup> of anger shows upon her!

Well, madam, well, you know not how to  
grace yourself.<sup>59</sup>

*Bel.* Nay, every thing she does breeds a  
new sweetness.



*Wid.* I must go up, I must go up; I have a business [men!]

*Waits upon me.* Some wine for the gentleman. Nay, we'll go with you; we ne'er saw your chambers yet.

*Isab.* Hold there, boys!

*Wid.* Say I go to my prayers?

*Fount.* We'll pray with you, and help your meditations. [sleep,

*Wid.* This is boisterous; or, say I go to Will you go to sleep with me?

*Bel.* So suddenly before meat will be dangerous. [not sleep.

We know your dinner's ready, lady, you'll

*Wid.* Give me my coach, I'll take the air.

*Hare.* We'll wait on you,

And then your meat, after a quick'ned stomach. [me,

*Wid.* Let it alone; and call my steward to And bid him bring his reckonings into the orchard.

These unmannerly rude puppies! [Ex. *Wid.*

*Fount.* We'll walk after you, And view the pleasure of the place.

*Isab.* Let her not rest, For, if you give her breath, she'll scorn and flout you: [her.

Seem how she will, this is the way to win Be bold, and prosper!

*Bel.* Nay, If we do not tire her!

*Isab.* I'll teach you to worm me, good lady sister, [Exit *Lovers.*

And peep into my privacies, to suspect me;

I'll torture you, with that you hate, most daintily, [love most.

And, when I've done that, laugh at that you

*Enter Luce.*

*Luce.* What have you done? she chafes and fumes outrageously,

And still they persecute her.

*Isab.* Long may they do so!

I'll teach her to declaim against my pities.

Why is she not gone out o' th' town, but gives occasion

For men to run mad after her?

*Luce.* I shall be hang'd.

*Isab.* This in me had been high-treason;

Three at a time, and private in her orchard!

I hope she'll cast her reckonings right now.

*Enter Widow.*

*Wid.* Well, I shall find who brought 'em.

*Isab.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Wid.* Why do you laugh, sister? [you,

I fear me 'tis your trick; 'twas neatly done of And well becomes your pleasure.

*Isab.* What have you done with 'em?

*Wid.* Lock'd 'em i' th' orchard; there I'll make 'em dance,

And caper too, before they get their liberty.

Unmannerly rude puppies!

*Isab.* They are somewhat saucy;

—But yet I'll let 'em out, and once more hound 'em.—

Why where they not beaten out?

*Wid.* I was about it;

But, because they came as suitors—

*Isab.* Why did you not answer 'em?

*Wid.* They are so impudent they will receive none.

More yet! How came these in?

*Enter Francisco and Lance.*

*Lance.* At the door, madam.

*Isab.* It is that face! [Aside.

*Luce.* This is the gentleman.

*Wid.* She sent the money to?

*Lance.* The same.

*Isab.* I'll leave you;

They have some business.

*Wid.* Nay, you shall stay, sister; [alters!

They're strangers both to me. How her face

*Isab.* I'm sorry he comes now.

*Wid.* I am glad he is here now though.

Who would you speak with, gentlemen?

*Lance.* You, lady,

Or your fair sister there; here is a gentleman That has receiv'd a benefit.

*Wid.* From whom, Sir? [madam;

*Lance.* From one of you, as he supposes, Your man deliver'd it.

*Wid.* I pray go forward.

*Lance.* And of so great a goodness that he dares not,

Without the tender of his thanks and service, Pass by the house.

*Wid.* Which is the gentleman?

*Lance.* This, madam.

*Wid.* What's your name, Sir?

*Fran.* They that know me

Call me Francisco, lady; one not so proud To scorn so timely a benefit, nor so wretched

To hide a gratitude.

*Wid.* It is well bestow'd then. [seems,

*Fran.* Your fair self, or your sister, as it

For what desert I dare not know, unless

A handsome subject for your charities,

Or aptness in your noble wills to do it,

Have show'd upon my wants a timely

bounty, [inheritance,

Which makes me rich in thanks, my best

*Wid.* I'm sorry 'twas not mine; this is the gentlewoman.

Fy, do not blush; go roundly to the matter;

The man's a pretty man.

*Isab.* You have three fine ones.

*Fran.* Then to you, dear lady—

*Isab.* I pray no more, Sir, if I may persuade you;

Your only aptness to do this is recompence, And more than I expected.

*Fran.* But, good lady— [with it,

*Isab.* And for me further to be acquainted

Besides the imputation of vainglory,

Were greedy thankings of myself. I did it

Not to be more affected to; I did it;

And if it happen'd where I thought it fitted,

I have my end: More to enquire is curious  
In either of us; more than that, suspicious.

*Fran.* But, gentle lady, 'twill be necessary—

*Isab.* About the right way nothing; do not fright it,  
Being to pious use and tender-sighted,  
With the blown face of compliments; it blasts it.

Had you not come at all, but thought thanks,  
It had been too much. 'Twas not to see your person—

*Wid.* A brave dissembling rogue! And how she carries it! [hear you,

*Isab.* Tho' I believe few handsomer; or  
Tho' I affect a good tongue well; or try you,  
Tho' my years desire a friend; that I reliev'd you.

*Wid.* A plaguy cunning quean!

*Isab.* For, so I carried it, [ter'd  
My end's too glorious in mine eyes, and bar-  
The goodness I propounded with opinion.<sup>62</sup>

*Wid.* Fear her not, Sir.

*Isab.* You cannot catch me, sister.

*Fran.* Will you both teach, and tie my tongue up, lady?

*Isab.* Let it suffice you have it; it was never mine,

Whilst good men wanted it.

*Lance.* This is a saint, sure! [store it.

*Isab.* And if you be not such a one,<sup>63</sup> re-

*Fran.* To commend myself,  
Were more officious than you think my thanks are;

To doubt I may be worth your gift a treason,  
Both to mine own good and understanding.<sup>64</sup>

<sup>62</sup> *And better'd the goodness.*] This sentence has something dark in it, which I cannot clear up: She would seem to say, that she intended to enhance the goodness of her action by concealment. *Seward.*

The meaning of the whole speech (which is indeed obscure) seems to be this: 'So I carried my point, the end obtained was a sufficient reward, and which I was happy to receive in exchange for the mere reputation of having effected it.' *Bartered* is the old word, (which Mr. Seward does not seem to have known) and the right. So she says afterwards, 'I did it, that my best friend should not know it.'

<sup>63</sup> *Such a one.*] i. e. A good man.

<sup>64</sup> *To mine own good and understanding.*] Here again the measure and sense were equally hurt. It is by no means consonant to the modesty of Francisco to commend his own understanding, when it was not called in question; but to say that he would not doubt his own merit, since one of so good an understanding had distinguished it, this is in character. Mr. Simpson had made this addition before I sent it to him. *Seward.*

These gentlemen read,

*Both to mine own good, and to your understanding.*

But we cannot think their addition by any means necessary.

<sup>65</sup> *Unspotted crimes.*] My conjecture in this place was *shrines*, but Mr. Theobald has, I doubt not, hit upon the true word; for besides its propriety to the epithet, he has proved it by a parallel passage of our poets. Monsieur Thomas, act iv. scene i.

*O that honesty  
That ermine honesty, unspotted ever.*

'Till I saw this, I was fully satisfied with my own emendation, which I now condemn, and mention it only to shew, how little dependence one ought to have upon the most plausible conjecture; and that to be positive and dogmatical, does not become a verbal critic. Mr. Simpson read with me *shrines*, but entirely agreed in the preference of *ermine*. *Seward.*

I know my mind clear, and though modesty  
Tells me, he that entreats intrudes, [son,  
Yet I must think something, and of some seam-  
Met with your better taste; this had not been  
else.

*Wid.* What ward for that, wench?

*Isab.* Alas, it never touch'd me. [money

*Fran.* Well, gentle lady, yours is the first  
I ever took upon a forc'd ill manners!

*Isab.* The last of me, if ever you use other.

*Fran.* How may I do, and your way, to be  
A grateful taker? [thought

*Isab.* Spend it, and say nothing;

Your modesty may deserve more.

*Wid.* Oh, sister,

Will you bar thankfulness?

*Isab.* Dogs dance for meat; [can speak,  
Would you have men do worse? For they  
Cry out like woodmongers, good deeds by th'  
hundreds! [it;

I did it, that my best friend should not know  
Wine and vainglory do as much as I else.

If you will force my merit, against my  
meaning,

Use it in well bestowing it, in shewing

It came to be a benefit, and was so;

And not examining a woman did it,  
Or to what end; in not believing sometimes

Yourself, when drink and stirring conversa-  
May ripen strange persuasions. [tion

*Fran.* Gentle lady,

I were a base receiver of a courtesy,

And you a worse disposer, were my nature

Unfurnish'd of these foresights. Ladies' ho-  
nours [mines;<sup>65</sup>

Were ever, in my thoughts, unspotted er-

Their good deeds holy temples, where the in-  
cense [virtuous,

Burns not to common eyes: Your fears are  
And so I shall preserve 'em.

*Isab.* Keep but this way, [me.  
And from this place, to tell me so, you've paid  
And so I wish you see all fortune! [Exit.

*Wid.* Fear not; [it.—  
The woman will be thank'd, I do not doubt  
Are you so crafty, carry it so precisely?  
This is to wake my fears, not to abuse me;<sup>66</sup>  
I shall look narrowly [Aside.]—Despair not,  
gentlemen;

There is an hour to catch a woman in,  
If you be wise. So, I must leave you too.  
Now will I go laugh at my suitors. [Exit.

*Lance.* Sir, what courage? [statutes  
*Fran.* This woman is a founder,<sup>67</sup> and cites  
To all her benefits.

*Lance.* I ne'er knew yet [me,  
So few years and so cunning: Yet, believe  
She has an itch; but how to make her con-  
fess it—

For it is a crafty tit, and plays about you,  
Will not bite home; she would fain, but she  
dares not.

Carry yourself but so discretely, Sir, [you,  
That want or wantonness seem not to search  
And you shall see her open.

*Fran.* I do love her, [pound  
And, were I rich, would give two thousand  
To wed her wit but one hour: Oh, 'tis a  
dragon,<sup>68</sup>

<sup>66</sup> Or to abuse me.] This reading seems wrong; could Isabella carry it so precisely on purpose to make her sister more watchful of her? The slight change I have made gives this sense; your behaviour, which was intended to lull my fears asleep, shall not so abuse me, but make me more vigilant. Mr. Sympon does not admit this, but would read,

*Is this to wake my fears, or to abuse me?*

But how could she ask so absurd a question?

*Seward.*

<sup>67</sup> A founder and cites statutes.] This is somewhat obscure, but I believe the meaning is, this woman is a founder or builder up of my fortunes, and like the founder of a college has no other motive than the statutes or commands of Heaven to be charitable. Or perhaps, she is a founder of my fortunes, and mentions statutes to me which she expects me to conform to. Founder is used in the same sense in the Captain, act i. scene iii.

— imagine me

A founder of old fellows!

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward's second interpretation seems to be the true one.

<sup>68</sup> 'Tis a dragon.] Mr. Seward alters dragon to paragon; but dragon is clearly right. Francisco is talking of his mistress's vivacity, her wit, and sprightliness. Paragon is stiff here.

<sup>69</sup> A shew of poverty and beggarly planet.] A shew of a beggarly planet, does not look like a genuine expression; the word planet, indeed, or wanderer, seems proper in the place, and if it be preserved, we should, I think, read,

A shew of poverty, each beggarly planet,

Fall under your compassion?

The verse runs better, as I have put it in the text, but the reader will please to take his choice. Mr. Sympon does not admit either of these conjectures, but would read,

A shew of poverty and beggarly plaint.

But a shew of a beggarly plaint seems as harsh to me as the old reading.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

A shew of poverty and beggary

Fall under your compassion?

And such a sprightly way of pleasure I ha,  
Lance?

*Lance.* Your 'ha, Lance' broken once,  
you cry'd, 'ho, ho, Lance!'

*Fran.* Some leaden landed rogue will have  
this wench now, [her,  
When all's done; some such youth will carry  
And wear her greasy out like stuff; some  
dunce, [mires nothing

That knows no more but markets, and ad-  
But a long charge at sizes. Oh, the fortunes!

*Enter Isabella and Luce.*

*Lance.* Comfort yourself.

*Luce.* They are here yet, and alone too;  
Boldly upon't!—Nay, mistress, I still told  
you, [venture

How you would find your trust; this 'tis to  
Your clarity upon a boy.

*Lance.* Now, what's the matter?

Stand fast, and like yourself.

*Isab.* Prithce, no more, wench.

*Luce.* What was his want to you?

*Isab.* 'Tis true.

*Luce.* Or misery! [mercy  
Or, say he had been i' th' cage, was there no  
To look abroad but yours?

*Isab.* I am paid for fooling.

*Luce.* Must every slight companion that  
can purchase

A shew of poverty, and beggarly planet,<sup>69</sup>

Fall under your compassion?

*Lance.* Here's new matter.

*Luce.* Nay, you are serv'd but too well.  
Here he stays yet,  
Yet, as I live!

*Fran.* How her face alters on me!

*Luce.* Out of a confidence, I hope.

*Isab.* I'm glad un't.

*Fran.* How do you, gentle lady?

*Isab.* Much ashamed, Sir, [tious]  
(But first stand further off me; you're infected to find such vanity, nay, almost impudence, Where I believ'd a worth. Is this your thanks,

The gratitude you were so mad to make me,  
Your trim council, gentlemen?

[Producing a ring.

*Lance.* What, lady?

*Isab.* Take your device again, it will not serve, Sir; [zen'd!  
The woman will not bite, you're finely co-Drop it no more, for shame!

*Luce.* Do you think you're here, Sir,  
Amongst your wast-coateers, your base wenches [luded:

That scratch at such occasions? You're de-This is a gentlewoman of a noble house,  
Born to a better fame than you can build her,  
And eyes above your pitch.<sup>70</sup>

*Fran.* I do acknowledge—

*Isab.* Then I beseech you, Sir, what could you see, [devil!]  
(Speak boldly, and speak truly, shame the In my behaviour, of such easiness,  
That you durst venture to do this?

*Fran.* You amaze me;  
This ring is none of mine, nor did I drop it.

*Luce.* I saw you drop it, Sir.

*Isab.* I took it up too, [it:  
Still looking when your modesty should miss  
Why, what a childish part was this!

*Fran.* I vow— [this,

*Isab.* Vow me no vows! He that dares do  
Has bred himself to boldness to forswear too.  
There, take your gewgaw! You are too much pamper'd,

And I repent my part. As you grow older,  
Grow wiser, if you can; and so farewell, Sir!

[Exeunt *Isabella* and *Luce*.

*Lance.* 'Grow wiser, if you can!' She has put it to you.

'Tis a rich ring; did you drop it?

*Fran.* Never;

Nor saw it afore, *Lance*.

*Lance.* Thereby hangs a tail then.

What flight she makes to catch herself! Look up, Sir;

You cannot lose her, if you would. How daintily

She flies upon the lure, and cunningly  
She makes her stops!<sup>71</sup> Whistle, and she'll come to you.

*Fran.* I would I were so happy.

*Lance.* Maids are clocks: [to us,  
The greatest wheel, they shew, goes slowest  
And makes us hang on tedious hopes; the lesser, [wishes,  
Which are conceal'd, being often oil'd with  
Flee like desires, and never leave that motion,  
Till the tongue strikes. She is flesh, blood,  
and marrow,

Young as her purpose, and as soft as pity;  
No monument to worship, but a mould,  
To make men in, a neat one; and I know,  
Howe'er she appears now, which is near enough, [night,  
You are stark blind if you hit not soon. At  
She would venture forty pounds more, but to feel [rings, ' forsooth!  
A flea in your shape bite her! ' Drop no more  
This was the prettiest thing to know her heart by!

*Fran.* Thou put'st me in much comfort.

*Lance.* Put yourself in  
Good comfort! If she do not point you out the way—

' Drop no more rings!' she'll drop herself into you.

*Fran.* I wonder my brother comes not.

*Lance.* Let him alone,  
And feed yourself on your own fortunes.

Come, be frolic, [sel.  
And let's be monstrous wise, and full of count.  
' Drop no more rings!' [Exeunt.

Enter *Widow*, *Fountain*, *Bellamore*, and  
*Harebrain*.

*Wid.* If you will needs be foolish, you must be us'd so.  
Who sent for you? who entertain'd you, gentlemen?

Who hid you welcome hither? You came crowding,

And, impudently bold, press on my patience,  
As if I kept a house for all companions,

And of all sorts. Will you have your wills, will you vex me, [you.

And force my liking from you? I ne'er ow'd.  
*Fount.* For all this, we will dine with you.

*Bel.* And, for all this,  
We will have a better answer from you.

*Wid.* You shall never;  
Neither have an answer nor a dinner, unless you use me [too.

With a more staid respect and stay your time

Inserting a comma after poverty makes the sense clear, the word *every* being understood as if repeated before planet: 'Every slight companion, and every beggarly planet.'

<sup>70</sup> And eyes above your pitch.] In the edition of 1750, the word *eyes* appears as a substantive. It is certainly a verb, and *Luce's* meaning is, 'She looks higher, or for a better match, than you.'

<sup>71</sup> Stops.] Mr. Synipson thinks it should be *stoops*. Seward.

\* Ow'd.] *Quasi*, *Ow'n'd*.

*Enter Isabella, followed by Skorthose, Roger, Humphry, and Ralph, with dishes of meat.*

*Isab.* Forward with the meat now!

*Rog.* Come, gentlemen,  
March fairly.

*Short.* Roger, you are a weak serving-man;  
Your white broth runs from you! Fy, how I sweat

Under this pile of beef: An elephant  
Can do more! Oh, for such a back now,  
And in these times, what might a man arrive at!

Goose graze you up, and woodcock march  
behind thee;

I am almost founder'd!

*Wid.* Who bid you bring the meat yet?  
Away, you knaves! I will not dine these two hours.

*Isab.* How am I vex'd and chaf'd! Go, carry it  
And tell the cook he is an arrant rascal,  
To send before I call'd!

*Short.* Faces about,<sup>73</sup> gentlemen;  
Beat a mournful march then, and give some supporters,

Or else I perish! [*Exeunt Servants.*]

*Isab.* It does me much good

To see her chafe thus.

*Hare.* We can stay, madam,  
And will stay and dwell here; 'tis good air.

*Fount.* I know you have beds enough,  
And meat you never want.

*Wid.* You want a little.

*Bel.* We dare to pretend on. Since you  
are churlish,

We'll give you physic; you must purge this  
It burns you, and decays you.

*Wid.* If I had you out once,  
I would be at charge of a portcullis for you.

*Enter Valentine.*

*Val.* Good morrow, noble lady.

*Wid.* Good morrow, Sir. [*manly!*]  
How sweetly now he looks, and how full  
What slaves were those to use him so!

[*Aside.*]

*Val.* I come

To look a young man I call brother.

*Wid.* Such a one. [*ther;*]

Was here, Sir, as I remember, your own brother  
But gone almost an hour ago.

*Val.* Good e'en then!

*Wid.* You must not so soon, Sir; here be  
some gentlemen;

It may be you're acquainted with 'em.

*Hare.* Will nothing make him miserable?

*Fount.* How glorious! [*tunes,*]

*Bel.* It is the very he! Does it rain for-  
Or has he a familiar?

*Hare.* How doggedly he looks too?

*Fount.* I am beyond my faith! Pray, let's  
be going.

*Val.* Where are these gentlemen?

*Wid.* Here.

*Val.* Yes, I know 'em,  
And will be more familiar.

*Bel.* Morrow, madam!

*Wid.* Nay, stay and dine.

*Val.* You shall stay till I talk with you,  
And not dine neither, but fasting fly my  
fury.<sup>74</sup> [*still,*]

You think you have undone me; think so  
And swallow that belief: "Till you be com-  
pany

For court-hand clerks, and starv'd attornies;  
Till you break in at plays, like 'prentices,

For three a groat, and crack nuts with the  
scholars

In penny rooms again, and fight for apples;  
Till you return to what I found you, people

Betray'd into the hands of fencers, challeng-  
ers,

Tooth-drawers, hill\*, and tedious proclama-  
In meal-markets, with throngings to see cut-

purse—  
(Stir not, but hear, and mark; I'll cut your  
throats else!) [*vers,*]

Till water-works, and rumours of New Ri-  
Ride you again, and run you into question

Who built the Thames;<sup>74</sup> till you run mad  
for lotteries,

And stand there with your tables to glean  
The golden sentences, and cite 'em secretly

To serving-men for sound essays; till taverns

<sup>73</sup> *Faces about.*] This expression the reader will find explained in the 63d note on the Scornful Lady. The modern editors, not understanding it, and in their rage of correction, read *face about*.—The same rage has induced those gentlemen to make several slight alterations, in the course of a few lines hereabouts, equally bold, and more injurious to the sense. They make the Widow say, *And stay my time too* (meaning, *as long as I please*) instead of *your time* (the month I have commanded you to be silent). One of the *Lovers* declares, according to them, *We dare to pretend so* (which can only be understood, *We deny our using meat*) instead of saying, with the old copy, *We dare to pretend on* (we shall call demands further.) And poor *Lancee* is made most blunderingly to assert, when *quay Isabella*, *At night he would venture forty pounds more, but to feel a flea in your shirt* HER.

<sup>74</sup> *But fastingly my fury.*] Mr. *Simpson* reads, *but fasting on my fury*: My first nature was *vide my fury*; but as *fly* is nearest the trace of the letters, and seems to me good I think it most probably the original. Mr. *Theobald* reads, *vide*. *Seward*.

<sup>74</sup> *Who built Theamca.*] So the first quarto: We have, with Mr. *Seward*, folio second, only inserting the particle *the*.

Allow you but a towel-room to tipple in,  
Wine that the bell has gone for twice, and  
glasses

That look like broken promises, tied up  
With wicker protestations, English tobacco,  
With half-pipes, nor in half a year once  
burnt, and bisenit

That bawds have rubb'd their gums upon  
like corals, <sup>[rascals,]<sup>75</sup></sup>

To bring the mark again; 'till this hour,  
(For this most fatal hour will come again)

Think I sit down the loser!

*Wid.* Will you stay, gentlemen?

A piece of beef, and a cold capon, that's all;  
You know you're welcome.

*Harc.* That was cast to abuse us.<sup>76</sup>

*Bel.* Steal off; the devil is in his anger!

*Wid.* Nay, I am sure

You will not leave me so discourteously,

Now I have provided for you.

*Fal.* What do ye here?

Why do ye vex a woman of her goodness,  
Her state, and worth? Can ye bring a fair  
certificate <sup>[ye puppies?]</sup>

That ye deserve to be her footmen? Husbands,  
Husbands for whores and bawds! Away, you  
wind-suckers!

Do not look big, nor prate, nor stay, nor  
grumble;

And, when ye're gone, seem to laugh at my  
fury, <sup>[this;]</sup>

And slight this lady! I shall hear, and know

And, though I am not bound to fight for  
women,

As far as they are good, I dare preserve 'em.

Be not too bold; for if you be I'll swinge  
you,

I'll swinge you monstrously, without all pity.

Your honours, now go! avoid me mainly!

<sup>[Exeunt Lovers.]</sup>

*Wid.* Well, Sir, you have deliver'd me, I  
thank you,

And with your nobleness prevented danger  
Their tongues might utter. We'll all go and  
eat, Sir. <sup>[women.]</sup>

*Fal.* No, no; I dare not trust myself with

Go to your meat, eat little, take less ease,

And tie your body to a daily labour,

You may live honestly; and so I thank you!

<sup>[Exit.]</sup>

*Wid.* Well, go thy ways; thou art a noble  
fellow,

And some means I must work to have thee  
know it. <sup>[Exit.]</sup>

## ACT V.

*Enter Uncle and Merchant.*

*Unc.* **M**OST certain, 'tis her hand that  
holds him up,

And her sister relieves Frank.

*Mer.* I'm glad to hear it:

But wherefore do they not pursue this fortune  
To some fair end?

*Unc.* The women are too crafty,  
Valentine too coy, and Frank too bashful.  
Had any wise man hold of such a blessing,  
They'd strike it out o' th' flint but they would  
form it.

*Enter Widow and Shorthose.*

*Mer.* The Widow snarl! Why does she stir  
so early?

*Wid.* 'Tis strange, I can't force him to un-  
derstand me,

And make a benefit of what I'd bring him.

Tell my sister, I'll use my devotions

At some this morning; she may, if she please,  
go to church.

*Short.* Hey ho! <sup>[torch, Sir.]</sup>

*Wid.* And do you wait upon her with a

*Short.* Hey ho!

*Wid.* You lazy knave!

*Short.* Here's such a tinkle-tanklings,  
That we can ne'er lie quiet, and sleep our  
prayers out.

Ralph, pray empty my right shoe, that you  
made your chamber-pot,

And burn a little rosemary in't; I must wait  
upon my lady.

<sup>75</sup> Tell this hour rascals so, this most fatal hour will come again.] Though I have departed  
a good deal from the old reading, yet as I have restored what I think to be the sense, and the  
measure, I hope it will be allowed. *Seward.*

*Mr. Seward's reading is,*

*'Till this hour, rascals, shall,*

*'Till this most fatal hour shall come again,*

*Think I sit down the loser.*

We think this passage requires assistance; but a much less violent remedy than Mr. Seward's  
has, in our opinion, established a reading greatly superior to his; the change of *so*, into *for*.

<sup>76</sup> *Humph. That was cast, &c.*] All the editions most erroneously make *Humphry*, the  
servant, speak these words, when neither interested nor present.

This morning-prayer has brought me into a  
consumptioo; [me.

I have nothing left but flesh and bones about  
*Wid.* You drousy slave, nothing but sleep  
and swilling!

*Short.* Had you been bitten with bandog-  
fleas, as I have been

And haunted with the night-mare—

*Wid.* With an ale-pot! [ing-prayers.

*Short.* You would have little list to morn-  
Pray, take my fellow Ralph; he has a psalm-  
I am an ingrum man.<sup>77</sup> [book;

*Wid.* Get you ready quickly, [somerly.

And, when she's ready, wait upon her hand-  
No more, be gone!

*Short.* If I do snore my part out— [Exit.

*Unc.* Now to our purposes.

*Mer.* Good morrow, madam!

*Wid.* Good morrow, gentlemen!

*Unc.* Good joy and fortune!

*Wid.* These are good things and worth  
my thanks; I thank you, Sir.

*Mer.* Much joy I hope you'll find: We  
came to gratulate

Your new-knit marriage-band.

*Wid.* How?

*Unc.* He's a gentleman,

Although he be my kinsman, my fair niece.

*Wid.* Niece, Sir?

*Unc.* Yes, lady, now I may say so;

Is no shame to you! I say, a gentleman,  
And, winking at some light fancies, which  
you [carried,

Most happily may affect him for, as bravely  
As nobly bred and manag'd—

*Wid.* What's all this?

I understand you not. What niece, what mar-  
riage-knot?

*Unc.* I'll tell plainly; [man

You are my niece, and Valentine the gentle-  
Has made you so by marriage.

*Wid.* Marriage?

*Unc.* Yes, lady;

And 'twas a noble and a virtuous part,

To take a falling man to your protection,

And buoy him up again to all his glories.

*Wid.* The men are mad!

*Mer.* What though he wanted [dows,

These outward things, that fly away like sha-  
Was not his mind a full one, and a brave  
one? [outside,

You've wealth enough to give him gloss and  
And he wit enough to give way to love a lady.

*Unc.* I ever thought he would do well.

*Mer.* Nay, I koew, [bine,<sup>78</sup>

How'er he wheel'd about like a loose ear-

He would charge home at length, like a brave  
gentleman.

Heav'n's blessings o' your heart, lady! We're  
so bound to honour you;

In all your service so devoted to you—

*Unc.* Don't look so strange, Widow; it  
must be known;

Better a geeral joy. No stirring here yet?

Come, come, you can't hide it.

*Wid.* Pray be not impudent; [then?

These are the finest toys! Belike I am married

*Mer.* You are in a miserable estate i' th'  
world's account else: [ing.

I would not for your wealth it come to doubt-

*Wid.* And I am great with child?

*Unc.* No, great they say not,

But 'tis a full opinion you're with child;

And there's great joy among the gentlemen,

Your husband hath bestirred himself fairly.

*Mer.* Alas, we know his private hours of  
entraoee, [the bed too,

How long, and when he stay'd, could name  
Where he paid down his first-fruits.

*Wid.* I shall believe anon. [reasons,

*Unc.* And we consider, for some private  
You'd have it private; yet take your own  
pleasure: [sweetest!

And so, good morrow, my best niece, my

*Wid.* No, no, pray stay.

*Unc.* I know you would be with him.

Love him, and love him well!

*Mer.* You'll find him noble.

This may beget—

*Unc.* It must needs work upon her.

[Exit Uncle and Merchant.

*Wid.* These are fine bobs, i' faith! mar-  
ried, and with child too!

How long has this been, I trow? They seem  
grave fellows; [bedded!

They should not come to flout. Married, and

The world take notice too! Where lies this  
may game?

I could be vex'd extremely now, and rail too,  
But 'tis to no end. Though I itch a little,

Must I be scratch'd I know not how? Who  
waits there?

Enter Humphry and another Servant.

*Hum.* Madam!

*Wid.* Make ready my coach quickly, and  
wait you only;

And, hark you, Sir! be secret and speedy! [If hisper.

Inquire out where he lies.

*Hum.* I shall do it, madam. [Exit Serv.

*Wid.* Married, and got with child in a  
dream! 'tis fine, i' faith!

<sup>77</sup> *Ingrum.*] This is, as we conjecture, a vitiation of *ignorant*, similar to Dogberry's *vagrom* for *vagrant*.

<sup>78</sup> *Caline.*] A *carbine* is a term for a horse soldier, and used by our Authors in another play, so that I cannot doubt of its being the genuine reading, tho' Mr. Theobald did, for I sent to him, and find it in his margin with a Q. He probably did not know whether it was in use in our Author's time. I have Mr. Sympson's concurrence, who says he had corrected it so at the first reading. Seward.

Sure, he that did this, would do better waking.  
[Exit.]

*Enter Valentine, Francisco, Lance, drunk,  
and a boy with a torch.*

*Val.* Hold thy torch handsomely! How dost thou, Frank?

*Peter Bassel,* bear up!

*Fran.* You've fried me soundly.

Sack do you call this drink?

*Val.* A shrewd dog, Frank;

Will bite abundantly.

*Lance.* Now could I fight,

And fight with thee—

*Val.* With me, thou man of Memphis?

*Lance.* But that thou'rt my own natural master. [a Pagan,

Yet, my sack says thou'rt no man, thou art And pawn'st thy land, which is a noble cause.

*Val.* No arms, no arms, good Lancelot;

Dear Lance, no fighting here! We will have lands, boy,

Living, and titles; thou shalt be a vice-roy!

Hang fighting, hang it; 'tis out of fashion.

*Lance.* I would fain labour you into your lands again.

Go to; it is behoveful!

*Fran.* Fy, Lance, fy! [my master,

*Lance.* I must beat somebody, and why not

Before a stranger? Charity and beating

Begin at home.

*Val.* Come, thou shalt beat me.

*Lance.* I will not be compelled, an you were two masters;

I scorn the motion!

*Val.* Wilt thou sleep?

*Lance.* I scorn sleep!

*Val.* Wilt thou go eat?

*Lance.* I scorn meat, I come for rompering;

I come to wait upon my charge discretely;

For, look you, if you will not take your mortgage again,

Here do I lie, St. George, and so forth!

*Val.* And here do I, St. George, bestride the dragon!

Thus, with my lance—

*Lance.* I sting, I sting with my tail.

*Val.* Do you so, do you so, Sir? I shall tail you presently!

*Fran.* By no means; do not hurt him!

*Val.* Take his Nellson;

And now rise, thou maiden-knight of Malagal  
Lace on thy helmet of enchanted sack,  
And charge again.

*Lance.* I play no more; you abuse me!  
Will you go?

*Fran.* I'll bid you good morrow, brother;  
For sleep I can't; I have a thousand fancies.

*Val.* Now thou'rt arriv'd, go bravely to the matter,

And do something of worth, Frank.

*Lance.* You shall hear from us.

[Exit Lance and Fran.]

*Val.* This rogue, if he had been sober, sure had beaten me.

He's the most tetchy knave!

*Enter Uncle, Merchant, and boy,<sup>79</sup> with a torch.*

*Unc.* 'Tis he.

*Mer.* Good morrow?

*Val.* Why, Sir, good morrow to you too, an you be so lusty.

*Unc.* You've made your brother a fine man; we met him.

*Val.* I made him a fine gentleman,  
He was a fool before, brought up amongst the<sup>80</sup> mist [have with me?

Of small-beer brewhouses. What would you

*Mer.* I come to tell you, your latest hour is

*Val.* Are you my sentence? [come.

*Mer.* The sentence of your state.

*Val.* Let it be hang'd then; and let it be hang'd high enough,  
I may not see't.

*Unc.* A gracious resolution.

<sup>79</sup> *Enter Uncle and Merchant: May with a torch.*] Thus say the quartos; the folio of 1679 says, *boy*. Whether *May* was corrupted at press from *man*, or whether it was the real or dramatic name of the *torch-bearer*, is not now to be decided.

<sup>80</sup> *Amongst the midst of small-beer brewhouses.*] How much the slight change I have made improves the sense, the reader of taste will instantly see. He will probably wonder how any one could miss it, and think it scarce deserves a note. But for my own part, I several times read over the passage without seeing the corruption, and am at last the discoverer, tho' Mr. Theobald and Mr. Simpson (whose abilities no one will I believe doubt) had very accurately studied the play. The same thing has frequently happened to me with regard to their emendations; and I doubt not but every sensible reader will find out many more, which we have all three missed, as obvious and certain as this. What therefore I would often inculcate is, that the reader should not be too severe upon us for such oversights: because the same thing has happened to all editors of books, which abound with such numerous corruptions as do our Authors' plays. Seward.

A Reader who will not excuse the oversights of an Annotator must indeed be harsh and rigid; and did the Editors of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works in 1750 need exculpation on no other account, it is more than probable the Editors of 1776 would never have undertaken their laborious task; since their first inducement to it was, an observation of the unprecedented interpolations, omissions, and every other species of variation, UNNOTICED, made use of by their predecessors; and, in the process of their work, they have found each of those freedoms practised with much more latitude than they at first supposed or imagined had been taken.



*Val.* What would you else with me? Will you go drink, [boys!]  
And let the world slide, Uncle? Ha, ha, ha,  
Drink sack like whey, boys!

*Mer.* Have you no feeling, Sir?

*Val.* Come hither, Merchant! Make me a supper, [forty pounds!]

Thou most reverend land-catcher, a supper of *Mer.* What then, Sir? [fair sisters,

*Val.* Then, bring thy wife along, and thy Thy neighbours and their wives, and all their trinkets;

Let me have forty trumpets, and such wine! We'll laugh at all the miseries of mortgage; And then in state I'll render thee an answer.

*Mer.* What say you to this?

*Unc.* I dare not say, nor think neither.

*Mer.* Will you redeem your state? Speak to the point, Sir. [Turk's galleies.

*Val.* No, not if it were mine heir in the

*Mer.* Then I must take an order.

*Val.* Take a thousand,

I will not keep it, nor thou shalt not have it; Because thou cam'st i' th' nick, thou shalt not have it!

Go, take possession, and be sure you hold it, Hold fast with both hands, for there be those hounds uncoupled,

Will ring you such a knell! Go down in glory, And march upon my land, and cry, 'All's mine!'

Cry as the devil did, and be the devil:

Mark what an echo follows! Build fine marchpans,

To entertain Sir Silkworm and his lady;

And pull the chapel down, and raise a chamber For Mrs. Silver-pin, to lay her belly in:

Mark what an earthquake comes! Then, foolish Merchant,

My tenants are no subjects; they obey nothing, And they are people too were never christen'd; They know no law nor conscience, they'll devour thee, [found thee

And thou art mortal, Staple;<sup>31</sup> they'll con- Within three days; no bit nor memory

Of what thou wert, no, not the wart upon thy nose there, [sion,

Shall be e'er heard of more! Go, take possession, And bring thy children down, to roast like rabbits; [suckers,

They love young toasts and butter, Bow-bell As they love mischief, and hate law; they're cannibals! [fruitful,

Bring down thy kindred too, that be not

There be those mandrakes that will mollify 'em!

Go, take possession! I'll go to my chamber. Afore, boy, go! [Exeunt *Val.* and *boy.*

*Mer.* He's mad sure!

*Unc.* He's half drunk, sure!

And yet I like this unwillingness to lose it. This looking back.

*Mer.* Yes, if he did it handsomely; But he's so harsh and strange!

*Unc.* Believe it, 'tis his drink, Sir;

And I am glad his drink has thrust it out.

*Mer.* Cannibals?

If e'er I come to view his regiments, If fair terms may be had—

*Unc.* He tells you true, Sir; [calls

They are a bunch of the most boisterous ras- Disorder ever made; let 'em be mad once,

The pow'r of the whole country cannot cool Be patient but a while. [em.

*Mer.* As long as you will, Sir.

Before I buy a bargain of such runts,

I'll buy a college for bears, and live among 'em! [Exeunt.

*Enter Francisco, Lance, and boy with a torch.*

*Fran.* How dost thou now?

*Lance.* Better than I was, and straighter; But my head's a hogshead still; it rowls and

*Fran.* Thou wert cruelly paid. [tunibles.

*Lance.* I may live to requite it; [ride me! Put a snaffle of sack in my mouth, and then

Very well! [I mean now;

*Fran.* 'Twas all but sport. I'll tell thee what I mean to see this weuch.

*Lance.* Where a devil is she?

And there were two, 'twere better.

*Fran.* Dost thou hear

The bell ring?

*Lance.* Yes, yes.

*Fran.* Then she comes to pray'rs, Early each morning thither: Now, if I could

but meet her,

For I am of another metal now—

*Enter Isabel and Shorthose, with a torch.*

*Lance.* What light's yon?

*Fran.* Ha? 'tis a light; take her by the hand, and court her?

*Lance.* Take her below the girdle, you'll ne'er speed else.

It comes on this way still. O! that I had But such an opportunity in a saw-pit!

How it comes on, comes on! 'tis here.

<sup>31</sup> *They'll devour thee: and thou mortall the staple, they'll confound thee.* Out of this abyss of darkness I hope that I have retrieved both sense and measure, and I have the less doubt of it, as they mutually confirm each other. My reading gives this sense, *They'll devour thee*, if thou art made of mortal stuff, or according to mortal standard; it might perhaps be wrote, *And thou art mortal, Staple*; calling the merchant by that name. Mr. Simpson had hit off the word *staple* before he received my note, and read, *Thou mortal of the staple*; i. e. Thou man of merchandise. When different readings are equally sense, conjecture cannot decide which was the original. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *And thou art mortal staple*; but we think the preference due to his other suggestion, of Valentine calling the merchant *Staple*.

*Fran.* 'Tis she: [lady!]  
Fortune, I kiss thy hand! Good morrow,  
*Isab.* What voice is that? Sirrah, do you sleep [Shorthose!]

As you go!—'Tis he; I'm glad on't!—Why,  
*Short.* Yes, forsooth; I was dreamt I was going to church.

*Lance.* She sees you as plain as I do.

*Isab.* Hold thy torch up.

*Short.* Here's nothing but a stall, and a butcher's dog asleep in't.

Where did you see the voice?

*Fran.* She looks still angry.

*Lance.* To her, and meet, Sir!

*Isab.* Here, here.

*Fran.* Yes, lady?

Ne'er bless yourself; I am but a man. [you!]  
And like an honest man, now I will thank

*Isab.* What do you mean? who sent for you? who desir'd you—

*Short.* Shall I put out the torch, forsooth?

*Isab.* Can I not go about my private meditations, ha!

But such companions as you must ruffle me!  
You had best go with me, Sir!

*Fran.* It was my purpose. [had best,  
*Isab.* Why, what an impudence is this! You

Being so near the church, provide a priest,  
And persuade me to marry you.

*Fran.* 'Twas my meaning;

And such a husband, so loving and so careful!  
My youth, and all my fortunes shall arrive at—Hark you! [mannerly!]

*Isab.* 'Tis strange you should be thus un-  
Turn home again, sirrah! You had best now  
My man to lead your way! [force]

*Fran.* Yes, marry shall he, lady.<sup>32</sup>  
Forward, my friend!

*Isab.* This is a pretty riot;

It may grow to a rape.

*Fran.* Do you like that better? [hurt you.  
I can ravish you an hundred times, and never

*Short.* I see nothing; I am asleep still.

When you have done, tell me, and then I'll  
wake, mistress.

*Isab.* Are you in earnest, Sir? do you long  
to be hang'd? [tresses.

*Fran.* Yes, by my troth, lady, in these fair  
*Isab.* Shall I call out for help?

*Fran.* No, by no means;

That were a weak trick, lady: I'll kiss and  
stop your mouth. [Kisses her.

*Isab.* You'll answer all these?

*Fran.* A thousand kisses more!

*Isab.* I was ne'er abus'd thus! [willing,  
You had best give out too, that you found me  
And say I doted on you.

*Fran.* That's known already, [me.

And no man living shall now carry you from  
*Isab.* This is fine, i' faith.

*Fran.* It shall be ten times finer.

*Isab.* Well, seeing you're so valiant, keep  
I will to church. [your way;

*Fran.* And I will wait upon you.

*Isab.* And it is [ture

Most likely there's a priest, if you dare ven-  
As you profess: I'd wish you look about you,  
To do these rude tricks, for you know their  
recompences;

And trust not to my mercy—

*Fran.* But I will, lady.

*Isab.* For I'll so handle you.

*Fran.* That's it I look for.

*Lance.* Afore, thou dream!

*Short.* Have you done?

*Isab.* Go on, Sir!

And follow, if you dare!

*Fran.* If I don't, hang me! [a million!

*Lance.* 'Tis all thine own, boy, an it were  
God a mercy, sack! when would small-beer  
have done this? [Exeunt,

[Knocking within.

*Enter Valenting.*

*Val.* Who's that that knocks and bounces?  
what a devil ails you? [mll?

Is hell broke loose, or do you keep an iron-

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* 'Tis a gentlewoman, Sir, that must  
needs speak with you.

*Val.* A gentlewoman? what gentlewoman?  
what have I to do

With gentlewomen?

*Serv.* She will not be answer'd, Sir.

*Val.* Fling up the bed, and let her in. I'll  
try [has fill'd my head

How gentle she is. [Exit Serv.] This sack  
So full of Babels,<sup>33</sup> I am almost mad.

What gentlewoman should this be? I hope she  
Has brought me no butter-print along with  
her,

To lay to my charge: If she have, 'tis all one,  
I'll forswear it.

*Re-enter Servant, with Widow.*

*Wid.* Oh, you're a noble gallant!

Send off your servant, pray. [Exit Servant.

*Val.* She will not ravish me? [row-hawk!  
By this light, she looks as sharp-set as a spar-

What wouldst thou, woman?

*Wid.* Oh, you have us'd me kindly,

And like a gentleman! This 'tis to trust to  
*Val.* Trust to me, for what? [you.

*Wid.* Because I said in jest once, [well,  
You were a handsome man, oue I could like

And, fooling, made you believe I lov'd you,  
And might be brought to marry—

*Val.* The Widow's drunk too!

*Wid.* You, out of this (which is a fine dis-  
erection) [wed me,

Give out the matter's done, you've won and

<sup>32</sup> *Lance.* Yes, marry, shall he, lady, &c.] This speech has been hitherto given to *Lance*, though so evidently belonging to *Francisco*.

<sup>33</sup> *Babels.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

And that you have put fairly for an heir too:  
These are fine rumours to advance my credit!  
I' th' name of mischief, what did you mean?

*Val.* That you lov'd me,  
And that you might be brought to marry me?  
Why, what a devil do you mean, Widow?

*Wid.* It was a fine trick too, to tell the  
world, [wish'd,

Tho' you had enjoy'd your first wish, you  
The wealth you aim'd not at,<sup>64</sup> that I was poor,  
Which is most true I am; have sold my lands,  
Because I love not those vexations:

Yet, for mine honour's sake, if you must be  
prating,

And for my credit's sake i' th' town—

*Val.* I tell thee, Widow, [lands;  
I like thee ten times better, now thou hast no  
For now thy hopes and cares lie on thy hus-  
If e'er thou marriest mure. [band,

*Wid.* Have not you married me?  
And for this main cause, now as you report it,  
To be your nurse? [to?

*Val.* My nurse? Why, what am I grown  
Give me the glass! My nurse?

*Wid.* You ne'er said truer.  
I must confess, I did a little favour you,  
And with some labour might have been per-  
suaded;

But, when I found I must be hourly troubled  
With making broths, and dawbing your de-  
cays, [ruins;

With swaddling, and with stitching up your  
For the world so reports—

*Val.* Do not provoke me!  
*Wid.* And half an eye may see—

*Val.* Do not provoke me!  
The world's a lying world, and thou shalt  
find it!

Have a good heart, and take a strong faith to  
thee, [shall rock me:

And mark what follows. My nurse? Yes, you  
Widow, I'll keep you waking!

*Wid.* You're disposed, Sir. [shall feel it!

*Val.* Yes, marry am I, Widow; and you  
Now, an they touch my freehold, I'm a tiger!

*Wid.* I think so.  
*Val.* Come!

*Wid.* Whither?  
*Val.* Any whither. [Sings.

The fit's upon me now,  
The fit's upon me now!  
Come quickly, gentle lady,  
The fit's upon me now!

The world shall know they're fools,  
And so shalt thou do too;

Let the cobbler meddle with his tools,  
The fit's upon me now!

Take me quickly, while I am in this vein!  
Away with me; for if I have but two hours  
to consider, [me.

All the widows in the world cannot recover  
*Wid.* If you will go with me, Sir—

*Val.* Yes, marry, will I;  
But 'tis in anger yet! and I will marry thee;  
Do not cross me! Yes, and I will lie with thee,  
And get a whole bundle of babies; and I'll  
kiss thee! [don't provoke me!

Stand still, and kiss me handsomely; but  
Sir neither band nor foot, for I am dangerous!  
I drunk sack yesternight; do not allure me!  
Thou art no widow of this world! come! in  
pity, [more!

And in spite I'll marry thee. Not a word  
And I may be brought to love thee. [Exeunt.

*Enter Merchant and Uncle, at several doors.*  
*Mer.* Well met again! and what good news  
yet?  
*Unc.* Faith, nothing.  
*Mer.* No fruits of what we sow'd?  
*Unc.* Nothing I hear of.  
*Mer.* No turning in this tide yet?  
*Unc.* 'Tis all flood;  
And, 'till that fall away, there's no expecting.

*Enter Francisco, Isabella, Lanee, and Short-  
hose, with a torch.*  
*Mer.* Is not this his younger brother?  
*Unc.* With a gentlewoman;  
The Widow's sister, as I live! He smiles;  
He's got good hold. Why, well said, Frank,  
Let's stay and mark. [Faith!

*Isab.* Well, you're the prettiest youth!  
And so you have handled me, think you have  
*Fran.* As sure as wedlock. [me sure!  
*Isab.* You'd best lie with me too.  
*Fran.* Yes, indeed, will I; and get such  
black ey'd boys!  
*Unc.* God a mercy, Frank!  
*Isab.* This is a merry world; poor simple  
gentlewomen, [business,  
That think no harm, can't walk about their  
But they must be catch'd up, I know not how.  
*Fran.* I'll tell you, and I'll instruct you too.  
Have I caught you, mistress?  
*Isab.* Well, an it were not for pure pity,  
I would give you the slip yet; but, being as it  
*Fran.* It shall be better. [is—

*Enter Valentine, Widow, and Ralph, with a  
torch.*  
*Isab.* My sister, as I live! your brother with  
Sure, I think you're the king's takers. [her?  
*Unc.* Now it works.  
*Val.* Nay, you shall know I am a man.  
*Wid.* I think so.  
*Val.* And such proof you shall have!  
*Wid.* I pray, speak softly.  
*Val.* I'll speak it out, Widow; yes, and you  
shall confess too,  
I am no nurse-child; I went for a mag,  
A good one; if you can beat me out o' th'  
*Wid.* I did but jest with you. [pit—  
*Val.* I'll handle you in earnest, and so handle  
Nay, when my credit calls— [you!

<sup>64</sup> *The wealth you aimed at.* We have added the word *not* here, the sense requiring it.

*Wid.* Are you mad?

*Val.* I am mad, I am mad! [paration.

*Fran.* Good morrow, Sir! I like your pre-  
*Val.* Thou hast been at it, Frank?

*Fran.* Yes, faith, 'tis done, Sir.

*Val.* Along with me then! Never hang an  
arse, Widow!

*Isab.* 'Tis to no purpose, sister.

*Val.* Well said, Black-brows!

Advance your torches, gentlemen!

*Unc.* Yes, yes, Sir!

*Val.* And keep your ranks!

*Mer.* Lance, carry this before him.

[Giving the mortgage.

*Unc.* Carry it in state!

*Enter Musicians, Fountain, Harebrain, and  
Bellamore.*

*Val.* What are you? musicians?

I know your coming!<sup>85</sup> And what are those  
behind you?

*Musi.* Gentlemen

That sent us, to give the lady a good morrow.

*Val.* Oh, I know them. Come, boy, sing  
the song I taught you,

And sing it lustily! Come forward, gentlemen!  
You're welcome, welcome! now we are all

friends. [long,

Go, get the priest ready, and let him not be  
We have much business. [the start, boy,

Come, Frank, rejoice with me! Thou'st got

But I'll so tumble after! Come, my friends,  
lead, [boys!

Lead cheerfully; and let your fiddles ring.  
My follies and my fancies have an end here.

Display the mortgage, Lance! Merchant, I'll  
pay you,

And every thing shall be in joint again.

*Unc.* Afore, afore!

*Val.* And now confess, and know,

Wit without money, sometimes gives the blow!  
[Exeunt omnes.

<sup>85</sup> *I know you coming.*] Beside the obscurity of this expression, which I take to have been a mere typographical error, *coming for come in*, a syllable is wanting to the measure, which I have taken the liberty to supply, believing either *you*, or some other monosyllable as indifferent to the sense, has been dropt. One may easily believe, that such mistakes may have frequently happened in a play, where there have been visibly such numerous corruptions, and where the measure was so shockingly disregarded, that not twenty lines in the whole were desiguedly printed as such, in any former edition. This I hope I have generally restored; and that by the assistance of Mr. Sympton and Mr. Theobald's margin, I have retrieved many passages which were corrupted. I am far from presuming that all our conjectures are right; or that several blunders are not still left untouched. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *What're you, musicians? I know you, come you in, and what, &c.* The old quartos say, *I know your coming*; meaning, as we apprehend, *I know of your coming*, it being customary at weddings.

In the preparation of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Works for the press, in 1750, either Mr. Theobald or Mr. Seward discovered, that the comedy of *Wit without Money* had been originally written in verse, and undertook the arduous task of restoring the metre, instead of printing it prosaically, as in all the former editions had been done. We are not capable of declaring to which of these gentlemen the honour of this well-meant undertaking belongs, or how far Mr. Theobald had proceeded in it at the time of his decease. From whomsoever the intent originated, by whomsoever the plan was executed, we are sorry to find the commendations due to the undertaking, must meet with a very considerable alloy, on observing how lightly the martyrdom of language, and the faithfulness of editorship, were looked on, when (which was very frequently the case) the process of this poetic plan met with interruption. How small is the honour to an Editor, how material the disgrace to an Author, how great the impediment to a Reader, when we find

Val'n'tine,  
'S this man nak'd,  
h' so,  
t' y'self,  
m' friends,  
m' so,  
'tis 'r sister,  
b' there,  
this 's boisterous,  
this 's brother,  
I w's going,  
ne'er,  
s' loving,  
f'r all this,  
g'd morrow,  
sharp set 's sparrow-hawk,

stand in place of

Valentine,  
Is this man naked,  
he so,  
to yourself,  
my friends,  
me so,  
'tis her sister,  
be there,  
this is boisterous,  
this his brother,  
I was going,  
neither,  
so loving,  
for all this,  
good morrow,  
sharp set as a sparrow-hawk,

with multitudes similar; for we only mention such contractions as first occur to us, by way of specimen?—And if to these verbal assassinations we should (in aid of our equi-syllabic pursuit) add the introducing such arbitrary variations as to read

—To Think well of  
Ourselves, if we deserve it, it is,  
Sir, a lustre in's,

'Twas rarely ta'en,

T has rid us fair of an incumbrance,

That he who doth intreat intrudes,

'Tis beyond faith, let's be going,

There are here some gentlemen,

Now I'm another metal,

instead of

To think well of ourselves, if we deserve  
it, is a lustre in us,

'T has taken rarely,

It has rid us of a fair incumbrance,

He that intreats intrudes,

I am beyond my faith, pray let's be going,

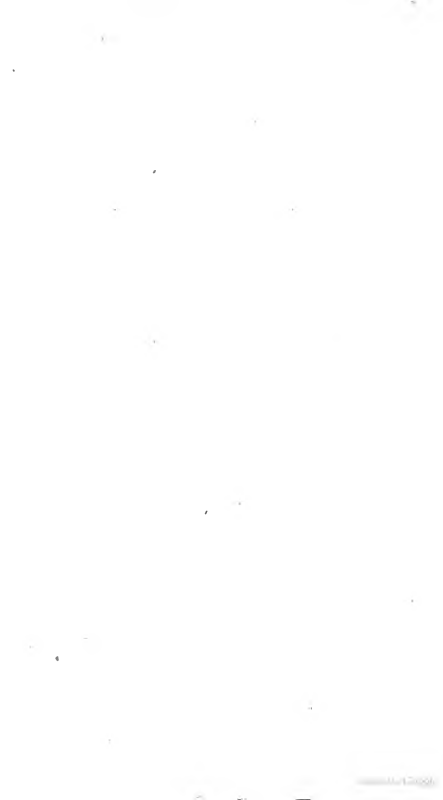
Here be some gentlemen,

For I am of another metal now,

together with *interpolations*, *omissions*, and *transpositions*, *ad infinitum*; when convicted of all these, so far from expecting applause, can they hope for pardon, or think to avoid the severest censure?—We beg to have it understood, that the freedoms which we object to, are such as the Editors have not mentioned in their notes. Noticed variations (but those variations should ever be made with the greatest caution, and not without an apparent urgent necessity) are in some degree allowable; others, we think, highly reprehensible.—The whole of this play was printed under the inspection of Mr. Seward, whose only object of consideration seems to have been, the establishment of metre, no matter by what means; to him, therefore, we are to ascribe the abovementioned violences.

We have no doubt but the play of *Wit without Money* was written in verse; but it is at the same time certain, that either our Authors were more licentious in this Comedy than in all their other plays put together; or else that the players, 'by whom, as Mr. Seward supposes, 'this play was divested of its measure, in order to render the dialogue more low and farcical,' and who did not publish it till fourteen years after Fletcher's demise, were so successful in their anti-heroic endeavour, that it appears totally impossible ever to effect a thorough restoration of the metre.

All we can assure the reader is, that we have carefully adhered to the old copies, where the sense did not demand variation; that we have submitted such variations as we thought ourselves obliged to make, to the judgment of the Reader; and that (induced as well by the licentiousness of the old poetick writers, as a desire to be faithful Editors) we have preferred *leaving faulty verses*, to *castration of language for regularity of measure*.



# BEGGARS' BUSH.

## A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner and Hills attribute this Play wholly to Fletcher. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. Until within a few years past, the Comedy now before us used to be frequently represented at Covent-Garden Theatre. In the year 1768, Mr. Hull made some alterations in it, and, with the addition of several songs, brought it on the stage as an opera, under the title of The Royal-Merchant.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

WOLFORT, { an usurper of the earldom of Flanders.  
GERRARD, { falsely called CLAUSE, king of the beggars, father-in-law to Florez.  
HUBERT, an honest lord, a friend to Gerrard.  
FLOREZ, { falsely called GOSWIN, a rich merchant of Bruges.  
HEMPSKIRKE, a captain under Wolfort.  
HERMAN, a courtier, { inhabitants of Flanders.  
A MERCHANT, {  
VANDUNKE, { a drunken merchant, friend to Gerrard, falsely called father to Bertha.  
VANLOCK, { of Bruges.  
FOUR MERCHANTS, {  
HIGGEN, }  
PRIGO, } three knavish beggars.  
SNAPP, }

FERRET, { two gentlemen, disguised under those names, of Gerrard's party.  
GINKES, {  
CLOWN.  
BOORS.  
A SAILOR.  
Servants.  
Guard.

#### WOMEN.

JACULIN, { daughter to Gerrard, beloved of Hubert.  
BERTHA, { called GERTRUDE, daughter to the duke of Brabant, mistress to Florez.  
MARGARET, wife to Vandunke.  
MRS. FRANCES, a frow, daughter to Vanlock.

SCENE, FLANDERS.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*Enter a Merchant and Herman.*

*Merchant.* IS he then taken?  
*Herman.* And brought back even now, Sir.  
*Mer.* He was not in disgrace?  
*Herman.* No man more lov'd,  
Nor more deserv'd it, being the only man  
That durst be honest in this court.  
*Mer.* Indeed {suffer'd  
We've heard abroad, Sir, that the state hath  
A great change, since the countess' death.

*Herman.* It hath, Sir, [a stranger  
*Mer.* My five years' absence hath kept me  
So much to all th' occurrences of my country,  
As you shall bind me for some short relation,  
To make me understand the present times.  
*Herman.* I must begin then with a war was  
made,  
And seven years with all cruelty continued,  
Upon our Flanders by the duke of Brabant.  
The cause grew thus: During our earl's mi-  
nority, [ther,  
Wolfort, who now usurps, was employ'd thi-  
To treat about a match between our earl

And the daughter and heir of Brabant: During which treaty,

The Brabander pretends, this daughter was stol'n from his court, by practice of our state; Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a sought quarrel,

To lay an unjust gripe upon this earldom; It being here believ'd the duke of Brabant Had no such loss. This war upon't proclaim'd,

Our earl, being then a child, although his father Good Gerard liv'd, yet (in respect he was Chosen by the countess' favour for her husband,

And but a gentleman, and Florez holding His right unto this country from his mother) The state thought fit, in this defensive war, Wolfport being then the only man of mark, To make him general.

*Mer.* Which place we've heard He did discharge with honour.

*Her.* Ay, so long, And with so bless'd successes, that the Brabander

Was forc'd (his treasures wasted, and the choice Of his best men of arms tir'd or cut off)

To leave the field, and sound a base retreat Back to his country: But so broken, both In mind and means, e'er to make head again, That hitherto he sits down by his loss;

Not daring, or for honour, or revenge, Again to tempt his fortune. But this victory More broke our state, and made a deeper hurt In Flanders, than the greatest overthrow She e'er receiv'd: For Wolfport, now behold-

ing Himself, and actions, in the flattering glass Of self-deservings, and that cherish'd by The strong assurance of his pow'r (for then All captains of the army were his creatures, The common soldier too at his devotion, Made so by his indulgence to their rapines, And secret bounties;) this strength too well known,

And what it could effect, soon put in practice, As further'd by the childhood of the earl, And their improvidence that might have pierc'd

The heart of his designs, gave him occasion To seize the whole: And in that plight you find it.

*Mer.* Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much,

As a choice favour from you.

*Her.* Only I must add, Bruges hold out.

*Mer.* Whither, Sir, I am going; For there last night I had a ship put in, And my horse waits me.

*Her.* I wish you a good journey.<sup>a</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Wolfport, Hubert, and attendants.*

*Wol.* What? Hubert stealing from me?

Who disarm'd him?

'Twas more than I commanded. Take your sword,

I am best guarded with it in your hand; I've seen you use it nobly.

*Hub.* And will turn it

On my own bosom, ere it shall be drawn Unworthily or rudely.

*Wol.* Would you leave me

Without a farewell, Hubert? Fly a friend Unwearied in his study to advance you?

What have I e'er possess'd which was not yours?

Or rather<sup>2</sup> did not court you to command it? Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace, Reward, or trust from me, but his approaches Were by your fair reports of him prefer'd? And what is more, I made myself your servant,

In making you the master of those secrets Which not the rack of conscience could draw from me, [with;

Nor I, when I ask'd mercy, trust my prayers Yet, after these assurances of love, [me! These ties and bonds of friendship, to forsake Forsake me as an enemy! Come, you must Give me a reason.

*Hub.* Sir, and so I will;

If I may do't in private, and you hear it.

*Wol.* All leave the room. You have your will; sit down,

[*Exeunt all but Wol. and Hub.* And use the liberty of our first friendship.

*Hub.* Friendship? When you prov'd traitor first, that vanish'd;

Nor do I owe you any thought but hate. I know my flight hath forfeited my head; And, so I may make you first understand What a strange monster you have made your- I welcome it. [self,

*Wol.* To me this is strange language,

*Hub.* To you? why, what are you?

*Wol.* Your prince and master, The earl of Flanders.

*Hub.* By a proper title?

Rais'd to't by cunning, circumvention, force, Blood, and proscriptions!

*Wol.* And in all this wisdom,

Had I not reason, when, by Gerrard's plots, I should have first been call'd to a strict account, [mass

How, and which way I had consum'd that Of money, as they term it, in the war;

Who underhand had by his ministers Detracted my great actions, made my faith

And loyalty suspected; in which failing He sought my life by practice?

*Hub.* With what forehead

<sup>a</sup> This scene is cold and superfluous: The very next much more happily opens the plot, by dramatic action.

<sup>2</sup> Or either did not court you, &c.] The sense requires us to read *rather* instead of *either*.



Do you speak this to me, who as (I know't)  
Must and will say 'tis false?

*Wol.* My guard there!

*Hub.* Sir,  
You bad me sit, and promis'd you would hear,  
Which I now say you shall! Not a sound  
more!

For I, that am contemner of mine own,  
Am master of your life! then, here's a sword  
Between you and all aids, Sir. Though you  
blind {not  
The credulous beast, the multitude, you pass  
These gross untruths on me.

*Wol.* How? gross untruths?

*Hub.* Ay, and it is favourable language;  
They had been in a mean man lies, and foul  
ones.

*Wol.* You take strange licence.

*Hub.* Yes; were not those rumours,  
Of being call'd unto your answer, spread  
By your own followers? and weak Gerrard  
wrought,

But by your cunning practice, to helieve  
That you were dangerous; yet not to be  
Punish'd by any former course of law,  
But first to be made sure, and have your  
crimes {taking,

Laid open after? which your quaint train  
You fled unto the camp, and there crav'd  
humbly

Protection for your innocent life, and that,  
Since you had 'scap'd the fury of the war,  
You might not fall by treason: And for proof  
You did not for your own ends make this  
danger,

Some that had been before by you suborn'd,  
Came forth and took their oaths they had been  
hir'd {heard,

By Gerrard to your murder. This once  
And easily believ'd, th' enraged soldier,  
Seeing no further than the outward man,  
Snatch'd hastily his arms, ran to the court,  
Kill'd all that made resistance, cut in pieces  
Such as were servants, or thought friends to  
Gerrard,

Vowing the like to him.

*Wol.* Will you yet eod?

*Hub.* Which he foreseeing, with his son,  
the earl,  
Forsook the city; and by secret ways, {it  
(As you give out, and we would gladly have  
Escap'd their fury; tho' 'tis more than fear'd  
They fell among the rest. Nor stand you  
there,

To let as only mourn the impious means  
By which you got it; but your cruelties since

So far transcend your former bloody ills,  
As, if compar'd, they only would appear  
Essays of mischief. Do not stop your ears;  
More are behind yet!

*Wol.* Oh, repent them not!

'Tis hell to hear them unsu'd!

*Hub.* You should have thought,  
That hell would be your punishment when  
you did them!

A price in nothing but your princely lusts,  
And boundless rapines!

*Wol.* No more, I beseech you!

*Hub.* Who was the lord of house or land,  
that stood

Within the prospect of your covetous eye?

*Wol.* You are io this to me a greater tyrant,  
Than e'er I was to any.

*Hub.* I end thus

The general grief. Now to my private wrong,  
The loss of Gerrard's daughter Jaculin:

The hop'd-for partner of my lawful bed,  
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine arms,  
And her I now was wand'ring to recover.

Think you that I had reason now to leave you,  
When you are grown so justly odious,  
That e'en my stay here, with your grace and  
favour, {it! 2

Makes my life irksome? Here, securely take  
And do me but this fruit of all your frien-  
dship, {man.

That I may die by you, and not your hang-

*Wol.* Oh, Hubert, these your words and  
reasons have {heart,

As well drawn drops of blood from my griev'd  
As these tears from mine eyes: Despise them  
not!

By all that's sacred, I am serious, Hubert.  
You now have made me sensible, what furies,

Whips, hangmen, and tormentors, a bad man  
Does ever bear about him! 4 Let the good

That you this day have done, be ever num-  
ber'd {think

The first of your best actions. Can you  
Where Florez is, or Gerrard, or your love,  
Or any else, or all, that are proscib'd?

I will resign what I usurp, or have  
Unjustly forc'd. The days I have to live

Are too, too few, to make them satisfaction  
With any penitence: Yet I vow to practise  
All of a man.

*Hub.* Oh, that your heart and tongue

Did not now differ!

*Wol.* By my griefs, they do not!

Take the good pains to search them out; 'tis  
worth it. {have,

You have made clean a leper; trust me, you

\* Here surely take it.] Mr. Seward reads, *Here, Sir, freely take it.* The alteration admitted into the text is proposed by Mr. Symson; which we prefer, because there is a civility in *Sir* but ill adapted to the present temper of Hubert, and because it is nearer the old books.

4 What furies, &c.] Rowe seems to have intended copying this passage in his *Fair Penitent*:

'Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,  
'Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
'With whips and stings.'—

And made me once more fit for the society,  
I hope, of good men.

*Hub.* Sir, do not abuse  
My aptness to believe.

*Wel.* Suspect not you  
A faith that's built upon so true a sorrow:  
Make your own safeties; ask thee all the ties  
Humanity can give! Henskirk too shall  
Along with you, to this so-wish'd discovery,  
And in my name profess all that you promise:  
And I will give you this help to't; I have  
Of late receiv'd certain intelligence,  
That some of them are in or about Bruges  
To be found out; which I did then interpret  
The cause of that town's standing out against  
me;

But now am glad, it may direct your purpose  
Of giving them their safety, and me peace.

*Hub.* Be constant to your goodness, and  
you have it.<sup>5</sup> *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*Enter three Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* 'Tis much that you deliver of this  
Goswin.

2 *Mer.* But short of what I could, yet have  
the country

Confirm it true, and by a general oath,<sup>6</sup>  
And not a man hazard his credit in it.

He bears himself with such a confidence,  
As if he were the master of the sea,  
And not a wind, upon the sailors' compass,  
But from one part or other was his factor,  
To bring him in the best commodities  
Merchant e'er ventur'd for.

1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange.

2 *Mer.* And yet

This does in him deserve the least of wonder,  
Compar'd with other his peculiar fashions,  
Which all admire: He's young, and rich, at  
least

<sup>5</sup> You have it.] Mr. Seward reads, YOU'LL have it. We think you easiest and best.

<sup>6</sup> ——— yet have the country

Confirm'd it true, and by a general oath,

And not a man hazard his credit in it.] This is not grammar, nor if it were, could it be supposed that the whole country had really taken an oath to the truth of this account. The mistake arose from the Editors taking *have* for the sign of the perfect tense; whereas it is here not the auxiliary but an active verb. *I could have the whole country to confirm what I say.*

*Seward.*

<sup>7</sup> A good man.] i. e. *In credit.* The word is used by traders, in the same sense, to this day. So Shylock uses it, and explains it.

<sup>8</sup> 2 *Mer.* What follows, this

*Makes*] Last edition.—*What follows this.*] Old folio. The attempt to amend the first reading by the addition of a comma does not seem sufficient. I hope I have more effectually corrected it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

——— *What follows?*

2 *Mer.* This

*Makes many venturers with him, &c.*

We have followed the first folio. The meaning of the passage is, 'The consequence of this economy, which enables him to be generous, when proper objects present themselves to his notice, makes many wish for his welfare, in which they are themselves so nearly interested.' The rest of the speech confirms this.

Thus far reputed so, that, since he liv'd  
In Bruges, there was never brought to har-  
bour

So rich a bottom, but his bill would pass  
Unquestion'd for her lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he still

Continues a good man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but

To doubt him, would be held an injury,  
Or rather malice, with the best that traffick.  
But this is nothing; a great stock, and for-  
tune,

Crowning his judgment in his undertakings,  
May keep him upright that way: But that  
wealth [it,

Should want the pow'r to make him dote on  
Or youth teach him to wrong it, best com-  
mends

His constant temper. For his outward habit,  
'Tis suitable to his present course of life;

His table furnish'd well, but not with dainties  
That please the appetite only for their rareness,  
Or their dear price; nor given to wine or wo-  
men,

Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,  
I mean a good one;<sup>7</sup> and so loves his state,

He will not hazard it at play, nor lend  
Upon the assurance of a well-penn'd letter,  
Although a challenge second the denial,  
From such as make th' opinion of their valour  
Their means of feeling.

1 *Mer.* These are ways to thrive,  
And yet the means not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows this [wishes  
Makes<sup>8</sup> many venturers with him, in their  
For his prosperity: For when desert  
Or reason leads him to be liberal,  
His noble mind and ready hand contend  
Which can add most to his free courtesies,  
Or in their worth, or speed, to make them so.  
Is there a virgin of good fame wants dowry?  
He is a father to her; or a soldier,

That in his country's service, from the war  
Hath brought home only scars, and want?  
his house [care  
Receives him, and relieves him, with that  
As if what he possess'd had been laid up  
For such good uses, and he steward of it.  
But I should lose myself to speak him further;  
And stale, in my relation, the much good  
You may be witness of, if your remove  
From Bruges be not speedy.

1 *Mer.* This report,  
I do assure you, will not hasten it;  
Nor would I wish a better man to deal with  
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,  
He is your man and ours; only I wish  
His too-much forwardness to embrace all  
bargains  
Sink him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes;  
For my part, I am confident. Here he comes.

*Enter Goswin and the fourth Merchant.*

*Gos.* I take it at your own rates, your wine  
of Cyprus;  
But, for your Candy sugars, they have met  
With such foul weather, and are priz'd so high,  
I cannot save in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling  
To seek another chapman. Make me offer  
Of something near my price, that may assure  
You can deal for them. [me

*Gos.* I both can, and will,  
But not with too much loss: Your bill of  
lading

Speaks of two hundred chests, valued by you  
At thirty thousand guilders; I will have them  
At twenty-eight; so, in the payment of  
Three thousand sterling, you fall only in  
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mer.* You know, they are so cheap—  
*Gos.* Why, look you, I'll deal fairly; there's  
in prison,

And at your suit, a pirate, but unable  
To make you satisfaction, and past hope  
To live a week, if you should prosecute  
What you can prove against him: Set him  
free,

And you shall have your money to a stiver,  
And present payment.

4 *Mer.* This is above wonder,  
A merchant of your rank, that have at sea  
So many bottoms in the danger of  
These water-thieves, should be a means to  
save 'em!

It more importing you, for your own safety  
To be at charge to scour the sea of them,  
Than stay the sword of justice, that is ready  
To fall on one so conscious of his guilt  
That he dares not deny it.

*Gos.* You mistake me,  
If you think I would cherish in this captain  
The wrong he did to you, or any man.  
I was lately with him (having first, from  
others'

Vol. I.

True testimony, been assur'd a man  
Of more desert never put from the shore)  
I read his letters of mart from this state granted  
For the recovery of such losses, as [at,  
He had receiv'd in Spain; 'twas that he aim'd  
Not at three tuns of wine, biscuit, or beef,  
Which his necessity made him take from you.  
If he had pillag'd you near, or sunk your ship,  
Or thrown your men o'er-board, then he deserv'd

The law's extremest rigour. But, since want  
Of what he could not live without, compell'd  
him [death)

To that he did (which, yet, our state calls  
I pity his misfortunes, and to work you  
To some compassion of them, I come up  
To your own price: Save him, the goods are  
mine;

If not, seek elsewhere, I'll not deal for them.

4 *Mer.* Well, Sir, for your love, I will once  
be led

To change my purpose.

*Gos.* For your profit rather. [discharge;

4 *Mer.* I'll presently make means for his  
Till when, I leave you. [Exit.

2 *Mer.* What do you think of this?

1 *Mer.* As of a deed of noble pity, guided  
By a strong judgment.

2 *Mer.* Save you, master Goswin!

*Gos.* Good day to all!

2 *Mer.* We bring you the refusal

Of more commodities.

*Gos.* Are you the owners [bour?

Of the ship that last night put into the har-

1 *Mer.* Both of the ship, and lading.

*Gos.* What's the freight?

1 *Mer.* Indico, cochineal, choice China  
stuffs— [Cambal.

3 *Mer.* And cloth of gold, brought from

*Gos.* Rich lading;

For which I were your chapman, but I am  
Already out of cash.

1 *Mer.* I'll give you day

For the moiety of all.

*Gos.* How long?

3 *Mer.* Six months.

*Gos.* 'Tis a fair offer; which, if we agree  
About the prices, I, with thanks, accept of.  
And will make present payment of the rest.  
Some two hours hence I'll come aboard.

1 *Mer.* The gunner

Shall speak you welcome.

*Gos.* I'll not fail.

3 *Mer.* Good morrow! [Exit *Mer.*

*Gos.* Heav'n grant my ships a safe return,  
before

The day of this great payment; as they are  
Expected three months sooner; and my credit  
Stands good with all the world.

*Enter Clause.*

*Clause.* Bless my good master!  
The prayers of your poor beadsman ever shall  
Be sent up for you.

*Gos.* God o' mercy, Clause!

2 Q

There's something to put thee in mind here-  
after  
To think of me.

*Clause.* May he that gave it you, [uer]  
Reward you for it, with increase, good mas-  
*Gos.* I thrive the better for thy pray'rs.

*Clause.* I hope so. [ties,  
These three years have I fed upon your bounty-  
And by the fire of your bless'd charity warm'd  
me,

And yet, good master, pardon me, that must,  
Tho' I have now receiv'd your alms, presume  
To make one suit more to you.

*Gos.* What is't, *Clause*?

*Clause.* Yet, do not think me impudent, I  
beseech you,  
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented  
My begging your relief; 'tis not for money,  
Nor clothes, good master, but your good word  
for me.

*Gos.* That thou shalt have, *Clause*; for I  
think thee honest.

*Clause.* To-morrow, then, dear master,  
take the trouble  
Of walking early unto Beggars' Bush;  
And, as you see me, among others, brethren

In my affliction, when you are demanded  
Which you like best among us, point out me,  
And then pass by, as if you knew me not.

*Gos.* But what wilt that advantage thee?

*Clause.* Oh, much, Sir.

'Twill give me the prebeminence of the rest,  
Make me a king among 'em, and protect me  
From all abuse such as are stronger might  
Offer my age. Sir, at your better leisure  
I will inform you further of the good  
It may do to me.

*Gos.* Troth, thou mak'st me wonder!

Have you a king and commonwealth among  
you? [govern'd worse.

*Clause.* We have, and there are states are  
*Gos.* Ambition among beggars?

*Clause.* Many great ones [place,  
Would part with half their states, to have the  
And credit, to beg in the first file, master.  
But shall I be so much bound to your fur-  
therance

In my petition?

*Gos.* That thou shalt not miss of,  
Nor any worldly care make me forget it:  
I will be early there.

*Clause.* Heav'n bless my master. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prigg, Clause, Jacu-  
lin, Snop, Ginks, and other beggars.*

*Higgen.* COME, princes of the ragged regi-  
ment; [lord,

You of the blood, Prigg, my most upright  
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,  
*Jurkman*,<sup>8</sup> or *patrico*, *cranke*, or *clapper-  
dudgeon*,

*Frater*, or *abram-man*; I speak to all  
That stand in fair election for the title  
Of King of Beggars, with the command ad-  
joining;

*Higgen*, your orator, in this inter-regnum,  
That whilom was your *dommerer*, doth be-  
seech you

All to stand fair, and put yourselves in rank,  
That the first comer may, at his first view,  
Make a free choice, to say up the question,<sup>9</sup>

*Fer. Prigg.* 'Tis done, lord Higgen.

*Hig.* Thanks to prince Prigg, prince Ferret.

*Fer.* Well, pray, my masters all, Ferret be  
chosen; [me,

Ye're like to have a merciful mild prince of

*Prigg.* A very tyrant I, an arrant tyrant,

If e'er I come to reign (therefore look to't!)

Except you do provide me *huns* enough,

And *low* to *bonze* with! I must have my ca-  
pons [geese,

And turkies brought me in, with my green

And ducklings in the season; fine fat chick-  
ens; [sant

Or, if you chance where an eye of tame phe-  
Or partridges are kept, see they be mine:

Or straight I seize on all your privilege,

Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit, [bellies,

Call in your crutches, wooden-legs, false

Fore'd eyes and tongues,<sup>10</sup> with your dead

arms; not leave you

<sup>8</sup> *Jurkman*, &c.] As the frequent occurrence of the references from the cant terms must occasion a confusion in the text, we have thought it most advisable to insert the explanations of those terms at the end of the play, where the reader will find them arranged alphabetically.

<sup>9</sup> *To say up the question.*] Mr. Seward reads, *To save us further question.* His alteration, though sense, is unwarranted and licentious; yet *to say up* is uncouth and obscure; though it may signify, deciding the *question*, by saying which he (the first comer) thinks the honestest of them.

<sup>10</sup> *Fore'd eyes and teeth.*] By *fore'd eyes* I suppose are meant, *eyes* so distorted as to show only the white, so that the person appears blind; but what *fore'd teeth* can mean, I cannot conceive; it is said to be common with beggars to force their *tongues* into their throats, so that they shall appear to be cut off. I think therefore my conjecture highly probable. *Seward.*

Although

A dirty clout to beg with on your heads,  
Or an old rag with butter, frankincense,  
Brimstone and resin, birdlime, blood, and  
cream,

To make you an old sore; not so much sope  
As you may foam with i' th' falling-sickness;  
The very bag you bear, and the brown dish,  
Shall be escheated. All your daintiest *dells*  
too

I will deflower, and take your dearest *doxies*  
From your warm sides; and then some one  
cold night

I'll watch you what old barn you go to roost  
And there I'll smother you all i' th' musty hay.

*Hig.* This is tyrant-like indeed: But what  
would Ginks,

Or Clause be here, if either of them should  
Clause. Best ask an ass, if he were made a  
camel,

What he would be; or a dog, an he were a  
Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I  
shall be

A beggar still, I'm sure; I find myself there.<sup>11</sup>

*Enter Goswin.*

*Snap.* Oh, here a judge comes.

*Hig.* Cry, a judge, a judge! {outcry?

*Gos.* What ail you, Sirs? what means this

*Hig.* Master,

A sort of poor souls met; God's fools, good  
Have had some little variance 'mongst our-  
selves

Who should be honestest of us, and which  
Uprightest in his calling: Now, 'cause we  
thought

We ne'er should 'gree on't ourselves, because  
'Tis hard to say; we all dissolv'd<sup>12</sup> to put it  
To him that should come next, and that's  
your mastership,

Although there may be a means of deception by *false teeth* as well as *forc'd tongues*, yet we have admitted Mr. Seward's variation, because the trick with the *tongue* is said to be so frequent, that there is a name given to the practisers of this imposture; *i. e. dommerers*.

<sup>11</sup> *I find myself there.*] Ginks was a nobleman in disguise; he seems therefore to regret his long continuance in beggary, and to fear it will be for life. *I find myself there*, or in that state.

*Seward.*

<sup>12</sup> *We all dissolv'd.*] I rather think this a mistake of the press, than a designed blunder, which would be proper to an ignorant clown; but not to so arch a beggar as Higgen, whose congratulatory speech, in the two next pages, has as much burlesque humour in it as almost any thing even in *Hudibras*; who evidently imitated it in his description of his hero's beard. In the latter part of it, there's a banter on Shakespeare's prophecy of queen Elizabeth and king James at the end of Harry the Eighth, but so elegant and pretty that it could give no offence.

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward alters *dissolv'd* to *resolv'd*; but Higgen speaks barbarously here, because, on the appearance of a stranger, he assumes the stile of a beggar, *e. g.* 'termine it, in the next line or two. So afterwards (and it is acknowledged to be part of their table of laws) to

———— keep afoot

The humble and the common stile of begging,

Lest men discover us.

See p. 300.

<sup>14</sup> *Spoke like a patriot, Ferret*——] As this has neither passion nor accident to interrupt it, I can see no reason to suppose it a broken one. I believe it a meer accidental mistake in the name *Ferret* for *Ginks*. The first Editors not suspecting this, intended to solve the difficulty by putting a break or dash to it.

*Seward.*

Who, I hope, will 'termine it as your mind serves you,

Right, and no otherwise we ask it: Which, Which does your worship think is he? Sweet master,

Look o'er us all, and tell us; we are seven of Like to the seven wise masters, or the planets.

*Gos.* I should judge this the man, with the grave beard;

And if he be not —

Clause Bless you, good master, bless you!

*Gos.* I would he were. There's something too amongst you,

To keep you all honest. [*Exit.*

*Snap.* King of Heav'n go with you!

*Oma.* Now good reward him;

May he never want it, to comfort still the poor, In a good hour!

*Fer.* What is't see: Snap has got it.

*Snap.* A good crown, marry.

*Prigg.* A crown of gold.

*Fer.* For our new king: Good luck.

*Ginks.* To the common treasury with it; if't be gold,

Thither it must.

*Prigg.* Spoke like a patriot, Ginks!<sup>14</sup>

King Clause, I bid God save thee first, first, Clause,

After this golden token of a crown.

Where's orator Higgen with his gratulating speech now,

In all our names?

*Fer.* Here he is, pumping for it.

*Ginks.* H' has cough'd the second time; 'tis but once more,

And then it comes.

*Fer.* So, out with all! Expect now —

*Hig.* That thou art chosen, venerable Clause, Our king and sovereign, monarch o' th' *maund-ers*,

Thus we throw up our *naï-cheats*, first for joy,  
And then our *filches*; last, we elap our *jum-*  
Three subject signs, we do it without envy;  
For who is he here did not wish thee chosen,  
Now thou art chosen? Ask 'em; all will say so,

Nay swear't; 'tis for the king; but let that  
When last in conference at the *bousing ken*,  
This other day we sat about our dead prince  
Of famous memory (rest go with his rags!)  
And that I saw thee at the table's end  
Rise mov'd, and gravely leaning on one crutch,  
Lift t'other like a sceptre at my head,  
I then presag'd thou shortly wouldest be king,  
And now thou art so. But what need presage  
To us, that might have read it in thy beard,  
As well as he that chose thee? By that beard  
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for sovereignty.

Oh, happy beard! but happier prince, whose  
Was so remark'd, as mark'd out our prince,  
Not bating us a hair. Long may it grow,  
And thick, and fair, that who lives under it  
May live as safe as under *Beggars' Bush*,  
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.

*Omn.* Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen!

Give him leave to spit. The fine well-spoken Higgen!

*Hig.* This is the beard, the bush, or bushy-  
Under whose gold and silver reign 'twas said,  
So many ages since, we all should smile.  
No impositions, taxes, grievances,  
Knots in a state, and whips unto a subject,  
Lie lurking in this beard, but all kemb'd<sup>15</sup> out:  
If now the beard be such, what is the prince  
That owes the beard?<sup>16</sup> A father? no, a  
grand-father,

Nay, the great-grand-father, of you his people!  
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,  
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take  
from you

The fattest of your puddings: Under him,  
Each man shall eat his own stol'n eggs, and  
butter,

In his own shade, or sun-shine, and enjoy  
His own dear *dell*, *doxy*, or *mort*, at night  
In his own straw, with his own shirt, or sheet,  
That he hath *filch'd* that day; ay, and possess  
What he can purchase, *back*, or *belly-cheats*,  
To his own *prop*: He will have no purveyors  
For pigs, and poultry—

*Clause.* That we must have, my learned  
It is our will; and every man to keep  
In his own path and circuit.

*Hig.* Do you hear?

You must hereafter maund on your own *pads*,  
*Clause.* And what they get there, is their  
own: Besides,  
To give good words.

*Hig.* Do you mark? To cut *been* *uchids*;  
That is the second law.

*Clause.* And keep afoot

The humble and the common phrase of beg-  
ging,

Lest men discover us.

*Hig.* Yes, and cry sometimes,

To move compassion. Sir, there is a table,  
That doth command all these things, and en-  
joins 'em

Be perfect in their crutches, their feign'd plai-  
And their torn passports, with the ways to

stammer,

And to be dumb, and deaf, and blind, and  
lame.

There, all the halting paces are set down,  
I th' learned language.

*Clause.* Thither I refer 'em;

Those you at leisure shall interpret to 'em:  
We love no heaps of laws, where few will

serve.

*Omn.* Oh, gracious prince! 'Save, 'save the  
good king *Clause*!

*Hig.* A song to crown him!

*Fer.* Set a centinel out first.

*Snap.* The word?

*Hig.* A *cove* comes, and *fumbumbis* to it.

[Exit *Snap*.

[*Strike*.

### THE SONG.

Cast our caps and cares away:  
'This is beggars' holyday!  
At the crowning of our king,  
Thus we ever dance and sing.  
In the world look out and see,  
Where's so happy a prince as he?  
Where the nation lives so free,  
And so merry as do we?  
Be it peace, or be it war,  
Here at liberty we are,  
And enjoy our ease and rest:  
To the field we are not press'd;  
Nor are call'd into the town,  
To be troubled with the gown.  
Hang all offices, we cry,  
And the magistrate too, by;  
When the subsidy's encreas'd,  
We are not a penny soss'd.  
Nor will any go to law  
With the beggar for a straw.  
All which happiness he brags,  
He doth owe unto his rags.

Enter *Snap*, and then *Hubert* and *Hemp-*  
*skirke*.

*Snap.* A *cove*! *fumbumbis*!

*Prigg.* To your postures! arm!

*Hub.* Yonder's the town: I see it.

<sup>15</sup> *Kemb'd*] i. e. *Combed*. It is generally so written in our ancient authors. R.

<sup>16</sup> *That ow's the beard*] *Owe* in the sense of *own*, or *possess*, is very common in all the  
old writers. Seward.

*Hemp.* There's our danger,  
Indeed, afore us, if our shadows<sup>17</sup> save not.  
*Hig.* Bless your good worships!  
*Fer.* One small piece of money—  
*Prigg.* Among us all poor wretches.  
*Clause.* Blind, and lame.  
*Ginks.* For his sake that gives all.  
*Higg.* Pityful worships!  
*Snap.* One little doit.

*Enter Jaculin.*

*Jac.* King, by your leave! where are you?  
*Fer.* To buy a little bread.  
*Hig.* To feed so many  
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.  
*Prigg.* Here be seven of us. [seven!  
*Hig.* Seven, good master! oh, remember  
Seven blessings—  
*Fer.* Remember, gentle worship.  
*Hig.* 'Gainst seven deadly sins.  
*Prigg.* And seven sleepers. [nothing—  
*Hig.* If they be hard of heart, and will give  
Alas, we had not a charity these three days.  
*Hub.* There's amongst you all.  
*Fer.* Heav'n reward you!  
*Prigg.* Lord reward you!  
*Hig.* The prince of pity bless thee!  
*Hub.* Do I see? or is't my fancy that would  
have it so?

Ha, 'tis her face! Come hither, maid.  
*Jac.* What ha' you,  
Bells for my squirrel? I ha' giv'n bun meat.  
You do not love me, do you? Catch me a  
butterfly, [tell?  
And I'll love you again. When? can you  
Peace, we go a-birding. I shall have a fine  
thing! [Exit.  
*Hub.* Her voice too says the same; but, for  
my head,  
I would not that her manners were so chang'd.  
Hear me, thou honest fellow! what's this  
maiden,

That lives amongst you here?  
*Ginks.* Ao, ao, ao, ao.  
*Hub.* How? nothing but signs?  
*Ginks.* Ao, ao, ao, ao.  
*Hub.* This is strange!  
I would fain have it her, but not her thus.  
*Hig.* He is de-de-de-de-de-deaf, and du-  
du-dude—dumb, Sir.  
*Hub.* 'Slid, they did all speak plain ev'n  
now, methought.  
Dost thou know this same maid?  
*Snap.* Whi-ghi-ghi-ghi-which, gu-gu-  
gu-gu-God's fool?  
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-born at the barn yonder,  
by be-be-be-be-Beggars' Bush, bo-bo-  
Bush,  
Her name is mi-mi-mi-mi-Minche.<sup>18</sup> So  
was her mo-mo-mo-mother's too-too.

*Hub.* I understand no word he says; how  
Has she been here? [long

*Snap.* Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nugled,  
as she ha' go-go-go-good-luck.

*Hub.* I must be better inform'd, than by  
this way.

Here was another face too, that I mark'd  
Of the old man's: But they are vanish'd all  
Most suddenly: I will come here again.  
Oh, that I were so happy as to find it  
What I yet hope, it is put on!

*Hemp.* What mean you, Sir,  
To stay there with that stammerer?

*Hub.* Farewell, friend!  
It will be worth return, to search. Come,  
Protect us our disguise now! Prithee, Hemp-  
skirke,

If we be taken, how dost thou imagine  
This town will use us, that hath stood so long  
Out against Wolford?

*Hemp.* Ev'n to hang us forth [meat.  
Upon their walls a-sunning, to make crows'  
If I were not assur'd o' th' burgomaster,  
And had a pretty excuse to see a niece there,  
I should scarce venture.

*Hub.* Come, 'tis now too late  
To look back at the ports. Good luck, and  
enter! [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Goswin.*

*Gos.* Still blow'st thou there? And, from  
all other parts,  
Do all my agents sleep, that nothing comes?  
There's a conspiracy of winds, and servants,  
If not of elements, to ha' me break! [sands  
What should I think? Unless the seas and  
Had swallow'd up my ships, or fire had spoil'd  
My warehouses, or death devour'd my factors,  
I must ha' had some returns.

*Enter two Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* 'Save you, Sir.  
*Gos.* 'Save you.  
1 *Mer.* No news yet o' your ships?  
*Gos.* Not any yet, Sir.  
1 *Mer.* 'Tis strange. [Exit.  
*Gos.* 'Tis true, Sir. What a voice was  
here now?  
This was one passing-bell; a thousand ravens  
Sung in that man now, to presage my ruins.  
2 *Mer.* Goswin, good day! These winds  
are very constant.  
*Gos.* They are so, Sir, to hurt—  
2 *Mer.* Ha' you had no letters  
Lately from England, nor from Denmark?  
*Gos.* Neither.  
2 *Mer.* This wind brings them. Nor no  
news over land,

<sup>17</sup> *Shadows.*] i. e. Disguises.

<sup>18</sup> *Her name is my-my-match.*] We at first thought *match* to be a corruption of *Madge*; but as Jaculin is in other parts of the play called *Minche*, we suppose it merely a typographical error.

Through Spain, from the Straits?

*Gos.* Not any.

*2 Mer.* I am sorry, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Gos.* They talk me down; and, as 'tis said  
of vultures, [carcasses

They scent a field fought, and do smell the  
By many hundred miles: So do these my  
wrecks,

At greater distances. Why, thy will, Heav'n,<sup>29</sup>  
Come on, and bel! Yet, if thou please pre-  
serve me

But in my own adventure here at home,  
Of my chaste love, to keep me worthy of her,  
It shall be put in scale 'gainst all ill fortunes:  
I am not broken yet; nor should I fall,  
Methinks, with less than that; that ruins all.

[*Exit.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter Vandunke, Hubert, Hempshirke, Mar-  
garet, and Hoors.*

*Vand.* Captain, you're welcome; so is this  
your friend, [out  
Most safely welcome; though our town stand  
Against your master, you shall find good quar-  
ter: [wine!

The troth is, we not love him. Meg,<sup>30</sup> some  
Let's talk a little treason, if we can  
Talk treason, 'gainst the traitors; by your  
leave, gentlemen,

We, here in Bruges, think he does usurp,  
And therefore I'm bold with him.

*Hub.* Sir, your boldness

Happily becomes your mouth, but not our  
ears, [here,  
While we're his servants; and as we come  
Not to ask questions, walk forth on your  
walls, [nition,

Visit your courts of guard, view your mu-  
Ask of your corn-provisions, nor enquire  
Into the least, as spies upon your strength;  
So let's entreat, we may receive from you  
Nothing in passage or discourse, but what  
We may with gladness, and our honesties,  
And that shall seal our welcome. [hear;

*Vand.* Good: Let's drink then. [captain.  
Madge, fill out! I keep mine old pearl still,  
*Marg.* I

Hang fast, man. [Sir.

*Hemp.* Old jewels commend their keeper,

*Vand.* Here's to you with a heart, my cap-  
tain's friend,

With a good heart! and if this make us speak  
Bold words anon, 'tis all under the rose,  
Forgotten: Drown all memory, when we  
drink!

*Hub.* 'Tis freely spoken, noble Burgomaster;  
I'll do you right.

*Hemp.* Nay, Sir, minheer Vandunke  
Is a true statesman.

*Vand.* Fill my captain's cup there!

Oh, that your master Wolfort had been an  
*Hub.* Sir! [honest man!

*Vand.* Under the rose.

*Hemp.* Here's to you, Marget.

*Marg.* Welcome, welcome, captain.

*Vand.* Well said, my pearl, still.

*Hemp.* And how does my niece?

Almost a woman, I think? This friend of  
mine [yard,

I drew along with me, through so much ha-  
Only to see her: She was my errand.

*Vand.* Ay, a kind uncle you are (fill him  
him glass)

That in seven years could not find leisure—

*Hemp.* No,

It's not so much.

*Vand.* I'll bate you ne'er an hour on't:

It was before the Brabander 'gan his war,  
For moon-shine in the water there, his  
daughter [time

That ne'er was lost: Yet you could not find  
To see a kinswoman: But she is worth the  
seeing, Sir, [woman!

Now you are come. You ask if she were a  
She is a woman, Sir, (fetch her forth, Mar-  
gee!)

And a fine woman, and has suitors.

[*Ex. Marg.*

*Hemp.* How?

What suitors are they?

*Vand.* Bachelors; young burghers:

And one, a gallant; the young prince of mer-  
We call him here in Bruges. [chants

*Hemp.* How? a merchant? [better,

I thought, Vandunke, you had understood me  
And my niece too, so trusted to you by me,

Than to admit of such in name of suitors.  
*Vand.* Such? He is such a such, as, were  
she mine,

I'd give him thirty thousand crowns with her.

*Hemp.* But the same things, Sir, fit not  
you and me. [*Exit.*

*Vand.* Why, give's some wine, then; this  
will fit us all. [out!

Here's to you still, my captain's friend, all  
And still, 'would Wolfort were an honest  
man!

Under the rose I speak it. But this merchant  
Is a brave boy: He lives so, in the town here,  
We know not what to think on him: At  
some times

We fear he will be bankrupt; he does stretch,

<sup>29</sup> *Why, thy will, Heaven, &c.*] This speech, as pointed in the old books, is rather obscure; but the meaning we take to be simply this: 'Thy will, Heaven, be done! yet, if thou please' to preserve me in my venture at home, that will counter-balance all my wrecks at sea. With less than that failure, I cannot be undone; but *that* would ruin me indeed.'

<sup>30</sup> *Meg.*] We have followed the first copy in the several names Vandunke's wife is called by. The later editions, in all places, call her *Margaret*, at length; never making use of the familiar abbreviations.



Tenter his credit so; embraces all;  
And to't, the winds have been contrary long.  
But then, if he should have all his returns,  
We think he would be a king, and are half  
sure on't.

Your master is a traitor, for all this,  
Under the rose (here's to you!) and usurps  
The earldom from a better man.

*Hub.* Ay, marry, Sir,  
Where is that man?

*Fand.* Nay, soft! An I could tell you,  
Tis ten to one I would not. Here's my hand!  
I love not Wolfort: Sit you still, with that.  
Here comes my captain again, and his fine  
niece, [wine here!  
And there's my merchant; view him well. Fill

*Enter Hemsikirke, Gertrude and Goswin.*

*Hemp.* You must not only know me for  
your uncle

Now, but obey me: You, go cast yourself  
Away, upon a dunghill here! a merchant!  
A petty fellow! one that makes his trade  
With oaths and perjuries!

*Gos.* What is that you say, Sir?  
If it be me you speak of, as your eye  
Seems to direct, I wish you'd speak to me, Sir.

*Hemp.* Sir, I do say, she is no merchandize;  
Will that suffice you?

*Gos.* Merchandize, good Sir? [thence  
Tho' you be kinsman to her, take no leave  
To use me with contempt: I ever thought  
Your niece above all price.

*Hemp.* And do so still, Sir. [worth.

I assure you, her rate's at more than you  
*Gos.* You don't know what a gentleman's  
Nor can you value him. [worth, Sir,

*Hub.* Well said, merchant!

*Fand.* Nay,  
Let him alone, and ply your matter.

*Hemp.* A gentleman?  
What, of the wool-pack? or the sugar-chest?  
Or lists of velvet? Which is't, pound, or yard,  
You vent your gentry by?

*Hub.* Oh, Hemsikirke, fy!

*Fand.* Come, do not mind 'em; drink!

He is no Wolfort,<sup>10</sup>

Captain, I advise you.

*Hemp.* Alas, my pretty man,  
I think't be angry, by it's look: Come hither,  
Turn this way a little: If it were the blood

Of Charlemaine, as't may, for aught I know,  
Be some good butcher's issue, here in Bruges—  
*Gos.* How? [this I am,

*Hemp.* Nay, I'm not certain of that; of  
If it once buy and sell, it's gentry's gone.

*Gos.* Ha, ha!

*Hemp.* You're angry, though you laugh.

*Gos.* No, now 'tis pity

Of your poor argument. Do not you, the lords  
Of land, (if you be any) sell the grass,

The corn, the straw, the milk, the cheese—

*Fand.* And butter:

Remember butter; do not leave out butter.

*Gos.* The beefs and muttons, that your  
grounds are stor'd with?

Swine, with the very mast, beside the woods?

*Hemp.* No, for those sordid uses we have  
Or else our bailiffs. [tenants,

*Gos.* Have not we, Sir, chapmen,

And factors, then, to answer these? Your  
honour, [over

Fetch'd from the Herald's A B C, and said  
With your court faces, once an hour, shall

never [yers  
Make me mistake myself. Do not your law-

Sell all their practice, as your priests their  
prayers?

What is not bought and sold? The company  
That you had last, what had you for't; i' faith?

*Hemp.* You now grow saucy.

*Gos.* Sure,<sup>11</sup> I have been bred

Still with my honest liberty, and must use it.

*Hemp.* Upon your equals then.

*Gos.* Sir, he that will

Provoke me first, doth make himself my equal;

*Hemp.* Do you hear? No more!

*Gos.* Yes, Sir, this little, I pray you,  
And't shall be aside; then, after, as you please!

You appear the uncle, Sir, to her I love  
More than mine eyes; and I have heard your

scorns [shame,  
With so much senffing, and with so much

As each strive which is greater: But, believe  
me,

I suck'd not in this patience with my milk.

Do not presume, because you see me young;

Or cast de pites on my profession,

For the civility and tenderness of it.

A good man bears a countenance worse

Than he would do an injury. Proceed not

To my offence: Wrong is not still successful;

<sup>10</sup> ——— He is no Wolfort;

*Captain, I advise you.*] *Vandunke* blames *Hubert* for interfering, and immediately does it himself, but I take it to be an accidental omission of the speaker. It is not probable that *Goswin* should make no return to the scoffs above, and a broken speech seems quite proper to him.

*Seward.*

We think this variation unnecessary and improper. No person calls *Hemsikirke* *Captain* but *Vandunke*, and he calls him so all through the last scene. From *Hemsikirke's* next speech it should seem, that *Goswin's* looks had chiefly testified his anger.

<sup>11</sup> *Sure I have been bred.*] This reading, if admitted, would make him doubt whether he had been bred with an honest liberty or no. But I believe it a mere typographical error.

*Seward.*

*Mr. Seward* reads, *Sir, I have been bred, &c.* *Sure* does not imply *doubt*, but *affirmation*. We have, therefore, followed the old copies.

Indeed it is not. I would approach your kinswoman

With all respect done to yourself and her.

*Hemp.* Away, companion! handling her? take that. *[Strikes him.]*

*Gos.* Nay, I do love oo blows, Sir: There's exchange! *[He gets Hempskirke's sword, and cuts him on the head.]*

*Hub.* Hold, Sir!

*Marg.* Oh, murder!

*Gert.* Help my Goswin.

*Marg.* Man!

*Vand.* Let 'em alone. My life for one!

*Gos.* Nay, come,

If you have will.

*Hub.* None to offend you I, Sir.

*Gos.* He that had, thank himself! Not hand her? Yes, Sir, *[she]*

And clasp her, and embrace her; and (would Now go with me) bear her thro' all her race, Her father, brethren, and her uncles, arm'd, And all their nephews, tho' they stood a wood Of pikes, and wall of cannon! Kiss me, Ger-Quake not, but kiss me! *[trude!]*

*Vand.* Kiss him, girl; I bid you. *[em,]* My merchant-royal! Fear no uncles! Hang Hang up all uncles! Are we not in Bruges! Under the rose here?

*Gos.* In this circle, love, Thoo art as safe as in a tower of brass. Let such as do wrong, fear.

*Vand.* Ay, that's good; Let Wolfort look to that.

*Gos.* Sir, here she stands, *[titles]* Your niece, and my below'd. One of these She must apply to: If unto the last, Not all the anger can be sent unto her, In frown, or voice, of other act,<sup>22</sup> shall force her,

Had Hercules a hand in't! Come, my joy, Say thou art mine aloud, love, and profess it.

*Vand.* Do; and I drink to it.

*Gos.* Prithee say so, love.

*Gert.* 'Twould take away the honour from my blushes; *[speak it.]* (Do not you play the tyrant, sweet!) they

*Hemp.* I thank you, niece.

*Gos.* Sir, thank her for your life; And fetch your sword within.

*Hemp.* You insult too much With your good fortune, Sir.

*[Exeunt Gos. and Gert.]*

*Hub.* A brave clear spirit! *[habit]* Hempskirke, you were to blame: A civil Oft covers a good man; and you may meet, In person of a merchant, with a soul As resolute and free, and all ways worthy, As else in any file of mankind. Pray you, What meant you so to slight him?

*Hemp.* 'Tis done now;

Ask no more of it; I must suffer. *[Exit.]*

*Hub.* This

Is still the punishment of rashness, sorrow. Well, I must to the woods, for nothing here Will be got out. There I may chance to learn Somewhat to help my enquiries further.

*Vand.* Ha!

A looking-glass!<sup>23</sup>

*Hub.* How now, brave Burgomaster?

*Vand.* I love no Wolforts, and my name's Vandunke. *[sleep within.]*

*Hub.* Van-drunk it's rather. Come, go

*Vand.* Earl Florez is right heir; and this same Wolfort,

Under the rose I speak it——

*Hub.* Very hardly.

*Vand.* Usurps; and a rank traitor, as e'er breath'd,

And all that do uphold him. Let me go; No man shall hold me up,<sup>24</sup> that upholds him. Do you uphold him?

*Hub.* No.

*Vand.* Then hold me up. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Goswin and Hempskirke.*

*Hemp.* Sir, I presume you have a sword of your own,

That can so handle another's.

*Gos.* Faith, you may, Sir.

*Hemp.* And you've made me have so much better thoughts of you,

As I am bound to call you forth.

*Gos.* For what, Sir? *[and hurt here.]*

*Hemp.* To the repairing of mine honour, *Gos.* Express your way.

*Hemp.* By fight, and speedily. *[more!]*

*Gos.* You have your will. Require you any

*Hemp.* That you be secret, and come single.

<sup>22</sup> Other art.] Mr. Theobald corrected this. I have known several instances of this mistake between *art* and *act*, and though the former might be sense here, the latter is much better. *Seward.*

<sup>23</sup> A looking-glass.] Does not Vandunke here, now grown quite fuddled, call for an utensil at this day known among drinkers by the name of a *looking-glass*?

<sup>24</sup> No man shall hold he.] That *he* should be *me* is certain, but the want of a syllable in the verse, makes it probable that one was lost, which I hope I have retrieved, for the particle added greatly improves hoost Vandunke's drunken humour. Mr. Sympson has since sent me the same correction. *Seward.*

The first copy reads, *me*; we are not, therefore, indebted to Mr. Seward for that amendment. But the propriety of the inserted syllable, *up*, is confirmed by what immediately follows:

*Vand.* Do you UPHOLD him?

*Hub.* No.

*Vand.* Then HOLD me UP.

Gos. I will.

[*be thought!*

Hemp. As you're the gentleman you would  
Gos. Without the conjuration: And I'll  
bring

Only my sword, which I will fit to yours.

I'll take its length within.

Hemp. Your place now, Sir?

Gos. By the sand-hills.

Hemp. Sir, nearer to the woods,

If you thought on, were fitter.

Gos. There, then.

Hemp. Good.

Your time?

Gos. 'Twixt seven and eight.

Hemp. You'll give me, Sir,

Cause to report you worthy of my niece,

If you come, like your promise.

Gos. If I do not,

Let no man think to call me unworthy first!

I'll do't myself, and justly wish to want her.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter three or four Boors.*

1 Boor. COME, English beer, hostess, English beer by th' barrel!<sup>25</sup>

2 Boor. Stark beer, boy, stout and strong beer! So, sit down, lads, [fear not.  
And drink me upsey-Dutch! Frolick, and

*Enter Higgen, like a sow-gelder, singing.*

Hig. Have ye any work for the sow-gelder, ho?

My horn goes to high to low, to high to low!

Have ye any pigs, calves, or colts,  
Have ye any lambs in your holt,

To cut fir the stone?

Here comes a cunning one.

Have ye any branches to spade,

Or e'er a fair maid

That would be a nun?

Come, kiss me, 'tis done.

Hark, how my merry horn doth blow,  
To high to low, to high to low!

1 Boor. Oh, excellent! Two-pence a-piece, boys, two-pence a-piece!

<sup>25</sup> English beer by th' belly.] As I can make no sense of this, I suppose it a mistake and read barrel. But what is *upsey-Dutch*? *Sympson.*

This odd expression occurs in the *Alchemist* of Ben Jonson, act iv. scene vi. upon which passage Mr. Whalley gives us the following note:

'Mr. Sympsn asks, "What is *upsee-Dutch*?" to which Mr. Seward replies, "I wish I could answer Mr. Sympsn's question; but I can find no such word in any dictionary or glossary of mine." The expression, with a little difference, occurs again in the fourth scene of the fourth act of the same play; and is applied to a wassel:

'Prig.——I for the structure,

'Which is the bowl.

'Hig. Which must be upsey-English,

'Strong, lusty London beer.

'Indeed, no dictionary or glossary will help us in the phrase; but I will endeavour to assign a meaning, which, as it gives a consistent sense to these different places, may probably be the true one. It is a proverbial expression, and is used as proverbs frequently are, in some little latitude of sense. In Jonson, 'tis *upsey-Dutch*, signifies it is like a drunken Dutchman's eye, your eye is dull and hath a heavy cast, like a Dutchman's in liquor, or, as we say proverbially, "Who is seas over." That is the original of the phrase: *Upsee* is a corruption from the Dutch *op-see*, which is literally *over-sea*; and 'tis probable we borrowed that proverb from Holland. In Fletcher, the phrase to drink *upsee-Dutch*, means to drink as Dutchmen, or the same liquor which they do, 'till we are drunk like them: The other term must in like manner be explained by the epithet English; so that *upsey-English*, is drinking the liquor which Englishmen usually get drunk with; and that is truly explained in the following line to be strong beer.'

To this explanation of Mr. Whalley's we shall only add, that the word *upsee* appears to have been well understood in our Authors' time, as applicable to drunkenness. In a pamphlet by Thomas Dekker, entitled, *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606. 4to. we find the following passage, p. 3. 'The day was proclaimed holiday in all the wardes; every prisoner swore if he would stay amongst them, they would take no order about their debts, because they would lye by it too; and for that purpose swarmed about him like bees about comfit-makers, and were drunke according to all the learned rules of drunkenness, as *upsey-freze*, cranbo, parmazant, &c. the pimples of this ranck and full-humor'd joy rising thus in their faces, &c. R.

VOL. I.

2 R

Give the boy some drink there! Piper, whet  
your whistle! [wife's concupiscence?  
Canst tell me a way now, how to cut off my  
Hig. I'll sing you a song for't.

## SONG.

Take her, and hug her,  
And turn her, and tog her,  
And turn her again, boy, again;  
Then if she mumble,  
Or if her tail tumble,  
Kiss her amain, boy, amain!

Do thy endeavour  
To take off her fever,  
Then her disease no longer will reign.  
If nothing will serve her,  
Then thus to preserve her,  
Swinge her amain, boy, amain!

Give her cold jelly,  
To take up her belly,  
And once a day swinge her again.  
If she stand all these pains,  
Then knock out her brains,  
Her disease no longer will reign.

1 Boor. More excellent, more excellent,  
sweet sow-gelder! [a-piece!  
2 Boor. Three-pence a-piece, three-pence  
Hig. Will you hear a song how the devil  
was gelded? [sow-gelder!  
3 Boor. Ay, ay; let's hear the devil roar,

## SONG.

He ran at me first in the shape of a ram,  
And over and over the sow-gelder came;  
I rose and I halter'd him fast by the horn,  
I pluck'd out his stones, as you'd pick out  
a corn.  
Baa! quoth the devil, and forth he slunk,  
And left us a carcass of mutton that stunk.

The next time, I rode a good mile and a half,  
Where I heard he did live in disguise of a calf;  
I bound and I gelt him, ere he did any evil;  
He was here at his best but a young suck-  
ing devil.

Maal yet he cry'd, and forth he did steal,  
And this was sold after for excellent veal.

Some half a year after, in form of a pig,  
I met with the rogue, and he look'd very  
big;  
I catch'd at his leg, laid him down on a log,  
Ere a man could fart twice, I had made  
him a hog.  
Ough! quoth the devil, and forth gave  
a jerk,  
That a Jew was converted, and eat of the  
pork.

1 Boor. Groats a-piece, groats a-piece,  
There, sweet sow-gelder! [groats a-piece!

*Enter Prigg and Ferret.*

Prigg. Will ye see any feats of activity,  
Some slight of hand, legerdemain? Hey, pass,  
Presto, be gone there!

2 Boor. Sit down, juggler! [near, Piper!  
Prigg. Sirrah, play you your art well. Draw  
Look you, my honest friends, you see my  
hands; [money;  
Plain-dealing is no devil. Lend me some  
Twelve-pence a-piece will serve.

1, 2 Boor. There, there!

Prigg. I thank ye,  
Thank ye heartily! When shall I pay ye?

All Boor. Ha, ha, ha! by th' mass, this  
was a fine trick. [shew your worships

Prigg. A merry slight toy! But now I'll  
A trick indeed.

Hig. Mark him well now, my masters!

Prigg. Here are three balls; these balls  
shall be three bullets,

One, two, and three: *Accentibus, malentibus*.  
Presto, be gone! They are vanish'd. Fair  
play, gentlemen!

Now, these three, like three bullets, from your  
three noses

Will I pluck presently. Fear not, no harm,  
*Titere, tu putula.* [boys!

1 Boor. Oh, oh, oh!

Prigg. *Recubans sub jermine sagi.* [hard!

2 Boor. You pull too hard; you pull too

Prigg. Stand fair then.

*Silver-tram trim-tram.*

3 Boor. Hold, hold, hold!

Prigg. Come aloft, bullets three, with a  
whim-wham!

Have ye their monies?

[*Apart to Higgen and Ferret.*

Hig. Yes, yes.

1 Boor. Oh, rare juggler!

2 Boor. Oh, admirable juggler!

Prigg. One trick more yet.

Hey, come aloft! *Sa, sa, flim, flum, tara-*  
*dumbis!*

East, West, North, South, now fly like Jack  
with a bumbis! [pockets.

Now all your money's gone: Pray, search your

1 Boor. Hum!

2 Boor. He!

3 Boor. The devil a penny's here!

Prigg. This was a rare trick. [store it.

1 Boor. But 'twould be a far rarer to re-

Prigg. I'll do ye that too. Look upon me  
earnestly, [place,

And move not any ways your eyes from this  
This button here. Pow, whir, whiss! Shake  
your pockets.

1 Boor. By th' mass, 'tis here again, boys.

Prigg. Rest ye merry!

My first trick has paid me.

All Boor. Ay, take it, take it,

And take some drink too.

Prigg. Not a drop now, I thank you.

Away, we are discover'd el el!  
[*Exeunt. Hig. Pr. Fer.*

*Enter Clause, like a blind aquaviva-man, and a boy, singing the song.*

Bring out your cony-skins, fair maids, to me,  
And hold 'em fair, that I may see;  
Grey, black, and blue: For your smaller skins,

I'll give ye looking-glasses, pins:  
And for your whole cony, here's ready,  
ready money.

Come, gentle Joan, do thou begin  
With thy black, black, black cony-skin.  
And Mary then, and Jane will follow,  
With their silver-hair'd skins, and their  
yellow.

The white cony-skin I will not lay by,  
For, though it be faint, 'tis fair to the eye;  
The grey, it is warm, but yet for my money,  
Give me the bonny, bonny black cony.  
Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay:  
Come, and take money, maids; put your  
ware away.

Cony-skins! cony-skins! Have ye any  
cony-skins?

I have fine bracelets, and fine silver pins.

*Clause.* Buy any brand wine, buy any  
brand wine?<sup>26</sup>

*Boy.* Have ye any cony-skins?

*2 Boor.* My fine canary bird, there's a cake  
for thy worship. [*Let's see, Sir,*

*1 Boor.* Come, till, fill, fill, fill suddenly!  
What's this?

*Clause.* A penny, Sir.

*1 Boor.* Fill till't be six-pence,

And there's my pig.

*Boy.* This is a counter, Sir. [*then?*

*1 Boor.* A counter! Stay ye; what are these  
Oh, execrable juggler! Oh, damn'd juggler!  
Look in your hose, ho! this comes of look-  
ing forward. [*this juggler!*

*3 Boor.* Devil a Dunkirk! What a rogue's  
This hey pass, repass! h' has repass'd us  
sweetly.

*2 Boor.* Do ye call these tricks?

*Enter Higgen.*

*Hig.* Have ye any ends of gold or silver?

*2 Boor.* This fellow comes to mock us!  
Gold or silver? cry copper.

<sup>26</sup> *Brand wine.*] Quasi *branderin*, French.

*Brandy*, and, I believe, other spirits, are called *brand wine*, in the Low Countries, to  
this day. *R.*

<sup>27</sup> *A ————* *juggle em.*

— *o' their prestoes.*] This *hiatus* very frequently occurs in our Authors' plays. We  
suppose they wrote, *A pox, &c.* and that a false delicacy in the Editors induced them to leave  
the *hiatus*. As we have shewn (p. 165, of this volume) that, in the days of our Authors, this  
word conveyed no gross or vulgar meaning, we shall not scruple to insert it wherever such  
*hiatus* occurs.

<sup>28</sup> *Ferkt.*] i. e. Cheated, fobbed.

<sup>29</sup> *Good d'on*] This reading prevailed till 1750, when Mr. Seward, without mention, sub-  
stituted *Good ev'n*. The word now inserted in the text, which is used, and explained to mean  
day, by Mercutio, in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, is near that in our old copies.

*1 Boor.* Yes, my good friend,  
We have e'en an end of all we have.

*Hig.* 'Tis well, Sir;

You have the less to care for. Gold and  
silver! [*Exit.*

*Enter Prigg.*

*Prigg.* Have ye any old cloaks to sell, have  
ye any old cloaks to sell? [*Exit.*

*1 Boor.* Cloaks! Look about ye, boys;  
mine's gone!

*2 Boor.* A pox juggle 'em?<sup>27</sup>

Pox on their prestoes! Mine's gone too!

*3 Boor.* Here's mine yet. [*brand wine!*

*1 Boor.* Come, come, let's drink then. More  
*Boy.* Here, Sir.

*1 Boor.* If e'er I catch your sow-gelder, by  
this hand I'll strip him. [*cloaks yet,*

We've ever fools so ferkt?<sup>28</sup> We have two  
And all our caps; the devil take the flincher.

*All Boor.* Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw!

*Enter Hempshirke.*

*Hemp.* Good den,<sup>29</sup> my honest fellows!  
You're merry here, I see.

*3 Boor.* 'Tis all we have left, Sir.

*Hemp.* What hast thou? Aquavite?

*Boy.* Yes.

*Hemp.* Fill out then;

And give these honest fellows round.

*All Boor.* We thank ye. [*ye?*

*Hemp.* May I speak a word in private to

*All Boor.* Yes, Sir. [*friends,*

*Hemp.* I have a business for you, honest

If you dare lend your help, shall get you

*Clause.* Ha! [*crowns.*

Lead me a little nearer, boy.

*1 Boor.* What is't, Sir?

If it be any thing to purchase money,

(Which is our want) command us.

*All Boor.* All, all, all, Sir.

*Hemp.* You know the young spruce mer-  
chant in Bruges?

*2 Boor.* Who? master Goswin?

*Hemp.* That; he owes me money,

And here in town there is no stirring of him.

*Clause.* Say you so? [*Aside.*

*Hemp.* This day, upon a sure appointment,

He meets me a mile hence, by the chase-side,

Under the row of oaks; do you know it?

*All Boor.* Yes, Sir.

*Hemp.* Give 'em more drink! There, if you dare but venture,  
When I shall give the word, to seize upon him,  
Here's twenty pound.

3 *Boor.* Beware the juggler! [no mercy.]

*Hemp.* If he resist, down with him, have

1 *Boor.* I warrant you, we'll hamper him.

*Hemp.* To discharge you,

I have a warrant here about me.

3 *Boor.* Here's our warrant;

This carries fire i'th' tail [draws on —

*Hemp.* Away with me then; the time

I must remove so insolent a suitor,

And, if he be so rich, make him pay ransom

Ere he see Brudgetow'rs again. Thus wise men

Repair the hurts they take by a disgrace,

And piece the lion's skin with th' fox's case.

*Clause.* I'm glad I've heard this sport yet.

[*Aside.*

*Hemp.* There's fur thy drink. Come, pay

the house within, boys,

And lose no time.

*Clause.* Away, with all our haste too!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Goswin.*

*Gos.* No wind blow fair yet? No return  
of monies,

Letters, nor any thing to hold my hopes up?

Why, then, 'tis destin'd, that I fall, fall miserably,

My credit I was built on, sinking with me!

Thou boist'rous North wind, blowing my misfortunes,

[*ness,*

And frosting all my hopes to cakes of cold—  
Yet stay thy fury! Give the gentle South

Yet leave to court those sails that bring me safety! [*Heav'n,*

And you, auspicious fires, bright twins in  
Dance on the shrouds! He blows still stubbornly,

And on his boist'rous rack rides my sad ruin.  
There is no help, there can be now no comfort;

To-morrow, with the sun-set, sets my credit.

Oh, misery! thou curse of man, thou plague,

I'th' midst of all our strength, thou strik'st us!

My virtuous love is lost too! All, what I have  
been,

No more hereafter to be seen than shadow!

To prison now! Well, yet there's this hope  
left me;

I may sink fairly under this day's venture,

And so to-morrow's cross'd, and all those  
curses.

Yet unanly I'll invite my fate: Base Fortune

Shall never say, she 'as cut my throat in fear.

This is the place his challenge call'd me to,

And was a happy one at this time for me;

For let me fall before my foe i'th' field,

And not at bar, before my creditors!

It has kept his word. Now, Sir, your  
sword's tongue only,

Loud as you dare; all other language——

*Enter Hempshirke.*

*Hemp.* Well, Sir,

You shall not be long troubled. Draw!

*Gos.* 'Tis done, Sir;

And now, have at you!

*Hemp.* Now!

*Enter Boors.*

*Gos.* Betray'd to villains! Slaves, ye shall  
buy me bravely!

And thou, base coward——

*Enter Clause and Beggars.*

*Clause.* Now upon 'em bravely!

Conjure 'em soundly, boys!

*Boors.* Hold, hold!

*Clause.* Lay on, still! [to syrup!

Down with that gentleman-rogue, swing him

Retire, Sir, and take breath. Follow, and

Take all; 'tis lawful prize. [take him;

*Boors.* We yield.

*Clause.* Down with 'em, [em!

Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, swing  
Knock me their brains into their breeches!

*Boors.* Hold, hold! [Exeunt,

*Muuet Goswin.*

*Gos.* What these men are I know not;  
nor for what cause [danger,

They should thus thrust themselves into my  
Can I imagine. But, sure, Heav'n's hand

was in't! [basely,

Nor why this coward knave should deal so  
To eat me up with slaves. But, Heav'n, I

thank thee!

I hope thou hast reserv'd me to an end

Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine hon-  
our. [fer'd!

'Would all my other dangers here had suf-  
With what a joyful heart should I go home

then?

Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that  
waits his sentence, [still.<sup>29</sup>

Or hears his passing-bell; but there's my hope

<sup>29</sup> Where now, Heav'n knows, like him that waits his sentence;

Or hears his passing bell; but there's my hope still.] This is obscure; but we apprehend the meaning to be, that Goswin still hopes for assistance from Heaven. This sense seems to be confirmed by the following words, in the ensuing scene:

*Clause.* I say, you should not shrink; for he that gave you,

Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you off, Sir;

When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees you.

*Gos.* THERE'S ALL MY HOPE.

*Enter Clause.*

*Clause.* Blessing upon you, master!

*Gos.* Thank you. Leave me; [thee.  
For, by my troth, I've nothing now to give  
*Clause.* Indeed, I don't ask, Sir; only it  
grieves me [you  
To see you look so sad. Now, goodness keep  
From troubles in your mind!

*Gos.* If I were troubled, [leave me.  
What could thy comfort do? Prithce, *Clause*,  
*Clause.* Good master, be not angry; for  
Is out of true love to you. [what I say

*Gos.* I know thou lov'st me.  
*Clause.* Good master, blame that love then,  
if I prove so saucy  
To ask you why you're sad.

*Gos.* Most true, I am so;  
And such a sadness I have got will sink me.

*Clause.* Heav'n shield it, Sir!  
*Gos.* Faith, thou must lose thy master.  
*Clause.* I had rather lose my neck, Sir.

'Would I knew——  
*Gos.* What would the knowledge do thee  
good (so miserable, [ways,  
Thou canst not help thyself) when all oiy  
Nor all the friends I have——

*Clause.* You do not know, Sir, [cares,  
What I can do: Cures, sometimes, for men's  
Flow where they least expect 'em.

*Gos.* I know thou wouldst do; [master.  
But, farewell, *Clause*, and pray for thy poor  
*Clause.* I will not leave you.

*Gos.* How? [not leave you,  
*Clause.* I dare not leave you, Sir, I must  
And, 'till you beat me dead, I will not leave  
you. [goodness,

By what you hold most precious, by Heav'n's  
As your fair youth may prosper, good Sir,  
tell me! [pow'r

My mind believes yet something's in my  
May ease you of this trouble.

*Gos.* I will tell thee. [credit,  
For a hundred thousand crowns, upon my  
Ta'en up of merchants to supply my trathieks,  
The winds and weather envying of my fortune,  
And no return to help me off yet shewing,  
To-morrow, *Clause*, to-morrow, which must  
come,

In prison thou shalt find me, poor and broken.

*Clause.* I cannot blame your grief, Sir.  
*Gos.* Now, what sayst thou?

*Clause.* I say, you should not shriek; for  
he that gave you,  
Can give you more; his pow'r can bring you  
off, Sir; [you.

When friends and all forsake you, yet he sees  
*Gos.* There's all my hope.

*Clause.* Hope still, Sir. Are you tied  
Within the compass of a day, good master,  
To pay this mass of money?

*Gos.* Ev'n to-morrow.  
But why do I stand mocking of my misery?  
Is't not enough the floods and friends forget  
*Clause.* Will no less serve? [me?

*Gos.* What if it would?

*Clause.* Your patience!  
I do not ask to mock you. 'Tis a great sum,  
A sum for mighty meo to start and stiek at;  
But oot for honest. Have you oo friends left  
you, [duty?

None that have felt your bounty, worth this  
*Gos.* Duty? Thou know'st it not.

*Clause.* It is a duty,  
And as a duty, from those men have felt you,  
Should be return'd again. I have gain'd by  
you; [oo me:

A daily alms these seven years you have shower'd  
Will half supply your waot?

*Gos.* Why dost thou fool me?  
Canst thou work miracles?

*Clause.* To save my master,  
I can work this.

*Gos.* Thou wilt make me angry with thee.  
*Clause.* For doing good?

*Gos.* What pow'r hast thou?  
*Clause.* Enquire not,

So I can do it, to preserve my master.  
Nay, if it be three parts——

*Gos.* Oh, that I had it! [charity,  
But, good *Clause*, talk no more; I feel thy  
As thou hast felt mine: But, alas——

*Clause.* Distrust not; [spirit,  
'Tis that that quenches you: Pull up your  
Your good, your honest, and your noble spirit;  
For if the fortunes of ten thousand people  
Can save you, rest assur'd! You have forgot,  
Sir, [gave me:

The good you did, which was the pow'r you  
You shall now know the king of Beggars'  
treasure; [roar,  
And let the winds blow as they list, the seas  
Yet here to-morrow you shall find your har-  
bour.

Here fail me not, for, if I live, I'll fit you.  
*Gos.* How fain I would believe thee!

*Clause.* If I lie, master,  
Believe no man hereafter.

*Gos.* I will try thee;  
But, he knows, that knows all——

*Clause.* Know me to-morrow,  
And, if I know not how to cure you, kill me.  
So, pass to peace, oiy best, my worthiest mas-  
ter! [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Hubert, like a huntsman.*

*Hub.* Thus have I stol'n away disguis'd from  
Heapskirke,

To try these people; for my heart yet tells me  
Some of these beggars are the men I look for.  
Appearing like myself, they have no reason,  
(Tho' my intent is fair, my main end honest)  
But to avoid me narrowly. That face too,  
That woman's face, how oar it is! Oh,  
may it

But prove the same, and, Fortune, how I'll  
bless thee! [see,

Thus, sure, they cannot know me, or suspect

If to my habit I but change my nature,  
As I must do. This is the wood they live in;  
A place fit for concealment; where, till fortune

Crown me with that I seek, I'll live amongst  
[Exit.]

*Enter Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Ginks, and  
the rest, with the Boors.*

*Hig.* Come, bring 'em out, for here we sit  
in justice.

Give to each one a cudgel, a good cudgel:  
And now attend your sentence!—That ye are  
rogues, [point now]  
And mischievous hase rascals, (there's the  
I take it, is confess'd.

*Prigg.* Deny it if ye dare, knaves!

*Boors.* We are rogues, Sir. [ye are,

*Hig.* To amplify the matter, then; rogues

And lamb'd ye shall be ere we leave ye.  
*Boors.* Yes, Sir. [tice,

*Hig.* And, to the open handling of our jus-  
Why did ye this upon the proper person  
Of our good master? Were ye drunk when  
ye did it?

*Boors.* Yes, indeed, were we.

*Prigg.* Ye shall be beaten sober.

*Hig.* Was it for want ye undertook it?

*Boors.* Yes, Sir.

*Hig.* Ye shall be swing'd abundantly.

*Prigg.* And yet, for all that,

Ye shall be poor rogues still.

*Hig.* Has not the gentleman,

(Pray mark this point, brother Prigg) that  
noble gentleman,

Reliev'd ye often, found ye means to live by,  
By employing some at sea, some here, some  
According to your callings? [there,

*Boors.* 'Tis most true, Sir.

*Hig.* Is not the man an honest man?

*Boors.* Yes, truly.

*Hig.* A liberal gentleman? And, as ye are  
true rascals, [and often,

Tell me but this, have ye not been druuk,  
At his charge?

*Boors.* Often, often.

*Hig.* There's the point, then!

They've cast themselves, brother Prigg.

*Prigg.* A shrewd point, brother.

*Hig.* Brother, proceed you now; the cause  
is open;

I'm somewhat weary.

*Prigg.* Can ye do these things,

Ye most abominable stinking rascals,

Ye turnip-eating rogues?

*Boors.* We're truly sorry.

*Prigg.* Knock at your hard hearts, rogues,  
and presently

Give us a sign you feel compunction:

Every man up with's cudgel, and on his  
neighbour

Bestow such alms, 'till we shall say sufficient,

(For there your sentence lies) without partiality

Either of head, or hide, rogues, without quarrel-  
Or we shall take the pains to beat you dead  
else.

You know your doom.<sup>30</sup>

*Hig.* One, two, and three, about it!

[Boors beat one another.

*Prigg.* That fellow in the blue has true  
compunction; [boys!

He beats his fellow bravely. Oh, well struck,

*Enter Clause.*

*Hig.* Up with that blue breech! Now plays  
he the devil! [honest.

So, get ye home, drink small beer, and be  
Call in the gentleman.

*Clause.* Do, bring him presently;  
His cause I'll hear myself.

*Enter Hempskirke.*

*Hig.* *Prigg.* With all due reverence,  
We do resign, Sir.

*Clause.* Now, huffing Sir, what's your name?

*Hemp.* What's that to you, Sir?

*Clause.* It shall be, ere we part.

*Hemp.* My name is Hempskirke.

I follow the earl, which you shall feel.

*Clause.* No threat'ning, [basely

For we shall cool you, Sir. Why didst thou  
Attempt the murder of the merchant Gawwin?

*Hemp.* What pow'r hast thou to ask me?

*Clause.* I will know it,

Or flay thee till thy pain discover it.

*Hemp.* He did me wrong, base wrong.

*Clause.* That cannot save you, [lanies  
Who sent you hither? and what further vil-  
Have you in hand? [profit,

*Hemp.* Why wouldst thou know? What  
If I had any private way, could rise

Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodit?

Be sorry for what thou'st done, and make  
amends, fool!

I'll talk no further to thee, nor these rascals.

*Clause.* Tie him to that tree.

*Hemp.* I have told you whom I follow.

*Clause.* The devil you should do, by your  
villanies. [him.

Now he that has the best way, wring it from

*Hig.* I undertake it: Turn him to the sun,  
boys; [yet?

Give me a fine sharp rush. Will you confess

*Hemp.* You have robb'd me already; now  
you'll murder me.

*Hig.* Murder your nose a little. Does your  
head purge, Sir?

To it again; 'twill do you good.

*Hemp.* Oh,

I cannot tell you any thing.

*Clause.* Proceed then! [To Higgen, &c.

*Hig.* There's maggots in your nose; I'll  
fetch 'em out, Sir.

<sup>30</sup> You shall know your doom.] The word *shall* injuring the sense of this passage, we have expunged it; and suppose it to have been copied, by mistake, from the preceding line.



*Hemp.* Oh, my head breaks!

*Hig.* The best thing for the rheum, Sir,  
That falls into your worship's eyes.

*Hemp.* Hold, hold!

*Clause.* Speak then.

*Hemp.* I know not what.

*Hig.* It lies in's brain yet;

In lumps it lies: I'll fetch it out the finest!

What pretty faces the fool makes! Heigh!

*Hemp.* Hold, [bleat,  
Hold, and I'll tell ye all. Look in my doun-  
And there, within the lining, in a paper,  
You shall find all.

*Clause.* Go, fetch that paper hitler,  
And let him loose for this time.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* Good ev'n, my honest friends!

*Clause.* Good ev'n, good fellow!

*Hub.* May a poor huntsman, with a merry  
heart,

A voice shall make the forest ring about him,  
Get leave to live amongst ye? True as steel,  
boys! [hours,

That knows all chases, and can watch all  
And with my quarter-staff, tho' the devil bid  
stand,

Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again;  
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways,  
sheep-walks, [sets;

And force the crafty Reynard climb the quick-  
Rouse ye the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn

<sup>16</sup> *Martern.*] A large species of the weasel; the fur of which is held in high estimation.

<sup>17</sup> *Lucern.*] This animal is nearly the size of a wolf. It is covered with an exceeding rich  
fur, the colour between red and brown, and something uniled like a cat, intermixed with black  
spots.

<sup>18</sup> ——— and the wild Sounder

*Single, and with my arm'd staff turn the boar.*] *Sounder* is a name given to the wild  
boar, as *Isgrim* to the wolf.

Mr. Seward objects to this passage, for being tautologous; and therefore reads,

——— and the wild Sounder

*Single, and with my boar-staff arm'd, thus turn,*

*Spite of his foamy tuskes, and thus strike him.*

But if he thinks this language exceptionable, in what light must he look upon that of Shake-  
speare, speaking of the same animal.

'To fly the boar,' before the boar pursues,

'Were to incense the boar to follow us?'

As we cannot conceive this tautology is by any means so inelegant, or objectionable, as Mr.  
Seward's *thus* and *thus*, we have adhered to the old reading, believing it to be the genuine  
text.

<sup>19</sup> ——— You are sent here, sirrah,

To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,

And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion

To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch 'em.] This passage is incorrect, if not corrupt.

The two first lines we would read thus:

——— You are sent here, sirrah,

To discover certain gentlemen—a spy, knave!

The import of his instructions may indeed be gathered from the three last lines; but there is  
a confusion as well as deficiency in the expression, and perhaps some words transposed and  
others dropt at press, which, however, we will not venture to regulate or supply. The inac-  
curacy might proceed from haste in the writers, who often dismiss a passage without fully ex-  
pressing their ideas.

Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall  
mourn him,

Till, in his funeral tears, he fall before me?

The polecat, martern,<sup>16</sup> and the rich-skin'd  
lucern,<sup>17</sup> [ping;

I know to chase; the roe, the wind out-strip-  
Isgrim himself, in all his bloody anger,

I can beat from the bay; and the wild Sounder

Single,<sup>18</sup> and with my arm'd staff turn the boar,

Spite of his foamy tuskes, and thus strike him,

'Till he fall down my feast.

*Clause.* A goodly fellow.

*Hub.* What mak'st thou here, ha? [*Aside.*

*Clause.* We accept thy fellowship.

*Hub.* Heupskirke, thou art not right, I  
fear; I fear thee. [*Aside.*

*Enter Ferret, with a letter.*

*Fer.* Here is the paper; and as he said we  
found it.

*Clause.* Give me it; I shall make a shi't  
yet, old as I am,

To find your knavery. You are sent here,  
sirrah,

To discover certain gentlemen, a spy-knave,

And if ye find 'em, if not by persuasion

To bring 'em back, by poison to dispatch  
'em.<sup>19</sup>

*Hub.* By poison? ha?

*Clause.* Here is another, Hubert;

What is that Hubert, Sir?

*Hemp.* You may perceive there.

*Clause.* I may perceive a villany, and a rank one.

Was he join'd partner of thy knavery?

*Hemp.* No;

He had an honest end, (would I had had so!) Which makes him 'scape such cut-throats.

*Clause.* So it seems; [bert  
For here thou art commanded, when that Hu-  
Has done his best and worthiest service this way, [dangerous.

To cut his throat; for here he's set down  
*Hub.* This is most impious.

*Clause.* I am glad we've found you.

Is not this true?

*Hemp.* Yes; what are you the better?

*Clause.* You shall perceive, Sir, ere you get your freedom. [us,

Take him aside; and, friend, we take thee to  
Into our company. Thou dar'st be true unto

*Hig.* Ay, and obedient too? [us?

*Hub.* As you had bred me.

*Clause.* Then, take our hand; thou'rt now  
a servant to us.

Welcome him all!

*Hig.* Stand off, stand off! I'll do it.

We bid you welcome three ways; first, for  
your person, [quality,

Which is a promising person; next, for your  
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality;

Last, for the frequent means you have to feed  
us:

You can steal, 'tis to be presum'd?

*Hub.* Yes, tension,

Or, if I want—

*Hig.* 'Tis well; you understand right,

And shall practise daily. You can drink too?

*Hub.* Soundly.

*Hig.* And you dare know a woman from a  
weather-cock?

*Hub.* Yes, if I handle her.

*Clause.* Now swear him. [to us,

*Hig.* I crown thy neck with a gage of true-  
And stalf thee by the *salomon* into the cloven;

To mound on the pad, and strike all the *chairs*;  
To mill from the *ruffians* commission and

slates;

*Twang* dells in the *strommel*; and let the

*quere-cuffa*, [ruffian!

And *harmantecks* trine, and trine to the

<sup>25</sup> *O'th*] Former editions. Mr. Theobald and I consented in the emendation. *Seward.*  
The old book says, *oth*, without apostrophes; the word intended therefore was obvious,  
even if the cant term *salomon* had not pointed it out.

<sup>26</sup> All. *Welcome, welcome. But who shall have the keeping  
Of this fellow?*

*Hub.* Thank ye, friends;

And I beseech ye, *if, &c.*] Old folio.—Modern editions.

ALL. *Welcome, welcome, welcome;*

*But who shall have the keeping*

*Of this fellow?*

*Hub.* Sir, *if you dare, &c.*

We have here retrieved some words from the first copy; and have made a transposition which  
seems absolutely necessary.

<sup>27</sup> *For if I have kept.*] The *if* hurts the sense here, and seems evidently to have crept into  
this line from that above. *Seward.*

*Clause.* Now interpret this unto him.

*Hig.* I pour on thy pate a pot of good ale,  
And by the rogues' oath<sup>25</sup> a rogue thee instal:  
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meets;  
To steal from the hedge both the shirt and the

sheets; [twang;  
And lie with thy wench in the straw till she  
Let the constable, justice, and devil go hang!  
You're welcome, brother!

All. Welcome,<sup>26</sup> welcome, welcome!

*Hub.* Thank ye, friends!

*Clause.* But who shall have the keeping of  
this fellow? [me,

*Hub.* I do beseech ye, if ye dare but trust  
(For I have kept<sup>27</sup> wild dogs and beasts for  
wonder,

And made 'em tame too) give into my custody  
This roaring rascal: I shall hump him,

With all his knacks and knaveries, and, I  
fear me,

Disowen yet a further villany in him.

Oh, he smells rank o' th' rascal!

*Clause.* Take him to thee;

But, if he 'scape—

*Hub.* Let me he even hang'd for him.

Come, Sir, I'll tie you to my leash.

*Hemp.* Away, rascal!

*Hub.* Be not so stubborn: I shall swinge  
you soundly,

As you play tricks with me.

*Clause.* So, now come in;

But ever have an eye, Sir, to your prisoner.

*Hub.* He must blind both mine eyes, if he  
get from me.

*Clause.* Go, get some victuals, and some  
drink, some good drink;

For this day we'll keep holy to good fortune.

Come, and be frolick with us! [loud;

*Hig.* You are a stranger, brother, I pray  
You must, you must, brother. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Goswin and Gertrude.*

*Ger.* Indeed you're welcome: I have heard  
your 'scape, [you,

And therefore give her leave, that only loves  
Truly and dearly loves you, give her joy

leave

To bid you welcome. What is't makes you  
sad, man?

Why do you look so wild? Is't I offend you?  
Beshrew my heart, not willingly.

*Gos.* No, Gertrude, [look'd for,

*Gert.* Is't the delay of that you long have  
A happy marriage? Now I come to urge it;  
Now when you please to finish it.

*Gos.* No news yet?

*Gert.* D'you hear, Sir?

*Gos.* Yes.

*Gert.* D'you love me?

*Gos.* Have I liv'd

In all the happiness fortune could seat me,

In all men's fair opinions —

*Gert.* I have provided

A priest, that's ready for us.

*Gos.* And can the devil, [me?

In one ten days, that devil Chance, devour

*Gert.* We'll fly to what place you please.

*Gos.* No star prosperous?

All at a swoop?

*Gert.* You do not love me, Goswin;

You will not look upon me!

*Gos.* Can men's prayers, [are,

Shot up to Heav'n with such a zeal as mine

Fall back like lazy mists, and never prosper?

Gyes<sup>18</sup> I must wear, and cold must be my  
comfort; [too,

Darkness, and want of meat! Alas, she weeps

Which is the top of all my sorrows. Ger-  
trude!

*Gert.* No, no, you will not know me; my  
poor beauty,

Which has been worth your eyes —

*Gos.* The time grows on still;

And, like a tumbling wave, I see my ruin

Come rowling over me.

*Gert.* Yet will you know me?

*Gos.* For a hundred thousand crowns!

*Gert.* Yet will you love me? [ing?

Tell me but how I have deserv'd your slight.

*Gos.* For a hundred thousand crowns —

*Gert.* Farewell, dissembler!

*Gos.* Of which I have scarce ten! Oh, how  
it starts me!

*Gert.* And may the next you love, hearing  
my ruin — [Gertrude,

*Gos.* I had forgot myself. Oh, my best  
Crown of my joys and comforts!

*Gert.* Sweet, what ails you?

I thought you had been vex'd with me.

*Gos.* My mind, wench, [memory.

My mind, o'erflow'd with sorrow, sunk my

*Gert.* Am I not worthy of the knowledge  
of it?

And cannot I as well affect your sorrow?

As your delights? You love no other woman?

*Gos.* No, I protest.

*Gert.* You have no ships lost lately?

*Gos.* None, that I know of.

*Gert.* I hope you have spilt no blood,  
whose innocence

May lay this on your conscience.

*Gos.* Clear, by Heav'n.

*Gert.* Why should you be thus, then?

*Gos.* Good Gertrude, ask not;

Ev'n by the love you bear me!

*Gert.* I am obedient.

*Gos.* Go in, my fair; I will not be long  
from you — [turn,

Nor long, I fear me, with thee! At my re-  
dispose me as you please.

*Gert.* The good Gods guide you! [Exit.

*Gos.* Now for myself, which is the least I  
hope for,

And, when that fails, for man's worst for-  
tune,<sup>19</sup> pity! [Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Goswin and four Merchants.*

*Gos.* WHY, gentlemen, 'tis but a week  
more; I entreat you [ye;

But seven short days; I am not running from

Nor, if you give me patience, is it possible

All my adventures fail. You have ships  
abroad,

Endure the beating both of wind and weat-  
her: [tested;

I'm sure 'twould vex your hearts, to be pro-  
Ye're all fair merchants.

1 *Mer.* Yes, and must have fair play;

There is no living here else: One hour's fail-  
ing

Fails us of all our friends, of all our credits.

For my part, I would stay, but my wants tell  
I must wrong others in't. [me,

<sup>18</sup> *Gryves.*] This word is usually wrote *gyves*, and means *chains*. It occurs very frequently in the writers of queen Elizabeth and James the First's times. *R.*

<sup>19</sup> *Now for myself, which is the least I hope for,*

*And when that fails, for man's worst fortune; pity.*] Goswin here expresses himself very obscurely. By the sequel of the story, it should seem that he means to refer to his application for indulgence to the merchants, which being refused, he shall be reduced to the most miserable situation, and become an object of pity.

Gos. No mercy in ye?

[mercy!]

2 Mer. 'Tis foolish to depend on others'  
Keep yourself right, and e'en cut your cloth,  
Sir,

According to your calling. You have liv'd  
In lord-like prodigality, high, and open,  
And now you find what 'tis: The lib'ral  
spending.

The summer of your youth, which you should  
glean in,

And, like the labouring ant, make use and  
gain of,

Has brought this bitter stormy winter on you,  
And now you cry.

3 Mer. Alas, before your poverty,  
We were no meo, of no mark, no endeavour;  
You stood alone, took up all trade, all business  
Running through your hands, scarce a sail at  
sea

But loaden with your goods: We, poor weak  
When by your leave, and much entreaty to it,  
We could have stowage for a little cloth,  
Or a few wines, put off, and thank'd your  
worship.

Lord, how the world's chang'd with you!

Now I hope, Sir,

We shall have sea-room:

Gos. Is my misery  
Become my scorn too? Have ye no humanity?  
No part of men left? Are all the bounties in  
me

To you, and to the town, turn'd my reproaches?

4 Mer. Well, get your monies ready: 'Tis  
but two hours;

We shall protest you else, and suddenly.

Gos. But two days!

1 Mer. Not an hour! You know the haz-  
zard.

Gos. How soon my light's put out! Hard-  
hearted Bruges!

Within thy walls may never honest merchant  
Venture his fortunes more! Oh, my poor  
wench too!

*Enter Clause.*

Clause. Good fortune, master!

Gos. Thou mistak'st me, Clause;  
I am not worth thy blessing.

Clause. Still a sad mao?

*(Enter Higgsen and Prigg, like porters.)*

No belief, gentle master? Come, bring it in  
then;

And now, believe your beadsman.

Gos. Is this certain?

Or dost thou work upon my troubled sense?

Clause. 'Tis gold, Sir;

Take it, and try it.

Gos. Certainly, 'tis treasure.

Can there yet be this blessing?

Clause. Cease your wonder!

You shall not sink for ne'er a sous'd flap-dra-  
gon,

For ne'er a pickled pilcher<sup>40</sup> of 'em all, Sir.

'Tis there; your full sum, a hundred thousand  
crowns:

And, good sweet master, now be merry.

Pay 'em,

Pay the poor peltiug knaves, that know no  
goodness;

And cheer your heart up handsomely.

Gos. Good Clause,

How can'st thou by this mighty sum? If  
naughtily,

I must not take it of thee; 'twill undo me.

Clause. Fear not; you have it by as honest  
means

As though your father gave it. Sir, you  
know not

To what a mass the little we get daily,

Mounts in seven years. We beg it for Heav'n's  
charity,

And to the same good we are bound to render

Gos. What great security?

Clause. Away with that, Sir!

Were not you more than all the men in Bruges,  
And all the money in my thoughts—

Gos. But, good Clause,

I may die presently.

Clause. Then, this dies with you!

Pay when you can, good master; I'll no  
parchments:

Only this charity I shall entreat you,

Leave me this ring.

Gos. Alas, it is too poor, Clause.

Clause. 'Tis all I ask; and this withal,  
that when

I shall deliver this back, you shall grant me  
Freely one poor petition.

Gos. There; I confirm it; *[Gives the ring.]*

And may my faith forsake me when I shun it!

Clause. Away; your time draws on. Take  
up the money,

And follow this young gentlemao.

Gos. Farewell, Clause;

And may thy honest memory live ever!

Clause. Heav'n bless you, and still keep  
you! Farewell, master! *[Exeunt.]*

<sup>40</sup> For ne'er a sous'd flap-dragon,

*[For ne'er a pickled pilcher, &c.]* Pilcher, in old plays, commonly signifies *scabard*; but in this place means *pilchard*, a fish like a herring, often pickled and soured. *Flap-dragon* is here used for any thing eaten at *flap-dragon*, a game at which they catch raisins, &c. out of burning brandy. So in Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* 'Eats candles' ends for *flap-dragons.* And again in his *Winter's Tale*, where, as in this passage of our Authors, it is applied to the swallowing a ship: 'To see how the sea *flap-dragon'd* it!' The metaphors are, however, more correctly used by Shakespeare, and the various senses of this cant term more clearly separated, than by our Authors. The word occurs again in the last scene of this play; 'My fire-works, \* and *flap-dragons.*'

## SCENE II.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* I have lock'd my youth up close enough for gaulding,  
In an old tree, and set watch over him.

*(Enter Jaculin.)*

Now for my love, for sure this wench must be she;

She follows me. Come hither, pretty Minehe!

*Jac.* No, no, you'll kiss.

*Hub.* So I will.

*Jac.* Y'deed law?

How will you kiss me, pray you?

*Hub.* Thus—Soft as my love's lips!

*Jac.* Oh!

*Hub.* What's your father's name?

*Jac.* He's gone to Heav'n.

*Hub.* Is it not Gerrard, sweet?

*Jac.* I'll stay no longer;

My mother's an old woman, and my brother  
Was drown'd at sea with catehing eock'les.—

Oh, love!

Oh, how my heart melts in me! How thou-  
fir'st me!

*Hub.* 'Tis certain she. Pray let me see  
your hand, sweet.

*Jac.* No, no, you'll bite it.

*Hub.* Sure I should know that gymmal!<sup>42</sup>

*Jac.* 'Tis certain he: I had forgot my ring  
too.

Oh, Hubert, Hubert!

*Hub.* Ha! methought she nam'd me.

Do you know me, chick?

*Jac.* No, indeed; I never saw you:

But, methinks, you kiss finely.

*Hub.* Kiss again then!

By Heav'n, 'tis she.

*Jac.* Oh, what a joy he brings me!

*Hub.* You are not Minehe.

*Jac.* Yes, pretty gentleman; [per.<sup>43</sup>

And I must be married to-morrow to a cap-  
*Hub.* Must you, my sweet? and does the  
capper love you?

*Jac.* Yes, yes; he'll give me pie, and look  
in mine eyes thus.—

'Tis he; 'tis my dear love! Oh, blest fortune!

*Hub.* How fain she would conceal herself,  
yet shews it!

Will you love me, and leave that man? I'll  
serve you.

*Jac.* Oh, I shall lose myself! [Aside.

*Hub.* I'll wait upon you,

And make you dainty nose-gays.

*Jac.* And where will you stick 'em?

*Hub.* Here in thy bosom, sweet; and make  
a crown of lillies

For your fair head,

*Jac.* And will you love me, deed-law?

*Hub.* With all my heart.

*Jac.* Call me to-morrow then,  
And we'll have brave cheer, and go to church  
together.

Give you good ev'n, Sir!

*Hub.* But one word, fair Minche!

*Jac.* I must be gone a-milking.

*Hub.* You shall presently. [eulin?

Did you ne'er hear of a young maid call'd Ja-

*Jac.* I am discover'd! Hiark in your ear;  
I'll tell you.

You must not know me; kiss, and be con-  
stant ever.

*Hub.* Heav'n curse me else! 'Tis she; and  
now I'm certain

They are all here. Now for my other project!  
[Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Goswin, four Merchants, Higgen,  
and Trigg.*

1 *Mer.* Nay, if 'twould do you courtesy.

*Gos.* None at all, Sir: [for you;

Take it, 'tis yours; there's your ten thousand  
Give in my bills. Your sixteen.

3 *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd, Sir,

To make a further use.

*Gos.* No.

3 *Mer.* What I have, Sir, [servant.  
You may command. Pray let me be your

*Gos.* Put your hats on: I care not for your  
courtesies; [em.

They're most untimely done, and no truth in  
2 *Mer.* I have a freight of pepper—

*Gos.* Rot your pepper!

Shall I trust you again? There's your seven  
thousand. [ending.

4 *Mer.* Or if you want fine sugar, 'tis but

*Gos.* No, I can send to Barbary; those  
people, [doms.

That never yet knew faith, have nobler free-  
These carry to Vanlock, and take my bills in;

To Peter Zuten these; bring back my jewels.  
Why are these pieces?<sup>44</sup> [Guns fir'd.

*Enter Sailor.*

*Sail.* Health to the noble merchant!  
The Susan is return'd.

*Gos.* Well?

*Sail.* Well, and rich, Sir,

And now put in.

*Gos.* Heav'n, thou hast heard my pray'rs!

<sup>42</sup> Sure I should know that gymmal.] *Gymmal* was a common word in our Authors' time, signifying, as it is afterwards explained, a *ring*. It is still used on board ship, where the *ring*, that fasten the box which contains the compass, are at this day known among sailors by the name of *gymmals*.

<sup>43</sup> A capper.] One who makes or sells caps.

*Johnson.*

<sup>44</sup> Why are these pieces? The sense which is now so clear, was obscure to me till Mr. Symson added the marginal note.

*Seward.*

*Sail.* The brave Rebecca too, bound from the Straits,  
With the next tide, is ready to put after.

*Gos.* What news o' th' fly-boat?

*Sail.* If this wind hold till midnight,  
She will be here, and wealthy; she 'scap'd  
*Gos.* How, prithee, Sailor? [fairly.

*Sail.* Thus, Sir: She had fight,  
Seven hours together, with six Turkish galleys,  
And she fought bravely; but at length was  
boarded,

And overlaid with strength; when presently  
Comes boring up the wind captain Vannoke,  
That valiant gentleman you redeem'd from  
prison: [bravely;

He knew the boat, set in, and fought it  
Beat all the galleys off, sunk three, redeem'd  
her,

And as a service to you sent her home, Sir.

*Gos.* An honest noble captain, and a thank-  
full

There's for thy news: Go, drink the mer-  
chant's health, Sailor.

*Sail.* I thank your bounty, and I'll do it to  
a doit, Sir. [Exit Sailor.

1 *Mrs.* What miracles are pour'd upon this  
fellow! [shall 'scape prison,

*Gos.* This year,<sup>44</sup> I hope, my friends, I  
For all your cares to catch me.

2 *Mrs.* You may please, Sir,

To think of your poor servants in displeasure,  
Whose all they have, goods, monies, are at

*Gos.* I thank you; [your service.

When I have need of you I shall forget you!  
You're paid, I hope?

*All.* We joy in your good fortune.

*Enter Vandunk.*

*Vand.* Come, Sir, come, take your ease;  
you must go home with me;

Yonder's one weeps and howls.

*Gos.* Alas, how does she?

*Vand.* She will be better soon, I hope.

*Gos.* Why soon, Sir?

<sup>44</sup> *This here I hope.]* Any one that attends to the sense would at once see the corruption, and discover the true word. Mr. Theobald, Mr. Symson and I agreed in the correction, and 'tis confirmed by the old folio, which reads *Ye are*. 'Tis strange, that the following editors should see that this was wrong, and not see what was right. *Seward.*

<sup>45</sup> ——— *Commend my love*

*To my best love.]* However great a friend Clause had been, Goswin would scarcely call him his love, a term appropriated to lovers of different sexes. Besides this, the measure is spoiled; which, with the former proof, almost demonstrates the passage to be corrupt. A repetition of the verb *commend* effectually cures it; and I have often found, that where the sense and measure both require a repetition of a word, the printer omits it; taking it for granted, that all repetitions of the same words must be mistakes, because they generally are so. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——— *Commend my love,  
Commend my best love, all the love, &c,*

As it is very common with transcribers and printers, when the same word occurs twice in a line, to pass from the first to the second, we apprehend, that, by such an error, some words have been omitted. This chiasm we have ventured to supply; and, while our reading is nearer the old books, it is, perhaps, more natural and spirited, than the alteration of Mr. Seward.

*Vand.* Why, when you have her in your  
arms: This night, my boy,  
She is thy wife.

*Gos.* With all my heart I take her.

*Vand.* We have prepar'd; all thy friends  
will be there,

And all my rooms shall smook to see the reel.  
Thou hast been wrong'd, and no more shall

my service [all,

Wait on the knave her uncle. I have heard  
All his baits for my boy; but thou shalt have

Hast thou dispatch'd thy business? [her.

*Gos.* Most.

*Vand.* By th' mass, boy,

Thou tusthest now in wealth, and I joy in it;  
Thou'rt the best boy that Bruges ever new-

rish'd. [sack,

Thou hast been sad; I'll cheer thee up with  
And, when thou art lusty, I'll fling thee to

She'll hug thee, sirrah. [thy mistress.

*Gos.* I long to see it.

I had forgot you: There's for you, my friends;  
You had but heavy burlens. Commend

my <sup>45</sup> love [I have,

To my best friend, my best love, all the love  
To honest Clause; shortly I'll thank him bet-

ter. [Exit.

*Hig.* By th' mass, a royal merchant! Gold  
by th' handful!

Here will be sport soon, Prigg.

*Prigg.* It partly seems so;

And here will I be in a trice.

*Hig.* And I, boy.

Away apace; we are look'd for.

*Prigg.* Oh, these bak'd meats!

Methinks I smell them hither.

*Hig.* Thy mouth waters. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Hubert and Hempshire.*

*Hub.* I must not.

*Hemp.* Why? 'Tis in thy power to do it,  
And in mine to reward thee to thy wishes.

*Hub.* I dare not, nor I will not.

*Hemp.* Gentle huntsman,  
Tho' thou hast kept me hard; tho' in thy duty,  
Which is requir'd to do it, th' hast us'd me  
I can forgive thee freely. [stubbornly;

*Hub.* You the earl's servant?

*Hemp.* I swear, I'm near as his own  
thoughts to him;

Able to do thee—

*Hub.* Come, come, leave your prating.

*Hemp.* If thou dar'st but try—

*Hub.* I thank you heartily; you will be  
The first man that will hang me; a sweet re-  
compence;

I could do't (but I do not say I will)

To any honest fellow that would think on't,  
And be a benefactor. [own desires;

*Hemp.* It's be not recompens'd, and to thy  
If, within these ten days, I do not make

*Hub.* What? a false knave? [thce—

*Hemp.* Prithce, conceive me rightly; any  
thing [thce—

Of profit or of place that may advance

*Hub.* Why, what a goosecap wouldst thou  
make me? Don't I know

That men in misery will promise any thing,  
More than their lives can reach at?

*Hemp.* Believe me, huntsman,  
There shall not one short syllable that comes

from me pass

Without its full performance.

*Hub.* Say you so, Sir?

Have you e'er a good place for my quality?

*Hemp.* A thousand; chases, forests, parks;  
I'll make thee

Chief ranger over all the games.

*Hub.* When?

*Hemp.* Presently.

*Hub.* This may provoke me: And yet, to  
prove a knave too— [service,

*Hemp.* 'Tis to prove honest; 'tis to do good  
Service for him thou'st sworn to, for thy prince:

Then, for thyself that good—What fool  
would live here,

Poor, and in misery, subject to all dangers  
Law and Jewd people can inflict, when bravely,

And to himself, he may be law and credit?

*Hub.* Shall I believe thee?

*Hemp.* As that thou hold'st most holy.

*Hub.* You may play tricks.

*Hemp.* Then let me never live more.

*Hub.* Then you shall see, Sir, I will do a

That shall deserve indeed. [service,

*Hemp.* 'Tis well said, huntsman,

And thou shalt be well thought of.

*Hub.* I will do it: [thing,

'Tis not your letting free, for that's mere no-

But such a service, if the earl be noble,

He shall for ever love me.

*Hemp.* What is't, huntsman? [here?

*Hub.* Do you know any of these people live

*Hemp.* No.

*Hub.* You're a fool then: Here be those, to  
have 'em,

(I know the earl so well) would make him  
caper.

*Hemp.* Any of the old lords that rebell'd?

*Hub.* Peace; all:

I know 'em ev'ry one, and can betray 'em.

*Hemp.* But wilt thou do this service?

*Hub.* If you'll keep

Your faith, and free word to me.

*Hemp.* Wilt thou swear me? [that too,

*Hub.* No, no, I will believe you. More than

Here's the right heir.

*Hemp.* Oh, honest, honest huntsman!

*Hub.* Now, how to get these gallants, there's

the matter.

You will be constant? 'tis no work for me else.

*Hemp.* Will the sun shine again?

*Hub.* The way to get 'em!

*Hemp.* Propound it, and it shall be done.

*Hub.* No sleight,

(For they are devilish crafty, it concerns 'em)

Not reconciliation,<sup>46</sup> (for they dare not trust

Must do this trick. [neither)

*Hemp.* By force?

*Hub.* Ay, that must do it;

And with the person of the earl himself;

Authority, and mighty, must come on 'em,

Or else in vain: And thus I'd have you do it.

To-morrow night be here; a hundred men

will bear 'em,

(So lie he there, for he's both wise and valiant,

And with his terror will strike dead their

forces) [guide,

The hour be twelve o'clock. Now for a

To draw ye without danger on those persons,

The woods being thick, and hard to hit, myself,

With some few with me, made unto our

purpose, [ye

Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait

By the great oak. [man,

*Hemp.* I know it. Keep thy faith, hunts-

And such a shower of wealth—

*Hub.* I warrant ye:

Miss nothing that I tell you.

*Hemp.* No.

*Hub.* Farewell.

You have your liberty; now use it wisely,

And keep your hour. Go close about the

For fear they spy you. [wood there,

*Hemp.* Well.

*Hub.* And bring no noise with you.

*Hemp.* All shall be done to th' purpose.

Farewell, huntsman. [Exeunt.

*Enter Clause, Higgen, Prigg, Ginks, Snap,*

*and Ferret.*

*Clause.* Now, what's the news in town?

*Ginks.* No news, but joy, Sir;

Everyman wooing of the noble merchant,

Who has<sup>47</sup> his hearty commendations to you.

<sup>46</sup> Reconciliation.] i. e. Pretended reconciliation.

<sup>47</sup> Who has his hearty, &c.] As an imperfect sentence seems unnecessary here, I suppose has to be wrong, and that either does or sends was the original. *Scward.*

In a familiar phrase, perhaps, has is not unwarrantable.

*Fer.* Yes, this is news; this night he's to be married.

[*Vandunke's daughter, Ginks.* By th' mass, that's true; he marries The dainty black-ey'd belle.<sup>45</sup>

*Hig.* I would my clapper Hung in his baldrick!<sup>46</sup> ah, what a peal

*Clause.* Married? [could I ring?

*Ginks.* 'Tis very true, Sir. Oh, the pies, The piping-hot mince-pies!

*Prigg.* Oh, the plum-pottage!

*Hig.* For one leg of a goose now would I venture a limb, boys:

I love a fat goose, as I love allegiance; [it, And, pox upon the boors, too well they know And therefore starve their poultry.

*Clause.* To be married To Vandunke's daughter?

*Hig.* Oh, this precious merchant! What sport he'll have! But, hark you, brother Prigg,

Shall we do nothing in the aforesaid wedding? There's money to be got, and meat, I take it; What think you of a morris?

*Prigg.* No, by no means, [leaves us: That goes no further than the street, there Now we must think of something that may draw us

Into the bowels of it, into th' buttery, Into the kitchen, into the cellar; something That that old drunken burgomaster loves: What think you of a wassel?<sup>47</sup>

*Hig.* I think worthily. [and Ferret,

*Prigg.* And very fit it should be: thou, And Ginks, to sing the song; I for the strutt, Which is the bowl. [ture,

*Hig.* Which must be upsey-English, [of it. Strong lusty London beer. Let's think more *Clause.* He must not marry.

*Enter Hubert.*

*Hub.* By your leave in private, [start me:] One word, Sir, with you. Gerrard! do not I know you, and he knows you, that best loves you: [rand;

Hubert speaks to you, and you must be Ger- The time invites you to it.

*Ger.* Make no shew then.

I am glad to see you, Sir; and I am Gerrard. How stand affairs?

*Hub.* Fair, if you dare now follow.

Hempkirk I have let go, and these my causes I'll tell you privately, and how I've wrought him:

And then, to prove me honest to my friends, Look upon these directions; you have seen his.

*Hig.* Then will I speak a speech, and a brave speech,

In praise of merchants. Where's the ape?

*Prigg.* Pox take him,

A gouty bear-ward stole him t'other day!

*Hig.* May his bears worry him! That ape had paid it. [bear-ward!]

What dainty tricks, (Pox o' that whomson In his French doublet, with his blister'd bul- lions.<sup>48</sup>

In a long stock ty'd up! Oh, how daintily Would I have made him wait, and change a trencher,

Carry a cup of wine! Ten thousand stinks Wait on thy mangy hide, thou lousy bear- ward! [joy in't.

*Ger.* 'Tis passing well; I both believe and And will be ready. Keep you here the mean while, [you.—

And keep this in; I must awhile forsake Upon mine anger, no man stir this two hours.

*Hig.* Not to the wedding, Sir?

<sup>45</sup> *Black-ey'd bell.*] This is sense, but as *dell* is the cant term made use of before in the play for a young lass, Mr. Theobald and Mr. Symphon both think the same word was here used. *Seward.*

Had either of the confirmed beggars been the speaker, perhaps this alteration would have been allowable; but *Ginks* was not of that class; the old copies may therefore be adhered to.

<sup>46</sup> *Baldrick.*] *Baldrick*, or *bawderick*, i. e. *belt*, from the old French word *baudrier*, a piece of dressed leather, girdle, or belt, made of such leather; and that comes from the word *boudroyer*, to dress leather, curry, or make fells. Monsieur Menage says, this comes from the Italian *baldringus*, and that from the Latin *balteus*, from whence the *Baltick* Sea has its name, because it goes round as a belt. This word *baudrier*, among the French, sometimes signified a girdle, in which people used to put their money. See Rablais, iii. 37. Menag. Orig. Franc. Som. Dict. Sax. Nicot. Dict. Fortescue Aland's Notes on Fortescue, on the Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy, 1724, p. 52. *R.*

Perhaps the word *baudy* (now *baudy*) which relates to matters below the girdle, was originally derived from this expression.

<sup>47</sup> *Wassel.*] *Wassel*, or *wassail*, is a word still in use in the midland counties, and it signifies what is sometimes called *lamb's wool*; i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. It is sometimes also used for *general riot, intemperance, or festivity*. Ben Jonson personifies *wassel* thus: 'Enter *Wassel*, like a neat scumpster and songster, her page bearing a brown bowl, dressed with ribbands and rosemary, before her.' *Stevens.*

Such an interlude is plainly proposed in this place.

<sup>48</sup> *Do not start me.*] Mr. Seward, concurring with Mr. Theobald in opinion, reads, *Do not start, MAX.* The old lection seems to us perfect sense; meaning, 'do not be alarmed at me'; as we familiarly say, 'do not fly me,' for 'do not fly FROM me.' Goswin says about, speaking of his distressful situation, *Oh, how it starts me.*

<sup>49</sup> *Blister'd bullions.*] Perhaps a cant word for large buttons, to the ape's French doublet.



*Ger.* Not any whither. [want meat too;  
*Hig.* The wedding must be seen, Sir: we  
 We're horrible out of meat.

*Prigg.* Shall it be spoken,  
 Fat capons shak'd their tails at's in defiance?  
 And turkey tombs,<sup>13</sup> such honourable monu-  
 ments, [envy,  
 Shall pigs, Sir, that the parson's self would  
 And dainty ducks—

*Ger.* Not a word more; obey me!  
 [Exit *Ger.*

*Hig.* Why then, come, doleful death! This  
 And, by this hand— [is flat tyranny;  
*Hut.* What?

*Hig.* I'll go sleep upon't. [Exit *Hig.*  
*Prigg.* Nay, an there be a wedding, and  
 we wanting,

Farewell, our happy days!—We do obey, Sir.  
 [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*Enter two young Merchants.*

1 *Mer.* Well met, Sir; you are for this  
 lusty wedding?

2 *Mer.* I am so; so are you, I take it.

1 *Mer.* Yes; [vice,  
 And it much glads me, that to do him ser-  
 Who is the honour of our trade, and lustre,  
 We meet thus happily.

2 *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,  
 And well becomes a bride of such a beauty.

1 *Mer.* She's passing fair indeed. Long  
 may their loves [neat!  
 Continue like their youths, in spring of sweet-  
 All the young merchants will be here, no  
 doubt on't;

For he that comes not to attend this wedding,  
 The curse of a most blind one fall upon him,  
 A loud wife, and a lazy! Here's Vanlock.

*Enter Vanlock and Frances.*

*Vanl.* Well overtaken, gentlemen: Save  
 you!

1 *Mer.* The same to you, Sir. Save you,  
 fair mistress Frances! [blush too.

I would this happy night might make you  
 1 *Vanl.* She dreams apace.

*Frances.* That's but a drowsy fortune.

2 *Mer.* Nay, take us with ye too; we come  
 to that end:

I'm sure ye are for the wedding.

*Vanl.* Hand and heart, man; [tript it  
 And what their feet can do; I could have  
 Before this whorson gout.

*Enter Gerrard.*

*Ger.* Bless ye, masters!

*Vanl.* Clause! how now, Clause? thou art  
 come to see thy master

(And a good master he is to all poor people)  
 In all his joy; 'tis honestly done of thee.

*Ger.* Long may he live, Sir! but my busi-  
 ness now is  
 If you would please to do it, and to him too.

*Enter Goswin.*

*Vanl.* He's here himself.

*Gos.* Stand at the door, my friends?

I pray walk in. Welcome, fair mistress.

Frances! [lady

See what the house affords; there's a young  
 Will bid you welcome.

*Vanl.* We joy your happiness! [Exit.

*Moment Gerrard and Goswin.*

*Gos.* I hope it will be so. Clause, nobly  
 welcome! [ful

My honest, my best friend, I have been care-  
 To see thy monies—

*Ger.* Sir, that brought not me;

Do you know this ring again?

*Gos.* Thou hadst it of me.

*Ger.* And do you well remember yet the  
 boon you gave me,

Upon return of this?

*Gos.* Yes, and I grant it, [do it,

Be it what it will: Ask what thou canst, I'll

Within my pow'r.

*Ger.* You are not married yet?

*Gos.* No. [disturb you;

*Ger.* Faith, I shall ask you that that will

But I must put you to your promise.

*Gos.* Do.

And if I faint and flinch in't—

*Ger.* Well said, master! [be.

And yet it grieves me too: And yet it must

*Gos.* Prithce, distrust me not.

*Ger.* You must not marry!

That's part o' th' pow'r you gave me; which,

to make up,

You must presently depart, and follow me.

*Gos.* Not marry, Clause?

*Ger.* Not, if you keep your promise,

And give me pow'r to ask.

*Gos.* Prithce, think better:

I will obey, by Heav'n.

*Ger.* I've thought the best, Sir. [honesty?

*Gos.* Give me thy reason; dost thou fear lief

*Ger.* Chaste as the ice, for any thing I

know, Sir. [then? to what purpose?

*Gos.* Why shouldst thou light on that

*Ger.* I must not now discover.

*Gos.* Must not marry? [pawn'd?

Shall I break now, when my poor heart is

When all the preparation—

*Ger.* Now, or never.

*Gos.* Come, 'tis not that thou wouldst;

thou dost but fright me. [you.

*Ger.* Upon my soul it is, Sir; and I bind

*Gos.* Clause, canst thou be so cruel?

*Ger.* You may break, Sir;

But never more in my thoughts appear honest.

*Gos.* Didst ever see her?

*Ger.* No.

*Seward.*

<sup>13</sup> Turkey tombs.] i. e. Turkey pies.

*Gos.* She's such a thing; [rur,  
Oh, Clause, she's such a wonder! such a mir-  
For beauty, and fair virtue, Europe has not!  
Why hast thou made me happy to undo me?  
But look upon her; then if thy heart relent not,  
I'll quit her presently. Who waits there?

*Ser.* [within.] Sir! [company.  
*Gos.* Bid my fair love come hither, and the  
Prithee, be good unto me; take a man's heart,  
And look upon her truly; take a friend's heart,  
And feel what misery must follow this!

*Ger.* Take you a noble heart, and keep  
your promise:  
I forsook all I had, to make you happy.

*Enter Gertrude, Fandulke, and the Merchants.*

Can that thing, call'd a woman, stop your  
goodness? [thou wilt now;

*Gos.* Look, there she is; deal with me as  
Didst ever see a fairer?

*Ger.* She's most goodly.

*Gos.* Pray your stand still.

*Ger.* What ails my love?

*Gos.* Didst thou ever,  
By the fair light of Heav'n, behold a sweeter?  
Oh, that thou knew'st but love, or ever felt  
him!

Look well, look narrowly upon her beauties.

1 *Mer.* Sare h' has some strange design in  
hand, he starts so. [his pleasure.

2 *Mer.* This beggar has a strong pow'r o'er  
*Gos.* View all her body.

*Ger.* 'Tis exact and excellent [lightly?

*Gos.* Is she a thing then to be lust thus  
Her mind is ten times sweeter, ten times  
nobler;

And but to hear her speak a Paradise;  
And such a love she bears to me, a chaste love,  
A virtuous, fair, and fruitful love! 'Tis now  
too

I'm ready to enjoy it; the priest ready, Clause,

To say the holy words shall make us happy.  
This is a cruelty beyond man's study!  
All these are ready, all our joys are ready,  
And all the expectation of our friends:  
'Twill be her death to do it.

*Ger.* Let her die then!

*Gos.* Thou canst not; 'tis impossible!

*Ger.* It must be. [by Heav'n, Clause,

*Gos.* 'Twill kill me too, 'twill murder me!  
I'll give thee half I have! Come, thou shalt  
save me! [no longer)

*Ger.* Then you must go with me [I can stay  
If you be true and noble. [Exit.

*Gos.* Hard heart, I'll follow!  
Pray ye all go in again, and pray be merry:  
I have a weighty business [give my cloak  
there!]

*(Enter servant, with a cloak.)*

Concerns my life and state [make no enquiry]  
This present hour befall'n me: With the  
soonest

I shall be here again. Nay, pray go in, Sir,  
And take them with you; 'tis but a night lost,  
gentlemen. [meat yet,

*Fand.* Come, come in; we'll not lose out  
Nor our good mirth; he cannot stay long  
from her,

I'm sure of that. [Exit with Merchants; &c.

*Gos.* I will not stay, believe, Sir.

Gertrude, a word with you.

*Ger.* Why is this stop, Sir? [kiss thee,

*Gos.* I have no more time left me, but to  
And tell thee this, I'm ever thine! Farewell,  
wench! [Exit.

*Ger.* And is that all your ceremony? Is  
this a wedding? [thing?

Are all my hopes and prayers turn'd to no-  
Well, I will say no more, nor sigh, nor sor-  
row;

'Till to thy face I prove thee false. Ah me!  
[Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Gertrude, and a Boor.*

*Ger.* LEAD, if thou think'st we're right.  
Why dost thou make  
These often stands? Thou saidst thou knew'st  
the way. [twere homeward!

• *Boor.* Fear nothing; I do know it. 'Would

*Ger.* Wrought from me by a beggar? at  
the time [love,

That most should tie him? 'Tis some other  
'Tat hath a more command on his affections,  
And he that fetch'd him a disguised agent,  
Not what he personated; for his fashion  
Was more familiar with him, and more  
pow'rful,

Than one that ask'd an alms: I must find out  
One, if not both. Kind darkness, be my  
shroud,

And cover love's too-curious search in me;  
For yet, Suspicion, I would not name thee!

*Boor.* Mistress, it grows somewhat pretty

*Ger.* What then? [and dark.

*Boor.* Nay, nothing. Do not think I am  
afraid,

Although perhaps you are.

*Ger.* I am not: Forward!

*Boor.* Sure, but you are. Give me your  
hand; fear nothing. [ward!

There's one leg in the wood; do not pull back-  
What a sweat one on's are in; yon or I!

Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet sure

It has infected me; for I sweat too; [you.  
It runs out at my knees: Feel, feel, I pray

*Gertr.* What ails the fellow?

*Boor.* Hark, hark, I beseech you:  
Do you hear nothing?

*Gertr.* No.

*Boor.* List! a wild hog; [of 'em!  
He grunts! now 'tis a bear; this wood is full  
And now a wolf, mistress; a wolf, a wolf!  
It is the howling of a wolf.

*Gertr.* The braying of an ass, is it not?

*Boor.* Oh, now one has me!

Oh, my left ham! Farewell!

*Gertr.* Look to your shanks,  
Your breech is safe enough; the wolf's a fern-  
brake. [in it!

*Boor.* But see, see, see! there is a serpent  
'T has eyes as broad as platters; it spits fire!  
Now it creeps tow'ards us; help me to say my  
prayers! [stopt;

'T hath swallow'd me almost; my breath is  
I cannot speak! Do I speak, mistress? tell me.

*Gertr.* Why, thou strange timorous sot,  
canst thou perceive

Anything i' th' bush but a poor glow-worm?

*Boor.* It may be 'tis but a glow-worm now;  
but 'twill

Grow to a fire-drake presently.

*Gertr.* Come thou from it! [teous,  
I have a precious guide of you, and a court-  
That gives me leave to lead myself the way  
thou. [Holla.

*Boor.* It thunders: you hear that now?

*Gertr.* I hear one holla.

*Boor.* 'Tis thunder, thunder! See, a flash  
of lightning! [off;

Are you not blasted, mistress? Pull your mask  
'T has play'd the barber with me here: I  
have lost [shaven;

My beard, my beard! Pray God you be not  
'Twill spoil your marriage, mistress.

*Gertr.* What strange wonders

Fear fancies in a coward!

*Boor.* Now the earth opens!

*Gertr.* Prithee hold thy peace.

*Boor.* Will you on then?

*Gertr.* Both love and jealousy have made  
me bold:

Where my fate leads me, I must go. [Exit.

*Boor.* God be with you then!

Enter Welfort, Hempskirke, and attendants.

*Hemp.* It was the fellow sure, he that  
should guide me,

The huntsman, that did holla us.

*Wol.* Best make a stand,

And listen to his next. Ha!

*Hemp.* Who goes there?

*Boor.* Mistress, I am taken.

*Hemp.* Mistress? Look forth, soldiers!

*Wol.* What are you, sirrah?

*Boor.* Truly, all is left [fady.

Of a poor boor, by day-light; by night, no-  
You might have spar'd your drim, and guns,  
and pikes too,

For I am none that will stand out, Sir, I.

You may take me in with a walking-stick,  
Ev'n when you please, and hold me with a  
puck-thread.

*Hemp.* What woman was't you call'd to?

*Boor.* Woman! None, Sir.

*Wol.* None! Did you not name mistress?

*Boor.* Yes, but she's

No woman yet! She should have been this  
night,

But that a beggar stole away her bridegroom,  
Whom we were going to make live and cry  
after.

I tell you true, Sir; she should ha' been mar-  
ried to-day,

And was the bride and all; but in came  
Claime, [win

The old lame heggar, and whips up Mr. Gos-  
Under his arm, away with him; as a kite,

Or an old fox, would swoop away a gosling.

*Hemp.* 'Tis she, 'tis she, 'tis she! Niece!

Re-enter Gertrude.

*Gertr.* Ha!

*Hemp.* She, Sir:

This was a noble entrance to your fortune,  
That, being on the point thus to be married,  
Upon her venture here, you should surprise  
her. [fate

*Wol.* I begin, Hempskirke, to believe my  
Works to my ends.

*Hemp.* Yes, Sir; and this adds trust

Unto the fellow our guide, who assur'd me  
Flores [did

Liv'd in some merchant's shape, as Gerrard  
In the old beggar's, and that he would use

Him for the train to call the other forth;  
All which we find is done. [Holla again.]

That's he again.

*Wol.* Good we sent out to meet him.

*Hemp.* Here's the oak.

*Gertr.* Oh, I am miserably lost, thus fall'n  
Into my uncle's hands from all my hopes!

Can I not think away myself and die?  
[Exeunt.

Enter Hubert, Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, Snap,  
and Ginks, like boors.

*Hub.* I like your habits well; they're safe;  
stand close. [ha?

*Hig.* But what's the action we are for now,  
Robbing a ripier<sup>34</sup> of his fish?

*Prigg.* Or taking

A poulterer prisoner, without ransom, bullies?

*Hig.* Or cutting off a convoy of butter?

<sup>34</sup> *Robbing a ripper of his fish*] *Ripper*, properly *riper*, from the Latin *ripa*, is a word still used in the northern counties, and signifies a kind of travelling fishmonger, who carries fish from the coast, to sell in the inland parts.

*Fer.* Or surprising a boot's *ken*, for *grunting-cheats*?<sup>34</sup>

*Prigg.* Or cackling-cheats?

*Hig.* Or *Margery-praters*, *rogers*,

And *libs o' th' buttery*?

*Prigg.* Oh, I could drive a regiment

Of geese afore me, such a night as this,

Ten leagues, with my hat and staff, and not a hiss

Heard, nor a wing of my troops disorder'd.

*Hig.* Tell us,

If it be *milling* of a *lag of duds*,

The fetchin'-off a buck of clothes, or so?

We are horribly out of linen.<sup>35</sup>

*Hub.* No such matter.

*Hig.* Let me alone for any farmer's dog,

If you have a mind to the cheese-loft; 'tis but thus—

And he's a silenc'd mustiff, during pleasure.

*Hub.* 'Would it would please you to be

*Hig.* Mum. [silent.]

*Enter Wolford, Hemsikirke, Gertrude, Boor, &c.*

*Wol.* Who's there?

*Hub.* A friend; the huntsman.

*Hemp.* Oh, 'tis he.

*Hub.* I have kept touch, Sir. Which is th' earl of these?

Will he know a man now?

*Hemp.* This, my lord, 's the friend

Hath undertook the service.

*Hub.* It's worth

His lordship's thanks, anon, when 'tis done,

Lording, I'll look for't. A rude woodman!

I know how to pitch my toils, dave in my game;

And I have don't; both Florez and his father

Old Gerrard, with lord Arnold of Benthuisen,

Cosin, and Jaculin, young Florez's sister:

I have 'em all.

*Wol.* Thou speak'st too much, too happy,

To carry faith with it.

*Hub.* I can bring you

Where you shall see, and find 'em.

*Wol.* We will double [three.]

Whatever Hemsikirke then hath promis'd

*Hub.* And I'll deserve it treble. What

horse ha' you?

*Wol.* A hundred.

*Hub.* That's well: Ready to take

Upon surprize of 'em?

*Hemp.* Yes.

*Hub.* Divide then

Your force into five squadrons; for there are

So many out-lets, ways through the wood,

That issue from the place where they are lodg'd:

Five several ways; of all which passages

We must possess ourselves, to round 'em in;

For by one starting-hole they'll all escape else.

I, and four boors here to me, will be guides:

The squadron where you are myself will lead;

And that they may be more secure, I'll use

My wonted whoops and hollas, as I were

A-hunting for 'em; which will make them rest

Careless of any noise, and be a direction

To th' other guides how we approach 'em still.

*Wol.* 'Tis order'd well, and relisheth the soldier.

Make the division, Hemsikirke. You are my charge,

Fair one; I'll look to you.

*Boor.* Shall nobody need

To look to me. I'll look unto myself.

*Hub.* 'Tis but this, remember.

*Hig.* Say, 'tis done, boy! [Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Gerrard and Florez.*

*Ger.* By this time, Sir, I hope you want no reasons

Why I broke off your marriage; for though I

Should as a subject study you my prince

In things indifferent, it will not therefore

Discredit you to acknowledge me your father,

By heark'ning to my necessary counsels.

*Flo.* Acknowledge you my father? Sir, I do;

And may impiety, conspiring with

My other sins, sink me, and suddenly,

When I forget to pay you a son's duty

In my obedience, and that<sup>36</sup> help'd forth

With all the cheerfulness—

*Ger.* I pray you rise; [in you,

And may those pow'rs that see and love this

Reward you for it: Taught by your example,

Having receiv'd the rights due to a father,

I tender you th' allegiance of a subject;

Which as my prince accept of.

*Flo.* Kneel to me? <sup>37</sup> [vallies,

May mountains first fall down beneath their

And fire no more mount upwards, when I

suffer

An act in nature so preposterous!

<sup>34</sup> *Granting-cheats.*] Former editions. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

*Scaward.*

<sup>35</sup> *Buck of clothes, &c.*] A parcel of clothes washed or to be washed. See Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor.

<sup>36</sup> *And that help'd forth.*] To help forth obedience with cheerfulness, seems a stiff expression; I have substituted the natural word, and added a monosyllable that is necessary to the measure, and believe that in both I have restored the original. *Scaward.*

The old reading is *sense*, and the measure not unusually defective; reading *obedience*, at length, not at all so. *Help'd forth* is more poetical than *help'd forth*.

<sup>37</sup> *Kneel to me, &c.*] In King and No King is a passage similar to this. The reader will find it paralleled to one in Shakespeare's Coriolanus, vol. i. of this work.

I must o'ercome in this, in all things else  
The victory be yours. Could you here read  
me,

You should perceive how all my faculties  
Triumph in my blest fate, to be found yours:  
I am your son, your son, Sir! And am prouder  
To be so, to the father to such goodness,  
(Which Heav'n be pleas'd I may inherit from  
you!)

Then I shall ever of those specious titles  
That plead for my succession in the earldom  
(Did I possess it now) left by my mother.

*Ger.* I do believe it: But—

*Flo.* Oh, my lov'd father,  
Before I knew you were so, by instinct,  
Nature had taught me to look on your wants,  
Not as a stranger's: And, I know not how,  
What you call'd charity, I thought the pay-  
ment

Of some religious debt Nature stood bound  
And last of all, when your magnificent bounty,  
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in  
A flood of blessings, though my threatening  
wants,

And fear of their effects, still kept me stupid,  
I soon found out it was no common pity  
That led you to it.

*Ger.* Think of this hereafter,  
When we with joy may call it to redem-  
ption;

There will be a time, more opportune than  
To end your story with all circumstances.  
I add this only: When we fled from Wulfurt,  
I sent you into England, and there plac'd you  
With a brave Flanders merchant, call'd rich  
Goswin,

A man supplied by me unto that purpose,  
As bound by oath never to discover you;  
Who dying, left his name and wealth unto  
you,

As his reputed son, and yet receiv'd so.  
But now, as Florez, and a prince, remember,  
The country's and the subject's general good,  
Must challenge the first part in your affection;  
The fair maid, whom you chose to be your  
wife,

Being so far beneath you, that your love  
Must grant she's not your equal.

*Flo.* In descent,  
Or borrow'd glories from dead ancestors:  
But for her beauty, chastity, and all virtues  
Ever remember'd in the best of women,  
A monarch might receive from her, not give,  
Tho' she were his crown's purchase: In this  
only

Be as indulgent father; in all else  
Use your authority.

*Enter Hubert, Hempskirke, Wulfurt, Ger-  
trude, and Soldiers.*

*Hub.* Sir, here be two of 'em, [have  
The father and the son; the rest you shall  
As fast as I can rouse them.

*Ger.* Who's this? Wulfurt?

*Wol.* Ay, cripple; your feign'd crutches  
will not help you,  
Nor patch'd disguise, that hath so long con-  
ceal'd you;

It's now no halting: I must here find Ger-  
And in this merchant's habit one call'd Florez,  
Who would be an earl.

*Ger.* And is, wert thou a subject.

*Flo.* Is this that traitor Wulfurt?

*Wol.* Yes; but you

Are they that are betray'd. Hempskirke!

*Ger.* My Goswin [oess,  
Turn'd prince? Oh, I am poorer by this great  
Than all my former jealousies or misfortunes.

*Flo.* Gertrude! [her:

*Wol.* Stay, Sir; you were to-day too near  
You must no more aim at those easy accesses,  
'Less you can do't in air, without a head;  
Which shall be suddenly try'd.

*Ger.* Oh, take my heart first;  
And, since I cannot hope now to enjoy him,  
Let me but fall a part of his glad ran-un.

*Wol.* You know not your own value that  
entreat—

*Ger.* So proud a fiend as Wulfurt!

*Wol.* For so lost

A thing as Florez.

*Flo.* And that would be so,  
Rather than she should stoop again to thee!  
There is no death, but's sweeter than all life,  
When Wulfurt is to give it. Oh, my Ger-  
trude,

It is not that, nor priceedom, that I go from;  
It is from thee! that loss includeth all.

*Wol.* Ay, if my young prince knew his loss,  
he'd say so;

Which, that he yet may chew on, I will tell  
This is no Gertrude, nor no Hempskirke's  
niece,

Nor Vandunke's daughter: This is Bertha,  
The heir of Brabant, she that caus'd the war,  
Whom I did steal, during my treaty there,  
In your minority, to raise myself:

I then foreseeing 'twould beget a quarrel;—  
That, a necessity of my employment;—  
The same employment, make me master of  
strength;—

That strength, the lord of Flanders; so of  
Brabant,

By marrying her: Which had not been to do,  
She come of years, but that the expectation,  
First, of her father's death, retarded it;

And since, the standing-out of Bruges;  
where

Hempskirke had hid her, till she was near  
But, Sir, we have recover'd her: Your mer-  
chantship

May break; for this was one of your best bot-  
tles I think.

*Ger.* Insolent devil!

*Enter Hubert, with Jaculin, Ginks,  
and Costin.*

*Wol.* Who are these, Hempskirke?

*Hemp.* More, more, Sir.

*Flo.* How they triumph in their treachery!  
*Hemp.* Lord Arnold of Benthuizen, this  
 lord Costin,

This Jaculin, the sister unto Florez.

*Vol.* All found? Why, here's brave game;  
 this was sport-royal,

And puts me in thought of a new kind of  
 death for 'em. [rex fall;

Huntsman, your horn! First, wind me Flo-  
 Next, Gerrard's; then, his daughter Jaculin's.  
 Those rascals, they shall die without their  
 rites: <sup>53</sup>

Hang 'em, Hempskirke, on these trees. I'll  
 Th' assay <sup>54</sup> of these myself.

*Hub.* Not here, my lord;

Let 'em be broken up upon a scaffold;  
 'Twill shew the better when their arbour's  
 made.

*Ger.* Wretch, art thou not content thou  
 hast betray'd us,

But mock'st us too?

*Gink.* False Hubert, this is monstrous!

*Vol.* Hubert?

*Hemp.* Who? this?

*Ger.* Yes, this is Hubert, Wolfort;

I hope h' has help'd himself to a tree.

*Vol.* The first, [Sir:  
 The first of any, and most glad I have you,  
 I let you go before, but for a train.

Is't you have done this service?

*Hub.* As your huntsman; <sup>55</sup>  
 But now as Hubert (save yourselves) I will—  
 The Wolf's foot! Let slip! kill, kill, kill,  
 kill!

*Enter, with a drum, Vandunke, Merchants,  
 Higgen, Prigg, Ferret, and Snap.*

*Vol.* Betray'd? [man.

*Hub.* No, but well catch'd; and I die hunts-  
*Fand.* How do you, Wolfort? Rascal! good  
 knave Wolfort!

I speak it now without the rose! and Hemp-  
 kirke, [this lady

Rogue Hempskirke! you that have no niece:  
 Was stol'n by you, and ta'en by you, and now  
 Resign'd by me to the right owner here.

Take her, my prince!

*Flo.* Can this be possible? [love!

Welcome, my love, my sweet, my worthy

*Fand.* I ha' giv'n you her twice; now keep  
 her better. And thank

Lord Hubert, that came to me in Gerrard's  
 name, [march

And got me out, with my brave boys, to

Like Caesar, when he bred his Commentaries;  
 So I, to breed my chronicle, came forth  
 Caesar Vandunke, & *veni, vidi, vici!*

Give me my bottle, and set down the drum.  
 You had your tricks, Sir, had you? we ha'  
 tricks too!

You stole the lady!

*Hig.* And we led your squadrons,  
 Where they ha' scratch'd their legs a little,  
 with brambles,

If not their faces.

*Prigg.* Yes, and run their heads  
 Against trees.

*Hig.* 'Tis captain Prigg, Sir!

*Prigg.* And colonel Higgen!

*Hig.* We have fill'd a pit with your people,  
 some with legs,

Some with arms broken, and a neck or two  
 I think be loose.

*Prigg.* The rest too, that escap'd,  
 Are not yet out u' th' briars.

*Hig.* And your horses, Sir,  
 Are well set up in Bruges all by this time.  
 You look as you were not well, Sir, and  
 would be

Shortly let blood: Do you want a scarf?

*Fand.* A halter! [Hubert!

*Ger.* 'Twas like yourself, honest, and noble  
 Canst thou behold these mirrors all together,  
 Of thy long, false, and bloody usurpation,

The tyrannous prescription, and fresh treason;  
 And not so see thyself, as to fall down,

And sinking force a grave, with thine own  
 guilt,

As deed as hell, to cover thee and it?

*Vol.* No, I can stand, and praise the toils  
 that took me;

And laughing in them die: They were brave  
 shares! [pent

*Flo.* 'Twere truer valour, if thou durst re-  
 The wrongs th' hast done, and live.

*Vol.* Who? I repent, [gauge,

And say I'm sorry! Yes, 'tis the fool's lan-

And not for Wolfort.

*Fand.* Wolfort, thou'rt a devil,  
 And speak'st his language. Oh, that I had  
 my longing! [him.

Under this row of trees now would I hang

*Flo.* No, let him live until he can repent;  
 But banish'd from our state; that is thy doom.

*Fand.* Then hang his worthy captain here,  
 this Hempskirke,

For profit of th' example.

*Flo.* No; let him

<sup>53</sup> *Their rights.*] The false spelling of this word would not have deserved a note, had not it given a sense totally different from the true one; viz. That the two lords were to die without being first put in possession of their *rights* or lordships. It only means here, that they should be hanged without the honour of any *rite* or ceremony. *Seward.*

<sup>54</sup> *Th' assay.*] Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, among other explanations of this word, gives *attack, trouble*; in the latter of which senses it seems to be used here.

<sup>55</sup> *As your Huntsman?*

*But now as Hubert; save yourselves, I will,*

*The Wolf's foot, let slip; kill, kill, kill, kill.*] This pointing, which is Mr. Seward's, makes these lines inexplicable; which now appear perfect sense.

Enjoy his shame too, with his conscious life;  
To shew how much our innocence contents  
All practice, from the guiltiest, to molest us.

*Fand.* A noble prince!

*Ger.* Sir, you must help to join [here,  
A pair of hands, as they have done of hearts  
And to their loves wish joy.<sup>61</sup>

*Flo.* As to mine own.

My gracious sister! worthiest brother!

*Fand.* I'll go afore, and have the bonfire  
made, [backtrack;<sup>62</sup>

My fireworks, and flap-dragons, and good  
With a peck of little fishes, to drink down  
In healths to this day! [Exit.

*Hig.* 'Slight, here be changes;

The bells ha' not so many, nor a dance, *Prigg.*

*Prigg.* Our company's grown horrible thin  
What think you, Ferret? [by it.

*Fer.* Marry, I do think,

That we might all be lords now, if we could  
stand for't. [lodge first,

*Hig.* Nnt I, if they should offer it: I'll dis-  
Remove the Bush into another climate.

*Ger.* Sir, you must thank this worthy bur-  
gomaster.

Here be friends ask to be look'd on too,  
And thank'd; who, tho' their trade and course  
of life

Be not so perfect but it may be better'd,  
Have yet us'd me with courtesy, and been true  
Subjects unto me, while I was their king;  
A place I know not well how to resign,  
Nor unto whom. But this I will entreat  
Your grace: command them to follow me to  
Bruges;

Where I will take the care on me to find  
Some manly, and more profitable course,  
To fit them as a part of the republick.

*Flo.* Do you hear, Sirs? Do so.

*Hig.* Thanks to your good grace!

*Prigg.* To your good lordship!

*Fer.* May you both live long!

*Ger.* Attend me at Vandonke's, the burgo-  
master's. [Exit all but beggars.

*Hig.* Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipp'd  
twice a-week,

Or turn the wheel for Crab the rope-maker;  
Or learn to go along with him his course  
(That's a fine course now) i' th' common-  
What say you to it? [wealth: *Prigg.*

*Prigg.* It is the backward'st course

I know i' th' world.

*Hig.* Then Higgen will scarce thrive by it,  
You do conclude?

*Prigg.* 'Faith hardly, very hardly.

*Hig.* Troth, I am partly of your mind,  
prince *Prigg.* [will seek

And therefore, farewell, Flanders! Higgen

Some safer shelter, in some other climate,  
With this his tatter'd colony. Let me see;  
Snap, Ferret, *Prigg.* and Higgen, all are left  
Of the true blood: What, shall we into Eng-  
land?

*Prigg.* Agreed.

*Hig.* Then bear up bravely with your  
Brute,<sup>63</sup> my lads!

Higgen hath *prigg'd* the prancers in his days,  
And sold good penny-worths: We will have  
a course;

The spirit of Bottom is grown bottomless.

*Prigg.* I'll maund no more, nor cant.

*Hig.* Yes, your sixpenny-worth  
In private, brother: Sixpence is a sum  
I'll steal you any man's dog for.

*Prigg.* For sixpence more

You'll tell the owner where he is.

*Hig.* 'Tis right:

Higgen must practise, so must *Prigg* to eat;  
And write the letter, and gi' the word—But  
No more, as either of these<sup>64</sup> [now

*Prigg.* But as true beggars

As e'er we were—

*Hig.* We stand here for an Epilogue.

Ladies, your bounties first! the rest will follow;  
For women's favours are a leading alms:  
If you be pleas'd, look cheerly, throw your  
Out at your masks. [eyes

*Prigg.* And let your beauties sparkle!

*Hig.* So may you ne'er want dressings,  
jewels, gowns,

Still in the fashion!

*Prigg.* Nor the men you love,  
Wealth nor discourse to please you!

*Hig.* May you, gentlemen,

Never want good fresh suits, nor liberty!

*Prigg.* May every merchant here see safe  
his ventures!

*Hig.* And every honest citizen his debts in!

*Prigg.* The lawyers gain good clients!

*Hig.* And the clients

Good counsel!

*Prigg.* All the gamesters here good fortune!

*Hig.* The drunkards, too, good wine!

*Prigg.* The eaters meat

Fit for their tastes and palates!

*Hig.* The good wives

Kind husbands!

*Prigg.* The young maids choice of suitors!

*Hig.* The midwives merry hearts!

*Prigg.* And all good cheer!

*Hig.* As you are kind unto us and our Bush!

We are the Beggars, and your daily breadsmen,  
And have your money; but the alms we ask,  
And live by, is your grace: Give that, and  
then

We'll boldly say our word is, *come again!*

<sup>61</sup> With joy.] Former editions. Seward.

<sup>62</sup> Backtrack.] Salt-fish. See Treaty of peace.

<sup>63</sup> Brute.] Alluding to *Brute*, or *Brutus*, a Trojan, and descendant of *Aeneas*, said to have landed, settled, and reigned in England. See Milton's History of England.

<sup>64</sup> No more, as either of these.] i. e. No more as Higgen or *Prigg*, but as *Actors*; for from hence they become speakers of epilogue.

TO the second Volume of Bailey's Dictionary is annexed, 'A Collection of the Canting Words and Terms, both ancient and modern, used by Beggars, Gypsies, Cheats, House-breakers, Shop-lifters, Foot-pads, High-waymen,' &c. by an examination whereof the *Cant* appears to be not only an *established*, but a *systematical language*. We thought it necessary to recur to it, not only to see whether there was an agreement between that collection and Theobald's explanations, but also to derive (as there appeared frequent opportunity) a clearer and stronger explication than that critic has given us. It should have been premised, that the explanation of the *cant terms* given in the edition of 1750, were collected by Mr. Seward from the marginal remarks of Mr. Theobald.

With respect to the propriety, or authority, with which either Theobald or Bailey explain the *cant terms*, or whence they derived their knowledge of them, we can give no information; but as none of those terms, printed by Mr. Seward, seem warranted by any derivation, and as similar terms, according to Bailey, have an apparent advantage in this respect, we have been induced to vary the spelling from the other editions, agreeable to that exhibited by Bailey. The *Cauters'* oath has hitherto been printed in the following manner:

*I crown thy nab with a gag of benhouse,  
And stall thee by the salmon into the cloies,  
To mand on the pad, and strike all the cheats;  
To mill from the ruffmans, and commission and slates;  
Tieang dell's, i' the stiromel, and let the quire-cuffin,  
And herman-becktrine, and trine to the ruffin.*

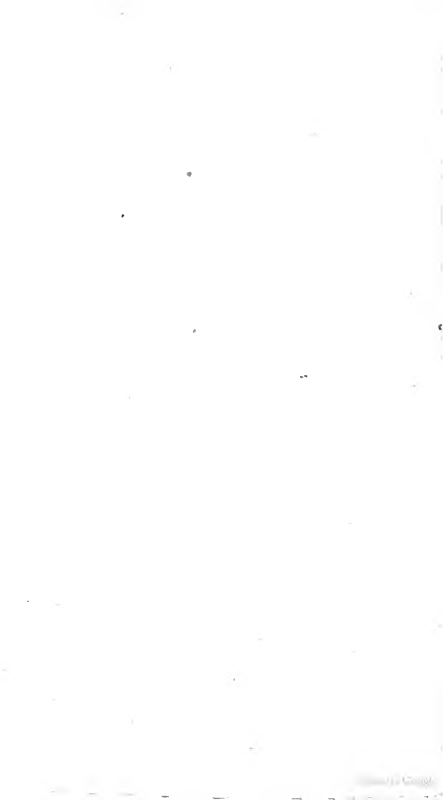
In the first line, *gag* seems devoid of meaning, while *gage* (which Bailey tells us signifies a *pot*) conveys an idea of a *vessel* or *measure*; and *ben* (which seems derived from the *Latia bene* or the French *bien*) is more likely to have been used for good than *ben*. In the second, *salamon* (which Bailey renders, *the beggars' sacrament, or bath*) leaves the verse much smoother than *salmon*. In the fourth, the conjunction *and* (which is a modern interpolation) murders the poetry, and with it the sense; as *ruffmans*, and *commission*, and *slates*, seem to be three different classes of people, or three different articles of some kind, which were to be pillaged; instead of *ruffmans* meaning the *hedges* or *bushes*, from which the *commission* and *slates* (i. e. *shirt* and *sheets*) were to be pilloined. In the fifth, *dell's* appearing as a genitive case, and having a comma after it, the passage is totally inexplicable; and *stiromel* is not near so agreeable to the verse as *strommel*, which, says Bailey, means *straw*. In the sixth line, edit. 1750, we read, *Herman-Becktrine*, which is totally unintelligible; prior to that edition, *Herman Beck strine*: We have no doubt but our Authors wrote, *harmanbecks* (constables, or beadles) *trine* (hang). The printer had mistakenly made *s* the initial letter of *trine*, instead of the final of *harmanbeck*.

Having thus mentioned such variations as we have made (in which we conceived ourselves warranted by derivation, or metre, and sometimes by both) we shall proceed to the explanation of the *Cant Terms* made use of in this excellent Comedy, *Beggars' Bush*; not assuming to ourselves any very great merit from the depth of our researches in the *gully-hole of literature*, and our proficiency in this *most vulgar part of the vulgar tongue*.

- ABRAM-MAN, a beggar pretending to be mad. *T.*  
 BACK or BELLY-CHEATS, raiment, or food stolen. *T.*  
 BEEN-WHIOs, good words. *T.*  
 BOUZE, drink. *T.*  
 BOUZING-KEN, ale-house. *T.*  
 CACKLING-CHEATS, chickens. *T.*  
 CLAPPERDUDGEON, a beggar born and bred. *T.*  
 CLOWES, rogues. *T.*  
 COMMISSION, a shirt. *B.*  
 COVE, a hidn, one not of the gang. *T.*  
 CRANKE, a gentle impostor, appearing in divers shapes. *T.*  
 DELLS, young wenches undebauched. *T.*—DELLs, young ripe wenches, who have not lost their virginity, which the Upright-Man (i. e. the vilest stoutest rogue in the pack) has a right to the enjoyment of; after which they are used in communion by the whole fraternity. *B.*  
 DOMMERER, pretending to have his tongue cut out. *T.*—DOMMERARS, or DROMMERARS, rogues, pretending to have had their tongues cut out, or to be born dumb and deaf, who artificially turn the tips of their tongues into their throats, and with a stick make them bleed. *B.*  
 DODIES, strumpets. *T.*  
 FANGLES, hands. *T.*  
 FILCHED, stole. *T.*



- FILCHES, staves. *T.*——A FILCH, a staff, with hole through and a spike at the bottom, to pluck clothes from a hedge, or any thing out of a casement. *B.*
- FRATER, such as beg with sham patents, or briefs, for spitals, prisons, fires, inundations, &c. *B.*
- FUMBUMBS, to your guard and postures. *T.*——Although Mr. Theobald has explained this word with those used by Prigg in the next line, we rather think *fumbumbis* a *fancied watch-word*, than a *cant term*.
- GAGE OF BENE-BOWSE, a pot of strong liquor. *B.*
- GRUNTING-CHEATS, pigs. *T.*
- HARMANBEEKS, beetles. *B.*
- ILUM, strong liquor. *T.*
- JARKMAN, one who makes counterfeit licences, or passes. *T.*
- KEN, a house. *B.*
- LAG OF DUDDS, a buck of clothes; as, 'We'll eloy that *lag of dudds*:'—'Come, let us steal that buck of clothes.' *B.*
- LAMB'D, soundly beaten. *T.*
- LOUR, money. *T.*
- MARGERY-FRATERS, hens. *T.*
- MAUND, beg. *T.*
- MAUNDERS, beggars. *T.*
- MILL, rob. *T.*
- MORTS, women or wenches. *T.*
- NAB, head. *T.*
- NAB-CHEATS, hats. *T.*
- NIGGLED, lain with, debauched. *T.*
- PAD, the road, or way. *T.*
- PATRICO, strolling priests that marry under a hedge. *T.*——PATRICOVES, or PATER-COVES, strolling priests, that marry under a hedge, without Gospel or Common-Prayer-Book: The couple standing on each side a dead beast, are bid to live together till death them does part; so shaking hands, the wedding is ended. *B.*
- PIG, sixpence. *T.*
- PRIGG'D THE PRANCERS, stole horses. *T.*——PRIGGERS OF PRANCERS, horse-stealers, who carry a bridle in their pockets, and a small pad-saddle in their breeches. *B.*
- PROP, either to his own support, or else by abbreviation to his own property. *T.*
- QUEERE-CUFFIN, justice of peace. *B.*
- ROGERS, geese. *T.*
- RUFFMANS, hedges. *T.*
- RUFFIN, devil. *T.*
- SALMON, oath. *T.*——SALAMON, the beggars' sacrament or oath. *B.*
- SLATES, sheets. *T.*
- STALL, instal. *T.*——STALLING, making or ordaining. *B.*
- STRIKE ALL THE CHEATS, rob all you meet. *T.*
- STROMMEL, hay. *B.*
- TIES OF THE BUTTERY, goslings. *T.*——Geese. *B.*——It has been suggested by one gentleman, that eggs are meant by this term; and by another, that it means RABBITS.
- TRINE, hang. *T.*
- TWANG DELLS, lie with maids. *T.*



## HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

## A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner, Hills, and Lovelace, ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; but as these panegyrists generally attribute to him only the pieces they mention, as if unassisted in any of them by Beaumont, we must not much rely on their testimony. The Humorous Lieutenant was first printed in the folio collection of 1647; and used, until a few years past, to be sometimes acted at the Theatre in Covent-Garden.

## THE PROLOGUE.

Would some man would instruct me what to say:

For this same Prologue, usual to a play,  
Is tied to such an old form of petition,  
Men must say nothing now beyond commis-  
sion:

The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the  
place

We stand in, must be one; and one the face.  
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,  
A general hiss hangs on our levity.

We have a play, a new play, to play now,  
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow:

We bow to beg your suffrage, and kind ear.

If it were naught, or that it might appear  
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,  
Believe my faith, you should not see me then.  
Let them speak then have power to stop a  
storm;

I never lov'd to feel a house so warm.

But for the play, if you dare credit me,  
I think it well: All new things you shall see,  
And those dispos'd to all the mirth that may;  
And short enough we hope: And such a play  
You were wont to like. Sit nobly then, and see:  
If it miscarry, pray look not for me!

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

## MEN.

KING ANTIGONUS, { *an old man with young desires.*

DEMETRIUS, { *son to Antigonus, in love with Celia.*

SELEUCUS, { *Three kings, equal sharers with Antigonus of what Alexander the Great had, with united powers opposing Antigonus.*

LYSIMACHUS, {

PTOLOMEY, {

LEONTIUS, { *a brave old merry soldier, assistant to Demetrius.*

TIMON, { *servants to Antigonus, and his vices.*

CHARINTHUS, {

MENIPPUS, {

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

GENTLEMEN, { *friends and followers of Demetrius.*

THREE AMBASSADORS from the three kings.

GENTLEMEN-USHERS.

CITIZENS.

## PHYSICIANS.

HERALD.

MAGICIAN.

HOST.

Grooms.

Soldiers.

## WOMEN.

CELIA, (alias ENANTHE) { *daughter to Seleucus, mistress to Demetrius.*

LEUCIPPE, a bard, agent for the king's vices.

LADIES.

CITIZENS' WIVES.

GOVERNESS to Celia.

A COUNTRY-WOMAN.

PHIBE, her daughter.

TWO SERVANTS of the game.

SCENE, GREECE.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter two Ushers, and Grooms with perfumes.*

1 *Usher*. **ROUND**, round, perfume it round!  
quick! Look ye diligently  
The state<sup>\*</sup> be right! Are these the richest  
cushions?

Fy, fy! who waits i' th' wardrobe?

2 *Usher*. But, pray, tell me,  
Do you think for certain these Ambassadors  
Shall have this morning audience?

1 *Usher*. They shall have it? [not!  
Lord, that you live at court, and understand  
I tell you they must have it.

2 *Usher*. Upon what necessity?

1 *Usher*. Still you are off the trick of court:  
Sell your place, [tillage.  
And sow your grounds; you are not for this

*Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.*

Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;  
There you may see at ease.

*Ladies*. We thank you, Sir.

[*Exit Ladies and Gent.*

1 *Usher*. Would you have all these slighted?  
Who should report then, [beard  
The Ambassadors were handsome men? His  
A neat one; the fire of his eyes quicker than  
lightning, [tho' little ones,  
And, when it breaks, as blasting; his legs,  
Yet movers of a mass of understanding?  
Who shall commend their cloaths? who shall  
take notice

Of the most wise behaviour of their feathers?  
You live a raw man here.

2 *Usher*. I think I do so.

*Enter two Citizens, and Wives.*

1 *Usher*. Why, whither would ye all press?

1 *Cit*. Good master Usher!

2 *Cit*. My wife, and some few of my honest  
neighbours here—

1 *Usher*. Prithee begone, [like an ass.  
Thou and thy honest neighbours; thou look'st  
Why, whither would you, Fish-face?

2 *Cit*. If I might have [Sir,  
But th' honour to see you at my poor house,  
A capon bridled and saddled I'll assure your  
worship, [Sir.

A shoulder of mutton, and a pottle of wine,  
I knew your brother; he was as like you,  
And shot the best at butts—

1 *Usher*. A pox upon thee! [toy, Sir,

2 *Cit*. Some music I'll assure you too; my  
Can play o' the virginals.

1 *Usher*. Prithee, good Toy, [blown;  
Take away thy shoulder of mutton, it is fly-

And, Shoulder, take thy flap along; here's no  
place for ye.

Nay, then, you had best be knock'd!

[*Exit Cit.*

*Enter Celia.*

*Celia*. I would fain see him! [ber—  
The glory of this place makes me remem-  
But, die those thoughts, die all but my de-  
sires! [here,

Even those to death are sick too. He's not  
Nor how my eyes may guide me—

2 *Usher*. What's your business?  
Who keeps the outward door there? Here's  
fine shuffling!

You wastcoat! you must go back.

*Celia*. There is not,  
There cannot be, (six days, and never see me!)  
There must not be desire.—Sir, do you think,  
That if you had a mistress—

1 *Usher*. 'Sdeath! she's mad!

*Celia*. And were yourself an honest man—  
It cannot—

1 *Usher*. What a devil hast thou to do  
with me or my honesty?

Will you be jogging, good Nimble-tongue?  
My fellow door-keeper!

2 *Usher*. Prithee, let her alone.

1 *Usher*. The king is coming,  
And shall we have an agent from the suburbs  
Come to crave audience too? [breeding,

*Celia*. Before, I thought you to have a little  
Some tang of gentry; but now I take you  
Without the help of any perspective, [plainly,  
For that you cannot alier.

1 *Usher*. What is that?

*Celia*. An ass, Sir! [thinks,  
You bray as like one, and, by my troth, me-  
As you stand now, considering who to kick  
You appear to me [next,

Just with that kind of gravity, and wisdom.  
Your place may bear the name of gentleman,  
But if ever any of that butter stick to your

2 *Usher*. You must be modester. [bread—  
*Celia*. Let him use me nobler,

And wear good cloaths to do good offices;

They hang upon a fellow of his virtue,

As though they hung on gibbets.

2 *Usher*. A perilous wench!

1 *Usher*. Thrust her into a corner; I'll no  
more on her. [maid, stand close,

2 *Usher*. You have enough. Go, pretty  
And use that little tongue with a little more

*Celia*. I thank you, Sir. [temper.

2 *Usher*. When the shows are past,  
I'll have you into the cellar; there we'll dine,

(A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!) [merry?  
And there we'll be as merry—Can you be

\* *The state.*] i.e. The state-chair, or throne.

*Celia.* Oh, very merry. [shall not know.

*2 Usher.* Only ourselves, this churlish fellow

*Celia.* By no means.

*2 Usher.* And can you love a little?

*Celia.* Love exceedingly!

I have cause to love you, dear Sir.

*2 Usher.* Then I'll carry you,

And shew you all the pictures, and the hangings,

The lodgings, gardens, and the walks; and [then, sweet,

You shall tell me where you lie.

*Celia.* Yes, marry, will I.

*2 Usher.* And't shall go hard but I'll send

you a venison pasty,

And bring a bottle of wine along.

*1 Usher.* Make room there!

*2 Usher.* Room there afore! Stand close;

the train is coming.

*Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, and Menippus.*

*Celia.* Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—

Yet, yet, I see him not. Oh, what a misery

Is love, expected long, deluded longer!

*Ant.* Conduct in the Ambassadors.

*1 Usher.* Make room there!

*Ant.* They shall not long wait answer.

[*Flourish.*

*Celia.* Yet he comes not!

[*Enter three Ambassadors.*]

Why are eyes set on these, and multitudes

Follow, to make these wonders? Oh, good

gods! [here?

What would these look like, if my love were

But I am fond, forgetful!

*Ant.* Now your grievance,

Speak, short, and have as short dispatch.

*1 Amb.* Then thus, Sir:

In all our royal masters' names, we tell you,

You have done injustice, broke the bonds of

concord;

And, from their equal shares, from Alexander

Parted, and so possess'd, not like a brother,

But as an open enemy, you have hedg'd in

Whole provinces; maid and maintain'd these

injuries; [nour you,

And daily with your sword, tho' they still ho-

Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin

castles;

And still their sufferance feels the weight.

*2 Amb.* Think of that love, great Sir, that

honour'd friendship. [strength,

Yourselves held with our masters; think of that

When you were all one body, all one mind;

When all your swords struck one way; when

your angers,

Like to many brother billows, rose together,

And, curling up your foaming crests, defied

Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd

'em. [conquerors,

Oh, think of these! and you that have been

That ever led your fortunes open-ey'd,  
Chain'd fast by confidence; you that Fame  
courted,

Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,  
Let not your own swords seek your ends, to  
shame ye!

*Enter Demetrius, with a javelin, and Gentlemen.*

*3 Amb.* Chuse which you will, or peace or  
Prepar'd for either. [war; we come

*1 Usher.* Room for the prince there!

*Celia.* Was it the prince they said? How  
my heart trembled!

'Tis he, indeed! What a sweet noble fierceness

Dwells in his eyes! Young Meleager-like,

When he return'd from slaughter of the boar,

Crown'd with the loves and honours of the

people, [looks now.

With all the gallant youth of Greece, he

Who could deny him love?

*Dem.* Hail, royal father!

*Ant.* You're welcome from your sport, Sir.

D'ye see this gentleman,

You that bring thunders in your months, and

earthquakes, [gine,

To shake and totter my designs? Can you ima-

You men of poor and common apprehensions,

While I admit this man my son, this nature,

That in one look carries more fire, and fierce-

ness, [admit him,

Than all your masters in their lives; dare I

Admit him thus, even to my side, my bosom,

When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,

And all hopes hang about his head; thus

place him, [ing

His weapon hatch'd in blood; all these attend-

When he shall make their fortunes, all as

sudden

In any expedition he shall point 'em [ing;

As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and speed-

Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?

Fear your great master? yours? or yours?

*Dem.* Oh, Hercules!

Who says you do, Sir? Is there any thing

In these mens' faces, or their masters' actions,

Able to work such wonders?

*Celia.* Now he speaks!

Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever!

*Dem.* You call 'em kings: They never

wore those royalties;

Nor in the progress of their lives arriv'd yet

At any thought of king: Imperial dignities,

And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,

They can no more put on, and make 'em sit

right, [Heaven.

Than I can with this mortal hand hold

Poor petty men! Nor have I yet forgot

The chiefest honours time and merit gave

'em:

Lysimachus, your master, at his best,

His highest, and his hopefull'st dignities,

Was but grand-master of the elephants;

[*Parted.*] *Parted* here means divided into parts.

Seleucus of the treasure; and for Ptolomey,  
A thing not thought on then, scarce heard of  
yet, [men—

Some master of ammunition:<sup>2</sup> And must these

*Celia*. What a brave confidence flows from  
Oh, sweet young man! [his spirit!

*Dem*. Must these hold pace<sup>4</sup> with us,  
And on the same file hang their memories?  
Must these examine what the wills of kings  
are? [actions

Prescribe to their designs, and chain their  
To their restraints? be friends and foes when  
they please?

Send out their thunders, and their menaces,  
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?  
Go home, good men, and tell your masters  
from us,

We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em  
Their barren countries, ruin their waste ci-  
ties; [em,

And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave  
Since they will needs be kings, no more to  
tread on, [rage;

Than they have able wits and pow'r to ma-  
And so we shall befriend 'em.—Ha! what  
does she there?

*Amb*. This is your answer, king?

*Ant*. 'Tis like to prove so.

*Dem*. Fy, sweet! what make you here?

*Celia*. Pray you, do not chide me. [me.

*Dem*. You do yourself much wrong, and  
*Celia*. Pray you, pardon me!

I feel my fault, which only was committed  
Thro' my dear love to you. I have not seen  
you, [to you—

(And how can I live then?) I have not spoke

*Dem*. I know, this week you have not. I  
will redeem all. [are, sweet!

You are so tender now! Think where you  
*Celia*. What other light have I left?

*Dem*. Prithee, *Celia*!

Indeed, I'll see you presently.

*Celia*. I have done, Sir.

You will not miss?

*Dem*. By this, and this, I will not.

*Celia*. 'Tis in your will, and I must be  
obedient.

*Dem*. No more of these assemblies.

*Celia*. I am commanded. [my service—

*Usher*. Room for the lady there! Madam,

*Gent*. My coach, an't please you, lady!

*2 Usher*. Room before there! [upon you—  
*2 Gent*. The honour, madam, but to wait  
My servants, and my state—

*Celia*. Lord, how they flock now!  
Before, I was afraid they would have beat me.  
How these flies play i' th' sun-shine? Pray ye,  
no services;

Or, if ye needs must play the hobby-horses,  
Seek out some beauty that affects 'em! Fare-  
well. [enough

Nay, pray ye, spare, gentlemen; I am old  
To go alone at these years, without crutches.  
[Exit.

*2 Usher*. Well, I could curse now: But  
that will not help me.

I made as sure account of this wench now,  
immediately. [me]

Do but consider how the devil has cross'd  
'Meat for my master,' she cries. Well—

*3 Amb*. Once more, Sir,

We ask your resolutions: Peace, or war, yet?

*Dem*. War, war, my noble father!

*Ant*. Thus I fling it:<sup>5</sup>

And, fair-ey'd Peace, farewell! You have  
your answer! [conveys.

Conduct out the Ambassadors, and give 'em  
*Dem*. Tell your high-hearted masters, they  
shall not seek us,

Nor cool i' th' field in expectation of us;  
We'll ease your men those marches: In their  
strengths,

And full abilities of mind and courage,  
We'll find 'em out, and at their best trim  
buckle with 'em. [come, Sir,

*3 Amb*. You will find so hot a soldier's wel-  
Your favour shall not freeze.

*2 Amb*. A forward gentleman:  
Pity the war should bruise such hopes.

*Ant*. Conduct 'em! [Exit *Amb*.]

Now, for this preparation: Where's *Leontius*?

Call him in presently: For I mean in person,  
Gentlemen, myself, with my old fortune—

*Dem*. Royal Sir,

Thus low I beg this honour: Fame already  
Hath ev'ry where rais'd trophies to your glory,

And Conquest now grown old, and weak  
with following

The weary marches and the bloody shocks  
You daily set her in. 'Tis now scarce honour

For you, that never knew to fight but con-  
quer,

<sup>2</sup> Some master of ammunition.] Here the verse labours under a superfluous syllable. *Mu-  
nition* was undoubtedly the original word, and which bears the sense of *ammunition*.

*Theobald*.  
Mr. Theobald therefore reads, *master of MUNITION*; but we do not think a *superfluous  
syllable* warrants the alteration. The original text is good sense, and not inharmonious.

<sup>4</sup> Must these hold pace with us.] To preserve an uniformity in the metaphor, as *file* is in  
the subsequent line, I have ventured to alter *pace* into *place*. *Theobald*.

We see no need of alteration. Why not go from one metaphor to another?

<sup>5</sup> *1 Amb*. Thus I fling it:

And fair-ey'd peace, farewell.] These words are, we think, a continuation of the  
speech of *Demetrius*, or the beginning of that of *Antigonus* (which, in the former editions,  
commences at, *You have your answer*); most probably the last. They cannot belong to the  
*Ambassador*, who does not mean to declare war, till he knows the resolution of *Antigonus*.

To sparkle<sup>6</sup> such poor people. The royal eagle,  
 When she hath try'd<sup>7</sup> her young ones 'gainst  
 And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to  
 prey; [her  
 How to command on wing, and cheek below  
 Ev'n birds of noble plume: I am your own,  
 Sir; [teach it  
 You have found my spirit; try it now, and  
 To stoop whole kingdoms: Leave a little for  
 Let not your glory be so greedy, Sir, [me;  
 To eat up all my hopes. You gave me life;  
 If to that life you add not what's more lasting,  
 A noble name, for man you have made a  
 shadow.

Bless me this day! Bid me go on, and lead;  
 Bid me go on, no less fear'd than Antigonus;  
 And to my maiden sword tie fast your fortune:  
 I know, 'twill fight itself then. Dear Sir,  
 honour me!

Never fair virgin long'd so.

*Ant.* Rise, and command then;  
 And be as fortunate as I expect you:  
 I love that noble will. Your young compa-  
 nions, [metrius,  
 Bred up and foster'd with you, I hope, De-  
 You will make soldiers too; they must not  
 leave you.

*Enter Leontius.*

*2 Gent.* Never till life leave us, Sir.

*Ant.* Oh, Leontius,  
 Here's work for you in hand.  
*Leon.* I am ev'n right-glad, Sir;  
 For, by my troth, I am now grown old with  
 I hear we shall abroad, Sir. [idleness.

*Ant.* Yes, and presently.  
 But who, think you, commands now?  
*Leon.* Who commands, Sir? [there be,  
 Methinks, mine eye should guide me. Can  
 If you yourself will spare him so much honour,  
 Any found out to lead before your armies,  
 So full of faith, and fire, as brave Demetrius?  
 King Philip's son, at his years, was an old  
 soldier. [time, Sir.

'Tis time his fortune be o' th' wing; high  
 So many idle hours as here he loiters,  
 So many ever-living names he loses:  
 I hope 'tis he.

*Ant.* 'Tis he, indeed; and nobly  
 He shall set forward. Dray you all those  
 garrisons  
 Upon the frontiers as you pass; to those

Join these in pay at home, our ancient soldiers;  
 And, as you go, press all the provinces.

*Leon.* We shall not need: Believe, this  
 hopeful gentleman [follow him.  
 Can want no swords, nor honest hearts, to  
 We shall be full, no fear, Sir.

*Ant.* You, Leontius,  
 Because you are an old and faithful servant,  
 And know the wars, with all his vantages,  
 Be near to his instructions; lest his youth  
 Lose Valour's best companion, staid Discre-  
 tion. [safety;

Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with  
 In execution not to break, nor scatter,  
 But, with a provident anger, follow nobly;  
 Not covetous of blood and death, but honour.  
 Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,  
 And, where his hope stands fair, provoke his  
 valour. [metrius;

Love him, and think it no dishonour, my De-  
 To wear this jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,  
 And one, that ev'n in spite of time, that sunk  
 him, [thee;  
 And frosted up his strength, will yet stand by  
 And with the proudest of thine enemies  
 Exchange for blood, and bravely: Take his  
 counsel.

*Leon.* Your grace hath made me young  
 again, and wanton.

*Ant.* She must be known, and suddenly.  
 Do you know her? [To Menippus.

*Gent. Char.* No, believe, Sir.

*Ant.* Did you observe her, Timon?

*Tim.* I look'd on her; but what she is—  
*Ant.* I must [leave.

Have that found. Come in, and take your  
*Leon.* And some few prayers along?

*Dem.* I know my duty: [Exit Ant.  
 You shall be half my father.

*Leon.* All your servant.

Come, gentlemen, your are resolv'd, I'm sure,  
 To see these wars.

*1 Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,  
 Tho' most assured death hung round about us.

*Leon.* That bargain's yet to make.  
 Be not too hasty, when ye face the enemy,  
 Nor too ambitious to get honour instantly;  
 But charge within your bounds, and keep  
 close bodies, [these mad-caps,

And you shall see what sport we'll make  
 Ye shall have game enough, I warrant ye;  
 Every man's cock shall fight.

*Dem.* I must go see her.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>6</sup> To sparkle such poor people.] This word is several times used by our Authors, to signify scatter, disperse; from the allusion to a red-hot coal, that dispèses its sulphureous quality in sparkles. Theobald.

<sup>7</sup> When she hath try'd.] Try'd is very good sense, and we would not disturb the text, yet suspect the right word to be try'd. The whole passage is an allusion to falconry—to tyre, to check, to stoop, are all terms, we believe, of that art.

<sup>8</sup> Tim. And some few prayers along.] We have no doubt that this short speech belongs to the honest soldier Leontius, rather than the pander Timon; which the next speech of Demetrius seems to confirm.

<sup>10</sup> I must go see, Sir.] What must he go see? or, to whom is he here addressing himself? In short, Demetrius is speaking to himself, that he must go see, and take leave of Celina, before he sets out on his expedition. Theobald.

Brave Sir, as soon as I have taken leave,  
I'll meet you in the park: Draw the men  
Wait you upon Leontius. [thither.

*Gent.* We'll attend, Sir. [the sooner

*Leon.* But, I beseech your grace, with speed;  
We are i' th' field—

*Dem.* You could not please me better.  
[Exit.

*Leon.* You never saw the wars yet?

*Gent.* Not yet, colonel. [about ye,

*Leon.* These foolish mistresses do so hang  
So whimper, and so hug, (I know it, gen-  
tlemen)

And so intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud!

And that sweet tilting war, with eyes and  
kisses, [saddles,

Th' alarms of soft vows, sighs, and fiddle-  
Spoils all our trade! You must forget these  
knick-knacks:

A woman, at some time of year, I grant ye,  
She is necessary; but make no business of her.  
How now, Lieutenant?

*Enter Lieutenant.*

*Lieut.* Oh, Sir, as ill as ever.

We shall have wars, they say; they're must-  
ring yonder: [plagues me!

'Would we were at it once! Fy, how it

*Leon.* Here's one has serv'd now under  
captain Cupid, [come on't.

And crack'd a pike in's youth: You see what's  
*Lieut.* No, my disease will never prove so  
honourable.

*Leon.* Why, sure, thou hast the best pox.

*Lieut.* If I have 'em,

I am sure I got 'em in the best company:  
They are pox of thirty coats.

*Leon.* Thou hast scow'd 'em finely. [low,  
Here's a strange fellow now, and a brave fel-  
low if we may say so of a pocky fellow,  
Which I believe we may: This poor Lieu-  
tenant,

Whether he have the scratches, or the scabs,  
Or what a devil it be, I'll say this for him,  
There fights no braver soldier under sun, gen-  
tlemen.

Shew him an enemy, his pain's forgot straight;  
And where other men by beds and baths  
have ease,

And easy rules of physic; set him in a danger,  
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,  
Ye rock him, and he will so play about ye!

Let it be too to one he ne'er comes off again,  
Ye have his heart; and then he works it  
bravely, [ber'd.

And throughly bravely. Not a pang remem-  
ber I have seen him do such things belief would  
shrink at. [and diseas'd so.

*Gent.* 'Tis strange he should do all this,

*Leon.* I am sure, 'tis true. Lieutenant,  
canst thou drink well?

*Lieut.* 'Would I were drunk, dog-drunk,  
I might not feel this.

*Gent.* I would take physie.

*Lieut.* But I would know my disease first.

*Leon.* Why, it may be the cholick: Canst  
thou blow backward?

*Lieut.* There's never a bag-pipe in the  
kingdom better.

*Gent.* Is't not a pleurisy?

*Lieut.* 'Tis any thing.

That has the devil, and death in't. Will ye  
march, gentlemen?

The prince has taken leave,

*Leon.* How know you that?

*Lieut.* I saw him leave the court, dispatch  
his followers,

And met him after in a by-street: I think,  
He has some wench, or such a toy, to lick  
over

Before he go. 'Would I had such another,  
To draw this foolish pain down!

*Leon.* Let's away, gentlemen;

For, sure, the prince will stay on us.

*Gent.* We'll attend, Sir. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Demetrius and Celia.*

*Celia.* Must you needs go?

*Dem.* Or stay with all dishonour.

*Celia.* Are there not men enough to fight?

*Dem.* Fy, Celia!

This ill becomes the noble love you bear me:  
Would you have your love a coward?

*Celia.* No, believe, Sir; [from me.

I would have him fight, but not so far off  
*Dem.* Wouldst have it thus, or thus?

*Celia.* If that be fighting—

*Dem.* You wanton fool! when I come  
home again, [Celia,

I'll fight with thee at thine own weapon,  
And conquer thee too.

*Celia.* That you've done already;

You need no other arms to me, but these, Sir.  
But will you fight yourself, Sir?

*Dem.* Thus deep in blood, wench,

And thro' the thickest ranks of pikes.

*Celia.* Spur bravely

Your fiery courser, beat the troops before you,  
And cram the mouth of death with executions!

*Dem.* I would do more than these. But,  
prithee, tell me, [spirit?

Tell me, my fair, where got'st thou this un-  
kind I wonder at thy mind.

*Celia.* Were I a man, then

You would wonder more.

*Dem.* Sure, thou wouldst prove a soldier,  
And some great leader.

*Celia.* Sure, I should do somewhat;

And the first thing I did, I should grow en-  
vious,

This conjecture of Mr. Theobald is very much corroborated by the sequel of the play, as well as by what is said by the Lieutenant in the next scene: *I think he has some wench to lick over, before he go.*



Extremely envious, of your youth and ho-

*Dem.* And fight against me? [nour.

*Celia.* Ten to one, I should do it.

*Dem.* Thou wouldst not hurt me?

*Celia.* In this mind I am in,

I think, I should be hardly brought to strike you; [mind—

Unless 'twere thus: but in my man's

*Dem.* What?

*Celia.* I should be friends with you too, now I think better.

*Dem.* You're a tall soldier.<sup>11</sup> Here, take these, and these;

This gold to furnish you; and keep this bracelet. [spirit!

Why do you weep now? You a masculine

*Celia.* No, I confess I am a fool, a woman; And ever when I part with you—

*Dem.* You shall not.

These tears are like prodigious signs, my sweet one! [nour thee.

I shall come back, loaden with fame, to ho-  
*Celia.* I hope you shall. But then, my dear Demetrius,

When you stand conqueror, and at your mercy All people bow, and all things wait your sen-

tence; [quest,

Say then, your eye, surveying all your con- Finds out a beauty, even in sorrow excellent,

A constant face, that in the midst of ruin, With a forc'd smile, both scorns at fate and

fortune:

Say, you find such a none, so nobly fortified, And in her figure all the sweets of nature—

*Dem.* Prithee, no more of this; I cannot find her. [beauty,

*Celia.* That shews as far beyond my wither'd And will run mad to love you too—

*Dem.* Do you fear me? [beauty,

And do you think, besides this face, this This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd—

*Celia.* I dare not: [nest.

No, sure, I think you honest; wondrous ho- Pray, do not frown; I'll swear you are.

*Dem.* You may chuse.

*Celia.* But how long will you be away?

*Dem.* I know not.

*Celia.* I know you are angry now: Pray, look upon me:

I'll ask no more such questions.

*Dem.* The drums beat;

I can no longer stay.

*Celia.* They do but<sup>12</sup> call yet:

How fain you would leave my company!

*Dem.* I would not,

Unless a greater pow'r than Love commanded; Commands my life, mine honour.

*Celia.* But a little! [ful of me.

*Dem.* Prithee, farewell, and be not doubt-

*Celia.* I would not have you hurt: And you are so vent'rous—

But, good sweet prince, preserve yourself; fight nobly, [now,

But do not thrust this body—('tis not yours 'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not seek

wounds, Sir;

For every drop of blood you bleed—

*Dem.* I will, *Celia*,

I will be careful.

*Celia.* My heart, that loves you dearly—

*Dem.* Prithee, no more! we must part:

Hark, they march now!

[Drums beat a march.

*Celia.* Pox on these bawling drums! I am sure, you'll kiss me;

But one kiss! What a parting's this?

*Dem.* Here, take me,

And do what thou wilt with me, smother me; But still remember, if your fooling with me

Make me forget the trust—

*Celia.* I have done: Farewell, Sir!

Never look back; you shall not stay, not a minute.

*Dem.* I must have one farewell more!

*Celia.* No, the drums beat; [more!

I dare not slack your honour; not a hand Only this look—The gods preserve, and save

you! [Exeunt severally.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> *You're a tall soldier.*] Our ancestors used *tall* in the sense of *stout*, *bold*, or *courageous*; and this, I apprehend, is the meaning we must assign it here. Thus the lord Bacon tells us, 'That bishop Fox caused his castle of Norham to be fortified; and mann'd it likewise with a 'very great number of tall soldiers.' History of Henry VII. p. 173. And in a Discourse on Usury, wrote by Dr. Wilson, we may see how it was then used: 'Here in England, he 'that can rob a man by the highway is called a tall fellow.' Lond. 1584. The word occurs likewise in Shakespeare; who seems in more places than one to ridicule the frequent use of it by braves and bullies. Thus he makes Pistol say, 'Thy spirits are most tall.' And Mercutio reckons the phrase, 'a tall man,' amongst the affected fancies of the time. *Walley*.

<sup>12</sup> *They do but call yet.*] We have not disturbed the text, but suspect that *but* in this hemistich should be, according to the true reading, *not*.

————— *They do not call yet:*  
*How fain you would leave my company!*

<sup>13</sup> We cannot help taking notice of the beauty and elegance of this scene; though it is needless to point it out to any reader of the least taste or sensibility.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, and Timon.*

*Ant.* WHAT, have you found her out?

*Char.* We have hearken'd after

*Ant.* What's that to my desire? [*her.*]

*Char.* Your grace must give us  
Time, and a little means.

*Tim.* She is, sure, a stranger:

If she were bred or known here—

*Ant.* Your dull endeavours

(*Enter Menippus.*)

Should never be employ'd. Welcome, Menippus!

*Men.* I have found her, Sir;

I mean, the place she is lodg'd in. Her name  
is Celia;

And much ado I had to purchase that too.

*Ant.* Dost think Demetrius loves her?

*Men.* Much I fear it;

But nothing that way yet can win for certain.  
I'll tell your grace within this hour.

*Ant.* A stranger?

*Men.* Without all doubt.

*Ant.* But how should he come to her?

*Men.* There lies the marrow of the matter  
hid yet.

*Ant.* Hast thou been with thy wife?

*Men.* No, Sir; I'm going to her.

*Ant.* Go, and dispatch, and meet me in the  
garden,

And get all out you can. [*Exit.*]

*Men.* I'll do my best, Sir. [*Exit.*]

*Tim.* Blest be thy wife; thou wert an ar-  
rant ass else!

*Char.* Ay, she's a stirring woman indeed:  
There's a brain, brother! [*mettle*]

*Tim.* There's not a handsome wench of any  
Within a hundred miles, but her intelligence  
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings  
her

As confidently to court, as to a sanctuary.

What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at,  
Had not she beaten it out o' th' flint to fasten  
him? [*ments: 14*]

They say she keeps an office of conceal-  
There is no young wench, let her be a saint,  
(Unless she live i' th' centre) but she finds her,  
And every way prepares addresses to her.

If my wife would have followed her course,  
Charinthus,

Her lucky course, (I had the day before him)  
Oh, what might I have been by this time,

brother? [*her,*]

But she, forsooth, when I put these things to  
These things of honest thrift, groans, 'Oh,  
my conscience!

'The load upon my conscience!' when, to  
make us cuckolds,

They have no more burden than a brood-  
goose, brother. [*fail on;*]

But let's do what we can; tho' this wench  
Another of a new way<sup>15</sup> will be look'd at.

Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains;  
time may,

For all his wisdom, yet give us a day.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Drum within, alarm. Enter Demetrius  
and Leontius.*

*Dem.* I will not see 'em fall thus! Give  
me way, Sir!

I shall forget you love me else.

*Leon.* Will you lose all?

For me to be forgotten, to be hated,  
Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing;  
So you, and those we have preserv'd from  
Come safely off. [*slaughter,*]

*Dem.* I have lost myself—

*Leon.* You are cozen'd.

*Dem.* And am most miserable!

<sup>14</sup> An office of concealments.] Alluding to the practice in queen Elizabeth's time of beg-  
ging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to superstitious uses. Commissions for  
discovery being much abused, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See Strype's  
Annals of Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. p. 209. There was a second proclamation to the same pur-  
pose in the year 1579 (ibid. p. 602.) Fresh commissions were granted for the discovery of  
them in the diocese of Lincoln, in 1582, with queries from the commission to the clergy and  
churchwardens. Annals, vol. iii. p. 112, &c.

Grey.

This note by Dr. Grey is upon the following passage in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his  
Humour: 'Come and cherish this lame poetical fury in your servant; you'll be legged else  
'shortly for a concealment.' And Mr. Whalley adds, 'There is an allusion to this practice in  
'Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant, where Timon, describing the bawd Leucippe, says, "She  
'keeps an office of concealments." R.

<sup>15</sup> Another of a new way will be look'd at.] We much suspect the poets wrote, of a new  
day. So, immediately after,

Time may,  
For all his wisdom, yet give us a day:

*Leon.* There's no man so,  
But he that makes himself so.

*Dem.* I'll go on.

*Leon.* You must not! I shall tell you, then,  
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern,  
That cannot guide himself. You lead an  
army, [you,  
That have not so much manly suff'rance left  
To bear a loss?

*Dem.* Charge but once more, *Leontius!*  
My friends and my companions are engag'd all.

*Leon.* Nay, give 'em lost; I saw 'em off  
their horses, [could then

And the enemy master of their arms; nor  
The policy, nor strength, of man redeem 'em.

*Dem.* And shall I know this and stand  
fooling? [not, Sir!

*Leon.* By my dead father's soul, you stir  
Or, if you do, you make your way thro' me  
first.

*Dem.* Thou art a coward!

*Leon.* To prevent a madman?  
None but your father's son durst call me so!  
Sdeath, if he did—Must I be scandal'd by  
you,

That hedg'd in all the helps I had to save you?  
That where there was a valiant weapon stirring,  
Both search'd it out, and singled it, and un-  
edg'd it,

For fear it should bite you? Am I a coward?  
Go, get you up, and tell 'em you're the king's  
son;

Hang all your lady's favours on your crest,  
And let them fight their shares; spur to de-  
struction; [ratel

You cannot miss the way! Be bravely despe-  
And your young friends before you, that lost  
this battle,

Your honourable friends, that knew no order!  
Cry out, *Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,  
The wise and fortunate *Antigonus*,  
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd *Anti-*  
*gonus*,

Has sent a desperate son, without discretion,  
To bury in an hour his age of honour!

*Dem.* I am asham'd.

*Leon.* 'Tis ten to one, I die with you:  
The coward will not long be after you!  
I scorn to say I saw you fall, sigh for you,  
And tell a whining tale, some ten years after,  
To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,  
Of what a prince we had, how bravely  
spirited, [with you;

How young and fair he fell. We'll all go  
And you shall see us all, like sacrifices,  
In our best trim, fill up the mouth of ruin!  
Will this faith satisfy your folly? Can this  
shew you,

'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,

To fall forgotten, in a multitude?

If you will needs tempt fortune, now she has  
held you,

Held you from sinking up—

*Dem.* Pray, do not kill me! [suffer,  
These words pierce deeper than the wounds I  
The smarting wounds of loss!

*Leon.* You are too tender:  
Fortune has hours of loss, and hours of honour,  
And the most valiant feel them both. Take  
comfort;

The next is ours; I have a soul deservs it.  
The angry bull never goes back for breath,  
But when he means to arm his fury double.  
Let this day set, but not the memory,  
And we shall find a time! How now, Lieu-  
tenant?

*Enter Lieutenant.*

*Lieut.* I know not; I am maul'd; we are  
bravely beaten;

All our young gallants lost.

*Leon.* Thou'rt hurt.

*Lieut.* I'm pepper'd; [hands:  
I was i' th' midst of all, and bang'd of all  
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;  
Never so thresh'd. Do you call this fame? I  
have fan'd it; [on't;

I have got immortal fame, but I'll no more  
I'll no such scratching saint to serve hereafter.  
O' my conscience, I was kill'd above twenty  
times;

And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,  
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again still. I am hurt  
plaguily; [colonel;

But now I have nothing near so much pain,  
They have slic'd me for that malady.

*Dem.* All the young men lost?

*Lieut.* I'm glad you're here; but they are  
all i' th' pound, Sir;

They'll never ride o'er other men's corn again,  
I take it. [feathers,

Such frisking, and such flaunting with their  
And such careering with their mistress' fa-  
vours! [mour,

And here must he be pricking<sup>16</sup> out for ho-  
And there got he a knock, and down goes  
*Pilgrimage*,

Commends his soul to his sho-saint, and *exit*.  
Another spur in there, cries, 'Make room,  
villains! [verence,

'I am a lord!' scarce spoken, but, with re-  
A rascal takes him o'er the face, and sells him:  
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!

*Leon.* Now, Sir,

Do you find this truth?

*Dem.* I would not.

*Lieut.* Pox upon it!

<sup>16</sup> Pricking out for honour.] Pricking, in old English, signifies riding. Thus, the first  
line of *Spenser*,

'A gentle knight was pricking on the plain.'

So after, *Another spur in there:*

*Vol. I.*

They have such tender bodies too, such cul-  
lisses, [in pieces.]

That one good handsome blow breaks them  
*Leon.* How stands the enemy?

*Lieut.* Ev'n cool enough too:  
For, to say truth, he has been shrewdly heated;  
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his  
juleps.

*Leon.* He marches not i' th' tail on's.

*Lieut.* No; plague take him!  
He'll kiss our tails as soon. He looks upon us,  
As if he would say, if ye will turn again,  
friends,

We will belabour you a little better,  
And beat a little more care into your cox-  
combs. [against us]

Now shall we have damnable ballads out  
Most wicked madrigals: And ten to one,  
colonel,

Sung to such lousy, lamentable tunes—

*Leon.* Thou art merry, [troubled;  
Howe'er the game goes. Good Sir, be not  
A better day will draw this back again.  
Pray go, and cheer those left, and lead 'em off;  
They are hot, and weary.

*Dem.* I'll do any thing.

*Leon.* Lieutenant, send one presently away  
To th' king, and let him know our state.—  
And, hark ye!

Be sure the messenger advise his majesty  
To comfort up the prince: He's full of sadness.

*Lieut.* When shall I get a surgeon? This  
hot weather, [lonel.]

Unless I be well pepper'd, I shall stink, co-  
*Leon.* Go; I'll prepare thee one.

*Lieut.* If you catch me then,  
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horse!

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Leucippe, reading; and two maids at a  
table, writing.*

*Leu.* Have you written to Merione?

1 *Maid.* Yes, madam. [has,

*Leu.* And let her understand the hopes she  
If she come speedily?

1 *Maid.* All these are specified.

*Leu.* And of the chain is sent her,  
And the rich stuff, to make her shew more  
handsome here?

1 *Maid.* All this is done, madam.

*Leu.* What have you dispatch'd there?

2 *Maid.* A letter to the country-maid, an't  
please you. [pceevish!]

*Leu.* A pretty girl, but pceevish, plaguy  
Have you bought th' embroider'd gloves, and  
that purse for her,  
And the new curl?

2 *Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, madam.

*Leu.* Her maidenhead will yield me—let  
me see now—

She is not fifteen, they say: For her com-  
plexion—

Cloe, Cloe, Cloe; here I have her—'Cloe,

'The daughter of a country gentleman;

'Her age upon fifteen'—Now her com-  
plexion— [rolling;

'A lovely brown'—here 'tis—'eyes black and

'The body neatly built; she strikes a lute well,

'Sings most inticingly'—These helps con-  
sider'd, hundred,

Her maidenhead will amount to some three  
Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear  
it handsomely.

Her father's poor; some little share deducted,  
To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be  
pretty.

Who takes care of the merchant's wife?

1 *Maid.* I have wrought her.

*Leu.* You know for whom she is?

1 *Maid.* Very well, madam;

Tho' very much ado I had to make her  
Apprehend that happiness.

*Leu.* These kind are subtle. [her?

Did she not cry, and blubber, when you urg'd

1 *Maid.* Oh, most extremely, and swore  
she would rather perish.

*Leu.* Good signs, very good signs, symp-  
toms of easy nature!

Had she the plate?

1 *Maid.* She look'd upon't, and left it;

And turn'd again, and view'd it.

*Leu.* Very well still. [lie there,

1 *Maid.* At length she was content to let it  
'Till I call'd for't, or so.

*Leu.* She'll come?

1 *Maid.* D'ye take me [promise?

For such a fool, I would part without that

*Leu.* The chamber's next the park.

2 *Maid.* The widow, madam,

You bad me look upon—

*Leu.* Hang her, she's musty: [sluttish.  
She's no man's meat; besides, she's poor and  
Where lies old Thisbe now?—You are so  
long now!

2 *Maid.* Thisbe, Thisbe, This—agent  
Thisbe!—Oh, I have her;

She lies now in Nicopolis.

*Leu.* Dispatch a packet,

And tell her, her superior here commands her  
The next month not to fail, but see deliver'd  
Here to our use, some twenty young and  
handsome,

As also able maids, for the court-service,  
As she will answer it: We are out of beauty,

Utterly out, and rub the time away here  
With such blown stuff, I am asham'd to send  
it. [Knock within.]

Who's that? look out! to your business,  
maid! [lady,

There's nothing got by idleness.—There is a  
Which if I can but buckle with—Altea—

A, A, A, 'Altea, young and married,

'And a great lover of her husband'—well—

'Not to be brought to court.' Say ye so?  
I'm sorry;

The court shall be brought to you then.—  
How now? who is't?

1 *Maid*. An ancient woman, with a maid attending, [money,  
A pretty girl, but out of clothes; for a little  
It seems, she would put her to your bringing-  
up, madam.

*Enter Woman and Phebe.*

*Leu*. Let her come in. Would you aught  
with us, good woman?  
I pray be short; we are full of business.

*Wom*. I have a tender girl here, an't please  
your honour—

*Leu*. Very well.

*Wom*. That hath a great desire to serve your  
worship.

*Leu*. It may be so; I'm full of maids.

*Wom*. She's young, forsooth; [sing—  
And, for her truth, and, as they say, her bear—

*Leu*. You say well. Come ye hither, maid;  
let me feel your pulse:

'Tis somewhat weak; but nature will grow  
stronger. [pasterns.

Let me see your leg; she treads but low i' th'  
*Wom*. A cork heel, madam—

*Leu*. We know what will do it,

Without your aim, good woman. What d'ye  
pitch her at?

She's but a slight toy; <sup>17</sup> cannot hold out long.  
*Wom*. Ev'n what you think is meet.

*Leu*. Give her ten crowns; we are full of  
business. [home.

She is a poor woman; let her take a cheese  
Enter the wench i' th' office.

[*Exeunt Woman and 1 Maid.*

2 *Maid*. What is your name, sister?

*Phebe*. Phebe, forsooth.

*Leu*. A pretty name; 'twill do well.

Go in, and let the other maid instruct you,  
*Phebe*. [Exit *Phebe*.

Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her.  
I'll put her into action for a wastcoat: <sup>18</sup>

And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this  
small pinnace

Shall sail for gold, and good store too. Who's  
there? [Knock within.

Lord, shall we ne'er have any ease in this  
world? [you have?

Still troubled! still molested! What would

[*Enter Menippus.*

I cannot furnish you faster than I am able;  
An you were my husband a thousand times, I  
cannot do it.

At least a dozen posts are gone this morning,  
For several parts o' th' kingdom; I can do no  
more

But pay 'em, and instruct 'em.

*Men*. Prithce, good sweet-heart,  
I come not to disturb thee, nor discourage thee;  
I know, thou labour'st truly. Hark in thine  
ear.

*Leu*. Ha!

What, do you make so dainty on't? Look  
there;

I am an ass, I can do nothing!

*Men*. 'Celia?' [Reading.

Ay, this is she—'a stranger born.'

*Leu*. What would you give for more now?

*Men*. Prithce, my best Leucippe! there's  
much hangs on't.

'Lodg'd at the end of Mars's Street'—that's  
true, too—

'At the sack of such a town, by such a soldier,  
'Preserv'd a prisoner; and by prince Demetrius  
'Bought from that man again, maintain'd  
and favour'd.'

How came you by this knowledge?

*Leu*. Poor, weak man! [ing)

I have a thousand eyes (when thou art sleep-  
Abroad, and full of business.

*Men*. You ne'er try'd her? [in

*Leu*. No, she is beyond my level; so hedg'd  
By the prince's infinite love and favour to  
her—

*Men*. She is a handsome wench.

*Leu*. A delicate, and knows it;  
And out of that proof-arms herself.

*Men*. Come in then;

I have a great design from the king to you,  
And you must work like wax now.

*Leu*. On this lady?

*Men*. On this, and all your wits call home.

*Leu*. I have done

Toys in my time of some note: Old as I am,  
I think my brains will work without barm.

Take up the books!

*Men*. As we go in, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>17</sup> *She's but a slight toy, &c.*] 'This examination,' says Sir Richard Steele, 'of a young girl  
'for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every  
'other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy;  
'though it were to be wished the Author had added a circumstance which should make Leu-  
'cippe's baseness more odious.' Spectator, Vol. iv. No. 266. R.

<sup>18</sup> *I'll put her into action for a wastcoat.*] The term *wastcoat* frequently occurs in our  
Authors' works. It seems to imply, a meaner kind of strumpet: In Wit Without Money,  
Luce says,

— Do you think you're here, Sir,  
Amongst your wastcoats, your base wenches  
That scratch at such occasions?

And in the beginning of this play, one of the Gentlemen Ushers calls Celia a *wastcoat*,  
when in a disposition to apply to her the severest term of reproach. It is probable, the epithet  
was derived from some particular vest worn by the courtezans.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords, and a Soldier.*

*Ant.* No face of sorrow for this loss ('twill choke him)

Nor no man miss a friend. I know his nature  
So deep impress'd with grief, for what he has suffer'd,

That the least adding to it adds to his ruin.

His loss is not so infinite, I hope, soldier?

*Sol.* Faith, neither great, nor out of indistinct  
The young men, out of heat—— [cretion.]

*Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.*

*Ant.* I guess the manner.

*Lord.* The prince, an't like your grace.

*Ant.* You're welcome home, Sir!

Come, no more sorrow! I have heard your fortune, [man;

And I myself have try'd the like. Clear up,  
I will not have you take it thus. If I doubted,

Your fear had lost, and that you had turn'd  
your back to 'em,

Basely besought their mercies——

*Leon.* No, no, by this hand, Sir,

We fought like honest and tall men.

*Ant.* I know't, Leontius. Or, if I thought  
Neglect of rule, having his counsel with you,  
Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,  
Your men forgot and scatter'd——

*Leon.* None of these, Sir;  
He shew'd himself a noble gentleman,  
Every way apt to rule.

*Ant.* These being granted,  
Why should you think you have done an act  
so heinous, [about you?

That nought but discontent dwells round  
I have lost a battle.

*Leon.* Ay, and fought it hard too.

*Ant.* With as much means as man——

*Leon.* Or devil could urge it.

*Ant.* Twenty to one on our side now.

*Leon.* Turn tables;

Beaten like dogs again, like owls; yon take it  
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;

And, to say the truth, 'twas no flight neither,  
Sir; [tumbled

'Twas but a walk, a handsome walk, I've  
With this old body, beaten like a stock-fish,

And stuck with arrows like an arming quiver,  
Blooded and bang'd, almost a day before 'em,

And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad  
shaver; [comes to't;

He fights his share, I'm sure, whene'er he  
Yet I have seen him trip it tightly too,

And cry, 'The devil take the hindmost ever!'

*Lieut.* I learnt it of my betters.

*Leon.* Boudge<sup>19</sup> at this?

*Ant.* Has fortune but one face?

*Lieut.* In her best vizard,  
Methinks, she looks but lousily.

*Ant.* Chance, tho' she faint now,

And sink below our expectations, [her?

Is there no hope left strong enough to buoy

*Dem.* 'Tis not, this day I fled before the  
enemy, [der'd,

And lost my people, left mine honour mur-  
My maiden honour, never to be ransom'd;

Which to a noble soul is too, too sensible,  
Afflicts me with this sadness; most of these,

Time may turn straight again, experience  
perfect, [fortunes.

And new swords cut new ways to nobler  
Oh, I have lost——

*Ant.* As you are mine, forget it:

I do not think it loss.

*Dem.* Oh, Sir, forgive me!

I have lost my friends, those worthy souls bred  
with me;

I have lost myself, they were the pieces of me;  
I have lost all arts, my schools are taken from

me,  
Honour and arms, no emulation left me!

I liv'd to see these men lost, look'd upon it;

These men that twin'd their loves to mine,  
their virtues! [save 'em]

Oh, shame of shames! I saw, and could not  
This carries sulphur in't, this burns, and

boils me,  
And, like a fatal tomb, bestrides my memory!

*Ant.* This was hard fortune; but if alive,  
and taken,

They shall be ransom'd, let it be at millions.

*Dem.* They are dead, they are dead!

*Lieut.* When would he weep for me thus!  
I may be dead and powder'd.

*Leon.* Good prince, grieve not:

We are not certain of their deaths: The  
enemy, [quarter.

Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good  
What noise is this;

*Great shout within. Enter Gentleman.*

*Lieut.* He does not follow us?

Give me a steeple-top!

*Leon.* They live, they live, Sir!

*Ant.* Hold up your manly face. They live;  
they're here, son,

*Dem.* These are the men!

1 *Gent.* They are; and live to honour you.

*Dem.* How 'scap'd ye, noble friends? me-  
thought, I saw ye

Even in the jaws of death.

2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,

That spurr'd us on. We were indeed hedg'd  
round in't;

<sup>19</sup> *Boudge.*] Perhaps *budge*, from the French *bouger*, to stir, or move off the place. It is now held a low word; though, from the manner in which it is used by Shakespeare in the *Tempest*, it was not so reputed in his time. *Boudge*, however, is not used in this place quite in the literal sense of *budge*; but is rather metaphorically applied to the grief of Demetrius; as we still see the modern word *moved*, to paint the emotions of the mind.

And, ev'n beyond the hand of succour beaten,  
Unhors'd, disarm'd: And what we look'd for  
then, Sir, [knoll,  
Let such poor weary souls that hear the bell  
And see the grave a-digging, tell.

*Dem.* For Heav'n's sake, [off?  
Delude mine eyes no longer! How came ye  
I *Gent.* Against all expectation; the brave  
Seleucus,

I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,  
When thro' the troops he saw you shoot like  
lightning,

And at your manly courage all took fire;  
And after that, the misery we fell to,  
The never-certain fate of war, consid'ring,  
As we stood all before him, fortune's ruins,  
Nothing but death expecting, a short time  
He made a stand upon our youths and fortunes.  
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judg-  
ment,

How yet unripe we were, unblown, un-  
harden'd, [to us,

Unfitted for such fatal ends; he cry'd out  
'Go, gentlemen, commend me to your master,  
'To the most high and hopeful prince De-  
metrius; [me

'Tell him, the valour that he shew'd against  
'This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,  
'Deserves ev'n from an enemy this courtesy,  
'Your lives, and arms; freely I'll give 'em:  
'Thank him.'

And thus we are return'd, Sir.

*Leon.* Faith, 'twas well done; \* [Sir?  
'Twas bravely done. Was't not a noble part,

*Lieut.* Had I been there, up had I gone, I  
am sure on't. [yet.

These noble tricks, I never durst trust 'em  
*Leon.* Let me not live, an 'twere not a  
fam'd honesty; [I wish, Heaven,

It takes me such a tickling way! Now would  
But ev'n the happiness, ev'n that poor blessing,  
For all the sharp afflictions thou hast sent me,  
But ev'n i'th' head o' th' field to take Se-  
leucus: [still?

I should do something memorable. Fy! said  
I *Gent.* Do you grieve we are come off?

*Dem.* Unransom'd, was it?

2 *Gent.* It was, Sir.

*Dem.* And with such a fame to me?

Said you not so?

*Leon.* You have heard it.

*Dem.* Oh, Leontius!

Better I had lost 'em all, myself had perish'd,  
And all my father's hopes!

*Leon.* Mercy upon you! [on's!

What ail you, Sir? Death, do not make fools  
Neither go to church, nor tarry at home?<sup>20</sup>  
That's a fine hornpipe.

*Ant.* What's now your grief, Demetrius?

*Dem.* Did he not beat us twice?

*Leon.* He beat a pudding! beat us but once.

*Dem.* H' has beat me twice, and beat me  
Beat me to nothing! [to a coward,

*Lieut.* Is not the devil in him?

*Leon.* I pray it be no worse.

*Dem.* Twice conquer'd me! [dunce here.

*Leon.* Bear witness, all the world, I am a

*Dem.* With valour first he struck me, then  
with honour. [not feel it?

That stroke, Leontius, that stroke! dost thou  
*Leon.* Whereabouts was it? for I remem-  
ber nothing yet. [prisoners—

*Dem.* All these gentlemen that were his  
*Leon.* Yes; he set 'em free, Sir, with arms  
and honour.

*Dem.* There, there; now thou hast it!

At mine own weapon, courtesy, h' has beaten  
me. [me;

At that I was held a master in, he has cow'd  
Hotter than all the dint o' th' fight he has  
charg'd me!

Am I not now a wretched fellow? Think on't;  
And when thou hast examin'd all ways ho-  
nourable,

And find'st no door left open to requite this,  
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten!

*Ant.* I have observ'd your way, and under-  
And equal love it as Demetrius. [stand it,  
My noble child, thou shalt not fall in virtue;  
I and my pow'r will sink first! You, Leontius,  
Wait for a new commission. You shall out  
again, [here;

And instantly; you shall not lodge this night  
Not see a friend, nor take a blessing with you,  
Before you be i' th' field. The enemy is up  
still, [son,

And still in full design: Charge him again,  
And either bring home that again thou hast  
Or leave thy body by him. [lost there,

*Dem.* You raise me!

And now I dare look up again, Leontius.

*Leon.* Ay, ay, Sir; I am thinking, who we  
shall take of 'em,

To make all straight; and who we shall give  
to the devil.

What say'st thou now, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* I say nothing. [now?

Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight  
I find my constitution mightily alter'd,  
Since I came home: I hate all noises too,  
Especially the noise of drums. I am now as  
well

As any living man; why not as valiant?

To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;  
It goes against my stomach.

*Dem.* Good Sir, presently;

You cannot do your son so fair a favour.

*Ant.* 'Tis my intent: I'll see you march  
away too. [thus,

Come, get your men together presently, Leon-  
And press where please you, as you march.

*Leon.* We go, Sir.

<sup>20</sup> Neither go to church, nor tarry at home.] We suppose this to have been a familiar old saying, and to be applied by Leontius to Demetrius's being pleased neither way; being distressed at their loss, and grieved at their recovery.

*Ant.* Wait you on me: I'll bring you to your command,

And then to fortune give you up.

*Dem.* You love me!

[*Exeunt Ant. and Dem.*]

*Leon.* Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieutenant!

*Lieut.* Hark you, Sir; [riage—I have a foolish business, they call mar-

*Leon.* After the wars are done.

*Lieut.* The party stays, Sir;

I have giv'n the priest his money too: All my friends, Sir,

My father, and my mother—

*Leon.* Will you go forward?

*Lieut.* She brings a pretty matter with her.

*Leon.* Half a dozen bastards?

*Lieut.* Some forty, Sir—

*Leon.* A goodly competency!

*Lieut.* I mean, Sir, pounds a-year. I'll dispatch the matter; [Sir.

'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake you,

*Leon.* The two old legions? yes. Where lies the horse-quarter?

*Lieut.* And if it be a boy, I'll ev'n make bold, Sir—

*Leon.* Away wi' your whore, a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue,

Now you are cur'd and well, must you be clicketing?

*Lieut.* I have broke my mind to my ancient; in my absence—

He's a sufficient gentleman.

*Leon.* Get forward!

*Lieut.* Only receive her portion!

*Leon.* Get you forward;

Else I'll bang you forward.

*Lieut.* Strange, Sir, a gentleman, And an officer, cannot have the liberty To do the office of a man.

*Leon.* Shame light on thee!

How came this whore into thy head?

*Lieut.* This whore, Sir?

'Tis strange, a poor whore—

*Leon.* Do not answer me! [again,

Troop, troop away! Do not name this whore Or think there is a whore—

*Lieut.* That's very hard, Sir.

*Leon.* For, if thou dost, look to't; I'll have thee gelded!

I'll walk you out before me! Not a word more! [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*Enter Leucippe and Governess.*

*Leu.* You are the mistress of the house, Where this young lady lies? [you say,

*Gov.* For want of a better.

*Leu.* You may be good enough for such a purpose. [directly.

When was the prince with her? Answer me

*Gov.* Not since he went a-warring.

*Leu.* Very well then

What carnal copulation are you privy to Between these two?—Be not afraid; we are women, [harm in't.

And may talk thus amongst ourselves; no

*Gov.* No, sure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;

But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman Otherwise given, than a hopeful gentlewoman—

*Leu.* You'll grant me, the prince loves her?

*Gov.* There I am with you;

And, the gods bless her, promises her mightily.

*Leu.* Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?

*Gov.* Extremely;

And truly makes a very saint of her.

*Lieut.* I should think now, [with me; (Good woman, let me have your judgment I see 'tis none o' th' worst—Come, sit down by me)

That these two cannot love so tenderly—

*Gov.* Being so young as they are too—

*Leu.* You say well!

But that, methinks, some further promises—

*Gov.* Yes, yes; [her.

I have heard the prince swear he would marry

*Leu.* Very well still. They do not use to fall out?

*Gov.* The tenderest chickens to one another! They cannot live an hour asunder.

*Leu.* I have done then; [and do it.

And be you gone. You know your charge, You know whose will it is: If you transgress That is, if any have access, or see her, [it, Before the king's will be fulfill'd—

*Gov.* Not the prince, madam?

*Leu.* You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll assure you. [obey you.

*Gov.* But, ne'ertheless, I'll make bold to

*Leu.* Away, and to your business then!

*Gov.* 'Tis done, madam! [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Antigonus and Menippus.*

*Ant.* THOU hast taken wondrous pains; but yet, Menippus, [try]

You understand not of what blood and coun-

*Men.* I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it. [language.

A Greek, I am sure, she is; she speaks this

*Ant.* Is she so excellent handsome?

*Men.* Most enticing.

*Ant.* Sold for a prisoner?



*Men.* Yes, Sir; some poor creature.

*Ant.* And he loves tenderly?

*Men.* They say, extremely.

*Ant.* 'Tis well prevented then. Yes, I perceiv'd it:

When he took leave now, he made a hundred stops,

Desir'd an hour, but half an hour, a minute;

Which I with anger cross'd. I knew his business;

I knew 'twas she he hunted on. 'This jour-

I beat out suddenly, for her cause intended,

And would not give him time to breathe.

When comes she?

*Men.* This morning, Sir.

*Ant.* Lodge her to all delight then;

For I would have her try'd to th' test: I know, She must be some crack'd coin, not fit his traffick;<sup>21</sup>

Which, when we have found, the shame will make him leave her;

Or we shall work a nearer way: I'll bury him, And with him all the hopes I have cast upon him,

Ere he shall dig his own grave in that woman.

You know which way to bring her: I'll stand close there,

To view her as she passes. And, do you hear,

Observe her with all sweetness; humour her;

'Twill make her lie more careless to our purposes.

Away, and take what helps you please.

*Men.* I'm gone, Sir. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Celia and Governess.*

*Celia.* Governess, from whom was this gown sent me? [it else.]

*Governess.* Priethee, be serious, true:<sup>22</sup> I will not wear it is a handsome one.

*Gov.* As though you know not?

*Celia.* No, faith:

But I believe for certain too—yet I wonder, Because it was his caution, this poor way,

Still to preserve me from the curious searchings Of greedy eyes.

*Gov.* You have it: Does it please you?

*Celia.* 'Tis very rich, methinks, too. Priethee, tell me?

<sup>21</sup> *Not fit his traffick.*] The sense intended is plain enough; yet there appears to be a slight corruption in the passage. To reconcile it to the rest of the context, we might, if the present words remain unchanged, insert *for*, and read, '*not fit for his traffick*;' or else, with no great violence to the text, as it now stands, read, '*nor fit his traffick*;' But which readings, as well as the present, imply that she is too base and low to have any commerce with Demetrius.

<sup>22</sup> *Celia.* *Governess, from whom was this gown sent me, &c.*] The honesty of Celia's conduct, her inviolable affection to the prince, her jealousy of being decoy'd by the base court-agents, and her absolute defiance to all addresses whatever, are admirably drawn throughout her whole character. *Theobald.*

<sup>23</sup> *Stales.*] Something exhibited or offered as an allurement to draw others to any place or purpose. *Johnson.*

<sup>24</sup> *Kill him i' th' eye.*] It has been remarked in the notes on Philaster, that, as all good

*Gov.* From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady; [ings.]

These are no gifts to be put off with pout-

*Celia.* Poutings, and gifts? Is it from any stranger? [talk to you.]

*Gov.* You are so curious, that there is no

What if it be, I pray you?

*Celia.* Unpin, good governess;

Quick, quick!

*Gov.* Why, what's the matter?

*Celia.* Quick, good governess!

Fy on't, how beastly it becomes me! poorly!

A trick put in upon me? Well said, governess!

I vow, I would not wear it—Out! it smells

musty.

Are these your tricks? now I begin to smell it;

Abominable musty! Will you help me?

The prince will come again—

*Gov.* You are not mad, sure? [upon it!]

*Celia.* As I live, I'll cut it off! A pox

For, sure, it was made for that use. Do you

bring me liveries? [thou base woman?]

*Gov.* I cannot chuse, if I should be hang'd.

*Celia.* Abuse me,

And then laugh at me too?

*Gov.* I do not abuse you:

Is it abuse, to give him drink that's thirsty?

You want cloaths; is it such a heinous sin, I

To see you stor'd? [beseech ye,

*Celia.* There is no greater wickedness than

*Gov.* What way? [this way,

*Celia.* I shall curse thee fearfully,

If thou provok'st me further: And take heed,

My curses never miss. [woman;]

*Gov.* Curse him that sent it.

*Celia.* Tell but his name—

*Gov.* You dare not curse him.

*Celia.* Dare not? by this fair light—

*Gov.* You are so full of passion—

*Celia.* Dare not be good? be honest? dare

not curse him?

*Gov.* I think you dare not; I believe so.

*Celia.* Speak him! [it bravely,

*Gov.* Up with your valour then, up with

And take your full charge.

*Celia.* If I do not, hang me!

Tell but his name.

*Gov.* 'Twas prince Demetrius sent it:

Now, now, give fire, kill him i' th' eye<sup>24</sup>

now, lady.

*Celia.* Is he come home?  
*Gov.* It seems so. But, your curse now!  
*Celia.* You do not lie, I hope.  
*Gov.* You dare not curse him.  
*Celia.* Prithee, do not abuse me! Is he come home, indeed? [thee.  
 For I would now with all my heart believe  
*Gov.* Nay, you may chuse. Alas, I deal for strangers, [liveries!  
 That send you scurvy, musty gowns; stale I have my tricks!  
*Celia.* 'Tis a good gown; a handsome one; I did but jest. Where is he?  
*Gov.* He that sent it—— [that again?  
*Celia.* How? he that sent it? Is't come to  
 Thou can'st not be so foolish. Prithee, speak I may mistake thee. [out;  
*Gov.* I said, he that sent it——  
*Celia.* Curse o' my life! why dost thou vex me thus? [not?  
 I know thou mean'st Demetrius; dost thou I charge thee speak truth! If it be any other—— [the justice  
 Thou know'st the charge he gave thee, and His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;  
 As know he shall, he shall, thou spiteful woman, [too late too,  
 Thou beastly woman! and thou shalt know And feel too sensible, I am no ward,  
 No sale-stuff for your money-merehants that sent it! [thou——  
 Who dare send me, or how dost thou,  
*Gov.* What you please:  
 For this is ever the reward of service.  
 The prince shall bring the next himself.  
*Celia.* 'Tis strange, [you,  
 That you should deal so peevishly! Beshrew You have put me in a heat,  
*Gov.* I am sure you have kill'd me;  
 I ne'er receiv'd such language: I can but wait upon you, [you.  
 And be your drudge; keep a poor life to serve  
*Celia.* You know my nature is too easy, governess; [does he?  
 And you know now, I am sorry too. How  
*Gov.* Oh, God, my head!  
*Celia.* Prithee, be well, and tell me,  
 Did he speak of me since he came? Nay, see now! [governess,  
 If thou wilt leave this tyranny—Good, sweet Did he but name his *Celia*? Look upon me!  
 Upon my faith, I meant no harm! Here, take this. [wench?  
 And buy thyself some trifles. Did he, good  
*Gov.* He loves you but too dearly.  
*Celia.* That's my good governess!  
*Gov.* There's more cloaths making for you.  
*Celia.* More cloaths?  
*Gov.* More;  
 Richer and braver; I can tell you that news;  
 And twenty glorious things.

*Celia.* To what use, sirrah?  
*Gov.* You are too good for our house now:  
 We, poor wretches,  
 Shall lose the comfort of you.  
*Celia.* No, I hope not.  
*Gov.* For ever lose you, lady.  
*Celia.* Lose me? wherefore?  
 I hear of no such thing.  
*Gov.* 'Tis sure, it must be so: [tion,  
 You must shine now at court! Such prepara-  
 Such hurry, and such hanging rooms——  
*Celia.* To th' court, wench?  
 Was it to th' court, thou said'st?  
*Gov.* You'll find it so.  
*Celia.* Stay, stay; this cannot be.  
*Gov.* I say, it must be.  
 I hope to find you still the same good lady.  
*Celia.* To th' court? This stumbles me.  
 Art sure, for me, wench,  
 This preparation is?  
*Gov.* She is perilous crafty; [Aside.  
 I fear, too honest for us all too.—Am [sure I  
 live?  
*Celia.* To th' court? this cannot down:  
 What should I do there? [thou,  
 Why should he on a sudden change his mind  
 And not make me acquainted? [Sure, he  
 loves me! [him;  
 His vow was made against it, and mine with  
 At least, while this king liv'd. He will come  
 And see me, ere I go? [hither,  
*Gov.* Would some wise woman [Aside.  
 Had her in working!—That I think he will  
 not, [you.  
 Because he means with all joy there to meet  
 You shall hear more within this hour.  
*Celia.* A courtier?  
 What may that meaning be? Sure, he will  
 see me [governess;  
 If he be come; he must. Hark you, good  
 What age is the king of?  
*Gov.* He's an old man, and full of business.  
*Celia.* I fear too full, indeed. What ladies  
 are there?  
 I would be loth to want good company.  
*Gov.* Delicate young ladies, as you would  
 desire; [pany!  
 And, when you are acquainted, the best com-  
*Celia.* 'Tis very well. Prithee, go in; let's  
 talk more.  
 For, tho' I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.  
*Gov.* I see he must be cunning, knocks  
 this doc down. [Aside.  
 [Exeunt.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Lieutenant and Leontius. Drum within.*

*Leon.* You shall not have your will, sir-  
 rah! Are you running? [a season.  
 Have you gotten a toy in your heels? Is this

shooters aim at the heart, it is a term of reproach to say, *he kills in the eye*. So here, the Governess means, 'If you shoot at Demetrius, you will take so bad aim as to hit him in the eye, 'instead of the part you should aim at.'

When honour pricks you on, to prick your ears up

After your whore, your hobby-horse?

*Lieut.* Why, look ye now! [a man fight  
What a strange man are you? Would you have  
At all hours all alike?<sup>25</sup>

*Leon.* Do but fight something,  
But half a blow, and put thy stomach to't:  
Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths  
at 'em. [thank you heartily!

*Lieut.* And have my teeth knock'd out; I  
You are my dear friend!

*Leon.* What a devil ails thee?

Dost long to be hang'd?

*Lieut.* Faith, Sir, I make no suit for't:  
But rather than I would live thus out of cha-  
Continually in brawling— [rity,

*Leon.* Art thou not he

(I may be cozen'd)——

*Lieut.* I shall be discover'd. [ish pains,

*Leon.* That, in the midst of thy most hel-  
When thou wert crawling-sick, dust aim at  
wonders?

When thou wert mad with pain?

*Lieut.* You have found the cause out;  
I had ne'er been mad to fight else. I con-  
fess, Sir,

The daily torture of my side, that vex'd me,  
Made me as daily careless what became of me,  
'Till a kind sword there wounded me, and  
eas'd me; [well now,

'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am  
And take some pleasure in my life: Methinks,  
now,

It shews as mad a thing to me to see you scuffle,  
And kill one another foolishly for honour,  
As 'twas to you to see me play the cockcomb.

*Leon.* And wilt thou ne'er fight more?

*Lieut.* I' th' mind I am in.

*Leon.* Nor ne'er be sick again?

*Lieut.* I hope I shall not. [sech thee,

*Leon.* Prithee be sick again; prithee, I be-  
Be just so sick again.

*Lieut.* I'll just be hang'd first.

*Leon.* If all the arts that are can make a  
cholic, [mark me!]

(Therefore look to't!) or if imposthumes  
As big as footballs——

*Lieut.* Deliver me! [kidnies,

*Leon.* Or stones of ten pound weight i' th'  
Thro' ease and ugly diets, may be gather'd,  
I'll feed you up myself, Sir; I'll prepare you!

You cannot fight, unless the devil tear you?

You shall not want provocations; I'll scratch  
you; [head-ach—

I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the  
*Lieut.* Good colonel, I'll do any thing!

*Leon.* No, no, nothing!

Then will I have thee blown with a pair of  
smiths' bellows, [with you]

(Because you shall be sure to have a round gale  
Fill'd full of oil of devil, and aqua-fortis;  
And let these work; these may provoke.

*Lieut.* Good colonel! [plain with me;

*Leon.* A coward in full blood? Prithee, be  
Will roasting do thee any good?

*Lieut.* Nor basing neither, Sir.

*Leon.* Marry, that goes hard.

*Enter first Gentleman.*

1 *Gent.* Where are you, colonel?

The prince expects you, Sir; h' has hedg'd  
the enemy [valours]

Within a straight, where all the hopes and  
Of all men living cannot force a passage;

He has 'em now.

*Leon.* I knew all this before, Sir;

I chalk'd him out his way. But, do you see  
that thing there? [a little,

*Lieut.* Nay, good sweet colonel! I'll fight

*Leon.* That thing! [tenant.

1 *Gent.* What thing? I see the brave Lieu-

*Leon.* Rogue, what a name hast thou lost?

*Lieut.* You may help it;

Yet you may help't: I'll do you any courtesy!

I know you love a wench well,

*Enter second Gentleman.*

*Leon.* Look upon him.

Do you look too.

2 *Gent.* What should I look on? [rection;

I come to tell you, the prince stays your di-  
We have 'em now i' th' coop, Sir.

*Leon.* Let 'em rest there, [first—

And chew upon their miseries. But, look

*Lieut.* I cannot fight, for all this.

*Leon.* Look on this fellow!

2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant, brave

Lieutenant.

*Leon.* Canst thou hear this, and play the  
rogue? Steal off!

Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it!

And rush into the thickest of the enemy,

And if thou kill'st but two——

<sup>25</sup> ——— *Would you have a man fight*

*At all hours all alike!* The character of the Lieutenant refusing to fight after he was cured of his bodily malady, (as Mr. Langbaine tells us in his account of the English Dramatic Poets) resembles the story of the soldier belonging to Lucullus, described in the Epistles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. But the very story is related in A Theatre of Wits Ancient and Modern, represented in a Collection of Apophegms Pleasant and Profitable, by Thomas Forde, 8vo. 1660, p. 30, in these words: 'Antigonus observing a sickly souldier to be very valiant, procured his physician to heal him; who afterwards began to keep himself out of danger, not venturing as formerly; which Antigonus noting, demanded the reason: The souldier answered, O Antigonus, thou art the reason; before I ventured nothing but a diseased corpse, and then I chose rather to die quickly, than to live sickly: I invited Death to do me a courtesie; now it is otherwise with me, for now I have somewhat to lose.' R.

*Lieut.* You may excuse me;  
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.  
*Leon.* Be rul'd yet;  
I'll beat thee on; go, wink and fight! A  
plague upon your sheep's heart!  
*2 Gent.* What's all this matter?  
*1 Gent.* Nay, I cannot shew you. [to 'em.  
*Leon.* Here's twenty pound, go but smell  
*Lieut.* Alas, Sir,  
I have taken such a cold, I can smell nothing.  
*Leon.* I can smell a rascal, a rank rascal!  
Fy, how he stinks, stinks like a tired jade!  
*3 Gent.* What, Sir? [him?  
*Leon.* Why, that Sir; do not you smell  
*2 Gent.* Smell him?  
*Lieut.* I must endure.  
*Leon.* Stinks like a dead dog, carrion!  
There's no such damnable smell under Heav'n,  
As the faint sweat of a coward. Will you  
fight yet? [spoke the worst  
*Lieut.* Nay, now I defy you; you have  
You can of me; and if every man should take  
What you say to the heart, God ha' mercy!  
*Leon.* God ha' mercy, with all my heart!  
here I forgive thee; [us,  
And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with  
And keep my dog.  
*Lieut.* I love a good dog naturally.  
*1 Gent.* What's all this stir, Lieutenant?  
*Lieut.* Nothing, Sir,  
But a slight matter of argument.  
*Leon.* Pox take thee! [coward.  
Sure, I shall love this rogue, he's so pretty a  
Come, gentlemen, let's up now, and if For-  
tune [her.  
Dare play the slut again, I'll never more saint  
Come, play-fellow, come! prithee, come up!  
come, chicken!  
I have a way shall fit yet. A tame knave!  
Come, look upon us.  
*Lieut.* I'll tell you who does best, boys.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Antigonus and Menippus, above.*

*Men.* I saw her coming out.

*Ant.* Who waits upon her?

<sup>26</sup> ——— *To the heart——*

*Leon.* God ha' mercy,

*God ha' mercy, &c.*] As these words are here repeated twice, we have no doubt but they should, the first time, be assigned to the Lieutenant.

<sup>27</sup> *Timon, Charinthus, and some other gentlemen.*] How the character of courtiers being made male-bawds, (so frequently introduced in the plays of our Authors) might go down with the audiences of those times, I cannot answer: But, I am sure, they would be exploded by that nicety of taste to which we are now arrived. *Theobald.*

<sup>28</sup> *They sit so apted to her.*] We do not remember to have ever met with this participle, or the verb *apt*, in any other place. The Author might perhaps have written *aptly*. The present text, however, is not inelegant.

<sup>29</sup> *The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it.*] There is something so uncommm, as well as poetical, in the turn of this line, we could not pass over the speech without remarking the beauty of it. Some editions (among which number is that of 1750), contrary to the authority of the old folio, read, *sung in it*.

<sup>30</sup> *And take the sweets o' th' garden.*] We have not disturbed the text, but suspect the right reading to be, *And TASTE the sweets o' th' garden.*

*Men.* Timon, Charinthus, and some other  
By me appointed.<sup>32</sup> [gentlemen,

*Ant.* Where's your wife?

*Men.* She's ready

To entertain her here, Sir; and some ladies  
Fit for her lodgings.

*Ant.* How shews she in her trim now?

*Men.* Oh, most divinely sweet.

*Ant.* Prithee, speak softly.

How does she take her coming?

*Men.* She bears it bravely; [preserve me!

But what she thinks—For Heav'n sake, Sir,  
If the prince chance to find this—

*Ant.* Peace, you old fool;

She thinks to meet him here.

*Men.* That's all the project.

*Ant.* Was she hard to bring?

*Men.* No, she believ'd it quickly,  
And quickly made herself fit. The gown's  
little, [quainted with,

And those new things she has not been ac-  
At least in this place, where she liv'd a prisoner,  
Troubled and stirr'd her mind. But, believe  
me, Sir, [her;<sup>33</sup>

She has worn as good, they sit so apted to  
And she is so great a mistress of disposure,  
Here they come now: But take a full view  
of her.

*Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and Gen-  
tlemen.*

*Ant.* How cheerfully she looks? How she  
salutes all? [young, sure.

And how she views the place? She is very  
That was an admirable smile, a catching one;  
The very twang of Cupid's bow sung to it!<sup>34</sup>  
She has two-edg'd eyes; they kill o' both sides.

*Men.* She makes a stand, as though she

*Ant.* Be still then. [would speak.

*Celia.* Good gentlemen, trouble yourselves  
no further; [here.

I had thought, sure, to have met a noble friend  
*Tim.* You may meet many, lady.

*Celia.* Such as you are, —

I covet few, or none, Sir.

*Char.* Will you walk this way,

And take<sup>35</sup> the sweets o' th' garden? cool  
and close, lady.

*Celia.* Methinks, this open air's far better.

Tend ye that way?

*Pray,* where's the woman came along?

*Char.* What woman?

*Celia.* The woman of the house I lay at.

*Tim.* Woman?

Here was none came along, sure.

*Celia.* Sure, I am catch'd then.

*Pray,* where's the prince?

*Char.* He will not be long from you.

We are his humble servants.

*Celia.* I could laugh now, [not;

To see how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear

For, sure, I know a way to 'scape all dangers.

*Tim.* Madam, your lodgings lie this way.

*Celia.* My lodgings? [here?

For Heav'n sake, Sir, what office do I bear

*Tim.* The great commander of all hearts.

*Enter Leucippe and Ladies.*

*Celia.* You have hit it: [these now?

I thank your sweet heart for it! Who are

*Char.* Ladies, that come to serve you.

*Celia.* Well consider'd.

Are you my servants?

*Lady.* Servants to your pleasures.

*Celia.* I dare believe ye, but I dare not trust ye! [patiently.

Catch'd with a trick? well, I must bear it

Methinks, this court's a neat place; all the

Of so refin'd a size— [people

*Tim.* This is no poor rogue.

*Leu.* Were it a paradise, to please your fancy, [you—

And entertain the sweetness you bring with

*Celia.* Take breath; you're fat, and many words may melt you. [Heav'n,

This is three bawds beaten into one. Bless me,

What shall become of me? I am i' th' pitfall.

On my conscience, this is the old viper,

And all these little ones ereep every night

Into her belly. Do you hear, plump servant,

And you, my little sucking ladies? you

Must teach me (for I know you're excellent at carriage)

How to behave myself; for I am rude yet.

But, you say, the prince will come?

*Lady.* Will fly to see you. [king now,

*Celia.* For, look you, if a great man, say the Should come and visit me—

*Men.* She names you.

*Ant.* Peace, fool! [kindness—

*Celia.* And offer me a kindness, such a

*Leu.* Ay, such a kindness!

*Celia.* True, lady, such a kindness:

What shall that kindness be now?

*Leu.* A witty lady!

Learn, little ones, learn.

*Celia.* Say it be all his favour—

*Leu.* And a sweet saying 'tis.

*Celia.* And I grow peevish?

*Leu.* You must not be neglectful.

*Celia.* There's the matter, [miss it.

There's the main doctrine now, and I may

Or a kind handsome gentleman?

*Leu.* You say well.

*Celia.* They'll count us basely bred.

*Leu.* Not freely nurtur'd.

*Celia.* I'll take thy counsel.

*Leu.* 'Tis an excellent woman!

*Celia.* I find a notable volume here, a learn'd one. [ber;

Which way? For I would fain be in my cham-

In truth, sweet ladies, I grow weary. Fyt

How hot the air beats on me?

*Lady.* This way, madam.

*Celia.* Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too. [fans!

*Leu.* Your fans, sweet gentlewomen, your

*Celia.* Since I am fool'd,

I'll make myself some sport, tho' I pay dear for't. [Exit.

*Men.* You see now what a manner of woman she is, Sir.

*Ant.* Thou art an ass!

*Men.* Is this a fit love for the prince?

*Ant.* A coxcomb! [wench,

Now, by my crown,<sup>30</sup> a dainty wench, a sharp

And a matchless spirit! How she jeer'd 'em?

How carelessly she scoff'd 'em? Use her nobly.

I would I had not seen her! Wait anon,

And then you shall have more to trade upon. [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* We must keep a round, and a strong

watch to-night; [morning:

The prince will not charge the enemy 'till the

But for the trick I told you for this rascal,

This rogue, that health and strong heart

makes a coward—

1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take.

*Leon.* Ne'er fear it; the prince has it,

And if he let it fall, I must not know it;

He will suspect me presently: But you two

May help the plough.

<sup>30</sup> Now, by my crown, a dainty wench.] The king is described, in the *dramatis personæ*, an old man with young desires: And so, indeed, he appears to be, as our poets have thought fit to represent him. But it is greatly derogatory to the gravity, wisdom, and illustrious character of that prince to make him lewdly hunting after a young girl, at a time when he was engaged in war against three kings, and his son and heir at the head of this dangerous expedition. I would not be thought to make this remark in derogation to our excellent poets; but, barely, to point out a misconduct, that might very easily have been avoided. *Theobald.*

It must be remembered, that what is said in the *dramatis personæ* was not said by our Authors, but by the editors of the second folio: and the king's first design was to prevent the ill consequences of his son's dotage on an unworthy object.

2 *Gent.* That he is sick again? <sup>34</sup>

*Leon.* Extremely sick; his disease grown incurable;  
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

*Enter Lieutenant.*

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it;  
And here he comes.

*Leon.* The prince has been upon him:  
What a flatten face he has now? It takes,  
believe it.

How like an ass he looks?

*Lieut.* I feel no great pain;  
At least, I think I do not; yet I feel sensibly,  
I grow extremely faint. How cold I sweat  
now?

*Leon.* So, so, so!

[a pricking,

*Lieut.* And now 'tis even too true; I feel  
A pricking, a strange pricking. How it  
tingles?

[me,

And as it were a stitch too. The prince told  
And every one cried out, I was a dead man:  
I had thought, I had been as well—

*Leon.* Upon him now, boys;  
And do it most demurely.

1 *Gent.* How now, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* I thank ye, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man?

How dost thou, good Lieutenant?

2 *Gent.* I ever told you

[now.

This man was never cur'd; I see it too plain  
How do you feel yourself? you look not per-  
How dull his eye hangs?

[feet.

1 *Gent.* That may be discontent.

2 *Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not  
suffer now

The tithe of those pains this man feels—  
Mark his forehead!

What a clond of cold dew hangs upon't?

*Lieut.* I have it,

Again I have it; how it grows upon me?

A miserable man I am!

[shalt be.

*Leon.* Ha, ha, ha! A miserable man thou  
This is the tamest trout I ever tickled.

[Aside.

*Enter two Physicians.*

1 *Phy.* This way he went.

2 *Phy.* Pray Heav'n, we find him living!  
He's a brave fellow; 'tis pity he should perish  
thus.

1 *Phy.* A strong-hearted man, and of a  
notable sufferance.

*Lieut.* Oh, oh!

1 *Gent.* How now? how is it, man?

*Lieut.* Oh, gentlemen,

Never so full of pain—

2 *Gent.* Did I not tell you?

*Lieut.* Never so full of pain, gentlemen.

1 *Phy.* He is here;

How do you, Sir?

2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, soldier;

The prince has sent us to you.

*Lieut.* Do you think I may live?

2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.

1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: But—

*Leon.* Finely butt'd, doctor!

1 *Gent.* Do not discourage him.

1 *Phy.* He must be told truth;

\*Tis now too late to trifle.

*Enter Demetrius and Gentlemen.*

2 *Gent.* Here the prince comes.

*Dem.* How now, gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* Bewailing, Sir, a soldier;

And one, I think, your grace will grieve to  
part with.

But every living thing—

*Dem.* 'Tis true, must perish;

Our lives are but our marches to our graves.

How dost thou now, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* Faith, 'tis true, Sir;

We are but spans, and candles' ends.

*Leon.* He's finely mortified.

*Dem.* Thou art heart-whole yet, I see. He  
alters strangely,

[him,

And that apoc too; I saw it this morning in  
When he, poor man, I dare swear—

*Lieut.* No, believ't, Sir,

I never felt it.

[is swell'd?

*Dem.* Here lies the pain now: How he

1 *Phy.* The imposthume,

Fed with a new malignant humour now,

Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible;

The compass of a bachel will not hold it.

And with such a hell of torture it will rise  
too—

*Dem.* Can you endure me touch it?

*Lieut.* Oh, I beseech you, Sir!

I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.

*Dem.* He's finely wrought.—He must be

cut, no cure else,

And suddenly; you see how fast he blows out.

*Lieut.* Good master doctor, let me be be-

holden to you:

I feel I cannot last—

<sup>34</sup> *That he is sick again.*] We do not doubt but this should be printed with an interrogation, as they are informing themselves of the scheme to be practised on the Lieutenant. The preceding speech is also at first sight a little obscure:

— *Ne'er fear it, the prince has it,*

*And if he let it fall, I must not know it;*

*He will suspect me presently: But you two*

*May help the plough.*

That is, 'the prince has undertaken the business, and if the Lieutenant drops any mention of his imaginary illness, I must appear to be a stranger to it, to avoid suspicion: But you may assist openly in carrying on the plot upon him.'

2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant?

*Lieut.* But ev'n for half a dozen cans of good wine, [ously.

That I may drink my will out: I faint hide-

*Dem.* Fetch him some wine; and, since he must go, gentlemen,

Why, let him take his journey merrily.

*Enter Servant with wine.*

*Lieut.* That's ev'n the nearest way.

*Leon.* I could laugh dead now!

*Dem.* Here, off with that.

*Lieut.* These two I give your grace;  
A poor remembrance of a dying man, Sir;  
And, I beseech you, wear 'em out.

*Dem.* I will, soldier.

These are fine legacies.

*Lieut.* Among the gentlemen,  
Ev'n all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,  
Yet something for remembrance; four a-  
piece,<sup>32</sup> gentlemen:

And so my body where you please.<sup>33</sup>

*Leon.* It will work.

*Lieut.* I make your grace my executor,  
and, I beseech you,  
See my poor will fulfill'd: Sure, I shall walk  
else.

*Dem.* As full as they can be fill'd, here's  
my hand, soldier.

1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him.

*Lieut.* I would hear a drum beat,  
But to see how I could endure it.

*Dem.* Beat a drum there! [*Drum within.*

*Lieut.* Oh, heav'nly music! I would hear  
one sing to't.

I am very full of pain.

<sup>32</sup> ———— *four a piece, gentlemen.*] What it is here, that the Lieutenant gives to these gentlemen, is not ascertained by any marginal direction; and consequently we are in the dark as to that point. He had little money, to boast of, as we find by his own confession: And he makes the Prince his executor; but that he had ever made a will, we have as little notice of.

*Theobald.*

What he gives are the empty cans, to be filled by his executor. He calls for HALF A DOZEN, to DRINK his will out. The two first he bequeaths to the Prince; but how he can devise four A-PIECE to the two Gentlemen, out of the remainder, we cannot account. The passage is perhaps corrupt and imperfect; but that this is the meaning of the legacies is plain:

*Lieut.* See my poor will fulfill'd.

*Dem.* As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, soldier.

Perhaps the Lieutenant's speech should run thus;

——— *Among the gentlemen*

*Ev'n all I have left. I am a poor man, naked,*

*Yet something for remembrance! Four—two a-piece, gentlemen!*

*And so, &c.*

A blank was probably left in the prompter's book after the word *four*, that the actor might suit the legacy to the number of gentlemen that accompanied the Prince.

<sup>33</sup> *And so my body where you please.*] We have not disturbed the text, but conjecture that our Authors wrote, 'stow my body where you please.'

<sup>34</sup> *He's finely wrought.*

*Dem.* Let's after him.

*Leon.* I pray, Sir;

*But how this rogue, &c.*] This is the lection of all the former editions. That the whole belongs to Leontius, we believe, will not be doubted.

*Dem.* Sing? 'tis impossible.

*Lieut.* Why, then I would drink a drum-  
Where lies the enemy? [full.

2 *Gent.* Why, here, elose by.

*Leon.* Now he begins to muster.

*Lieut.* And dare he fight?

Dare he fight, gentlemen?

1 *Phy.* You must not cut him; [left is,  
He's gone then in a moment: All the hope  
To work his weakness into sudden anger,  
And make him raise his passion above his pain,  
And so dispose him on the enemy:  
His body then, being stirr'd with violence,  
Will purge itself, and break the sore.

*Dem.* 'Tis true, Sir.

1 *Phy.* And then, my life for his——

*Lieut.* I will not die thus.

*Dem.* But he is too weak to do——

*Lieut.* Die like a dog! [whole.

2 *Phy.* Ay, he's weak; but yet he's heart-

*Lieut.* Hem!

*Dem.* An excellent sign.

*Lieut.* Hem!

*Dem.* Stronger still, and better.

*Lieut.* Hem, hem! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan!  
[Exit.

1 *Phy.* Now he's i' th' way on't.

*Dem.* Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do  
something, certain.

*Leon.* And some brave thing, or let mine  
ears be cut off.

He's finely wrought. Let's after him,<sup>34</sup> I  
pray, Sir. [in him,

But how this rogue, when this cloud's melted  
And all discover'd——

*Dem.* That's for an after-mirth. Away,  
away, away! [Exeunt.

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, and Soldiers.*

*Sel.* Let no man fear to die: We love to sleep all, [ages,  
And death is but the sounder sleep. All  
And all hours call us; 'tis so common, easy,  
That little children tread those paths before us.  
We are not sick, nor our souls press'd with sorrows,  
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten.  
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,

And, as the sun that sets, in blood let's fall.  
*Lysim.* 'Tis true, they have us fast, we cannot 'scape 'em, [us,  
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one smile for Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,<sup>35</sup>  
And, worse than those, captivity: We can die;

And dying nobly, tho' we leave behind us  
These clods of flesh, that are too-massy burthens, [quests!  
Our living souls fly crown'd with living con-  
*Ptol.* They have begun; fight bravely, and fall bravely; [now,  
And may that man that seeks to save his life  
By price, or promise, or by tear falls from us,  
Never again be blest with name of Soldier!

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sel.* How now? Who charged first? I seek a brave hand  
To set me off in death.

*Sold.* We are not charg'd, Sir;  
The prince lies still.

*Sel.* How comes this lamina up then?

*Sold.* There is one desperate fellow, with the devil in him,  
(He never durst do this else) has broke into us,  
And here he hangs ye two or three before him, [panies.

There five or six; ventures upon whole com-  
*Ptol.* And is not seconded?

*Sold.* Not a man follows.

*Sel.* Nor cut it pieces?

*Sold.* Their wonder yet has stay'd 'em.

*Sel.* Let's in and see this miracle.

*Ptol.* I admire it! [Exeunt.

*Enter Leonius and Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* Fetch him off, fetch him off! I am sure, he's clouted.

Did I not tell you how 'twould take?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable!

*Enter Lieutenant, with colours in his hand, pursuing three or four Soldiers.*

*Lieut.* Follow that blow, my friend! there's at your cockcombs!

I fight to save me from the surgeons' miseries.

*Leon.* How the knave carries 'em!

*Lieut.* You cannot, rogues,

'Till you have my diseases, fly my fury.

Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me? [hunt ye,

An my side would give me leave, I would so  
Ye porridge-gutted slaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

*Enter Demetrius, Physicians, and Gentlemen.*

*Leon.* Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou hast done bravely.

*Dem.* Mirror of man!

*Lieut.* There's a flag for you, Sir:

I took it out o' th' shop, and never paid for't.  
I'll to 'em again; I am not come to th' text yet.

*Dem.* No more, my soldier. Beshrew my heart, he is hurt sore.

*Leon.* Hang him, he'll lick all those whole.

1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,

And cure him in a trice.

*Dem.* Be careful of him.

*Lieut.* Let me live but two years, and do what you will with me:

I never had but two hours yet of happiness.  
Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;

For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting—  
2 *Phy.* You shall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent, [you;

And there the surgeons presently shall search  
Then to your rest.

*Lieut.* A little handsome litter

To lay me in, and I shall sleep.

*Leon.* Look to him.

*Dem.* I do believe a horse begot this fellow;  
He never knew his strength yet.—They are our own.

*Leon.* I think so; I am cozen'd else. I would but see now

A way to fetch these off, and save their honours.

*Dem.* Only their lives.

*Leon.* Pray you, take no way of peace now,  
Unless it be with infinite advantage.

*Dem.* I shall be rul'd. Let the battles now move forward;

Ourselves will give the signal.

<sup>35</sup> Dishonourable ends we can 'scape though,

And, worse than those captivitys, we can die,

And dying nobly, &c.] By an ill regulation of the stops, these words convey a sense directly opposite to that intended by the writer; asserting that death is worse than captivity: Whereas Lysimachus is meant to declare, that 'they can escape dishonourable ends, and what 'is still worse than those dishonourable ends, the living in captivity.—We can die; and, by a noble death, though our bodies are left behind, our souls are crown'd with conquest.'



(Enter Trumpet and Herald.)

Now, Herald, what's your message?

*Her.* From my masters

This honourable courtesy, a parley

For half an hour; no more, Sir.

*Dem.* Let 'em come on;

They have my princely word.

*Enter Seleucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy,  
attendants and Soldiers.*

*Her.* They are here to attend you.

*Dem.* Now, princes, your demands?

*Sel.* Peace, if it may be  
Without the too-much tainture of our honour.  
Peace; and we'll buy it too.

*Dem.* At what price?

*Lysim.* Tribute.

*Ptol.* At all the charge of this war.

*Leon.* That will not do. [gether,

*Sel.* Leontius, you and I have serv'd to-  
And run thro' many a fortune with our swords,  
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has  
fed us; [cover'd us;

One tent a thousand times from cold night  
Our loves have been but one; and had we  
died then, [tions:

One monument had held our names and ac-  
Why do you set upon your friends such prices,  
And sacrifice to giddy Chance such trophies?  
Have we forgot to die? or are our virtues  
Less in afflictions constant, than our fortunes?

You are deceiv'd, old soldier.

*Leon.* I know your worths, [tues.  
And thus low bow in reverence to your vir-  
Were these my wars, or led my pow'r in  
chief here,

I knew then how to meet your memories: <sup>16</sup>  
They are my king's employments; this man  
fights now,

To whom I owe all duty, faith, and service;  
This man, that fled before ye. Call back that,  
That bloody day again, call that disgrace  
home, [up.

And then an easy peace may sheath our swords

<sup>16</sup> I knew then how to meet your memories.] I have observed, that our Poets frequently employ the word *memory* in an uncommon and abstracted sense. I think, Leontius means here, that then he could meet the remembrance of those occurrences which are summed up by Seleucus in his preceding speech. Theobald.

Shakespeare often uses *memory* for *memorial* in the same manner; as, in *As You Like It*, act ii. scene iii.

'Oh, my sweet master! oh, you memory

'Of old Sir Rowland!'

So, in the *Atheists Tragedy*, by Cyril Tourner, 1611,

'And with his body place that memory

'Of noble Charlemont.'

And in *Byron's Tragedy*, by Chapman,

'That statue will I prize past all the jewels

'Within the cabinet of Beatrice,

'The memory of my gaudaine. Stevens.

The use of the word *memories* in this passage is neither so clear nor so elegant as the application of it by Shakespeare.

I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,  
Nor do I gape ungratefully to swallow you.  
Honour, the spur of all illustrious natures,  
That made you famous soldiers, and next kings,  
And not ambitious envy, strikes me forward.  
Will you unarm, and yield yourselves his  
prisoners?

*Sel.* We never knew what that sound  
meant: No gyves  
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces; [me.  
Nor weight of sorrow here, till earth fall on  
*Leon.* Expect our charge then.

*Lysim.* 'Tis the nobler courtesy! [us!  
And so we leave the hand of Heaven to bless

*Dem.* Stay! Have you any hope?

*Sel.* We have none left us,  
But that one comfort of our deaths together:  
Give us but room to fight.

*Leon.* Win it, and wear it.

*Ptol.* Call from the hills those companies  
hang o'er us

Like bursting clouds; and then break in,  
and take us.

*Dem.* Find such a soldier will forsake ad-  
vantage, [ble,

And we'll draw off. To shew I dare be no-  
And hang a light out to you in this darkness,  
(The light of peace!) give up those cities,  
forts,

And all those frontier-countries, to our uses.

*Sel.* Is this the peace? traitors to those that  
feed us, [us?

Our gods and people, give our countries from  
*Lysim.* Begin the knell; it sounds a great  
deal sweeter.

*Ptol.* Let loose your servant Death!

*Sel.* Fall Fate upon us,

Our memories shall never stink behind us!

*Dem.* Seleucus! great Seleucus!

*Sold.* The prince calls, Sir. [tesy,

*Dem.* Thou stock of nobleness and cour-  
Thou father of the war!

*Leon.* What means the prince now?

*Dem.* Give me my standard here.

*Lysim.* His anger's melted.

*Dem.* You, gentlemen, that were his prisoners,  
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,  
Lay all your hands, and bear these colours to him,  
The standard of the kingdom. Take it, *Sol-  
Ptol.* What will this mean?  
*Dem.* Thou hast won it; bear it off;  
And draw thy men home whilst we wait upon thee.  
*Sol.* You shall have all our countries.  
*Lysim. Ptol.* All, by Heav'n, Sir.  
*Dem.* I will not have a stone, a bush, a  
bramble:  
No! in the way of courtesy, I'll start you.  
Draw off, and make a lane thro' all the army,

That these, that have subdu'd us, may march thro' us.  
*Sol.* Sir, do not make me surfeit with such goodness;  
I'll bear your standard for you, follow you.  
*Dem.* I swear it shall be so; march thro' me fairly,  
And thine be this day's honour, great *Sol-  
Ptol.* Mirror of noble minds!  
*Dem.* Nay, then you hate me.  
[*Exeunt with drums and shouts.*  
*Leon.* I cannot speak now! Well, go thy ways!  
At a sure piece o' bravery thou art the best!  
These men are won by th' necks now. I'll send a post away. [Exit.]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Antigonus and Menippus.*

*Ant.* NO aptness in her?  
*Men.* Not an immodest motion;  
And yet, when she is courted, makes as wild witty answers— [her thus.  
*Ant.* This more fires me! I must not have *Men.* We cannot alter her.  
*Ant.* Have you put the youths upon her?  
*Men.* All that know any thing,  
And have been studied how to catch a beauty;  
But, like so many whelps about an elephant—  
The prince is coming home, Sir.  
*Ant.* I hear that too;  
But that's no matter. Am I alter'd well?  
*Men.* Not to be known, I think, Sir.  
*Ant.* I must see her.

*Enter two Gentlemen, or Lords.*

*1 Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of, [I think.  
I try'd her thro' all the points o' th' compass,  
*2 Gent.* She studies to undo the court, to plant here  
The enemy to our age, Chastity.  
She is the first that e'er balk'd a close amour,  
And the sweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too; [try.  
And setting up of beards, she swears, is idolatry.  
*1 Gent.* I never knew so fair a face so froze;  
Yet she would make one think—

*2 Gent.* True, by her carriage;  
For she's as wanton as a kid, to th' outside,  
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiss'd her hand too,  
Walk'd with her half an hour.  
*1 Gent.* She heard me sing,  
And sung herself too; she sings admirably;  
But still when any hope was, as 'tis her trick  
To minister enough of those, then presently  
With some new flam or other, nothing to th' matter,  
And such a frown as would sink all before her,  
She takes her chamber. Coose, we shall not be the last fools.  
*2 Gent.* Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a strange wench.  
*Ant.* This screws me up still higher.

*Enter Celia, and Ladies behind her.*

*Men.* Here she comes, Sir.  
*Ant.* Then, be you gone; and take the women with you:  
And lay those jewels in her way.  
*Celia.* If I stay longer,  
I shall number as many lovers as *Lais* did.<sup>37</sup>  
How they flock after me! Upon my conscience, [morning:  
I have had a dozen horses given me this  
I'll ev'n set up a troop, and turn she-soldier.  
A good discrete wench now, that were not hide-boud,  
Might raise a fine estate here, and suddenly:

<sup>37</sup> I shall number as many lovers as *Lais* did.] *Lais* was a most exceeding handsome courtesan residing at Corinth, in the times of Nicias and Demosthenes; but she held up her favours at so exorbitant a rate, that it became a proverbial saying:

*Non civis hominum contingit adire Corinthum.*

i. e. It is not every man, who can afford to go to Corinth; at least to have an amour there.

*Theobald.*

For these warm things will give their souls—

I can go no where,  
Without a world of offerings to my excellence:  
I am a queen, a goddess, I know not what;  
And no constellation in all Heav'n, but I  
out-shine it.

And they have found out now, I have no eyes  
Of mortal lights; but certain influences,  
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature  
starts at;

And I can kill my twenty in a morning,  
With as much ease now—Ha! what are  
these? new projects?

Where are my honourable ladies? Are you  
out too?

Nay, then I must buy the stock;<sup>28</sup> send me  
good carding!

I hope the prince's hand be not in this sport:  
I have not seen him yet, cannot hear from  
him, [recreations,

And that, that troubles me: All these were  
Had I but his sweet company to laugh with  
me.

What fellow's that? Another apparition?  
This is the loving'st age! I should know that  
face; [ther.

Sure, I have seen't before: not long since nei-  
Ant. She sees me now. Oh, Heav'n, a  
most rare creature!

Celia. Yes, 'tis the same; I'll take no no-  
tice of you;

But, if I do not fit you, let me fry for't.  
Is all this cackling for your egg?—They are  
fair ones, [stumble

Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may  
A good staid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.  
My honest friend, do you set off these jewels?

Ant. Set 'em off, lady?

Celia. I mean, sell 'em here, Sir.

Ant. She's very quick. [Aside.]—For sale  
they are not meant, sure.

Celia. For sanctity, I think, much less.  
Good even, Sir.

Ant. Nay, noble lady, stay: 'Tis you must  
wear 'em:

Never look strange, they are worthy your  
best beauty.

Celia. Did you speak to me?

Ant. To you, or to none living:  
To you they're sent, to you they're sacrific'd.

Celia. I'll never look a horse i' th' mouth  
that's giv'n:

I thank you, Sir: I'll send one to reward you.

Ant. Do you never ask who sent 'em?

Celia. Never, I;

Nor never care. If it be an honest end,  
That end's the full reward, and thanks but  
slubber it:

If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.

Ant. This has a soul indeed.—Pray, let me  
tell you! [handsomely,

Celia. I care not if you do, so you do it  
And not stand picking of your words.

Ant. The king sent 'em. [fellow]

Celia. Away, away! thou art some foolish  
And, now I think, thou hast stole 'em too.

The king sent 'em? [lieve  
Alas, good man! Wouldst thou make me be-  
He has nothing to do with things of these  
worths,

But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old man,  
A good old man, they say, too. I dare swear,  
Full many a year ago he left these gambols.  
Here, take your trinkets.

Ant. Sure, I do not lie, lady. [ably:

Celia. I know thou liest extremely, damn-  
Thou hast a lying face!

Ant. I was never thus rattled. [Aside.

Celia. But, say, I should believe: Why  
are these sent me?

And why art thou the messenger? Who art  
thou? [consider

Ant. Lady, look on 'em wisely, and then  
Who can send such as these, but a king only?

And, to what beauty can they be oblations,  
But only yours? For me, that am the carrier,  
'Tis only fit, you know; I am his servant,  
And have fulfill'd his will.

Celia. You are short and pithy.  
What must my beauty do for these?

Ant. Sweet lady,  
You cannot be so hard of understanding,

When a king's favour shines upon you glō-  
And speaks his love in these— [riously;

Celia. Oh, then, love's the matter;  
Sir-reverence Love! Now I begin to feel you:

And I should be the king's whore; a brave  
title!

And go as glorious as the sun; oh, brave still!

The chief commandress of his concubines,  
Hurried from place to place to meet his plea-  
sures!

Ant. A devilish subtle wench; but a rare  
spirit. [Aside.

Celia. And when the good old sponge had  
suck'd my youth dry,

And left some of his royal aches in my bones;  
When time shall tell me, I have plough'd my  
life up, [me—

And cast long farrows in my face to sink

Ant. You must not think so, lady.

Celia. Then can these, Sir, [beauty,

These precious things, the price of youth and  
This shop here of sin-offering, set me off again?

Can it restore me chaste, young, innocent?  
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory  
An honest and a noble fame? The king's  
vice!<sup>29</sup>

<sup>28</sup> *Nay, then, I must buy the stock; send me good carding.* i. e. I must play out the game; I must take in the cards: *Buying the stock* is a term used at an old-fashioned game called *gleek*.  
Theobald.

<sup>29</sup> ———— *The king's device, &c.* Nothing is so dangerous to the genuine reading, as when the corrupted one carries something like sense with it. That it was the king's *device* to  
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The sin's as universal as the sun is,  
And lights an universal torch to shame me.

*Ant.* Do you hold so slight account of a  
great king's favour,  
That all knees bow to purchase?

*Celia.* Prithee, peace!  
If thou knew'st how ill-favour'dly thy tale  
becomes thee,

And what ill root it takes——

*Ant.* You will be wiser.

*Celia.* Could the king find no shape to shift  
his pandar into, [too?

But reverend age? and one so like himself  
*Ant.* She has found me out. [Aside.

*Celia.* Cozen the world with gravity?  
Prithee, resolve me one thing; does the king  
love thee?

*Ant.* I think he does.

*Celia.* It seems so, by thy office:  
He loves thy use, and, when that's ended,  
hates thee.

Thou seem'st to me a soldier.

*Ant.* Yes, I am one.

*Celia.* And hast fought for thy country?

*Ant.* Many a time.

*Celia.* May-be, commanded too?

*Ant.* I have done, lady.

*Celia.* Oh, wretched man, below the state  
of pity! [mour?

Canst thou forget, thou wert begot in ho-  
A free companion for a king? A soldier?

Whose nobleness dare feel no want, but ene-  
mies? [edly,

Canst thou forget this, and decline so wretch-  
To eat the bread of bawdry? of base bawdry?

Feed on the scum of sin? Fling thy sword  
from thee, [thce?

Dishonour to the noble name that nurs'd  
Go, beg diseases! Let them be thy armours;

Thy fights the flames of lust, and their soul  
issues.

*Ant.* Why then, I am a king, and mine  
own speaker. [poser.

*Celia.* And I as free as you, mine own dis-  
There, take your jewels; let 'em give them  
lustres [yourself, Sir;

That have dark lives and souls: Wear 'em  
You'll seem a devil else.

*Ant.* I command you, stay.

*Celia.* Be just, I am commanded.

*Ant.* I will not wrong you.

*Celia.* Then thus low falls my duty.

*Ant.* Can you love me?

Say 'ay,' and all I have——

*Celia.* I cannot love you; [you.

Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear

You hang upon my love like frosts on lillies.

I can die, but I cannot love! You're an-  
swer'd. [Exit.

*Ant.* I must find apter means; I love her

truly. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Demetrius, Leontius, Lieutenant,  
Gentlemen, Soldiers, and Host.*

*Dem.* Hither, do you say, she is come?

*Host.* Yes, Sir, I'm sure on't:

For, whilst I waited on you, putting my wife  
in trust, [found her,

I know not by what means, but the king  
And hither she was brought. How, or to  
what end——

*Dem.* My father found her?

*Host.* So my wife informs me.

*Dem.* Leontius, pray draw off the soldiers:  
I would a while be private.

*Leon.* Fall off, gentlemen!

The prince would be alone.

[Exit *Leon.* and *Sold.*

*Dem.* Is he so cunning?

There is some trick in this, and you must  
know it, [so——

And be an agent too; which, if it prove  
*Host.* Pull me to pieces, Sir.

*Dem.* My father found her? [willingly?

My father brought her hither? Went she

*Host.* My wife says, full of doubts.

*Dem.* I cannot blame her. [mankind!

No more. There is no trust, no faith, in

*Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius,  
and Soldiers.*

*Ant.* Keep her up close; he must not come  
to see her.

You are welcome nobly now! welcome home,  
gentlemen! [my,

You have done a courteous service on the ene-

debauch her, is certain; but this is scarcely an aggravation of her guilt. The redundancy of two syllables in the verse made me hesitate upon it; when the following reading immediately occurred, which I doubt not to be the true one, as the expression is extremely poetical; and the sentiment becomes every way worthy of our Authors.

————— *The king's vice!*

viz. That if she becomes the vice, or the occasion of it in the king; her example will have a universal bad influence, and her memory be branded to all ages. *Seward.*

*Vice* is certainly most agreeable to the context:

————— *The king's vice!*

*The sin's as universal as the sun is,  
And lights an everlasting torch to shame me.*

That is, 'When vice resides in a king, the eminence of his rank makes the *sin*, as well as in-  
famy, as conspicuous as the sun.'

Has tied his faith for ever; you shall find it.  
You are not now in's debt, son. Still your  
sad looks?

Leontius, what's the matter?

Leon. Truth, Sir, I know not:

We have been merry since we went.

Lieut. I feel it.

Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do  
you want money?

Sure, he has heard o' th' wench. [Aside.

Dem. Is that a want, Sir?

I would fain speak to your grace.

Ant. You may do freely.

Dem. And not deserve your anger?

Ant. That you may too.

Dem. There was a gentlewoman, and some  
time my prisoner,

Which I thought well of, Sir. Your grace  
conceives me?

Ant. I do indeed, and with much grief  
conceive you; [you.

With full as much grief as your mother bore  
There was such a woman: 'Would I might  
as well say,

There was no such, Demetrius.

Dem. She was virtuous,

And therefore not unfit my youth to love her.  
She was as fair—

Ant. Her beauty I'll proclaim too,

To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman;

But how she made that good, the devil knows.

Dem. She was—O!s, Heav'n!

Ant. The hell to all thy glories,  
Swallow'd thy youth, made shipwreck of  
thine honour: "

She was a devil!

Dem. You are my father, Sir.

Ant. And since you take a pride to shew  
your follies, [em.

I'll muster 'em, and all the world shall view

Leon. What heat is this? The king's eyes  
speak his anger.

Ant. Thou hast abus'd thy youth, drawn  
to thy fellowship,

Instead of arts and arms, a woman's kisses,  
The subtilties and soft heats of a harlot.

Dem. Good Sir, mistake her not.

Ant. A witch, a sorceress! [trius!]

[I tell thee but the truth; and hear, Deme-  
Which has so dealt upon thy blood with  
charms, [tues;

Dev'lish and dark; so lock'd up all thy vir-  
So pluck'd thee back from what thou sprung'st  
from, glorious—

Dem. O!s, Heav'n, that any tongue but  
his durst say this! [ther,

That any heart durst harbour it! Dread fa-  
If for the innocent the gods allow us

To bend our knees—

Ant. Away; thou art bewitch'd still!

Though she be dead, her pow'r still lives upon  
thee.

Dem. Dead! dead! Oh, sacred Sir! <sup>40</sup>

Dead, did you say?

Ant. She is dead, fool.

Dem. It is not possible! Be not so angry.

Say, she is fall'n under your sad displeasure,  
Or any thing, but dead. Say she is banish'd;  
Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.

Ant. Dead by the law: We found her hell,  
and her; [perish'd.

I mean her charms and spells, for which she  
And she confess'd, she drew thee to thy ruin;  
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my empire's over-  
throw. [Sir?

Dem. But is she dead? was there no pity,  
If her youth err'd, was there no mercy shewn  
her? [demn'd her?

Did you look on her face, when you con-  
Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there she  
was hideous. [untimely?

Dem. Can she be dead? Can virtue fall

Ant. She's dead; deservedly she died.

Dem. I've done then. [vanish'd!

Oh, matchless sweetness, whither art thou  
Oh, thou fair soul of all thy sex, what para-  
dise [son, Sir,

Hast thou enrich'd and bless'd?—I am your  
And t' all you shall command stand most  
obedient:

Only a little time I must entreat you,  
To study to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,  
Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia?

Dead, my poor wench? My joy pluck'd green,  
with violence?

Oh, fair sweet flower, farewell! Come, thou  
destroyer, [me!

Sorrow, thou melter of the soul, dwell with  
Dwell with me, solitary thoughts, tears, cry-  
ings! [me!

Nothing, that loves the day, love me, or seek  
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about  
me! [eyes more,

And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine  
Nor e'er betray a beauty to my curses:

For I shall curse all now, hate all, forswear  
all,

And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at;  
For she is gone that was all, and I nothing!

[Exit Dem. and Gent.

Ant. This opinion must be maintain'd.

Men. It shall be, Sir. [sure

Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own plea-  
Draw him to th' right again. Wait your in-  
structions;

And see the soldier paid, Leontius.

Once more, you're welcome home all!

All. Health to your majesty!

[Exit Ant. &c.

Leon. Thou went'st along the journey;  
how canst thou tell?

Hot. I did; but I am sure 'tis so: Had I  
stay'd behind,

I think this had not prov'd.

<sup>40</sup> Dead? O sacred Sir.] We apprehend the word *dead* was repeated twice here, and had been dropped at press.

*Leon.* A wench the reason?

*Lieut.* Who's that talks of a wench there?

*Leon.* All this discontent

About a wench?

*Lieut.* Where is this wench, good colonel?

*Leon.* Prithce, hold thy peace! Who calls thee to council?

*Lieut.* Why, if there be a wench——

*Leon.* 'Tis fit thou know her, [her,  
That I'll say for thee; and as fit thou'rt for  
Let her be mew'd or stop't. How is it, gentlemen?

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* He's wondrous discontent; he'll speak to no man.

2 *Gent.* He has taken his chamber close, admits no entrance;

Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out.

*Host.* 'Tis so, Sir;

And now I wish myself half-bag'd ere I went this journey.

*Leon.* What is this woman?

*Lieut.* Ay!

*Host.* I cannot tell you,  
But handsome as Heaven.

*Lieut.* She's not so high, I hope, Sir.

*Leon.* Where is she?

*Lieut.* Ay, that would be knowo.

*Leon.* Why, sirrah——

*Host.* I cannot shew ye neither;  
The king has now dispos'd of her.

*Leon.* There lies the matter.

Will he admit none to come to comfort him?

1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,

Will never speak.

*Lieut.* 'Tis the best way, if he have her;

For, look you, a man would be loth to be disturb'd in's pastime;

'Tis every good man's case.

*Leon.* 'Tis all thy living.

We must not suffer this, we dare not suffer it:  
For, when these tender souls meet deep afflictions,

They are not strong enough to struggle with  
But drop away as snow does from a mountain,  
And, in the torrent of their own sighs, sink themselves.

I will and must speak to him.

*Lieut.* So must I too:

He promis'd me a charge.

*Leon.* Of what? of children? [pany,

Upon my conscience, th' hast a double command  
And all of thine own begetting, already.

*Lieut.* That's all one; [em:

I'll raise 'em to a regiment, and then command

When they turn disobedient, unbegot 'em,  
Knock 'em o' th' head, and put in new.

*Leon.* A rare way!

But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough

To dare to see the prince now?

*Lieut.* Do you think he's angry?

1 *Gent.* Extremely vex'd.

2 *Gent.* To the endang'ring of any man comes near him.

1 *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldst but win him out, whate'er thy suit were,

Believe it granted presently.

*Leon.* Yet thou must think, tho',  
That in the doing he may break upon you;

And——

*Lieut.* If he do not kill me——

*Leon.* There's the question.

*Lieut.* For half a dozen hurts——

*Leon.* Art thou so valiant?

*Lieut.* Not absolutely so, neither:—No, it cannot be; [about me;

I want my imposthumes, and my things<sup>42</sup>  
Yet, I'll make danger, colonel.

*Leon.* 'Twill be rare sport,

Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand! If thou dost this, [for't.

I'll raise thee up a horse-troop, take my word

*Lieut.* What may be done by human

man——

*Leon.* Let's go then.

1 *Gent.* Away, before he cool; he will relapse else. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Leucippe.*

*Ant.* Will she not yield?

*Leu.* For all we can urge to her.

I swore you'd marry her; she laugh'd extremely,

And then she rail'd like thunder.

*Ant.* Call in the Magician!

I must and will obtain her; I am ashes else.

*(Enter Magician, with a bowl)*

Are all the philters in? charms, powder, roots?

*Mag.* They are all in; and now I only stay  
The invocation of some helping spirits.

*Ant.* To your work then, and dispatch.

*Mag.* Sit still, and fear not.

*Leu.* I shall ne'er endure these sights.

*Ant.* Away with the woman!

Go, wait without.

*Leu.* When the devil's gone, pray call me. [Exit.

*Ant.* Be sure you make it powerful enough.

*Mag.* Pray doubt not. [He conjures.

<sup>42</sup> And my things about me.] By things I understand plaisters, bandages, &c. but Mr. Symson thinks the word corrupt, and would read *stings*, which expresses, he says, the hellish pains before spoke of. I will not deprive the reader of the conjecture, though I do not myself admit it. *Theobald.*

By things, we conceive, he means his disorders; which were the cause of his valour, not the plaisters, &c.

## A SONG.

Rise from the shades below,  
 All you that prove  
 The helps of loose love!  
 Rise, and bestow  
 Upon this cup, whatever may compel,  
 By powerful charm, and unresisted spell,  
 A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's desires!  
 Distil into this liquor all your fires,  
 Heats, longings, tears;  
 But keep back frozen fears;  
 That she may know, that has all pow'r defied,  
 Art is a pow'r that will not be denied.

## THE ANSWER.

I obey, I obey;  
 And am come to view ere day;  
 Brought along all may compel,  
 All the earth has, and our hell.  
 Here's a little, little flow'r;  
 This will make her sweat an hour,  
 Then unto such flames arise,  
 A thousand joys will not suffice:  
 Here's the powder of the Moon,  
 With which she caught Endymion:  
 The pow'rful tears that Venus cry'd,  
 When the boy Adonis dy'd:  
 Here's Medea's charm, with which  
 Jason's heart she did bewitch:  
 Omphale this spell put in,  
 When she made the <sup>42</sup>Libyan spin:  
 This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,  
 Purges all pure thoughts, and good.  
 These I stir thus, round, round, round,  
 Whilst our light feet beat the ground.

*Mag.* Now, Sir, 'tis full; and whosoever  
 drinks this  
 Shall violently dote upon your person,  
 And never sleep nor eat unsatisfied.  
 So many hours 'twill work, and work with  
 violence; [*art, Sir.*]  
 And, those expir'd, 'tis done. You have my  
*Ant.* See him rewarded liberally.—*Leu-*  
*cippe!*

(*Enter Leucippe.*)

Here, take this bowl, and when she calls for  
 wine next, [*it.*]  
 Be sure you give her this, and see her drink  
 Delay no time when she calls next!

*Leu.* I shall, Sir.

*Ant.* Let none else touch it, on your life.

*Leu.* I'm charg'd, Sir.

*Ant.* Now, if she have an antidote art, let  
 her 'scape me. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Leontius, Lieutenant, and*  
*Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* There is the door, Lieutenant, if  
 you dare do any thing.

*Leon.* Here's no man waits.

*1 Gent.* He has giv'n a charge that none  
 shall, [*him.*]

Nor none shall come within the hearing of  
 Dare you go forward?

*Lieut.* Let me put on my skull first:

My head's almost beaten into the pap of an  
 apple.

Are there no guns i' th' door?

*Leon.* The rogue will do it:

And yet I know he has no stomach to't.

*Lieut.* What loop-holes are there, when I  
 knock, for stones? [*none.*]

For those may pepper me: I can perceive

*Leon.* How he views the fortification.

*Lieut.* Farewell, gentlemen!

If I be kill'd—

*Leon.* We'll see thee buried bravely.

*Lieut.* Away! How should I know that  
 then?—I'll knock softly.

Pray Heav'n he speak in a low voice now, to  
 comfort me: [*men?*]

I feel I have no heart to't.—Is't well, gentle-  
 Colonel, my troop!

*Leon.* A little louder.

*Lieut.* Stay, stay:

Here is a window; I will see; stand wide.

By Heav'n, he's charging of a gun!<sup>43</sup>

*Leon.* There's no such matter:

There's nobody in this room.

*Lieut.* Oh, 'twas a fire-shovel.

Now I'll knock louder. If he say, 'who's  
 there?'

As sure he has so much manners, then will I  
 answer him

So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel!  
 [*Knocks louder.*]

*1 Gent.* Knock louder, fool! he hears not.

*Lieut.* You fool, do you:

Do, an you dare now.

*1 Gent.* I do not undertake it.

*Lieut.* Then hold your peace, and meddle  
 with your own matters.

*Leon.* Now he will knock.

[*Knocks louder.*]

*Lieut.* Sir, Sir! will't please you hear, Sir?  
 Your grace!—I'll look again. What's that?

*Leon.* He's there now.

Lord! how he stares! I ne'er yet saw him  
 thus alter'd.

Stand now, and take the troop.

*Lieut.* 'Would I were in't,

And a good horse under me!—I must knock  
 again;

<sup>42</sup> Libyan spin.] Mr. Sympton would read *Theban*, the story of Omphale being, as he thinks, only applicable to him: But as there were many Hercules's, and among the rest a Libyan, the son of Jupiter Ammon, if it is inaccurate, it seems the inaccuracy of a scholar, and not an error of the press. *Seward.*

<sup>43</sup> By — he's charging of a gun.] Former editions.

The devil's at my finger's ends. He comes now.

Now, colonel, if I live——

*Leon.* The troop's thine own, boy.

*Enter Demetrius, with a pistol.*<sup>44</sup>

*Dem.* What desperate fool, ambitious of his ruin——

*Lieut.* Your father would desire you, Sir, to come to dinner.

*Dem.* Thou art no more.

*Lieut.* Now, now, now, now!

*Dem.* Poor coxcomb!

Why do I aim at thee?

[*Exit.*

*Leon.* His fear has kill'd him.

*Enter Leucippe, with a bowl.*

2 *Gent.* I protest he's almost stiff: Bend him, and rub him!

[*man,*

Hold his nose close!—You, if you be a wo- Help us a little! Here's a man near perish'd.

*Leu.* Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.

Look to my bowl! I'll run in presently, And fetch some water. Bend him, and set him upwards.

A goodly man!<sup>45</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Leon.* Here's a brave heart! He's warm again. You shall not

Leave us i' th' lurch so, sirrah!

2 *Gent.* Now he breathes too.

*Leon.* If we'd but any drink to raise his spirits——

[*good liquor;*

What's that i' th' bowl? Upon my life, She would not own it else.

1 *Gent.* He sees.

*Leon.* Look up, boy;

And take this cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.

[*truly.*

Guide it to his mouth. He swallows hear-

2 *Gent.* Oh, fear and sorrow's dry: 'Tis off.

*Leon.* Stand up, man.

*Lieut.* Am I not shot?

*Leon.* Away with him, and cheer him.

Thou'st won thy troop.

*Lieut.* I think I won it bravely.

*Leon.* Go; I must see the prince; he must not live thus;

And let me hear an hour hence from ye.

Well, Sir—— [*Exeunt Gent. and Lieut.*

*Enter Leucippe, with water.*

*Leu.* Here, here! Where's the sick gentle- man?

*Leon.* He's up, and gone, lady.

*Leu.* Alas, that I came so late.

*Leon.* He must still thank you;

You left that in a cup here did him comfort.

*Leu.* That in the bowl?

*Leon.* Yes, truly, very much comfort;

He drank it off, and after it spoke lustily.

*Leu.* Did he drink it all?

*Leon.* All off.

*Leu.* The devil choke him!

I am undone! H' has twenty devils in him.

Undone for ever!—Left he none?

*Leon.* I think not.

*Leu.* No, not a drop. What shall become of me now?

Had he no where else to swoon?—A ven- geance swoon him!

Undone, undone, undone!—Stay, I can lie yet,

[*fort.*

And swear too, at a pinch; that's all my com-

Look to him; I say look to him, and but mark what follows.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Leon.* What a devil ails the woman? Here comes the prince again,

With such a sadness on his face, as Sorrow, Sorrow herself, but poorly imitates.

Sorrow of sorrows on that heart that caus'd it!

*Dem.* Why might she not be false and treacherous to me,

[*man;*

And found so by my father? She was a wo- And many a one of that sex, young and fair,

As full of faith as she, have fall'n, and foully.

*Leon.* It is a wench. Oh, that I knew the circumstance!

*Dem.* Why might not, to preserve me from this ruin,

She having lost her honour, and abus'd me, My father change the forms o' th' crimes,<sup>46</sup>

and execute

<sup>44</sup> *Demetrius with a pistol.*] One cannot suppose our Authors ignorant of the anachronism in this place; but they designed it, like the Dutch painter, who made Abraham going to shoot his son with a pistol. The odd absurdity makes it more dry<sup>l</sup> and laughable. *Seward.*

In representation, we cannot imagine this anachronism would promote laughter, or drol- lery; and we dare assert, Mr. Seward could not believe, that, out of an audience of two thou- sand persons, twenty would remark it, or five be diverted by it. The merriment depends on the situation itself, and the humour is, in this instance, rather weakened than increased by the anachronism.

A pistol is mentioned by Prince Henry, in the First Part of Henry IV. upon which Dr. Johnson observes, 'Shakespeare never has any care to preserve the manners of the time.' *R.*

<sup>45</sup> *Leon. A goodly man.*—] The printers have given the old general a part of the bawd's speech here. It is very natural to make her assiduity for him arise from her thinking him a good handsome fellow. This seemed evident at first sight; and upon turning to the old folio I found a proof of it, where it was wrote: *Leon. A goodly man. Exit.* But the late edi- tion removed the *Exit* instead of the speaker. *Seward.*

<sup>46</sup> *Change the forms o' th' crimes.*] I can affix no meaning to this, unless coins by metaphor



His anger on a fault she ne'er committed,  
Only to keep me safe? Why should I think  
She never was to me, but all obedience, [so?  
Sweetness and love.

*Leon.* How heartily he weeps now!  
I have not wept these thirty years and up-  
ward;  
But now, if I should be hang'd, I can't hold  
from't:

It grieves me to the heart.

*Dem.* Who's that that mocks me?

*Leon.* A plague of him that mocks you! I  
grieve truly,

Truly and heartily, to see you thus, Sir:

And, if it lay in my pow'r, gods are my wit-  
ness, [from you,

Whoe'er he be that took your sweet peace  
I am not so old yet, nor want I spirit—

*Dem.* No more of that; no more, *Leon-*  
*tius*: [rance!

Revenge are the gods';<sup>47</sup> our part is suffi-  
cient! I shall not see thee long.

*Leon.* Good Sir,

Tell me the cause: I know there is a woman  
in't.

D'you hold me faithful? Dare you trust your  
Soldier?

Sweet prince, the cause?

*Dem.* I must not, dare not tell it;

And, as thou art an honest man, enquire not.

*Leon.* Will you be merry then?

*Dem.* I'm wondrous merry.

*Leon.* 'Tis wondrous well. You think now  
this becomes you.

Shame on't! it does not, Sir; it shews not  
handsomely.

If I were thus, you'd swear I were an ass  
straight,

A wooden ass! Whine for a wench!

*Dem.* Prithee leave me.

*Leon.* I will not leave you for a tit—

*Dem.* *Leontius*!

*Leon.* For that you may have any where for  
six-pence;

And a dear pennyworth too.

*Dem.* Nay, then you're troublesome.

*Leon.* Not half so troublesome as you are  
to yourself, Sir. [placket,

Was that brave heart made to pant for a  
And now i' th' Dog-days too, when nothing  
dare love?

That noble mind, to melt away and moulder  
For a hey nonny, nonny?<sup>48</sup> 'Would I had a

glass here, [to,

To shew you what a pretty toy you're turn'd

*Dem.* My wretched fortune!

*Leon.* Will you but let me know her?

I'll once turn bawd: Go to, they're good  
men's offices,

And not so contemptible as we take 'em for:  
And, if she be above ground, and a woman,

I ask no more! I'll bring her o' my back, Sir;  
By this hand I will—and I had as lief bring  
the devil— [her—

I care not who she be, nor where I have  
And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver  
her,

Which you think fittest: And, when you  
have dane'd your galliard—

*Dem.* Away, and fool to them are so af-  
fected!— [thee!

Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with  
Wilt thou do one thing for me?

*Leon.* All things i' th' world, Sir,

Of all dangers.

*Dem.* Swear!

*Leon.* I will.

*Dem.* Come near me no more, then.

*Leon.* How?

*Dem.* Come no more near me:

Thou art a plague-sore to me. [Exit.

*Leon.* Give you good even, Sir! [sport.

If you be suffer'd thus, we shall have fine  
I will be sorry yet.<sup>49</sup>

is put for laws. As it is not a natural one, I should think it a mistake, and that the true word  
was *canons*, did it not give a redundant syllable to the verse. As I was writing this, an inge-  
nious young gentleman came in, and taking up the book suggested another reading, which  
makes equally good sense, and does not hurt the measure; I therefore believe it the true word.

*Seward.*

<sup>47</sup> *Revenge are the gods, our part is sufferance.*] Here, as well as in the *Maid's Tragedy*,  
is inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience.

<sup>48</sup> *Hey nonny, nonny.*] In an old black-letter ballad, intitled, *The Politick Maid* (preserved  
in the collection of a gentleman whose name we are not at liberty to mention) every stanza  
concludes with the following lines:

• Sing loud, whistle in the winde,

• Blow merry, merry,

• Up and downe in yonder dale,

• With hey ho nonny, nonny. *R.*

To *As You Like It*, Shakespeare introduces a burden something similar: 'With a hey, and  
a ho, and a hey nonino.'

<sup>49</sup> *I will be sorry yet.*] I should be so too, if our Poets ever wrote thus. Surely, at first  
sight, one would say they wrote,

*I will bestir me yet.*

*Symson.*

As the conjecture seems ingenious, I insert it, but see no reason to condemn the former read-  
ing. I understand it thus: 'Notwithstanding his ill usage of me, I will yet pity him.' *Seward.*

*I will*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* How now? how does he?

*Leon.* Nay, if I tell you, hang me, or any man else [bols,<sup>50</sup> I think;

That hath his nineteen wits. He has the Ile groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 *Gent.* Will he speak yet?

*Leon.* Not willingly:

Shortly, he will not see a man. If ever I look'd upon a prince so metamorphos'd, So juggled into I know not what, shame take This 'tis to be in love. [me!

1 *Gent.* Is that the cause on't?

*Leon.* What is it not the cause of, but bear-baitings?

And yet it stinks much like it. Out upon't! What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes,

What dogs and cats, it makes us? Men that are possess'd with it,

Live as if they had a legion of devils in 'em,

And every devil of a several nature;

Nothing but hey-pass, re-pass. Where's the Lieutenant?

Has he gather'd up the end on's wits again?

1 *Gent.* He is alive: But, you that talk of wonders,

Shew me but such a wonder as he is now.

*Leon.* Why, he was ever at the worst a wonder.

2 *Gent.* He's now most wonderful: a blazer now, Sir.

*Leon.* What ails the fool? And what star reigns now, gentlemen,

We have such prodigies?

2 *Gent.* 'Twill pose your Heav'n-hunters.

He talks now of the king, no other language, And with the king, as he imagines, hourly.

Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king, [king's colours.

Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the

*Leon.* Does he not lie i' th' King-street too?

1 *Gent.* He's going thither. [squares,

Makes prayers for the king, in sundry lan-Turns all his proclamations into metre;

Is really in love with the king, most dotingly, And swears Adonis was a devil to him.

A sweet king, a most comely king, and such a king—

2 *Gent.* Then down on's marrow-bones; oh, excellent king— [tures, Thus he begins, thou light and life of crea- Angel-ey'd king, vouchsafe at length thy fa-vour;

And so proceeds to incision.<sup>51</sup> What think you of this sorrow? [horses

1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kiss the king's As they pass by him—Ready to ravish his footmen.

*Leon.* Why, this is above *etla*!<sup>52</sup>

But how comes this?

1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to understand yet;

But thus it is, and this part but the poorest.

'Twould make a man leap o'er the moon to Act these. [see him

2 *Gent.* With sighs as tho' his heart would break;

Cry like an unbreech'd boy;<sup>53</sup> not eat a bit.

*Leon.* I must go see him presently;

For this is such a gig—For certain, gentlemen, The fiend rides on a fiddle-stick.

2 *Gent.* I think so.

*Leon.* Can you guide me to him? For half an hour I'm his,

To see the miracle.

1 *Gent.* We sure shall start him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.*

*Ant.* Are you sure she drank it?

*Leu.* Now must I lie most confidently. [*Aside.*

Yes, Sir, she has drank it off.

*Ant.* How works it with her?

*Leu.* I see no alteration yet.

*Ant.* There will be;

For he's the greatest artist living made it.

Where is she now?

*Leu.* She is ready to walk out, Sir.

*Ant.* Stark mad, I know, she will be.

*Leu.* So I hope, Sir.

*Ant.* She knows not of the prince?

*Leu.* Of no man living. [become me?

*Ant.* How do I look? how do my cloaths I am not very grey.

*Leu.* A very youth, Sir;

Upon my maidenhead, as smug as April.

*I will be sorry yet, is certainly a flat and awkward reading. The Prince's last words to Leontius were, Thou art a plague-sore to me. Perhaps, therefore, Leontius might say, I will be a sore to you yet; but we shall not disturb the text.*

<sup>50</sup> Bots.] The *bols* is a distemper among horses, to which he groans, and roars, and kicks, plainly allude. In Shakespeare's First Part of Henry IV. one of the Carriers complains, that the beans and peas are so dank, they will 'give poor jades the *bols*.' Upon which passage Dr. Johnson says, 'The *bols* are worms in the stomach of a horse;' and Mr. Steevens remarks, that 'a *bols* light upon you is an imprecation frequently repeated in the play of Henry V.'

<sup>51</sup> And so proceeds to incision.] Mr. Sympton and I have endeavoured in vain to discover the meaning here: The word *incision* occurs in another play, but is full as dark there as here. *Seward.*

<sup>52</sup> *Etla*.] A note in music. *R.*

<sup>53</sup> ——— a breech'd boy.] The sense requires that it should be either *new-breech'd* or *un-breech'd*; and the want of a syllable to the verse is another reason for the change. *Seward.*

Heav'n bless that sweet face! 'twill undo a thousand:

Many a soft heart must sob yet, ere that Your grace can give content enough.

*Ant.* I think so.

*Enter Celia, with a book.*

*Leu.* Here she comes, Sir.

*Ant.* How shall I keep her off me?

Go, and perfume the room; make all things ready.

*Celia.* No hope yet of the prince! no comfort of him!

They keep me mew'd up here, as they view No company but my afflictions.

This royal devil again! Strange how he haunts How like a poison'd potion his eyes fright me! He's made himself handsome too.

*Ant.* Do you look now, lady?

You'll leap anon.

*Celia.* Curl'd and perfume'd? I smell him. He looks on's legs too? sure he'll cut a caper.

God-a-mercy, dear December!

*Ant.* Oh, do you smile now?

I knew it would work with you. Come hither, pretty one.

*Celia.* Sir.

*Ant.* I like those court'sies well. Come hither, and kiss me.

*Celia.* I'm reading, Sir, of a short treatise That's call'd the Vanity of Lust: Has your grace seen it?

He says here, that an old man's loose desire Is like the glow-worm's light, the apes so wonder'd at;

Which, when they gather'd sticks, and laid And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently.

And in another place, he calls their loves Faint smells of dying flow'rs, carry no comforts;

They're dotting, stinking fogs; so thick and Reason, with all his beaus, cannot beat thro' 'em.

*Ant.* How's this? Is this the potion? You I know you love me.

*Celia.* As you're just and honest,

I know, I love and honour you; admire you.

*Ant.* This makes against me, fearfully against me.

*Celia.* But as you bring your pow'r to per- Your traps to catch mine innocence, to ruin me,

As you lay out your lusts to overwhelm me, Hell never hated good as I hate you, Sir:

And I dare tell it to your face. What glory, Now, after all your conquests got, your titles,

The ever-living memories<sup>54</sup> rais'd to you, Can my defeat be? my poor wreck, what triumph?

And when you crown your swelling cups to fortune,

What honourable tongue can sing my story?

Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp,

Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:

Be as your office is, a god-like justice,

Into all shedding equally your virtues!

*Ant.* Sh' has dieneh'd me now; now I admire her goodness!

So young, so nobly strong, I never tasted.

Can nothing in the pow'r of kings persuade you?

*Celia.* No, nor that pow'r command me.

*Ant.* Say I should force you?

I have it in my will.

*Celia.* Your will's a poor one;

And, tho' it be a king's will, a despis'd one: Weaker than infant's legs, your will's in swaddling clouts.

A thousand ways my will has found to check

A thousand doors to 'scape you. I dare die, Sir;

As suddenly I dare die, as you can offer.

Nay, say you had your will, say you had ravish'd me,

Perfum'd your lust, what had you purchas'd? What honour won? D'you know who dwells above, Sir,

And what they have prepar'd for men turn'd Did you ne'er hear their thunder? Start and tremble,

Death sitting on your blood; when their fires Will nothing wring you then, do you think? Sit hard here?

And like a snake<sup>55</sup> curl round about your Biting and stinging? Will you not roar too late then?

Then, when you shake in horror of this villainy; Then will I rise a star in Heav'n, and scorn you!

*Ant.* Last, how I hate thee now, and love Will you be my queen? can that price purchase you?

*Celia.* Not all the world. I am a queen Crown'd by his love I must not lose for fortune:

I can give none away, sell none away, Sir, Can lend no love, am not mine own exchequer;

For in another's heart my hope and peace lie. *Ant.* Your fair hands, lady! For yet I am not pure enough

To touch these lips. In that sweet peace you Live now for ever, and I to serve your virtues!

*Celia.* Why, now you shew a god! now I kneel to you!

This sacrifice of virgin's joy send to you! Thus I hold up my hands to Heav'n that touch'd you!

And pray eternal blessings dwell about you!

<sup>54</sup> *The ever-living memories rais'd to you.*] Here *memories*, as in Shakespeare, is plainly used for *memorials*.

<sup>55</sup> *Like a snail.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson concurred in this just emendation.

*Ant.* Virtue commands the stars.—Rise,  
more than virtue! [ness.]  
Your present comfort shall be now my busi-  
*Celia.* All my obedient service wait upon  
you. [Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.*

*Leon.* Hast thou clean forgot the wars?  
*Lieut.* Prithee, hold thy peace.  
*1 Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.  
*Leon.* It seems so.  
*Sirrah!*  
*Lieut.* I am so troubled with this fellow!  
*Leon.* He'll call me rogue anon.  
*1 Gent.* 'Tis ten to one else.  
*Lieut.* Oh, king, that thou knew'st I lov'd  
thee, how I lov'd thee!  
*And where, oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty!*  
*Leon.* He cannot leave his sutler's trade;  
he woos in't.  
*Lieut.* Oh, never, king—  
*Leon.* By this hand, when I consider—  
*Lieut.* My honest friend, you are a little  
saucy.  
*1 Gent.* I told you, you would have it.  
*Lieut.* When mine own worth—  
*Leon.* Is flung into the balance, and fouled  
*Lieut.* And yet a soldier— [nothing.]  
*Leon.* And yet a saucy one.  
*Lieut.* One that has follow'd thee—  
*Leon.* Fair and far off.  
*Lieut.* Fought for thy grace—  
*Leon.* 'Twas for some grief: You lie, Sir!  
*Lieut.* He's the son of a whore denies this!  
*Will that satisfy you?*  
*Leon.* Yes, very well. [thee—]  
*Lieut.* Shall then that thing that honours  
How miserable a thing soever, yet a thing  
still; [ever—]  
*And, tho' a thing of nothing, thy thing*  
*Leon.* Here's a new thing.  
*2 Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.  
*Leon.* I'll fetch him out oo't. When's the  
king's birth-day? [ringing:]  
*Lieut.* Whene'er it be, that day I'll die with  
*And there's the resolution of a lover!* [Exit.]  
*Leon.* A goodly resolution! Sure, I take it,  
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his brains  
melted.  
Could he find nobody to fall in love with, but  
the king,  
The good old king? to dote upon him too?  
Stay! now I remember what the fat woman  
war'd me;  
Bad me remember, and look to him too.  
I'll haog if she have not a hand in this: He's  
conjurd.  
Go after him; I pity the poor rascal:  
In the mean time, I'll wait occasioo  
To work upon the prince.  
*2 Gent.* Pray do that seriously.  
[Exeunt severally.]

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Lords.*

*Lord.* He's very ill.  
*Ant.* I'm very sorry for't; [scence.]  
*And much asham'd I've wrong'd his inno-*  
*Menippus,* guide her to the prince's lodgings;  
*There leave her to his love again.*  
*Men.* I'm glad, Sir.  
*Lord.* He'll speak to none.  
*Ant.* Oh, I shall break that silence.  
*Be quick! take fair attendance.*  
*Men.* Yes, Sir, presently. [Exit.]  
*Ant.* He'll find his tongue, I warrant you;  
his health too:  
I send a physic will not fail.  
*Lord.* Fair work it!  
*Ant.* We hear the princes medo to visit us,  
In way of truce.  
*Lord.* 'Tis thought so.  
*Ant.* Coose; let's in then,  
*And think upon the noblest ways to meet 'em.*  
[Exeunt.]

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter Leontius.*

*Leon.* There's no way oow to get in; all  
the light stopt too;  
Nor can I hear a sound of him. Pray Heav'n,  
He use no violence! I think he has more soul,  
Stronger, and I hope nobler. 'Would I could  
but see once [know]  
This beauty he groans under, or coose to  
But any circumstance. What noise is that  
there? [coming:]  
I think I heard him groan. Here are some  
A woman too; I'll stand aloof, and view 'em.

*Enter Menippus, Celia, and Lords.*

*Celia.* Well, some of ye have been to blame  
in this point; [out too,]  
But I forgive ye. The king might have pick'd  
Some fitter woman to have tried his vidual.  
*Men.* 'Twas all to the best meant, lady.  
*Celia.* I must think so; [tell me?]  
For how to mend it now—He's here, you  
*Men.* He is, madam; and the joy to see  
Will draw him out. [you only]  
*Leon.* I know that woman's tongue;  
I think I've seen her face too: I'll go nearer,  
If this be she, he has some cause of sorrow.  
'Tis the same face; the same most excellent  
woman! [member him.]  
*Celia.* This should be lord Leontius: I re-  
*Leon.* Lady, I think you know too.  
*Celia.* Speak soft, good soldier!  
I do, and know you worthy, know you noble;  
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;  
But let me see you again; I'll satisfy you.  
I'm wondrous glad to see those eyes.  
*Leon.* You've charg'd me.  
*Celia.* You shall know where I am.  
*Leon.* I will not off yet: [shd]  
She goes to knock at a door. This must be

The fellow told me of; right glad I'm on't.  
He will bolt now for certain.

*Celia.* Are you within, Sir?

I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courtesy.  
Pray, leave me now.

*All.* We rest your humble servants!

[*Ex. Men. &c.*]

*Celia.* So, now my gyves are off. Pray  
Heav'n he be here! [you?]

Master! my royal Sir! do you hear who calls  
Love, my Demetrius!

*Leon.* These are pretty quail-pipes;  
The cock will crow anon.

*Celia.* Can you be drowsy,  
When I call at your window?

*Leon.* I hear him stirring:  
Now he comes wond'ring out.

*Enter Demetrius.*

*Dem.* 'Tis Celia's sound sure! [to it.  
The sweetness of that tongue draws all hearts  
There stands the shape too!

*Leon.* How he stares upon her?

*Dem.* Ha! do mine eyes abuse me?

'Tis she, the living Celia! Your hand, lady!  
*Celia.* What should this mean?

*Dem.* The very self-same Celia—

*Celia.* How do you, Sir?

*Dem.* Only turn'd brave.<sup>16</sup> [pleat!  
I heard you were dead, my dear one. Com-  
She is wondrous brave; a wondrous gallant  
courier!

*Celia.* How he surveys me round? Here  
has been foul play.

*Dem.* How came she thus?

*Celia.* It was a kind of death, Sir,  
I suffer'd in your absence, mew'd up here,  
And kept conceal'd I know not how.

*Dem.* 'Tis likely. [gallant!  
How came you hither, Celia? Wondrous  
Did my father send for you?

*Celia.* So they told me, Sir,  
And on command too.

*Dem.* I hope you were obedient?

*Celia.* I was so ever.

*Dem.* And you were bravely us'd?

*Celia.* I wanted nothing. [lous!  
My maidenhead to a mote i' th' sun, he's jea-  
I must now play the knave with him, tho' I  
die for't;

'Tis my nature. [Aside.

*Dem.* Her very eyes are alter'd!

Jewels, and rich ones too, I never saw yet—  
And what were those came for you?

*Celia.* Mysterious jealous: [Aside.  
Have I liv'd at the rate of these scorn'd ques-  
tions?—

They seem'd of good sort; gentlemen.

*Dem.* Kind men?

*Celia.* They were wondrous kind; I was  
much beholden to 'em.

There was one Menippus, Sir.

*Dem.* Ha?

*Celia.* One Menippus;

A notable merry lord, and a good companion.

*Dem.* And one Charinthus too?

*Celia.* Yes, there was such a one.

*Dem.* And Timon?

*Celia.* 'Tis most true.

*Dem.* And thus most treacherous!

My father's bawds, by Heav'n! they never  
miss course.

And were these daily with you?

*Celia.* Ev'ry hour, Sir.

*Dem.* And was there not a lady, a fat lady?

*Celia.* Oh, yes; a notable good wench.

*Dem.* The devil fetch her!

*Celia.* 'Tis ev'n the merriest wench—

*Dem.* Did she keep with you too?

*Celia.* She was all in all; my bed-fellow,  
Brought me acquainted. [eat with me,

*Dem.* You are well known here then!

*Celia.* There is no living here a stranger, I  
think.

*Dem.* How came you by this brave gown?

*Celia.* This is a poor one: [jewels?

Alas, I've twenty richer. Do you see these  
Why, they're the poorest things, to those are  
And sent me hourly too! [sent me,

*Dem.* Is there no modesty, no faith, in this  
fair sex?

*Leon.* What will this prove to?

For yet, with all my wits, I understand not.

*Dem.* Come hither! Thou art dead indeed,  
lost, tainted!

All that I left thee, fair, and innocent,  
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't;

All that I hop'd for virtuous, is fled from thee,  
Turn'd black<sup>17</sup> and bankrupt!

*Leon.* By'r lady, this cuts shrewdly.

*Dem.* Thou'rt dead, for ever dead! Sin's  
surfeit slew thee; [thee.

Th' ambition of those wanton eyes betray'd

<sup>16</sup> Only turn'd brave.] i.e. Finely dress. So in Philaster, and various other places. Mil-  
ton also uses *bravery* in the sense of *finery*.

<sup>17</sup> ——— is fled from thee.

Turn'd back, and bankrupt.] I believe this reading corrupt, because it has an anticlimax  
in it. To turn back and fly is sense, but to fly and turn back is ὑπερὸν πρὸς ἄπο. I hope  
that I've retriev'd the true word, for it stands in proper antithesis to the epithet *fair* in the  
former part of the sentence, and Celia seems afterwards to rectify the very word.

Then let a thousand black thoughts muster in you.

In which line the old folio, (the first impression of this play) reads *back* as well as in the text:  
mer: which is a further proof of both being corrupt; for in the latter it's self-evident.

*Seward.*

Go from me, grave of honour! go, thou foul one,

Thou glory of thy sin! go, thou despis'd one!  
And where there is no virtue, nor no virgin;  
Where Chastity was never known, nor heard of;  
Where nothing reigns but impious lust and looseness;<sup>57</sup>

Go thither, child of blood, and sing my doting!

*Celia.* You do not speak this seriously, I did but jest with you. [hope, Sir!

*Dem.* Look not upon me! [harbours;  
There is more hell in those eyes, than hell  
Am, when they flame, more torments!

*Celia.* Dare you trust me? [love, Sir.  
You durst once, ev'n with all you had, your  
By this fair light, I'm honest.

*Dem.* Thou subtle Circe,  
Cast not upon the maiden light eclipses;  
Curse not the day!

*Celia.* Come, come, you shall not do this.  
How fain you would seem angry now, to  
fright me:

You are not in the field among your enemies.  
Come, I must cool this courage.

*Dem.* Out, thou impudence,  
Thou ulcer of thy sex! When I first saw thee,  
I drew into mine eyes mine own destruction,  
I pull'd into my heart that sudden poison,  
That now consumes my dear content to en-  
ders. [me:

I am not now Demetrius; thou hast chang'd  
Thou, woman, with thy thousand wiles, hast  
chang'd me; [me!

Thou, serpent, with thy angel-eyes, hast slain  
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,  
I was a man, and reason staid<sup>58</sup> and uny'd me,  
Now one great lump of grief, I grow and  
wander. [I did this?

*Celia.* And, as you're noble, do you think  
*Dem.* Put all thy devil's wings on, and fly  
from me! [see you;

*Celia.* I will go from you, never more to  
I will fly from you, as a plague hang'o'er me;  
And, through the progress of my life hereafter,  
Where-ever I shall find a foul, a false man,  
One that ne'er knew the worth of polish'd  
virtue,

A base suspecter of a virgin's honour,

A child that flings away the wealth he cry'd  
for,

Him will I call Demetrius; that fool, Deme-  
trius; [man,

That madman, a Demetrius; and that false  
The prince of broken faiths, even prince De-  
metrius! [to you,

You think now, I should cry, and kneel down  
Petition for my peace: Let those that feel  
here

The weight of evil, wait for such a favour:  
I am above your hate, as far above it,

In all the actions of an innocent life,  
As the pure stars are from the muddy meteors.

Cry, when you know your folly; howl and  
curse then, [heart,

Beat that unmanly breast, that holds a false  
When you shall come to know whom you've

*Dem.* Pray you stay a little. [flung from you.  
*Celia.* Not your hopes can alter me!

Then, let a thousand black thoughts muster  
in you,

And with those enter in a thousand dotings:  
Those eyes be never shut, but drop to nothing;

My innocence for ever haunt and fright you;  
Those arms together grow in folds; that tongue,

That bold tongue, that barks out these dis-  
graces, [tunes

When you shall come to know how nobly vir-  
I have preserv'd my life, rot, rot within you!

*Dem.* What shall I do?  
*Celia.* Live a lost man for ever! [fer'd,

Go, ask your father's conscience what I suf-  
And thro' what seas of hazards I sail'd too;<sup>59</sup>

Mine honour still advanc'd in spite of tem-  
pests: [freely,

Then, take your leave of love; and confess  
You were ne'er worthy of this heart, that  
serv'd you:

And so farewell, ungrateful! [Exit.  
*Dem.* Is she gone?

*Leon.* I'll follow her, and will find out this  
matter. [Exit.

*Enter Antigonus and Lords.*

*Ant.* Are you pleas'd now? Ha! you got  
your heart again?

Have I restor'd you that?

<sup>57</sup> But impious lust, and looser faces.] The old folio reads, *looser faces*, which is scarce sense; and the change in the second folio and octavo is not much for the better. I hope I've retrieved the original, *looseness* will signify all dissolute manners, and so is more comprehensive than lust; the metre too is restored by it.

The word *looseness* is used in this very sense in the Faithful Shepherdess.

The first folio reads, *IMPERIOUS lust*; the second, *IMPIOUS*.

<sup>58</sup> Reason made, and mov'd me.] I can scarce affix any idea to this reading, and as the word I have substituted is near the trace of the letters, and the direct contrast of the second verb, I hope it will be thought the true one. I have Mr. Simpson's approbation, but he thinks that the expression, *I grow and wander*, in the next line, wants either correction or explanation. The sense I affix to it will be a confirmation of the truth of my conjecture. Whereas before reason guided me, whether I stood or moved: Now when I stand still, I do but grow like a vegetable; when I move, I wander like a senseless brute.

*Seward.*

<sup>59</sup> And through what seas of hazards I sail'd through.] As this disagreeable tautology is very easily avoided, and more likely to have occurred at the press, than have escaped the Author, we hope to stand excused for the small variation we have made.

*Dem.* Sir, ev'n for Heav'n sake, [her?  
And sacred Truth sake, tell me how you found

*Ant.* I will, and in few words. Before I  
tried her, [lowship,  
'Tis true, I thought her most unfit your fel-  
And fear'd her too; which fear begot that  
story [her.

I told you first: But since, like gold I touch'd  
*Dem.* And how, dear Sir—

*Ant.* Heav'n's holy light's not purer.  
The constancy and goodness of all women,  
That ever liv'd to win the names of worthy,  
This noble maid has doubled in her honour.  
All promises of wealth, all art to win her,  
And by all tongues employ'd, wrought as  
much on her

As one may do upon the sun at noon-day  
By lighting candles up. Her shape is heav'nly,  
And to that heav'nly shape her thoughts are  
angels.

*Dem.* Why did you tell me, Sir—

*Ant.* 'Tis true I err'd in't:

But, since I made a full proof of her virtue,  
I find a king too poor a servant for her.  
Love her, and honour her; in all observe her.  
She must be something more than time yet  
tells her;

And certain I believe him bless'd enjoys her.  
I would not lose the hope of such a daughter,  
To add another empire to my honour. [Exit.

*Dem.* Oh, wretched state! to what end  
shall I turn me:

And where begins my penance? Now, what  
service  
Will win her love again? My death must  
do it:

And if that sacrifice can purge my follies,  
Be pleas'd, oh, mighty Love, I die thy ser-  
vant! [Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Leontius and Celia.*

*Leon.* I KNOW he does not deserve you, h'  
has us'd you poorly:

And, to redeem himself—

*Celia.* Redeem?

*Leon.* I know it—

There's no way left.

*Celia.* For Heav'n's sake, do not name him,  
Do not think on him, Sir; he's so far from me  
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never  
knew him.

*Leon.* But yet I would see him again.

*Celia.* No, never, never! [fort,

*Leon.* I do not mean to lend him any coin-  
But to afflict him; so to torture him, [him;  
That ev'n his very soul may shake within  
To make him know, tho' he be great and  
powerful,

'Tis not within his aim to deal dishonourably,  
And carry it off, and with a maid of your sort.

*Celia.* I must confess, I could most spite-  
fully afflict him;

Now, now, I could whet my anger at him:

Now, arm'd with bitterness, I could shoot  
I long to vex him! [thro' him:

*Leon.* And do it home, and bravely.

*Celia.* Were I a man—

*Leon.* I'll help<sup>60</sup> that weakness in you:

I honour you, and serve you.

*Celia.* Not only to disclaim me,  
When he had seal'd his vows in Heav'n,  
sworn to me,

And poor believing I became his servant;

But, most maliciously, to brand my credit,

Stain my pure name!

*Leon.* I would not suffer it.

See him I would again; and, to his teeth say,  
(O'd's precious!) I would ring him such a les-  
*Celia.* I have done that already. [son—

*Leon.* Nothing, nothing;

It was too poor a purge. Besides, by this time  
He has found his fault, and feels the hells  
that follow it.

That, and your urg'd-on anger to the highest—  
Why, 'twill be such a stroke—

*Celia.* Say, he repent then,

And seek with tears to soften? I'm a woman,  
A woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have ho-  
I am no more. [nour'd him;

*Leon.* Why, you may deal thereafter.

*Celia.* If I forgive him, I am lost.

*Leon.* Hold these then; [sion—

The sport will be, to what a poor submit-  
But keep you strong.

*Celia.* I would not see him.

*Leon.* Yes; you shall ring his knell.

*Celia.* How if I kill him?

*Leon.* Kill him? why, let him die.

*Celia.* I know 'tis fit so: [stroy him?

But why should I, that lov'd him once, de-  
Oh, had he 'scap'd this sin, what a brave gen-  
tleman— [a nobler,

*Leon.* I must confess, had this not fall'n,  
A handsomer, the whole world had not knew'd  
you:

And, to his making, such a mind—

*Celia.* 'Tis certain:

But all this I must now forget.

*Leon.* You shall not, [lady,

If I have any art. [Aside.]—Go up, sweet  
And trust my truth.

*Celia.* But, good Sir, bring him not.

<sup>60</sup> I'll help that weakness in you.] That is, I will remedy it, I will assist it.

*Leon.* I would not for the honour you are born to; [and scorn him.]  
But you shall see him, and neglect him too,  
*Celia.* You will be near me then?  
*Leon.* I will be with you.—  
Yet there's some hope to stop this gap; I'll work hard. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Antigonus, Menippus, two Gentlemen, Lieutenant, and Lords.*

*Ant.* But is it possible this fellow took it?  
*2 Gent.* It seems so, by the violence it wrought with;  
Yet now the fit's ev'n off.  
*Men.* I beseech your grace—— [heart,  
*Ant.* Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my And am right glad she drank it not herself,  
And more glad that the virtuous maid escap'd it; [that this soldier,  
I would not for the world 't had hit: But (Lord, how he looks!) that he should take this Can he make rhimes too? [vomit!  
*2 Gent.* H' has made a thousand, Sir,  
And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.  
*Ant.* He looks as tho' he were begist. Do you love me, Sir?  
*Lieut.* Yes, surely; ev'n with all my heart.  
*Ant.* I thank you;

I am glad I have so good a subject. [me,  
But pray you tell me, how much did you love Before you drank this matter?

*Lieut.* Ev'n as much  
As a sober man might; and a soldier  
That your grace owes just half-a-year's pay to.  
*Ant.* Well remember'd.

And did I seem so young and amiable to you?  
*Lieut.* Methought, you were the sweetest youth—

*Ant.* That's excellent! [on you,  
*Lieut.* Ay, truly, Sir; and ever as I thought I wish'd, and wish'd—

*Ant.* What didst thou wish, prithee?  
*Lieut.* Ev'n that I had been a wench of A handsome wench, Sir. [fifteen for you;

*Ant.* Why, God-a-mercy, soldier!  
I seem not so now to thee.

*Lieut.* Not all out;  
And yet I have a grudging to your grace still.  
*Ant.* Thou wast ne'er in love before?

*Lieut.* Not with a king,  
And hope I shall ne'er be again. Truly, Sir,  
I have had such plunges, and such bick'rings,  
And, as it were, such runnings a-tilt within me! [you—

For, whatsoever it was provok'd me tow'rd  
*Ant.* God-a-mercy, still!

*Lieut.* I had it with a vengeance;  
It play'd his prize.

*Ant.* I would not have been a wench then,  
Thn' of this age.

*Lieut.* No, sure, I should have spoil'd you.

*Ant.* Well, go thy ways. Of all the lusty lovers

That e'er I saw—Wilt have another potion?

*Lieut.* If you will be another thing, have  
*Ant.* Ha, ha, ha! [at you.

Give me thy hand; from henceforth thou'rt my soldier.

Do bravely; I'll love thee as much.

*Lieut.* I thank you; [wish it you.  
But, if you were mine enemy, I would not I beseech your Grace, pay me my charge.

*2 Gent.* That's certain, Sir;  
It's bought up all that e'er he found was like you, [else;

Or any thing you've lov'd, that he could par- Old horses that your grace had ridden blind, and founde'd; [all this,

Dogs, rotten hawks, and, which is more than Has worn your grace's gambrel in his bonnet.

*Ant.* Bring in your bills: Mine own love shall be satisfy'd;

And, sirrah, for this potion you have taken, I'll point you out a portion you shall live on.

*Men.* 'Twas the best draught that e'er you  
*Lieut.* I hope so. [drink.

*Ant.* Are the princes come to th' court?  
*Men.* They are all, and lodg'd, Sir.

*Ant.* Come then, make ready for their entertainment; [use, Sir.

Which presently we'll give. Wait you on  
*Lieut.* I shall love drink the better whilst I live, boys! [Exit.]

## SCENE III.

*Enter Demetrius and Leontius.*

*Dem.* Let me but see her, dear Leontius;  
Let me but die before her!

*Leon.* 'Would that would do it. [nesty  
If I knew where she lay now, with what ho- (You have flung so main a mischief on her, And on so innocent and sweet a beauty)

Dare I present your visit?

*Dem.* I'll repent all,  
And with the greatest sacrifice of sorrow,  
That ever lover made.

*Leon.* 'Twill be too late, Sir:  
I know not what will become of you.

*Dem.* You can help me. [nearest?

*Leon.* It may be, to her sight: What are you Sh' has sworn she will not speak to you, look upon you; [thanders,

And, to love you again, oh, she cries out, and She had rather love—There is no hope.

*Dem.* Yes, Leontius, [to it,  
There is a hope; which, tho' it draw no lore At least will draw her to lament my fortune; And that hope shall relieve me.

*Leon.* Hark you, Sir, hark you!  
Say I should bring you—

*Dem.* Do not trifle with me!  
*Leon.* I will not trifle—both together bring you—

You know the wrongs you've done;  
*Dem.* I confess 'em.



*Leon.* And if you should then jump into your fury,

And have another quirk in your head—

*Dem.* I'll die first! [certain,

*Leon.* You must say nothing to her; for 'tis the nature of your crime will admit no excuse.

*Dem.* I will not speak; mine eyes shall tell my penance.

*Leon.* You must look wondrous sad too.

*Dem.* I need not look so;

I'm truly Sadness' self.

*Leon.* That look will do it.

Stay here; I'll bring her to you instantly;

But take heed how you bear yourself. Sit down there; [take compassion.

The more humble you are, the more she'll Women are per'ous things to deal upon!

[Exit.

*Dem.* What shall become of me? to curse my fortune,

Were but to curse my father; that's too im- But, under whatsoever fate I suffer,

Bless, I beseech thee, Heav'n, her harmless goodness!

*Enter Leontius and Celia.*

*Leon.* Now arm yourself.

*Celia.* You have not brought him?

*Leon.* Yes, faith; [plight too.

And there he is: You see in what poor Now you may do your will, kill him, or save

*Celia.* I will go back. [him.

*Leon.* I will be hang'd then, lady!

Are you a coward now?

*Celia.* I cannot speak to him.

*Dem.* Oh me! [down.

*Leon.* There was a sigh to blow a church So, now their eyes are fix'd; the small shot

They will come to th' battery anon. [plays;

*Celia.* He weeps extremely.

*Leon.* Rail at him now.

*Celia.* I dare not.

*Leon.* I am glad on't.

*Celia.* Nor dare believe his tears.

*Dem.* You may, blest beauty; [penance, For those thick streams that troubled my re-

Are wept<sup>61</sup> out long ago.

*Leon.* You see how he looks.

*Celia.* What have I to do how he looks? how look'd he then, [mour?

When with a poison'd tooth he bit mine ho- It was your counsel too, to scorn and slight

him. [fess'd too,

*Leon.* Ay, if you saw fit cause; and you con- Except this sin, he was the bravest gentleman,

The sweetest, noblest—I take nothing from you,

Nor from your anger; use him as you please; For, to say truth, he has deserv'd your justice.

But still consider what he has been to you. *Celia.* Pray do not blind me thus.

*Dem.* Oh, gentle mistress,

If there were any way to expiate

A sin so great as mine, by intercession,

By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for you,

Oh, what a joy would close these eyes that have you! [I know not;

*Leon.* They say, women have tender hearts; I'm sure mine melts.

*Celia.* Sir, I forgive you heartily,

And all your wrong to me I cast behind me;

And wish you a fit beauty to your virtues:

Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you!

I must look back. Gods keep your Grace!

He's here still. [Exit.

*Dem.* She has forgiven me.

*Leon.* She has directed you:

Up, up, and follow like a man; away, Sir!

She look'd behind her twice. Her heart

dwells here, Sir! [freeze thus.

You drew tears from her too; she cannot

The door's set open too: Are you a man?

Are you alive? do you un'erstand her mean-

Have you blood and spirit in you? [ing?

*Dem.* I dare not trouble her.

*Leon.* Nay, an you will be nipt o' th' head with nothing, [cannot—

Walk whining up and down— I dare not,

Strike now or never! Falst heart—you know what, Sir. [fire out!

Be govern'd by your fear, and queech your

A devil un't! stands this door open for nothing?

So, get ye together, and be naught. Now, to

secure all, Will I go fetch out a more sovereign plaster. [Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lysianachus, Pto-*

*lomey, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, and Lords.*

*Ant.* This peace is fairly made.

*Sel.* Would your grace wish us To put in more? Take what you please; we

yield it: [it, The honour done us by your son constrains

Your noble son. *Ant.* It is sufficient, Princes. [body,

And, now we're one again, one mind, one And one sword shall strike for us.

*Lys.* Let prince Demetrius But lead us on (for we are his vow'd servants)

Against the strength of all the world we'll buckle. [catch at victory.

*Ptol.* And ev'n from that strength we'll *Sel.* Oh, had I now recover'd but the for-

tune I lost in Antioch, when mine uncle perish'd!

But that were but to surfeit me with blessings. *Lys.* You lost a sweet child there.

*Sel.* Name it no more, Sir;

<sup>61</sup> *Are crept out long ago.*] As this reading appears to us very poor, we have, on the recommendation of Mr. Symson, altered *crept* to *wrept*; which we believe to have been the original word. This variation Mr. Seward rejected.

This is no time to entertain such sorrows.  
Will your majesty do us the honour we may  
And wait upon him? [see the prince,

*Enter Leontius.*

*Ant.* I wonder he stays from us.  
How now, Leontius? Where's my son?

*Sel.* Brave captain!

*Lys.* Old valiant Sir!

*Leon.* Your Graces are welcome!

Your son, an't please you, Sir, is new cashier'd  
yonder, [coil there is,  
Cast from his mistress' favour; and such a  
Such fending, and such proving! She stands  
off,

And will by no means yield to composition;  
He offers any price; his body to her.

*Sel.* She is a hard lady denies that caution.

*Leon.* And now they whine, and now they  
rave: Faith, princes,

"Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em;<sup>62</sup>  
For less than such a power will do just no-  
thing: [be,

And if you mean to see him, there it must  
For there will he grow, 'till he be transplanted.

*Sel.* Beseech your grace, let's wait upon  
you thither,

That I may see that beauty dares deny him,  
That scornful beauty.

*Ptol.* I should think it worse now;

Ill brought-up beauty.

*Ant.* She has too much reason for't;

Which, with too great a grief, I shame to  
But we'll go see this game. [think of.

*Lys.* Rather this wonder.

*Ant.* Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's  
a new peace. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE V.

*Enter Demetrius and Celia.*

*Celia.* Thus far you shall persuade me;  
still to honour you,  
Still to live with you, Sir, or near about you;  
For, not to lie, you have my first and last love:  
But since you have conceiv'd an evil against me,  
An evil that so much concerns your honour,  
That honour aim'd to kill at for a pattern;  
And tho' there be a false thought, and con-  
fess'd too,

And much repentance fall'n in show'ers to  
purge it;

Yet, while that great respect I ever bore you,  
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that  
duty; [you.

Had it but been a dream, I must not touch

*Dem.* Oh, you will make some other happy!

*Celia.* Never;

Upon this hand, I'll seal that faith.

*Dem.* We may kiss;

Put not those out o' th' peace too.

*Celia.* Those I'll give you, [ne ultra;

So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your  
I will be merry with you, sing, discourse with  
you, [you!

Be your poor mistress still: In truth, I love

*Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Selucus, Lysimachus, Ptolemy, Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.*

*Dem.* Stay! who are these?

*Lys.* A very handsome lady.

*Leon.* As e'er you saw.

*Sel.* Pity her heart's so cruel.

*Lys.* How does your Grace?—He stands  
still; will not hear us. [fortunes.

*Ptol.* We come to serve you, Sir, in all our

*Lys.* He bows a little now; he's strangely  
alter'd. [you a word with you,

*Sel.* Ha! pray you a word, Leontius! pray  
Lysimachus! You both knew mine Enanthe,<sup>63</sup>

I lost in Antioch, when the town was taken,  
Mine uncle slain; Antigonus had the sack o't

*Lys.* Yes, I remember well the girl.

*Sel.* Methinks now, [picture:

That face is wondrous like her. I have her  
The same, but more years on her; the very  
same.

*Lys.* A cherry to a cherry is not liker.

*Sel.* Look on her eyes.

*Leon.* Most certain she is like her: [Sir;

Many a time have I dandled her in these arms,  
And I hope who will more.

*Ant.* What's that ye look at, Princes?

*Sel.* This picture, and that lady, Sir.

*Ant.* Ha! they are near;

They only err in time.

*Lys.* Dost thou mark that blush there?

That came the nearest.

*Sel.* I must speak to her.

<sup>62</sup> "Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em.] This reading is sense, and we would not disturb the text, yet we will hazard our conjecture of the Authors having written,

"Twere a good point of charity to peace them;

i. e. to make peace between them. Thus, Antigonus says almost immediately, *Here's a new peace!* And, soon after, Demetrius,

——— *We may kiss:*

*Put not those out o' th' peace too.*

And, finally, Seleucus, *This is a peace indeed!*

<sup>63</sup> *Enanthe.*] The Editors of the second folio, though they copy those of the first in calling this character *Enanthe* through this scene, yet, in their *dramatis personæ*, stile her *Eranthe*; in which particulars they have been followed by all the succeeding Editors. It is immaterial, which name is adopted, but the play and the list of the characters ought to agree.

*Leon.* You'll quickly be resolv'd.  
*Sel.* Your name, sweet lady? [blessing.  
*Celia.* Enanthe, Sir: And this to beg your  
*Sel.* Do you know me?  
*Celia.* If you be the king Seleucus,  
 I know you are my father.  
*Sel.* Peace a little!  
 Where did I lose you?  
*Celia.* At the sack of Antioch,  
 Where my good uncle died, and I was taken,  
 By a mean soldier taken: By this prince,  
 This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,  
 Where ever since I have remain'd his servant.  
*Sel.* My joys are now too full! Welcome,  
 Enanthe!  
 Mine own, my dearest, and my best Enanthe!  
*Dem.* And mine too desperate!  
*Scl.* You shall not think so;  
 This is a peace indeed.  
*Ant.* I hope it shall be,  
 And ask it first.

*Scl.* Most royal Sir, you have it.  
*Dem.* I once more beg it thus.  
*Scl.* You must not be denied, Sir,  
*Celia.* By me, I am sure he must not, sure  
 he shall not:  
 Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;  
 And, from this hour, no envious spite e'er  
 part us! [to you!  
*All.* The gods give happy joys! all comforts  
*Dem.* My new Enanthe!  
*Ant.* Come, beat all the drums up,  
 And all the noble instruments of war!  
 Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their sounds;  
 And those the brazen arch of Heav'n break  
 thro',  
 While to the temple we conduct these two.  
*Leon.* May they be ever loving, ever young,  
 And, ever worthy of those lines<sup>64</sup> they sprung,  
 May their fair issues walk with time along!  
*Lieut.* And hang a coward now! and there's  
 my song. [Exeunt omnes.

## EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

I AM not cur'd yet thoroughly; for, be-  
 lieve,  
 I feel another passion that may grieve;  
 All over me I feel it too: And now  
 It takes me cold, cold, cold; I know not  
 how.

As you are good men, help me; a carouse  
 May make me love you all, all here i' th' house,  
 And all that come to see me, dotingly.  
 Now lend your hands; and for your courtesy,  
 The next employment I am sent upon,  
 I'll swear you are physicians; the war's none.

<sup>64</sup> *May they be ever loving, ever young,  
 And ever worthy of those lines they sprung;  
 May their fair issues walk with time along.* We apprehend both the text and punc-  
 tuation to be corrupted here, and would read thus:

*May they be ever loving, ever young,  
 And, ever worthy of those lines they sprung,  
 May their fair issues walk with time along!*

This remedies the vicious construction, and gives a fuller sense. Shakespeare uses the very ex-  
 pression in Richard III. and very nearly the same in King Lear.



# THE

# FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.<sup>1</sup>

This Pastoral is indubitably the sole production of Fletcher. It was condemned by the audience on the first night of performance, and laid aside till Charles I. had it acted before his Court; on which occasion Sir William Davenant wrote a Dialogue-Prologue. The title of the third edition runs, 'The Faithfull Shepherdess. Acted at Somerset House before the King and Queene on Twelwe night last, 1633. And divers times since with great applause at the Private House in Blacke-Friers, by his Majesties Servants.' This is the last account we have of its performance; and indeed, though the Faithful Sepherdess is excelled by very few pieces, in the closet, we cannot think it well calculated for the theatre. The first edition bears date the same year in which it was first acted.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### MEN.

PERIGOT, *a shepherd in love with Amoret.*  
 THENOT, *a shepherd in love with Clorin.*  
 DAPHNIS, *a modest shepherd.*  
 ALEXIS, *a wanton shepherd.*  
 GOD OF A RIVER.  
 SATYR.  
 PRIEST.  
 OLD SHEPHERD.  
 A SULLEN DISCONTENTED SHEPHERD. \*

### WOMEN.

AMORET, { *the Faithful Shepherdess, in love*  
                   *with Perigot.*  
 CLORIN, { *a holy shepherdess:*  
 AMARILLIS, { *a shepherdess in love with*  
                   *Perigot.*  
 CLOE, *a wanton shepherdess.*

### SCENE, THESSALY.

<sup>1</sup> The Faithful Shepherdess is, of all the poems in our language, one of the greatest honours and the greatest scandals of our nation. It shews to what a height in every species of poetry the British genius has soared; it proves how dull the vulgar eye is to pursue its flight. How must each Briton of taste rejoice to find all the pastoral beauties of Italy and Arcadia transplanted by Fletcher, and flourishing in our own climate! How must he grieve to think that they were at first blasted, and since suffered to wither in oblivion by his Gothic countrymen! The Faithful Shepherdess was damned at its first appearance, and not even a potent monarch's patronage in the next age, nor a much greater monarch's in poetry than king Charles the First in power, Milton's great admiration and close imitation of it in *Comus*, could recommend it to the publick. The noble copy, 'till within these few years, was as little known as its original; but since it is now become the fashion to admire the former, some deference will surely be paid to Milton's judgment. I shall, therefore, in my notes on this play, not confine myself to mere verbal emendations, but endeavour to demonstrate Fletcher's beauties from parallel passages out of Milton and other authentick poets. By which, I believe, it will appear, that Milton borrowed more from Fletcher, than Fletcher from all the ancient classicks. *Secord.*

## ACT I.

*Enter Clorin, having buried her love  
in an arbour.*

Clorin. **H**AIL, holy earth, whose cold arms  
do embrace

The truest man that ever fed his flocks  
By the fat plains of fruitful Thessaly!  
Thus I salute thy grave; thus do I pay  
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes  
To thy still-lov'd ashes; thus I free  
Myself from all ensuing heats and fires  
Of love; all sports, delights and jolly games  
That shepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.  
Now no more shall these smooth brows be  
girt

With youthful coronals,<sup>1</sup> and lead the dance;  
No more the company of fresh fair maids  
And wanton shepherds be to me delightful,  
Nor the shrill pleasing sound of merry pipes  
Under some shady dell,<sup>2</sup> when the cool wind  
Plays on the leaves: All be far away,  
Since thou art far away, by whose dear side  
How often have I sat crown'd with fresh  
flow'rs [boy]

For summer's queen, whilst ev'ry shepherd's  
Puts on his lusty green, with gaudy hook,  
And hanging scrip of finest cordevan.<sup>3</sup>  
But thou art gona, and these are gone with  
thee,

And all are dead but thy dear memory;  
That shall out-live thee, and shall ever spring

While there are pipes, or jolly shepherds sing.  
And here will I, in honour of thy love,  
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all those joys  
That former times made precious to mine  
eyes;

Only rememb'ring what my youth did gain  
In the dark, hidden virtuous use of herbs:  
That will I practise, and as freely give  
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.  
Of all green wounds I know the remedies  
In men or cattle, be they stung with snakes,  
Or charm'd with pow'rful wuards of wicked  
art,

Or be they love-sick, or thro' too much heat  
Grown wild or lunatick, their eyes or ears  
Thicken'd with misty film of dulling rheum;  
These I can cure, such secret virtue lies  
In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.  
My meat shall be what these wild woods afford,  
Berries, and ehesnuts, plantanes, on whose  
cheeks

The sun sits smiling, and the lofty fruit  
Pull'd from the fair head of the straight-  
grown pine;

On these I'll feed with free content and rest,  
When night shall blind the world, by thy  
side blest.

*Enter a Satyr.*

Sat. Thro' yon same bending plain  
That flings his arms down to the main,

<sup>1</sup> *Coronals.*] i. e. Garlands. The word frequently occurs in Spenser, in the same sense. R.

<sup>2</sup> *Dell.*] Is used by Spenser in his *Shepherd's Calender*. March, speaking of a sheep,

'Fell headlong into a dell.'

It plainly signifies a *steep place*, or *valley*, and is much the same as *dale*. See Bishop Newton's notes on *Comus*. R.

<sup>3</sup> *Cordevan.*] *Cordwain* (from *cordoean*, leather) Spanish leather. Johnson.

We find *cordevan*, or *cordwain*, mentioned in the following stanza of Drayton's Fourth Eclogue:

'The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,  
'Which was of the finest lock  
'That could be cut with sheer.  
'His mittens were of bauzons skin,  
'His cockers were of *cordwain*,  
'His hood of miniveer.'

Drayton's Works, vol. iv. p. 1403. R.

<sup>4</sup> *Through yon same bending plain.*] That Fletcher had frequently in his eye Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, is certain. The beginning and ending of this speech are an imitation of the Fairy's speech, act ii. scene 1.

'Over hill, over dale,  
'Thro' bush, thro' briar,  
'Over park, over pale,  
'Thro' flood, thro' fire;  
'I do wander every where,  
'Swifter than the Moon's sphere.'

Both Fletcher and Milton follow Shakespeare in his liberties of frequently varying the Anacreontick

And thro' these thiek woods, have I run,  
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun  
Since the lusty spring began,  
All to please my master Pan,  
Have I trotted without rest  
To get him fruit; for at a feast  
He entertains, this coming night,  
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.  
But, behold a fairer sight! } *He stands amazed.*  
By that heav'nly form of thine,  
Brightest fair, thou art divine,  
Sprung from great immortal race  
Of the gods; for in thy face  
Shines more awful majesty,  
Than dull weak mortality  
Dare with misty eyes behold,  
And live! Therefore on this mould,  
Lowly do I bend my knee,  
In worship of thy deity.  
Deign it, goddess, from my hand,  
To receive what'er this land  
From her fertile womb doth send  
Of her choice fruits; and but lend  
Belief to that the Satyr tells:  
Fairer by the famous wells,  
To this present day ne'er grew,  
Never better nor more true.  
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood  
Is the learned poets' good,  
Sweeter yet did never crown  
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown

Than the squirrel whose teeth crack 'em;\*  
Deign, oh, fairest fair, to take 'em.  
For these black-ey'd Driope  
Hath often-times commanded me  
With my clasped knee to climb:  
See how well the lusty time  
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,  
Such as on your lips is spread.  
Here be berries for a queen,  
Some be red, some be green;  
These are of that luscious meat,  
The great god Pan himself doth eat:  
All these, and what the woods can yield,  
The hanging mountain, or the field,  
I freely offer, and ere long  
Will bring you more, more sweet and  
strong;

Till when humbly leave I take,  
Lest the great Pan do awake,<<sup>7</sup>  
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,  
Under a broad beech's shade:  
I must go, I must run  
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* And all my fears go with thee.  
What greatness or what private hidden pow'r  
Is there in me to draw submission  
From this rude man and beast? Sure I am  
mortal:  
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,  
And she that bore me mortal: Prick my hand  
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and

erontick measures; yet each stanza, and each couplet, should observe a just measure, and would, I believe, have done so, had the Authors themselves overlooked the press. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward changes *through* into *thorough*; but there is, we think, as little necessity, as authority, for the alteration.

<sup>6</sup> ——— nuts more broken

*Than the squirrels teeth that crack 'em.*] But the teeth of the squirrel is the only visible part that is not brown. I hope I have restored the original. In these presents, which are perfectly pastoral, the Poet had, undoubtedly, both Virgil and Theocritus in his eye. *Seward.*

We have admitted Mr. Seward's emendation; though the old reading was probably genuine, and proceeded from the inadvertence of the Author.

<sup>7</sup> *Lest the great Pan do awake.*] Thus Theocritus, *Ειδ. δ.*

Οὐ θέμις ὦ ποιμάν, τὸ μεσσημεριόν, ὃ θέμις ἄμιν  
Συρίσσειν τὸν Πᾶνα δεδιόχαμες· ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἀγῶας  
Ταμίνα νεκμακῶς ἀνπαύεται· ἐντὶ γὰρ πικρὸς,  
Καί τ' αἰὶ δριμύνα γοῶν πρὶν ῥεῖν κἀδύηται.

- \* Shepherd, forbear; no song at noon's dread hour;
- \* Tir'd with the chase, Pan sleeps in yonder bow'r;
- \* Churlish he is, and stir'd in his repose,
- \* The snappish cholour quivers on his nose.\*

That Fletcher had this in his eye is evident, but he has varied from Theocritus's Theology. As he intended to make his shepherds chaste and virtuous, he knew that virtue would ill consist with the adoration of such a choleric and lustful God as the Arcadian Pan. But does he not in this transgress the rules of propriety, giving his Arcadians rather Christian than Pagan sentiments? I think not. The Arcadians first worshipped the Creator of all things under the name of Pan, which signifies the Universe, and the image they formed of him emblematically represented Universal Nature, as Macrobius informs us. But the vulgar soon lost the archetype, and imagined his sharp nose, long beard, and goatish legs, to be the symptoms of anger, rusticity, and lust. Fletcher has with great judgment placed his scene among the primitive Arcadians, who had not such gross ideas. In this he deviates from the Italian dramatic pastorals, but is followed by Milton, who introduces Pagan deities in Comus, but makes the superior gods favour and protect chastity and virtue. *Seward.*

The self-same wind that makes the young  
lambs shrink, [tal.  
Makes me a-cold: My fear says, I am mor-  
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,  
And now I do believe it) if I keep  
My virgin flow'r uncropt, pure, chaste, and  
fair,  
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,<sup>8</sup>  
Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts the groves,  
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion  
Draw me to wander after idle fires;  
Or voices calling me in dead of night,<sup>9</sup>  
To make me follow, and so tole me on  
Thro' mire and standing pools, to find my  
ruin:  
Else, why should this rough thing, who never  
knew  
Manners, nor smooth humanity, whose heats  
Are rougher than himself, and more mishap-  
en, [pow'r  
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure's there's a  
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast  
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites  
That break their confines: Then, strong Chas-  
tity, [dwell  
Be thou my strongest guard, for here I'll  
In opposition against fate and hell!

*Enter an Old Shepherd, with four couple of  
Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

*Old Shep.* Now we have done this holy  
festival  
In honour of our great god, and his rites

Perform'd, prepare yourselves for chaste  
And uncorrupted fires; that as the priest,  
With pow'rful hand, shall sprinkle on your  
brows  
His pure and holy water, ye may be  
From all hot flames of lust and loose thoughts  
free.  
Kneel, shepherds, kneel; here comes the priest  
of Pan.

*Enter Priest.*

*Priest.* Shepherds, thus I purge away  
Whosoever this great day,  
Or the past hours, gave not good,  
To corrupt your maiden blood.  
From the high rebellious heat  
Of the grapes, and strength of meat,  
From the wanton quick desires,  
They do kindle by their fires,  
I do wash you with this water;  
Be you pure and fair hereafter!  
From your livers and your veins,  
Thus I take away the stains.  
All your thoughts be smooth and fair;  
Be ye fresh and free as air.  
Never more let lustful heat  
Thro' your purged condits beat,  
Or a plighted troth be broken,  
Or a wanton verse be spoken  
In a shepherdess's ear!  
Go your ways, ye all are clear.

*[They rise, and sing in praise of Pan.]*

<sup>8</sup> No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,

*Satyr, or other pow'r, &c.]* Milton was so charmed with the noble enthusiasm of this passage, that he has no less than three imitations of it. Twice in *Comus*.

- \* Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
- \* In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
- \* Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
- \* That breaks his magick chains at curfew time;
- \* No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
- \* Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.

See the whole passage in the first scene of the *Two Brothers*. So again, the young Lady in the wood.

- \* ————— a thousand fantasies
- \* Begin to throng into my memory,
- \* Of ealling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,
- \* And airy tongues that syllable men's names
- \* On sands, on shores, and desert wildernesses.

And again, *Paradise Lost*, book ix. line 639, in his noble description of the *ignis fatuus*.

- \* How'ring and daneing with delusive light,
- \* Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way;
- \* Thro' bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
- \* There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

*Scaward.*

<sup>9</sup> *Or voices calling me, &c.]* This is perfectly agreeable to the superstitious notions of the times in which our Author wrote, and much in the manner of Shakespeare. It has been observed, that in writing this part of the speech he had Virgil in view:

*Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis  
Fisa viri, non cum terras obscura tenebat.*

*Æn. iv. 460. R.*



## THE SONG.

Sing his praises that doth keep

Our flocks from harm,

Pan, the father of our sheep;

And arm in arm

Tread we softly in a round,

While the hollow neighb'ring ground

Fills the music with her sound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee

Thus do we sing:

Thou that keep'st us chaste and free,

As the young spring,

Ever be thy honour spoke,

From that place the morn is broke,

To that place day doth unyoke! [*Exeunt.*]

*Manent Perigot and Amoret.*

*Peri.* Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid, [dear,  
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee  
Equal with his soul's good.

*Amo.* Speak; I give [still  
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be  
The same it ever was; as free from ill  
As he whose conversation never knew  
The court or city: Be thou ever true.

*Peri.* When I fall off from my affection,  
Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul desires,

First, let our great god cease to keep my flocks,  
That being left alone without a guard,  
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,  
And want of water, rots, or what to us  
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,  
And in their general ruin let me go!

*Amo.* I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish  
not so;

I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me  
To think thee false, and harder, than for thee  
To hold me foul.

*Peri.* Oh, you are fairer far [star  
Than the claiest blushing morn, or that fair  
That guides the wand'ring seaman thro' the  
deep;

Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep  
Head of an aged mountain; and more white  
Than the new milk we strip before day-light  
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;  
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging  
locks

Of young Apollo.

*Amo.* Shepherd, be not lost;  
You're sail'd too far already from the coast  
Of our discourse.

*Peri.* Did you not tell me once  
I should not love alone, I should not lose  
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,  
I've sent to Heav'n? Did you not give your  
hand,

Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then  
Give back again those sweets to other men,  
You yourself vow'd were mine.

*Amo.* Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty

May give assurance, I am once more thine,  
Once more I give my hand; be ever free  
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy!

*Peri.* I take it as my best good, and desire,  
For stronger confirmation of our love,  
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,  
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been  
For their long service: Say, sweet, shall it  
hold?

*Amo.* Dear friend, you must not blame me,  
if I make

A doubt of what the silent night may do,  
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your  
blood:

[been  
Maids must be fearful. Sure you have not  
Wash'd white enough; for yet I see a stain  
Stiek in your liver: Go and purge again.

*Peri.* Oh, do not wrong my honest simple  
truth!

Myself and my affections are as pure  
As those chaste flames that burn before the  
shrine

Of the great Dian: Only my intent  
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,  
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,  
And ceremonious tying of our souls:

For to that holy wood is consecrate  
A virtuous well, about whose flow'ry banks  
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,  
By the pale moon-shine, dipping oftentimes  
Their stolen children, so to make them free  
From dying flesh, and dull mortality:

By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,  
And giv'n away his freedom, many a troth  
Been plight, which neither eery, nor old time  
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss  
giv'n,

In hope of coming happiness. By this  
Fresh fountain, many a blushing maid  
Hath crown'd the head of her loog-loved  
shepherd

With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy suog  
Lays of his love, and dear captivity;  
There grow all herbs fit to cool looser flames  
Our sensual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,  
And quenching by their pow'r those hidden  
sparks

[sense  
That else would break out, and provoke our  
To open fires; so virtuous is that place.

Then, gentle shepherdess, believe, and grant!  
In troth, it fits not with that face to scant  
Your faithful shepherd of those chaste desires  
He ever aim'd at, and—

*Amo.* Thou hast prevail'd: Farewell! This  
coming night

Shall crown thy chaste hopes with long-  
wish'd delight.

[Exit.  
*Peri.* Our great god Pan reward thee for  
that good

Thou'st given thy poor shepherd! Fairest bud  
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be  
The true admirer of thy chastity,  
Let me deserve the hot polluted name  
Of the wild woodman, or affect some dame  
Whose often prostitution hath begot

More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot  
Sun bred thro' his burnings, while the Dog  
Pursues the raging lion,<sup>10</sup> throwing the fog  
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,  
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

*Enter Amarillis.*

*Amar.* Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,

What I shall blushing tell?

*Peri.* Fair maid, you may. [*Perigot;*

*Amar.* Then softly thus: I love thee,  
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,  
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms  
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,  
Nor wonder that I woo thee! thou that art  
The prime of our young grooms, even the top  
Of all our lusty shepherds! What dull eye,  
That never was acquainted with desire,  
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,  
With nimble strength and fair delivery,  
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily  
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins?  
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again  
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?

Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be  
One to be number'd in this company,  
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free. }

*Peri.* Fair shepherdess, much pity I can  
lend

To your complaints; but sure I shall not love.  
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,  
Are giv'n already: Do not love him then  
That cannot love again; on other men  
Bestow those heats more free, that may return  
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn.<sup>11</sup>

*Amar.* Shall I rewarded be so slenderly  
For my affection, most unkind of men?  
If I were old, or had agreed with art  
To give another nature to my cheeks,  
Or were I common mistress to the love  
Of ev'ry swain, or could I with such ease  
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,  
Thou might'st refuse me, shepherd; but to  
thee

I'm only fix'd and set; let it not be  
A sport, thou gentle shepherd, to abuse  
The love of silly maid!

*Peri.* Fair soul, you use  
These words to little end: For, know, I may

<sup>10</sup> ——— while the Dog

*Pursues the raging lion, &c.]* The malignant effects of the Dog-star is an imitation of a like description of it in Spenser. Shepherd's Calendar speaking of the sun's progress in July,

'The rampant lion hunts he fast  
'With Dogs of noisom breath,  
'Whose baleful barking brings in haste,  
'Pine, plagues, and dreary death.'

The lines are extremely poetical in Spenser, but are improved by Fletcher to such a dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate one of the noblest passages in all Virgil.

— aut sirius ardor  
*Ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus ægris  
Nascitur, & lævo contristat lumine Cælum.*

I shall not here quote the description of the Dog-star in the beginning of the fifth book of the Iliad, because though Virgil is said to have taken the hint of his simile from that passage, yet Homer there dwells only upon its brightness, and not its malevolent influence upon mankind: The addition of which by Virgil has been greatly admired by all critics, particularly Mr. Pope, as answering to Æneas's shield not only in its brightness, but in its menaces of ruin and death to the enemy. But I am surprised that Mr. Pope, and several other of the best critics, should so totally have mistaken the simile of Homer which Virgil imitates; it is the description of the Dog-star in the beginning of the twenty-second book of the Iliad, compared to the appearance of Achilles's armour to Priam, which Virgil imitates and almost literally translates,

Λαμπρότατον μὲν ὄγ' ἐστὶ, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,  
καὶ τε φέρη πολλὸν πυρᾶν δαίμοσι βροτοῖσιν.

Which is thus finely translated by Mr. Pope,

'Terrific glory! for his burning breath  
'Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death,' Seward.

<sup>11</sup> *And in one flame equal burn.]* I have ventured to strike out the word *equal*, as weakening the sense, and extending the verse into an Alexandrine without the least reason. I therefore believe it spurious. Seward.

Mr. Seward's lection seems to us a very extraordinary mode of assisting harmony, since we must read,

*You fire for fi-er, and in one flame burn.*

We have adhered to the old authority; if we had departed from it, we should have omitted the conjunction *and*; thus

*You fire for fire, in one flame equal burn.*

Better call back that time was yesterday,  
Or stay the coming night, than bring my love  
Home to myself again, or recreant prove.  
I will no longer hold you with delays;  
This present night I have appointed been  
To meet that chaste fair that enjoys my soul,  
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.  
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuse again;  
These neighb'ring plains have many a comely  
swain,  
Fresher and freer far than I e'er was:  
Bestow that love on them, and let me pass.  
Farewell; be happy in a better choice!

[Exit.  
*Amar.* Cruel, thou'st struck me deadlier with  
thy voice,

Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick  
flames [love,  
Had shot me through! I must not leave to  
I cannot; no! I must enjoy thee, boy,  
Tho' the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and  
that

Be infinite. There is a shepherd dwells  
Down by the moor, whose life hath ever shewn  
More sullen discontent than Saturn's brow;  
When he sits frowning on the births of men;  
One that doth wear himself away in loneliness,  
And never joys, unless it be in breaking  
The holy plighted troths of mutual souls;  
One that lustr after ev'ry sev'ral beauty,  
But never yet was known to love or like,  
Were the face fairer or more full of truth  
Than Phoebe in her fulness, or the youth  
Of smooth Læus; whose high-starved flocks  
Are always scabby, and infect all sheep  
They feed withal; whose lambs are ever lost,  
And die before their weaning; and whose dog  
Looks like his master, lean, and full of scurl,  
Not caring for the pipe or whistle. This man  
may,

If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,  
Forcing me passage to my long desires:  
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpose  
As my quick thoughts could wish for.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Fresh beauty, let me not be  
thought uncivil,  
Thus to be partner of your loneliness: 'Twas  
My love (that ever-working passion!) drew  
Me to this place, to seek some remedy  
For my sick soul. Be not unkind, and fair;  
For such the mighty Cupid in his doom

Hath sworn to be aveng'd on; then give room  
To my consuming fires, that so I may  
Enjoy my long desires, and so allay  
Those flames, that else would burn my life  
away.

*Amar.* Shepherd, were I but sure thy heart  
were sound [found

As thy words seem to be, means might be  
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me  
That heavy youth-consuming misery [ing.  
The love-sick soul endures, never was pleas-  
I could be well content with the quick easing  
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure  
Thy faith and further service to be sure.

*Sull. Shep.* Name but that great work,  
danger, or what can

Be compass'd by the wit or art of man,  
And, if I fail in my performance, may  
I never more kneel to the rising day!

*Amar.* Then thus I try thee, Shepherd:  
This same night

That now comes stealing on, a gentle pair  
Have promis'd equal love, and do appoint  
To make yon wood the place where hands  
and hearts

Are to be tied for ever: Break their meeting,  
And their strong faith, and I am ever thine.

*Sull. Shep.* Tell me their names, and if I  
do not move,

By my great pow'r, the centre of their love  
From his fix'd being, let me never more  
Warm me by those fair eyes I thus adore!

*Amar.* Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what  
they are,

And give thee fit directions for thy work.

[Exit.

*Enter Cloe.*

*Cloe.* How have I wrong'd the times, or  
men, that thus,

After this holy feast, I pass unknown  
And unsaluted? 'Twas not wont to be  
Thus frozen, with the younger company  
Of jolly shepherds; 'twas not then held good  
For lusty grooms to mix their quicker blood  
With that dull humour, most unfit to be  
The friend of man, cold and dull Chastity.  
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,  
Or else not free enough, or from my fold  
Drive not a flock sufficient great to gain  
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring swain:  
Yet, if I may believe what others say,  
My face has foil'd enough; nor can they lie

<sup>12</sup> *My face has foil enough.*] Thus all the late editions; the expression can, I believe, convey no other sense, but that she had *flesh* enough on her face, and even this by a very coarse metaphor. The first old quarto reads *foile*, which had occurred both to Mr. Symson and myself before we saw it there, but we still totally differ in explaining it; he would have *foile* to signify *beauty*, and gave me some quotations to prove it, as in Thierry and Theodoret, act ii.

*Load him with piles of honours, set him off  
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us.*

But I believe, the reader will agree with me, that the common acceptation of the word *foile*, as something ugly to *set off* beauty, and not *beauty* itself, will perfectly agree with the intention of this last passage. I think therefore we ought not to give arbitrary and new meanings.

Justly too strict a coyness to my charge;  
My flock are many, and the downs as large  
They feed upon; then let it ever be  
Their coldness, not my virgin modesty,  
Makes me complain.

*Enter Theot.*

*The.* Was ever man but I  
Thus truly taken with uncertainty? [mind  
Where shall that man be found that loves a  
Made up in constancy, and dares not find  
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,  
A wretch that lives to love his mistress so.

*Cloe.* Shepherd, I pray thee stay! Where  
hast thou been? [green  
Or whither go'st thou? Here be woods as  
As any,<sup>12</sup> air likewise as fresh and sweet  
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as  
many [any;  
As the young spring gives, and as choice as

Here he all new delights, cool streams and  
wells, [and dells;  
Arbours o'ergreen with woodbines; caves,  
Chuse where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and  
sing.

Or gather rushes, to make many a ring  
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,  
How the pale Phoebe, humming in a grove,  
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose  
eyes  
She took eternal fire that never dies;  
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each  
night,

Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
To kiss her sweetest.

*The.* Far from me are these  
Hot flashes, bred from wanton heat and ease!  
I have forgot what love and loving meant.  
Rhymes, songs, and merry rounds,<sup>14</sup> that oft  
are sent

to any word merely to serve a present turn. The sense I affix is, I confess, not very clearly expressed, but it is all, I believe, that the words can bear, viz. That the faces of other women are but *foibles* to the beauty of mine. Perhaps *foiles enow* would give this sense more fully. In this soliloquy, relating to her wealth and beauty, our Poet imitates both Theocritus and Virgil; but I cannot say, that he does it with his usual spirit. Though there are some additional beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ γὰρ θῆν ἔθ' ἑδῶ ἔχω κακόν, ὥς με λέγουσι.  
Ἡ γὰρ πρὶν ἐς πόλιν ἐπέλευσεν (ἦν δὲ γαλανα)  
Καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένηα καλὰ δ' ἐμὴν ἀμια κωρε  
(Ὡς πᾶρ ἐμὴν κεκρίσαι) καίεφαινετο. τῶν δὲ τ' ὀδύνην  
Λευκοῖραν αὐγὰν Παριῆς υπεφαινε λεύου.

Θεοκ. Εἰδ. γ. 34.

— *nec qui sim quavis, Alexi:*  
*Quam dives pecoris, nivi quam lactis abundans;*  
*Mille mea Sicilia errant in montibus agnae.*  
*Nec sum odro informis; nuper me in litore ridi,*  
*Cum placidum ventis staret Mare.* —

Virg. Ec. ii. 19.

See also a like passage in the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.

*Seaward.*

<sup>12</sup> Here be woods as green

*As any, &c.]* This whole speech breathes the true spirit of Theocritus and Virgil. In the latter part he has greatly improved a hint taken from the third Idyllium of the former, relating to Endymion; and the beginning is a direct imitation of the two following passages.

— ἐπὶ δὲ δρύες, ὅδε κόπερος,  
Ὡδε καλὸν βομπευῖν κοῖτι σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι.  
Ενθ' ὕδαλ' ψυχρῶ κρᾶναι δύο. ταὶ δ' ἐπὶ δένδρῳ  
Ὀρνίχες λαλαγεύοντι. καὶ ἅ σκια ἔδεν ὁμοῖα  
Τὰ παρὰ ἱν' βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἅ πῖλος ὑψόδε κύνες.

Θεοκ. Εἰδ. ε. 45.

Fletcher has not here equalled the variety and beauty of these images, the *humming* of the *bees*, the *chirping* of the *birds*, and the *apples* dropping from the *pine*, (whose seed in the hot countries far exceeds our finest nuts) are all omitted by Fletcher, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful description of a bank by Perigot about the middle of the third act, and even here he has at least equalled Virgil, whom he has more exactly copied.

*Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum*  
*Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro*  
*Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites.*

Eclog. ix. 40.

*Seaward.*

<sup>14</sup> *Rounds:]* This word is here used in an uncommon sense, and signifies *roundelays*.

Ta the soft ear of maid, are strange to me :  
Only I live t' admire a chastity, [or gold,  
That ne her pleasing age,<sup>45</sup> smooth tongue,  
Could ever break upon,<sup>46</sup> so sure the mould  
Is that her mind was cast in; 'tis to her  
I only am reserv'd; she is my form I stir  
By, breathe and move, 'tis she and only she  
Can make me happy, or give misery.

*Cloe.* Good shepherd, may a stranger crave  
to know

To whom this dear observance you do owe?

*The.* You may, and by her virtue learn to  
And level out your life; for to be fair, [square  
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye  
Of gaily youth, and swelling vanity.

Then know, she's call'd the Virgin of the  
Grove, [love,

She that hath long since buried her chaste  
And now lives by his grave, for whose dear  
soul

Sh' hath vow'd herself into the holy roll  
Of strict virginity: 'Tis her I so admire;  
Not any looser blood; or new desire. [*Exit.*

*Cloe.* Farewell, poor swain! thou art not  
for my bend; [tend

I must have quicker souls, whose words may  
To some free action: Give me him dare love  
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove!

### THE SONG.

Come, shepherds, come!

Come away

Without delay,

Whilst the gentle time doth stay.

Green woods are dumb,

And will never tell to any,

Those dear kisses, and those many

Sweet embraces that are giv'n;

Dainty pleasures, that would ev'n

Raise in coldest age a fire,

And give virgin blood desire.

Then, if ever,

Now or never,

Come and have it:

Think not I

Dare deny

If you crave it.

*Enter Daphnis.*

Here comes another: Better be my speed,  
Thou god of blood! But, certain, if I read

Not false, this is that modest shepherd, he  
That only dare salute, but ne'er could be  
Brought to kiss any, hold discourse, or sing,  
Whisper, or boldly ask that wished thing  
We all are born for; one that makes loving  
faces,

And could be well content to covet graces,  
Were they not got by boldness. In this thing  
My hopes are frozen; and, but Fate doth  
Him hither, I would sooner chuse [bring  
A man made out of snow, and freer use  
An eunuch to my ends; but since he's here,  
Thus I attempt him.—Thou of men most  
dear,

Welcome to her, that only for thy sake  
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take  
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet  
Was giv'n away to any; and but sit  
Down on this rushy bank, whilst I go pull  
Fresh blossoms from the boughs, or quickly  
eull

The choicest delicacies from yonder mead,  
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to spread  
Under our fainting bodies, when delight  
Shall lock up all our senses. How the sight  
Of those smooth rising cheeks renews the story  
Of young Adonis,<sup>47</sup> when in pride and glory  
He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms  
Of willing Venus! Methinks stronger charms  
Dwell in those speaking eyes, and on that brow  
More sweetness than the painters can allow  
To their best pieces! Not Narcissus, he  
That wept himself away, in memory  
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy, [Troy  
Nor the twice-ravish'd maid, for whom old  
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee  
Be otherwise compar'd, than some dead tree  
To a young fruitful olive.

*Daph.* I can love,

But I am loth to say so, lest I prove

Too soon unhappy.

*Cloe.* Happy, thou wouldst say.

My dearest Daphnis, blush not; if the day

To thee and thy soft heats be enemy,

Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis  
free [then

To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee

When darkness hath shut up the eyes of men,

In yonder grove: Speak, shall our meeting  
hold?

Indeed you are too bashful; be more bold,  
And tell me ay.

<sup>45</sup> *Pleasing age.*] i. e. *Youth*; the word *age* being used to express one of the seasons, or ages, of life.

<sup>46</sup> *Could ever break upon.*] Mr. Simpson not thinking this sense, has two conjectures, *work upon* and *break open*; the first is too low an expression, and the second, as he allows, quite spoils the measure. I believe the text is right, and explain it the same with *break in upon*, thus, act ii. scene i.

*Or the crafty thievish fox  
Break upon your simple flocks.*

i. e. break into the fold upon your sheep. *Seward.*

<sup>47</sup> *Of young Adonis.*] In this speech, which is similar to that made before to Thenot, the Poet continues his imitation of the third Idyllium of Theocritus. *Seward.*

*Daph.* I am content to say so,  
And would be glad to meet, might I but  
pray so [true.

Much from your fairness, that you would be  
*Cloe.* Shepherd, thou hast thy wish.

*Daph.* Fresh maid, adieu!  
Yet, one word more; since you have drawn  
me on

To cune this night, fear not to meet alone  
That man that will not offer to be ill,  
Tho' your bright self would ask it, for his fill  
Of this world's goodness: Do not fear him  
then,

But keep your pointed time. Let other men  
Set up their bloods to sale, mine shall be ever  
Fair as the soul it carries, and unchaste never.  
[Exit.

*Cloe.* Yet am I poorer than I was before.  
Is it not strange, among so many a score  
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,  
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,  
Is still the same, slow, heavy, and unfit [his  
For stream or motion, tho' the strong winds  
With their continual pow'r upon his sides?  
Oh, happy be your names that have been  
brides,

And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine!  
And far more heavy be thy grief and time,  
Thou lazy swain, that may'st relieve my needs,  
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds  
A hungry vulture!

*Enter Alexis.*

*Alexis.* Can such beauty be  
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye  
Of him that passeth on, to greedy gaze,  
Or covetous desire, whilst in a maze  
The better part contemplates, giving rein  
And wished freedom to the lab'ring vein?

Fairest and whitest, may I crave to know  
The cause of your retirement, why you go  
Thus all alone? Methinks the dawns are  
sweeter,

And the young company of swains far sweeter,  
Than these forsaken and untrodden places.  
Give not yourself to loneliness, and those graces  
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended  
To live amongst us swains.

*Cloe.* Thou art befriended,  
Shepherd: In all my life I have not seen  
A man, in whom greater contents have been,  
Than thou thyself art: I could tell thee more,  
Were but any hope left to restore  
My freedom lost. Oh, lend me all thy red,  
Thou shamefac'd morning, when from Ti-  
Thou risest ever maiden! [thou's bed

*Alexis.* If for me,  
Thou sweetest of all sweets, these flashes be,  
Speak and be satisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,  
My better angel; force my name among  
Her modest thoughts, that the first word may  
be— [sea,

*Cloe.* Alexis, when the sun shall kiss the  
Taking his rest by the white Thetis' side,  
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide  
Thy coming, shepherd.

*Alexis.* If I stay behind,  
An everlasting dullness, and the wind,  
That as he passeth by shuts up the stream  
Of Rhine or Volga, while the sun's hot beam  
Beats back again, seize me, and let me turn  
To coldness more than ice! Oh, how I burn  
And rise in youth and fire! I dare not stay.

*Cloe.* My name shall be your word.  
*Alexis.* Fly, fly, thou day! [Exit.

*Cloe.* My grief is great if both these boys  
should fail:  
He that will use all winds must shift his sail.  
[Exit.

## ACT II.

*Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing;  
and the Priest of Pan following.*

*Priest.* SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,  
Fold your flocks up, for the air  
'Gins to thicken, and the sun  
Already his great course hath run.

See the dew-drops how they kiss  
Ev'ry little flower that is;  
Hanging on their velvet heads,  
Like a rope of christal beads.  
See the heavy clouds low falling,  
And bright Hesperus down<sup>20</sup> calling

<sup>20</sup> And bright Hesperus down calling

[The dead Night from under ground.] Mr. Sympton objects to both these lines: How, says he, could Hesperus call Night down from under ground? And if she was dead, how could she hear him? He would therefore strike off the *d* in down, and the remaining letters transposed will make *now*. And for dead he would read *dread*, which, he says, is the common epithet to Night in Spenser. But I cannot admit either of the changes; for down calling will, I think, signify calling down to Night to arise from under ground; and in this sense it is more picturesque and a much nobler idea than the expletive *now* can give. In the second line no one need be told in how many things Night resembles Death, and surely Night, though partaking many properties of Death, may be allowed in poetry both to hear and speak. When Spenser, Milton, and other Poets have personated and animated even Death itself. Nor can Fletcher be denied any poetic licence in a passage of such exquisite poetic beauty. Seward.

The dead Night from under ground;  
 At whose rising mists unsound,  
 Damps and vapours fly apace,  
 How'ring o'er the wanton face  
 Of these pastures, where they come,  
 Striking dead both bud and bloom:  
 Therefore, from such danger, lock  
 Ev'ry one his loved flock;  
 And let your dogs lie loose without,  
 Lest the wolf come as a scout  
 From the mountain, and, ere day,  
 Bear a lamb or kid away;  
 Or the crafty thievish fox  
 Break upon your simple flocks.  
 To secure yourselves from these,  
 Be not too secure in ease;  
 Let one eye his watches keep,  
 While the other eye doth sleep;  
 So you shall good shepherds prove,  
 And for ever hold the love  
 Of our great god. Sweetest slumbers,<sup>19</sup>  
 And soft silence, fall in numbers  
 On your eye-lids! So, farewell!  
 Thus I end my ev'ning's knell.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Clorin, sorting of herbs.*

Clor. Now let me know what my best art  
 hath done, [moon,  
 Help'd by the great pow'r of the virtuous  
 In her full light. Oh, you sons of earth,  
 You only brood, unto whose happy birth  
 Virtue was given; holding more of nature  
 Than man, her first-born and most perfect  
 creature,  
 Let me adore you! you, that only can  
 Help or kill nature, drawing out that span  
 Of life and breath ev'n to the end of time;  
 You, that these hands did crop long before  
 prime<sup>20</sup> [hidden pow'r.  
 Of day, give me your names, and, next, your  
 This is the clove; bearing a yellow flow'r;  
 And this, black horehound; both are very  
 good  
 For sheep or shepherd, bitten by a wood  
 Dog's venom'd tooth:<sup>21</sup> These ramson's  
 branches<sup>22</sup> are,  
 Which, stuck in entries, or about the bar  
 That holds the door fast, kill all enchant-  
 ments,<sup>23</sup> charms,  
 (Were they Medea's verses) that do harm

<sup>19</sup> ——— Sweetest slumbers,

And soft silence fall in numbers.] Silence falling in numbers is very dark, as Mr. Sym-  
 son observed to me; I therefore suspect the particles *in* and *and* to have changed places, and  
 have replaced them. Seward.

The expression is dark, but the transposition does not remove the obscurity. We have  
 endeavoured to help the sense by the punctuation, not thinking ourselves warranted to apply  
 any more violent remedy. The construction of our Author is often hard, and his syntax  
 licentious.

<sup>20</sup> You that these hands did crop, long before prime

Of day; give me your names, and next your hidden pow'r.] Mr. Theobald has scratch'd  
 out two monosyllables as hurtful to the measure and unnecessary to the sense, and he imagines  
 it to have been a marginal comment to explain what *prime* signified. Seward.

Mr. Theobald had no right to expunge the words, which we have restored. Editors are  
 bound to give the genuine text.

<sup>21</sup> ——— bitten by a wood

Dog's venom'd tooth.] Wood signifies mad.

<sup>22</sup> Ramson's branches.] *Romson*, the *allium silvestre*, or *wild garlick*, which is helpful, says  
 the London Dispensatory, in the jaundice and palsies. But our Author chose its superstitious  
 virtues, as more proper for poetry. Seward.

<sup>23</sup> Kill all enchantments.] Tho' medicinal as well as superstitious virtues ascribed by Clorin  
 to her various herbs are imitated by Milton in his description of the Hæmony in the first scene  
 of *The Two Brothers*, and the Attendant Spirit in *Comus*. The whole is too long to transcribe,  
 I shall therefore only quote a part, which has, I think, two very gross mistakes in the only  
 edition I have by me, viz. that published under the inspection of the ingenious Mr. Fenton.

\* The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it,

\* But in another country, as he said,

\* Bore a bright golden flower, but *not* in this soil;

\* Unknown and *like* esteem'd.

I have often observed that where the sense is injured, the metre frequently shares its fate, as it  
 has done in the third of these lines. I read the whole thus,

\* The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,

\* But in another country, as he said,

\* Bore a bright golden flower, *but* in this soil

\* Unknown and *light* esteem'd.

To avoid the repetition of the particle *but*, *though* might perhaps have stood in the original;  
 but I make no doubt of the *not* and *like* being corruptions. Seward.

To men or cattle : These for frenzy be  
A speedy and a sov'reign remedy,  
The bitter wormwood, sage, and marigold ;  
Such sympathy with man's good<sup>24</sup> they do  
hold :

This tormentil, whose virtue is to part  
All deadly killing poison from the heart :  
And here, Narcissus' root, for swellings best :  
Yellow Lysimacha, to give sweet rest  
To the faint shepherd, killing, where it comes,  
All busy gnats, and every fly that hums :  
For leprosy, darnell and celandine,  
With calamint, whose virtues do refine  
The blood of man, making it free and fair  
As the first hour it breath'd, or the best air.  
Here, other two ; but your rebellious use  
Is not for me, whose goodness is abuse ;  
Therefore, foul standergrass, from me and mine  
I banish thee, with lustful turpentine ;  
You that entice the veins and stir the heat  
To civil mutiny, scaling the seat  
Our reason moves in, and deluding it  
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit  
Of burning lust be quench'd ; by appetite,  
Robbing the soul of blessedness and light.  
And thou, light vervain too, thou most go after,  
Provoking easy souls to mirth and laughter :  
No more shall I dip thee in water now,  
And sprinkle every post, and every bough,  
With thy well-pleasing juice, to make the  
rooms [rooms.]  
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the

*Enter Thenot.*

*The.* This is the cabin where the best of all  
Her sex that ever breath'd, or ever shall  
Give heat or happiness to th' shepherd's side,  
Doth only to her worthy self abide.  
Thou blessed star, I thank thee for thy light,  
Thou by whose pow'r the darkness of sad night  
Is banish'd from the earth, in whose dull place  
Thy chaster beams play on the heavy face

<sup>24</sup> *With man's good.*] Mr. Sympson would chuse to read *man's blood*. Thus in *Hamlet*, the Ghost speaking of the juice of Hebenon,

' ——— whose effect

' Holds such an enmity with *blood* of man.'

I allow therefore the propriety of Mr. Sympson's reading, but as the old one is good sense, I don't see sufficient reason for a change. *Seward.*

<sup>26</sup> *Thou chastity itself, thou blessed star*

*That nightly shines.*] The polar star, from its permanency and coldness, may be called the emblem of Chastity, but not Chastity itself, as this reading implies. It might perhaps have been, *or thou bless'd star* ; but it is a sort of anticlimax, to mention the emblem of Chastity after Chastity itself. I have therefore inserted my first conjecture in the text, making him repeat the name he had before called her by, with the addition only of her shining every night, the property of the polar star. This I am confirmed in by the two oldest quartos ; the first of which stops as I do, and the second has a semi-colon after *itself*, and reads *you* for *you* ; though it makes a false concord by reading *shines*, instead of *shine* or *shin'st*. *Seward.*

In this place, notwithstanding the use of the word *star*, the moon is, we think, the object of Thenot's invocation. How else must we explain,

——— *Thou dost beguile*

*Thy brother of his brightness,*

or, indeed, the whole tenor of the speech ?

Of all the world, making the blue sea smile,  
To see how cunningly thou dost beguile  
Thy brother of his brightness, giving day  
Again from Chaos ; whiter than that way  
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaster far  
Than chastity itself ! Thou blessed star  
That nightly shin'st !<sup>26</sup> Thou, all the con-  
stancy

That in all women was, or e'er shall be,  
From whose fair eye-balls flies that holy fire  
That poets stile the mother of desire,  
Infusing into ev'ry gentle breast  
A soul of greater price, and far more bless'd,  
Than that quick pow'r which gives a difference  
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower sense.

*Clo.* Shepherd, how cam'st thou hither to  
this place ?

No way is trodden ; all the verdant grass  
The spring shot up, stands yet unbruised here  
Of any foot ; only the dappled deer,  
Far from the feared sound of crooked horn,  
Dwells in this fastness.

*The.* Chaster than the morn,  
I have not wander'd, or by strong illusion  
Into this virtuous place have made intrusion :  
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)  
To seek you out, of whose great good the air  
Is full, and strongly labours, while the sound  
Breaks against Heav'n, and drives into a sound  
Th' amazed shepherd, that such virtue can  
Be resident in lesser than a man.

*Clo.* If any art I have, or hidden skill  
May cure thee of disease or fester'd ill,  
Whose grief or greenness to another's eye  
May seem impossible of remedy,  
I dare yet undertake it.

*The.* 'Tis no pain  
I suffer thro' disease, no beating vein  
Conveys infection dang'rous to the heart,  
No part imposthum'd, to be cur'd by art,  
This body holds ; and yet a feller grief  
Than ever skilful hand did give relief,



Dwells on my soul, and may be heal'd by you,  
Fair beauteous virgin!

*Clo.* Then, shepherd, let me succ  
T'know thy grief: That man yet never knew  
The way to health, that durst not shew his

*The.* Then, fairest, know, I love you. [sore.

*Clo.* Swain, no more!

Thou hast abus'd the strictness of this place,  
And offer'd sacrilegious foul disgrace  
To the sweet rest of these interred bones;  
For fear of whose ascending, fly at once,  
Thou and thy idle passions, that the sight  
Of death and speedy vengeance may not fright  
Thy very soul with horror.

*The.* Let me not  
(Thou all perfection) merit such a blot  
For my true zealous faith.

*Clo.* Dar'st thou abide  
To see this holy earth at once divide  
And give her body up? for sure it will,  
If thou pursu'st with wanton flames to fill  
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,  
Whilst I with pray'r,<sup>17</sup> appease his ghost be-  
low,

That else would tell thee what it were to be  
A rival in that virtuous love that he  
Embraces yet.

*The.* 'Tis not the white or red  
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed  
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,  
Tho' it be full and fair, your forehead high,  
And smooth as Pelops' shoulder; not the smile  
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile  
The easy soul; your hands and fingers long,  
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,  
Tho' it spoke sweeter than Arion's harp;  
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,  
Able in endless error to enfold

The wand'ring soul; not the true perfect mould  
Of all your body, which as pure doth shew  
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsien<sup>18</sup> snow:  
All these, were but your constancy away,  
Would please me less than a black stormy day  
The wretched seaman toiling thro' the deep.  
But, while this honour'd strictness you dare  
keep,

Tho' all the plagues that e'er begotten were  
In the great womb of air, were settled here,  
In opposition, I would, like the tree,  
Shake off those drops of weakness, and be free  
Ev'n in the arm of danger.

*Clo.* Wouldst thou have  
Me raise again, fond man, from silent grave,  
Those sparks that long ago were buried here,  
With my dead friend's cold ashes?

*The.* Dearest dear,  
I dare not ask it, nor you must not grant:  
Stand strongly to your vow, and do not faint.

<sup>17</sup> Whilst I with praise, &c.] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Simpson make a query whether the true word be not *pray'rs*. It appeared to me a better word, but as the other is sense, I did not think to have changed it, till I consulted the first old quarto, which reads *praises*, and in all other places *praises*, and not *prayers*; from whence I doubt not but their conjecture is true.

*Seward.*

<sup>18</sup> Alpsien.] The same we now call *Alpine*.

*Seward.*

Remember how he lov'd you, and be still  
The same, opinion speaks you: Let not will,  
And that great god of women, appetite,  
Set up your blood again; do not invite  
Desire and fancy from their long exile,  
To seat them once more in a pleasing smile:  
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainst all  
The pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the strong fall  
Of Neptune's battery; if you yield, I die  
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty  
You tie unto this grave I so admire: [sire,  
And yet, there's something else I would de-  
If you would hear me, but withal deny.  
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain destiny  
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;  
For if I longer stay, this double fire  
Will lick my life up.

*Clo.* Do, and let time wear out  
What art and nature cannot bring about.

*The.* Farewell, thou soul of virtue, and he  
For ever, whilst here I wretched rest [blest'd  
Thus to myself! Yet grant me leave to dwell  
In kenning of this arbour; yon same dell,  
O'er-top'd with mourning cypress and sad yew,  
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,  
Before the sun hath kiss'd this dew away,  
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth  
Upon this head. [lay

*Clo.* The gods give quick release  
And happy cure unto thy hard disease!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* I do not love this wench that I  
should meet;

For ne'er did my unconstant eye yet greet  
That beauty, were it sweeter or more fair  
Than the new blossoms, when the morning air  
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,  
When many maiden blushes to our sight  
Shoot from its early face: Were all these set  
In some neat form before me, 'twould not get  
The least love from me; some desire it might,  
Or present burning. All to me in sight  
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,  
Virgin, or careless wanton, I can crown  
My appetite with any; swear as oft,  
And weep, as any; melt my words as soft  
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long  
My heart has been her servant, and how strong  
My passions are; call her unkind and cruel;  
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel  
Maidens so highly prize; then loath, and fly;  
This do I hold a blessed destiny!

*Enter Amarillis.*

*Amar.* Hail! Shepherd! Pan bless both  
thy flock and thee,  
For being mindful of thy word to me.

*Sull. Shep.* Welcome, fair shepherdess!

Thy loving swain

Gives thee the self-same wishes back again;  
Who till this present hour ne'er knew that eye  
Could make me cross mine arms, or daily die  
With fresh consumings: Boldly tell me then,  
How shall we part their faithful loves, and  
when?

Shall I belie him to her? shall I swear  
His faith is false, and he loves ev'ry where?  
I'll say he mock'd her th' other day to you,  
Which will by your confirming shew as true;  
For she is of so pure an honesty,<sup>29</sup>

To think, because she will not, none will lie.  
Or else to him I'll slander Amoret, [met  
And say, she but seems chaste: I'll swear she  
Me 'mongst the shady sycamores last night,  
And loosely offer'd up her flame and sprite  
Into my bosom; made a wanton bed  
Of leaves and many flowers, where she spread  
Her willing body to be press'd by me:

There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,  
Together with mine own. To make this shew  
More full of seeming, Hobnail you know,  
Son to the aged shepherd of the glen,  
Him I have sorted out of many men,  
To say he found us at our private sport,  
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his resort:  
This to confirm, I've promis'd to the boy  
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy;  
As gins to catch bina birds, with bow and  
bolt,<sup>30</sup>

To shoot at nimble squirrels in the holt;<sup>31</sup>  
A pair of painted buskins, and a lamb,  
Soft as his own locks, or the down of swan.  
This I have done to win you, which doth give  
Me double pleasure: Discord makes me live.

*Amar.* Lov'd swain, I thank you! These  
tricks might prevail

With other rustic shepherds, but will fail  
Ev'n once to stir, much more to overthrow,  
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know  
Your nature, my end, and his chosen's merit;  
Therefore some stronger way must force his  
spirit, [love

Which I have found: Give second, and my  
Is everlasting thine.

*Sull. Shep.* Try me, and prove.

*Amar.* These happy pair of lovers meet  
straightway,

Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,

In the thick grove bord'ring upon yon hill,  
In whose hard side Nature hath carv'd a well,  
And, but that matchless spring which poets  
know,

Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow,  
About the sides, all herbs which witches use,  
All simples good for med'cines or abuse,  
All sweets that crown the happy nuptial day,  
With all their colours; there the month of  
May

Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;  
There's not a grass on which was ever seen  
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand;  
So full of heat and virtue is the land  
About this fountain, which doth slowly break,  
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek  
That waters all the valley, giving fish  
Of many sorts, to fill the shepherd's dish.  
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,  
Right wise in charms, hath often to me said)  
Hath pow'r to change the form of any crea-  
ture, [feature

Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what  
Or shape 'twould please the letter-down to  
crave, [she gave

Who must pronounce this charm too, which  
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,  
I should apply unto the patient's brow,  
That would be chang'd, casting them thrice  
asleep,

Before I trusted them into this deep:  
All this she shew'd me, and did charge me  
prove

This secret of her art, if cross in love. [here  
I'll this attempt! Now, shepherd, I have  
All her prescriptions, and I will not fear  
To be myself dipp'd: Come, my temples bind  
With these sad herbs, and when I sleep, you  
find, [let,

As you do speak your charm, thrice down me  
And bid the water raise me Amoret;  
Which being done, leave me to my affair,  
And ere the day shall quite itself outwear,  
I will return unto my shepherd's arm;  
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,  
And pluck me up myself, whom freely take,  
And the hot'st fire of thine affection slake.

*Sull. Shep.* And if I fit thee not, then fit  
not me.

I long the truth of this well's pow'r to see!  
[Exeunt.

<sup>29</sup> For he is off.] That Amoret's and not Perigot's purity of intention and simplicity of heart is here spoke of, is clear as the light; and yet this gross mistake, in this and the following line, has run through all the editions, not excepting the quartos published in our Author's life-time. Off, for of, is only an error of the press in the very late editions. Seward.

There was but one quarto published in Fletcher's life-time; the second is dated 1629, some years after his decease.

<sup>30</sup> Bolt.] i. e. An arrow. R.

<sup>31</sup> Holt.] Is a wood or grove:

‘Eke whanne Zephyrus, with his sote breth,

‘Enspicade hath, in every holt and leth.’

Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*,

Dr. Morell's edit. 1747, p. 2. R

*Enter Daphnis.*

*Daph.* Here will I stay, for this the covert is  
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miss,  
Thou bright-ey'd virgin! Come, oh, come,  
my fair!

Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care  
Of honour stay thee from thy shepherd's arm,  
Who would as hard be won to other harm  
To thy chaste thoughts, as whiteness from the  
day,

Or yon great round to move another way.  
My language shall be honest, full of truth,  
My flames as smooth and spotless as my youth;  
I will not entertain that wandring thought,  
Whose easy current may at length be brought  
To a loose vastness.

*Alexis [within].* Cloe!

*Daph.* 'Tis her voice,  
And I must answer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice  
Of dear embraces, chaste and holy strains  
Our hands shall give!—I charge you, all my  
veins [way,

Thro' which the blood and spirit take their  
Lock up your disobedient heart, and stay  
Those mutinous desires that else would grow  
To strong rebellion! Do not wilder shew  
Than blushing modesty may entertain.

*Alexis [within].* Cloe! [again,

*Daph.* There sounds that blessed name  
And I will meet it. Let me not mistake;

*(Enter Alexis.)*

This is some shepherd! Sure I am awake!  
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,  
To give myself more knowledge.

*Alexis.* Oh, my fire,  
How thou consum'st me? Cloe, answer me!  
Alexis, strong Alexis, high and free,  
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full  
Of entertainment, ready for to pull [hung,  
That golden fruit which too, too long hath  
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou stay'st too  
I am impatient of these mad delays! [long;  
I must not leave unsought those many ways  
That lead into this centre, till I find  
Quench for my burning lust. I come, un-  
kind! [Exit.

*Daph.* Can my imagination work me so  
much ill,

That I may credit this for truth, and still  
Believe mine eyes? or shall I firmly hold  
Her yet nainted, and these sights but bold  
Illusion? Sure, such fancies oft have been  
Sent to abuse true love, and yet are seen,

Daring to blind the virtuous thought with  
error: [terror]

But be they far from me, with their fond  
I am resolv'd my Cloe yet is true.

*Cloe [within].* Cloe!

*Daph.* Hark! Cloe! Sure this voice is new,  
Whose shrillness, like the sounding of a bell,  
Tells me it is a woman. Cloe! tell  
Thy blessed name again.

*Cloe [within].* Cloe! Here!

*Daph.* Oh, what a grief is this to be so near,  
And not encounter!

*Enter Cloe.*

*Cloe.* Shepherd, we are met.

Draw close into the covert, lest the wet,  
Which falls like lazy mists upon the ground,  
Soak thro' your startups.<sup>21</sup>

*Daph.* Fairest, are you found?

How have we wander'd, that the better part  
Of this good night is perish'd? Oh, my heart!  
How have I long'd to meet you. how to kiss  
Those lily hands, how to receive the bliss  
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear  
Of him that drinks your language: But I fear  
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,  
And almost grown lascivious, to intrude  
These hot behaviours; where regard of fame,  
Honour and modesty, a virtuous name,  
And such discourse as one fair sister may  
Without offence unto the brother say,  
Should rather have been tender'd. But, be-  
lieve,

Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve  
Then, ever kindest, that my first salute  
Seasons so much of fancy; I am mute  
Henceforth to all discourses, but shall be  
Suiting to your sweet thoughts and modesty.  
Indeed, I will not ask a kiss of you,  
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to sue  
To those bless'd pair of fixed stars for smiles;  
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,  
And pretty wanton dyings, shall to me  
Be strangers; only to your chastity  
I am devoted ever.

*Cloe.* Honest swain,

First let me thank you, then return again  
As much of my love.—[Aside.] No, thou  
art too cold,

Unhappy boy; not temper'd to my mould;  
Thy blood falls heavy downward; 'tis not fear  
T' offend in boldness, wins; they never wear  
Deserv'd favours, that decay to take  
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,  
To see a man of his youth, years and feature,  
And such a one as we call goodly creature,

<sup>21</sup> *Startups.*] The word *startups*, or, as it is there spelt, *startopes*, occurs in the following lines of Warner's *Albion's England*; and Dr. Percy explains it to signify, 'buskins worn by rustics, laced down before:'

'He borrow'd on the working daies

'His holy russets oft,

'And of the bacon fat to make,

'His *startopes* black and soft.'

R.

Thus backward? What a world of precious  
 art  
 Were merely lost, to make him do his part?  
 But I will shake him off, that dares not hold:  
 Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold!—  
 Daphnis, I do desire, since we are met  
 So happily, our lives and fortunes set  
 Upon one stake, to give assurance now,  
 By interchange of hands and holy vow,  
 Never to break again. Walk you that way,  
 Whilst I in zealous meditation stray  
 A little this way: When we both have ended  
 These rites and duties, by the woods be-  
 friended,

And secrecy of night, retire and find  
 An aged oak, whose hollowness may bind  
 Us both within his body; thither go;  
 It stands within yon bottom.  
*Daph.* Be it so. [Exit.  
*Cloe.* And I will meet there never more  
 Thou idle shamefac'dness! [with thee,  
*Alexis* [within]. *Cloe!*  
*Cloe.* 'Tis he  
 That dare, I hope, be bolder.  
*Alexis.* *Cloe!*  
*Cloe.* Now,  
 Great Pan, for Syrinx' sake, bid speed our  
 plow! [Exit.]

### ACT III.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis in a  
 sleep.*

*Sull. Shep.* FROM thy forehead thus I take  
 These herbs, and charge thee  
 not awake  
 'Till in yonder holy well,  
 Thrice with pow'rful magick spell,  
 Fill'd with many a baleful word,  
 Thou'st been dipp'd. Thus, with my chord  
 Of blasted hemp, by moon-light twin'd,  
 I do thy sleepy body bind:  
 I turn thy head into the East,  
 And thy feet into the West,  
 Thy left arm to the South put forth,  
 And thy right unto the North:  
 I take thy body from the ground,  
 In this deep and deadly swoond,  
 And into this holy spring  
 I let thee slide down by my string.  
 Take this maid, thou holy pit,  
 To thy bottom; nearer yet;  
 In thy water pure and sweet,  
 By thy leave I dip her feet;  
 Thus I let her lower yet,  
 That her ankles may be wet;  
 Yet down lower, let her knee  
 In thy waters washed be;

There I stop.<sup>33</sup> Now fly away,  
 Ev'ry thing that loves the day:  
 Truth, that hath but one face,<sup>34</sup>  
 'Tis I charm thee from this place.  
 Snakes, that cast your coats for new,  
 Cangelious, that alter hue,  
 Hares that yearly sexes change,  
 Proteus alt'ring oft and strange,  
 Hecate, with shapes three,  
 Let this maiden changed be,  
 With this holy water wet,  
 To the shape of Amoret.  
 Cynthia, work thou with my charm!  
 Thus I draw thee, free from harm,  
 Up out of this blessed lake.  
 Rise, both like her, and awake!

[She awakes,  
*Amar.* Speak, shepherd, am I Amoret to  
 sight?  
 Or hast thou miss'd in any magick rite,  
 For want of which any defect in me,  
 May make our practices discover'd be?  
*Sull. Shep.* By yonder moon, but that I here  
 do stand,  
 Whose breath hath thus transform'd thee,  
 and whose hand [wet,  
 Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus  
 I should myself take thee for Amoret!

<sup>33</sup> *There stop: Fly away.*] This unmusical hemistich was probably occasioned by the loss of one or more words, which Mr. Sympton and I hope that we have reticved; because the sense, as well as measure, is improved by our addition. For, according to the mangled text above, he seems to dip her no lower than her knee, whereas the charm required him to dip her thrice over head: And we accordingly find three different periods in the following incantation. At the first dip, he charms away truth: at the second, he calls on several animals and beings remarkable for changes; at the third, on Cynthia, or the Moon, the most frequent changer of all. *Seward.*

<sup>34</sup> *Truth, that hath but one face.*] Mr. Seward disliking this verse, reads,

*Truth, that beareth but one face;*

but the metre is so frequently inaccurate, and the accent violated, that any alteration of the old text, merely for the sake of harmony, is unwarrantable. The line may be read thus,

*Truth | that hath | but one | face;*

which will render it, though not very melodious, full as tolerable as many others in the play.

Thou art, in cloaths, in feature, voice and hue,  
So like, that sense cannot distinguish you.

*Amar.* Then this deceit which cannot  
crossed be,

At once shall lose her him, and gain thee me.  
Hither she needs must come, by promise made;  
And sure, his nature never was so bad,  
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,  
When night and fear are up, but understood  
'Twas his part to come first. Being come, I'll  
say,

My constant love made me come first and stay:  
Then will I lead him further to the grove;  
But stay you here, and, if his own true love  
Shall seek him here, set her in some wrong  
path,

Which say, her lover lately trodden hath;  
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,  
Here is another charm, whose pow'r will free  
The dazzled sense, read by the moon's beams  
clear,

And in my own true shape make me appear.

*Enter Perigot.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stand close! Here's Perigot;  
whose constant heart

Longs to behold her in whose shape thou art.

*Per.* This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—  
The hour

Is yet scarce come. Here every sylvan pow'r  
Delights to be about yon sacred well,  
Which they have bless'd with many a pow'r-  
ful spell;

For never traveller in dead of night,  
Nor strayed beasts have fallen in, but when  
sight [have found

Hath fail'd them, then their right way they  
By help of them; so holy is the ground.

But I will further seek, lest Amoret  
Should be first come, and so stray long unmet.

My Amoret, Amoret! [Exit.

*Amar.* Perigot!

*Per.* My love!

*Amar.* I come, my love! [Exit.

*Sull. Shep.* Now she hath got  
Her own desires, and I shall gainer be  
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as she.  
How bright the moon shines here, as if she  
To shew her glory in this little grove [strove

(*Enter Amoret.*)

To some new-loved shepherd! Yonder is  
Another Amoret. Where differs this  
From that? But that she Perigot hath met,  
I should have ta'en this for the counterfeit.

Herbs, woods, and springs, the pow'r that in  
you lies,

If mortal men could know your properties!

*Amar.* Methinks it is not night; I have no  
Walking this wood, of lion, or the bear; [fear,  
Whose names at other times have made me  
quake,

When any shepherdess in her tale spake

Of some of them, that underneath a wood  
Have torn true lovers that together stood.  
Methinks there are no goblins, and mens' talk,  
That in these woods the nimble fairies walk,  
Are fables; such a strong heart I have got,  
Because I come to meet with Perigot.

My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot!

*Sull. Shep.* Fair maid!

*Amar.* Ah me, thou art not Perigot! [got:

*Sull. Shep.* But I can tell you news of Peri-  
An hour together under yonder tree

He sat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,  
And said, 'Why, Amoret, stay'st thou so long?'

Then starting up, down yonder path he flung,  
Lest thou hadst miss'd thy way. Were it  
day-light,

He could not yet have borne him out of sight.

*Amar.* Thanks, gentle shepherd; and be-  
shrew my stay,

That made me fearful I had lost my way!

As fast as my weak legs (that cannot be  
Weary with seeking him) will carry me,

I'll seek him out; and for thy courtesy,  
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee!

[Exit.  
*Sull. Shep.* How bright she was, how lovely  
did she shew!

Was it not pity to deceive her so?

She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,  
And with a virgin innocence did pray

For me that perjur'd her.<sup>33</sup> Whilst she was  
here,

Methought the beams of light that did appear  
Were shut from her; methought the moon gave  
none,

But what it had from her. She was alone  
With me; if then her presence did so move,  
Why did not I essay to win her love?

She would not sure have yielded unto me?

Women love only opportunity,

And not the man; or if she had denied,

Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tried  
Who had been stronger. Oh, vain fool, to let

Such bless'd occasion pass! I'll follow yet;  
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

*Enter Alexis and Cloe.*

I come, sweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?

A pair of lovers? He shall yield her me:

Now lust is up, alike all women be.

*Alexis.* Where shall we rest?—But for the  
love of me,

Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

*Cloe.* Alexis, let us rest here, if the place

Be private, and out of the common trace

Of ev'ry shepherd; for, I understood,

This night a number are about the wood:

Then let us chuse some place, where out of  
sight

We freely may enjoy our stol'n delight.

*Alexis.* Then boldly here, where we shall  
ne'er be found; [ground;

No shepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd

<sup>33</sup> That perjured her.] i. e. That swore false to her.

No maid seeks here her strayed cow, or sheep;  
Fairies and fawns, and satyrs do it keep:  
Then carelessly rest here, and clip and kiss,  
And let no fear make us our pleasures miss.

*Cloe.* Then lie by me; the sooner we begin,  
The longer ere the day descry our sin.

*Sull. Shep.* Forbear to touch my love; or,  
by yon flame, [name,  
The greatest pow'r<sup>36</sup> that shepherds dare to  
Here where thou sit'st, under this holy tree,  
Her to dishonour, thou shalt buried be!

*Alexis.* If Pan himself should come out of  
the lawns,

With all his troops of satyrs and of fawns,  
And bid me leave, I swear by her two eyes,  
(A greater oath than thine) I would not rise!

*Sull. Shep.* Then from the cold earth never  
thou shalt move,

But lose at one stroke both thy life and love.

*Cloe.* Hold, gentle shepherd!

*Sull. Shep.* Fairest Shepherdess,  
Come you with me; I do not love you less  
Than that fond man, that would have kept  
From me of more desert. [you there

*Alexis.* Oh, yet forbear  
To take her from me! Give me leave to die  
By her!

*The Satyr enters; the Sullen Shepherd runs  
one way, and Cloe another.*

*Sat.* Now, whilst the moon doth rule the sky,  
And the stars, whose feeble light  
Give a pale shadow to the night,  
Are up, great Pan commanded me  
To walk this grove about, whilst he,  
In a corner of the wood,  
Where never mortal foot hath stood,  
Keeps dancing, music, and a feast,  
To entertain a lovely guest:  
Where he gives her many a rose,  
Sweeter than the breath that blows  
The leaves; grapes, berries of the best;  
I never saw so great a feast.  
But, to my charge: Here must I stay,  
To see what mortals lose their way,

And by a false fire seeming bright,  
Train them in and leave them right.  
Then must I watch if any be  
Forcing of a chastity;  
If I find it, then in haste  
Give my wreathed horn a blast,  
And the fairies all will run,  
Wildly dancing by the moon,  
And will pinch him to the bone,  
Till his lustful thoughts be gone.

*Alexis.* Oh death!

*Sat.* Back again about this ground;  
Sure I hear a mortal sound.  
I bind thee by this pow'ful spell,  
By the waters of this well,  
By the glimm'ring moon-beams bright,  
Speak again, thou mortal wight!

*Alexis.* Oh!

*Sat.* Here the foolish mortal lies,  
Sleeping on the ground. Arise!  
The poor wight is almost dead;  
On the ground his wounds have bled,  
And his cloaths foul'd with his blood!  
To my goddess in the good  
Will I lead him, whose hands pure  
Will help this mortal wight to cure.  
[Exit, with Alexis.

*Enter Cloe again.*

*Cloe.* Since I beheld yon shaggy man, my  
breast [a beast  
Doth pant; each bush, methinks, should bide  
Yet my desire keeps still above my fear:  
I would fain meet some shepherd, knew I  
where;  
For from one cause of fear I am most free,  
It is impossible to ravish me,  
I am so willing. Here upon this ground  
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;  
Yet,<sup>37</sup> till that fearful shape made me be  
gone,  
Tho' he were hurt, I furnish'd was of one;  
But now both lost. Alexis, speak or move,  
If thou hast any life; thou'rt yet my love!  
He's dead, or else is with his little might  
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill sprite.

<sup>36</sup> ——— or by yon flame,

The greatest pow'r, &c.] Mr. Seward, after declaring his doubts of the Moon being meant by the greatest pow'r, says, 'But perhaps, the Poet might mean by yon flame, the flame on Pan's altar, spoke of in the last act.

' ——— by all the rites

' Due to our god, and by those virgin lights

' That burn before his altar——

' But if this be the Poet's intention, it is very obscure, unless he supposed his shepherd so far to follow the customs of the ancient Greeks, as to have an altar always upon the stage they acted on.' He then alters *the* to *and*, supposing the poet to have meant, 'the Moon AND Pan, the two common powers which the shepherds in all other scenes swear by.' For our parts, we think the Moon singly is meant, which seems confirmed by the Satyr,

Now, whilst the Moon doth rule the sky.

<sup>37</sup> Yet, till that fearful shape.] The Editors of 1750, we know not why, read *still for till*; a variation which seems to have been designed, being mentioned in neither Appendix nor Errata.

Then where art thou that struck'st my love?

Oh, stay!

Bring me thyself in change, and then I'll say  
Thou hast some justice: I will make thee trim  
With flow'rs and garlands that were meant  
for him;

[fast  
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as  
As I did mean he should have been embrac'd.  
But, thou art fled! What hope is left for me?  
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,  
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be small,  
To make him bold; rather than none at all,  
I'll try his heart;<sup>38</sup> and my behaviour too,  
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.  
[Exit.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* This was the place. 'Twas but  
my feeble sight,  
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,  
That shap'd these fears, and made me run  
away,  
And lose my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.  
Speak, gentle shepherdess! I am alone,  
And tender love for love. But she is gone

From me, that, having struck her lover dead,  
For silly fear left her alone, and fled.  
And see, the wounded body is remov'd  
By her of whom it was so well below'd.

*(Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the shape  
of Amoret.)*

But all these fancies must be quite forgot;  
I must lie close. Here comes young Perigot,  
With subtle Amarillis in the shape  
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not 'scape!  
*Amar.* Beloved Perigot, shew me some  
place,  
Where I may rest my limbs, weak with the  
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'st at least.

*Peri.* Beshrew my tardy steps! Here shalt  
thou rest  
Upon this holy bank;<sup>39</sup> No deadly snake  
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make;  
Here is no poison for the toad to feed;  
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd  
weed  
Dares hister them; no slimy snail dare creep  
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep;  
Here never durst the babbling cuckow sit;<sup>40</sup>

<sup>38</sup> *I'll try him; his heart, and my behaviour too*

*Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.]* Though this is the reading of all the  
copies, we do not doubt its being corrupt. The foregoing lines, as well as the measure, seem  
to countenance the alteration we have made. Take the text altogether;

*I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,  
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be small  
To make him bold; rather than none at all,  
I'll try his heart; and my behaviour too,  
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.*

Hence it appears, that she doubted of his heart and boldness, and relied chiefly on her own  
behaviour to inspire him with confidence. This interpretation, which gives the obvious mean-  
ing of the passage, naturally leads to the reading which we have adopted, believing it to be  
genuine.

<sup>39</sup> *Upon this holy bank.]* I have before observed that this passage equals the most descrip-  
tive beauties of Theocritus and Virgil; though the ideas are all negative, they strike the ima-  
gination as pleasingly, and perhaps more strongly, than positive ones. Shakespeare often  
delights in such negative descriptions. Thus, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii the fairy  
song,

\* You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
\* Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
\* Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,  
\* Come not near our fairy queen.'

This song is again imitated by Fletcher, in the song of the River-God in the next scene; but  
in the lines referred to above, he had more immediately in his eye the description of a bank by  
Shakespeare, in the same play and act.

\* I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,  
\* Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
\* O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,  
\* With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:  
\* And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,  
\* Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.'

*Seward.*

<sup>40</sup> *Here never durst the babbling cuckow spit.]* To spit is not, as we believe, a property of  
the cuckow; we have therefore altered spit to sit; i. e. 'Your sleep shall not be disturbed with  
her idle noise.' A beautiful passage in the last act seems to confirm this reading.

*The*

No slough of falling star did ever hit  
Upon this bank: let this thy cabin be,  
This other, set with violets, for me.

*Amar.* Thou dost not love me, Perigot.

*Peri.* Fair maid,  
You only love to hear it often said;  
You do not doubt.

*Amar.* Believe me, but I do.

*Peri.* What, shall we now begin again to woo?

'Tis the best way to make your lover last,  
To play with him, when you have caught  
him fast.

*Amar.* By Pan I swear, I loved Perigot,  
And, by yon moon, I think thou lov'st me  
not.

*Peri.* By Pan I swear (and, if I falsely  
swear,

Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear  
My earliest lambs, and wolves, whilst I do  
sleep,

Fall on the rest; a rot among my sheep!)  
I love thee better than the careful ewe  
The new-year'd lamb that is of her own hue;  
I dote upon thee more than the young lamb  
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.  
Were there a sort of wolves got in my fold,  
And one ran after thee, both young and old  
Should be devour'd, and it should be my strife  
To save thee, whom I love above my life.

*Amar.* How shall I trust thee, when I see  
thine eluse

Another bed, and dost my side refuse?

*Peri.* 'Twas only that the chaste thoughts  
might be shewn

'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

*Amar.* Come, Perigot will shew his pow'r,  
that he

Can make his Am'ret, tho' she weary he,  
Rise nimbly from her couch, and come to  
his.

Here, take thy Amoret; embrace, and kiss!

*Peri.* What means my love!

*Amar.* To do as lovers should,

That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.  
There's ne'er a shepherdess in all the plain

Can kiss thee with more art; there's none can  
fain

More wanton tricks

*Peri.* Forbear, dear soul, to try  
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die  
Than nourish one thought to dishonour thee.

*Amar.* Still think'st thou such a thing as  
chastity

Is amongst women? Perigot, there's none  
That with her love is in a wood alone,  
And would come home a maid: Be not  
abus'd

With thy fond first belief; let time be us'd—  
Why dost thou rise?

*Peri.* My true heart thou hast slain!

*Amar.* Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down  
again. [breast

*Peri.* Let go, thou serpent, that into my  
Hast with thy cunning div'd! Art not in jest!

*Amar.* Sweet love, lie down!

*Peri.* Since this I live to see, [me!  
Some bitter North wind blast my flocks and

*Amar.* You swore you lov'd, yet will not  
do my will. [thee still.

*Peri.* Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love

*Amar.* I am as still I was, and all my kind;  
Tho' other shows we have, poor men to blind.

*Peri.* Then here I end all love; and, lest  
my vain

Belief should ever draw me in again,  
Before thy face, that hast my youth misled,  
I end my life! My blood be on thy head!

*Amar.* Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret  
doth cry. [shall die.

*Peri.* Thou counsell'st well; first, Amoret  
That is the cause of my eternal smart!

[He runs after her.

*Amar.* Oh, hold! [Exit.

*Peri.* This steel shall pierce thy [soulful  
heart! [Exit.

[The Sullen Shepherd steps  
out, and uncharms her.

*Sull. Shep.* Up and down, every where,  
I strew these herbs, to purge the air:  
Let your odour drive hence  
All mists that dazzle sense.<sup>41</sup>

*The nightingale, among the thick-leav'd spring  
That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing  
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,  
Or our great enemy, that still doth howl  
Against the moon's cold beams.*

<sup>41</sup> Let your odour drive hence  
All mists that dazzle sense.

*Let her fly, let her scape,  
Give againe her owne shape.*] For the first of these lines, Mr. Seward reads,

*Let your odour drive from hence;*

but not finding a suitable measure in the second, entertains us with some remarks on *mists* being read and spoken as two syllables. In the third line, he interpolates *and*;

*Let her fly, and let her scape;*

but the fourth ill-naturedly refusing to countenance such measure, he again amuses us with supposing



Herbs and springs, whose hidden might  
 Alters shapes, and mocks the sight,  
 Thus I charge ye to undo  
 All before I brought ye to!  
 Let her fly, let her scape;  
 Give again her own shape!

*Enter Amarillis, in her own shape,  
 Perigot following.*

*Amar.* Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou  
 dost mistake;  
 She whom thou follow'st fled into the brake,  
 And as I cross'd thy way I met thy wrath;  
 The only fear of which near slain me hath.<sup>42</sup>

*Peri.* Pardon, fair shepherdess! my rage,  
 and night,  
 Were both upon me, and beguill'd my sight;  
 But, far be it from me to spill the blood  
 Of harmless maids that wander in the wood  
*[Exit Amar.]*

*Enter Amoret.*

*Amo.* Many a weary step, in yonder path,  
 Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,  
 To seek her Perigot, yet cannot hear  
 His voice. My Perigot! She loves thee dear  
 That calls.

*Peri.* See yonder where she is! how fair  
 She shews, and yet her breath infects the air.

*Amo.* My Perigot!

*Peri.* Here.

*Amo.* Happy!

*Peri.* Hapless! first

It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst.  
*[Strikes her.]*

*Amo.* Stay, Perigot! my love! thou art un-  
 just.

*Peri.* Death is the best reward that's due  
 to lust. *[Exit Peri.]*

*Sull. Shep.* Now shall their love be cross'd;  
 for, being struck,  
 I'll throw her in the fount, lest being took  
 By some night traveller, whose honest care

May help to cure her. Shepherdess, prepare  
 Yourself to die!

*Amo.* No merey I do crave:

Thou canst not give a worse blow than I  
 have.

Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him  
 He struck my soul, and not my body, thro'.  
 Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be  
 At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

*Sull. Shep.* In this fount be thy grave.

Thou wert not meant

Sure for a woman, thou'rt so innocent.

*[Flings her into the well.]*  
 She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,  
 In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,  
 'Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth  
 look,

The struggling water breaks out in a brook.

*[Exit.]*

*The God of the River riseth with Amoret  
 in his arms.*

*God.* What pow'rful charms my streams  
 do bring

Back again unto their spring,  
 With such force, that I their God,  
 Three times striking with my rod,  
 Could not keep them in their ranks;

My fishes shoot into the banks;  
 There's not one that stays and feeds,  
 All have hid them in the weeds.

Here's a mortal almost dead,  
 Fall'n into my river-head,  
 Hallow'd so with many a spell,  
 That 'till now gone ever fell.  
 'Tis a female young and clear,  
 Cast in by some ravisher.

See upon her breast a wound,  
 On which there is no plaister bound.  
 Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,  
 'Tis a sign of life and heat.

If thou be'st a virgin pure,  
 I can give a present cure:  
 Take a drop into thy wound,<sup>43</sup>  
 From my watry locks, more round

supposing *own* should be considered as two syllables, *owne*. Yet this does not seem satisfac-  
 tory even to himself, and therefore he chuses to have it,

*Give again her former shape.*

Surely these freedoms must be looked upon with great jealousy; but with much more must we  
 behold similar liberties taken, and not even remarked in the notes; of which the instances  
 may be pronounced to be almost innumerable.

<sup>42</sup> *The only fear of which neere slain me hath.* Thus the quartos; the abused folio of 1679.  
 says *near*; the octavo of 1711, *ne'er*; which the Editors of 1750 follow!

<sup>43</sup> *Take a drop into thy wound*

*From my watry locks more round*

*Than orient pearl.* Nothing can be more beautiful than this piece of machinery, whe-  
 ther it be considered as an allegory, viz. That the coldness of the water stopt the bleeding of  
 the wound; or be looked on as the mere produce of *fancy* in a species of poetry which admits  
 the introduction of Fauns, River-Gods, and all the rural deities. In either of these lights  
 how striking and picturesque are the images? What delicacy of stile, and harmony of numbers?  
 what pastoral purity and propriety in the sentiments? Milton copied it in the scene of Sabrina,  
 at the latter end of *Comus*, and perhaps more closely than Virgil ever did any one passage of  
 Homer

Than orient pearl, and far more pure  
 Than unehaste flesh may endure.  
 See, she pants, and from her flesh  
 The warm blood gusheth out afresh.  
 She is an unpolluted maid;  
 I must have this bleeding staid.  
 From my banks I pluck this flow'r  
 With holy hand, whose virtuous pow'r  
 I - at once to heal and draw.  
 The blood returns. I never saw  
 A fairer mortal. Now doth break  
 Her deadly slumber: Virgin, speak.  
*Amo.* Who hath restor'd my sense, giv'n  
 me new breath, [death?  
 And brought me hack out of the arms of  
 God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

*Amb.* Ah me!  
*God.* Fear not him that succour'd thee:  
 I am this fountain's God!<sup>44</sup> Below  
 My waters to a river grow,  
 And 'wixt two banks with osiers set,  
 That only prosper in the wet,  
 Thro' the meadows do they glide,  
 Wheeling still on ev'ry side,  
 Sometimes winding round about,  
 To find the even'st channel out.  
 And if thou wilt go with me,  
 Leaving mortal company,  
 In the cool stream shall thou lie,  
 Free from harm as well as I:  
 I will give thee for thy food  
 No fish that useth in the mud;

Homer in his *Æneid*, or of Theocritus in his *Eclogues*. This healing of the wound he imitates in his dissolution of Comus's spell.

' Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 ' Drops, that from my fountain pure  
 ' I have kept of precious cure:  
 ' Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 ' Thrice upon thy rubied lip.  
 ' Next this marble venom'd seat  
 ' Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
 ' I touch with chaste hands moist and cold.  
 ' Now the spell hath lost its hold.'

The two last of these lines are a more immediate imitation of what Florin afterwards says in healing Amoret's second wound.

*With spotless hand on spotless breast  
 I put these herbs, to give thee rest. Seward.*

<sup>44</sup> *I am this fountain's God, &c.*] This beautiful description of a brook Milton makes Sabrina imitate in the description of herself.

' By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 ' Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,  
 ' My sliding chariot stays,  
 ' Thick set with agat and the azurn sheen  
 ' Of turkois blue, and emerald green,  
 ' That in the channel strays.'

I believe the reader will agree with me, that Milton's images here have more of pomp, but not so much of natural beauty as those of Fletcher. Sir John Davies, a contemporary of our Authors, in his excellent poem on the Immortality of the Soul, has a beautiful simile from a brook thus wandering in Meanders.

' And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth  
 ' Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,  
 ' From out her womb at last doth take a birth,  
 ' And runs a nymph along the grassy plains.  
 ' Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,  
 ' From whose soft side she first did issue make;  
 ' She tastes all places, turns to every hand,  
 ' Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake.  
 ' Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry,  
 ' As that her course doth make no final stay,  
 ' Till she herself unto the ocean marry,  
 ' Within whose watry bosom first she lay.'

They who would see the fine application of this simile, may please to consult the poem, and if they read from the beginning till they find it, their time will not be ill spent. *Seward.*

But trout and pike, that love to swim  
Where the gravel from the brim  
Thro' the pure streams may be seen:  
Orient pearl fit for a queen,  
Will I give, thy love to win,  
And a shell to keep them in:  
Not a fish in all my brook  
That shall disobey thy look,  
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,  
And from thy white hand take a fly.  
And to make thee understand  
How I can my waves command,  
They shall bubble whilst I sing,  
Sweeter than the silver string.

## THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet  
Naked in the river sweet;  
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,  
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;  
Nor let the water rising high,  
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry

And sob; but ever live with me,  
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

*Amo.* Immortal pow'r, that rul'st this holy  
    flood,  
I know myself unworthy to be woo'd  
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,  
I should have shewn my weak mortality.  
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,  
I am betroth'd unto a shepherd swain,  
Whose comely face, I know the gods above  
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

*God.* May he prove to thee as true!  
Fairest virgin, now adieu!  
I must make my waters fly,  
Lest they leave their channels dry,<sup>43</sup>  
And beasts that come unto the spring  
Miss their morning's watering,  
Which I would not; for of late  
All the neighbour people sate  
On my banks, and from the fold  
Two white lambs of three weeks old

<sup>43</sup> *I must make my waters fly,  
Lest they leave their channels dry, &c.*] The bounties of the river and the gratitude of  
the Shepherds are closely imitated by Milton in his description of Sabrina.

- ' ————— still she retains
- ' Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
- ' Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
- ' Helping all urchin blast, and ill-luck signs
- ' That the shrewd meddling elfe delights to make,
- ' Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals.
- ' For which the shepherds at their festivals
- ' Carrol her goodness loud in rustick lays,
- ' And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream,
- ' Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.'

I believe the reader will here again think that Milton has more pomp and sublimity, but that the extreme prettiness, delicacy and ease of Fletcher is more consonant to the pastoral, and consequently more pleasing. But this cannot be said of Milton's imitation of Amoret's answer, in which Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing first.

- ' Virgin daughter of Loeline,
- ' Sprung of old Anebis's line,
- ' May thy brimmed waves for this
- ' Their full tribute never miss,
- ' From a thousand petty rills
- ' That tumble down the snowy hills:
- ' Summer drought, or sined air,
- ' Never scorch thy tresses fair,
- ' Nor wet October's torrent flood
- ' Thy molten crystal fill with mud;
- ' May thy billows roll ashore
- ' The beryl, and the golden ore;
- ' May thy lofty head be crown'd
- ' With many a tow'r and terras round,
- ' And here and there thy banks upon
- ' With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.'

The construction of the two last of Milton's lines is a little difficult, to crown her head with towers is true imagery; but to crown her head upon her banks, will scarcely be allowed to be so. I would therefore put a colon instead of a comma at the last line but two, and then read,

- ' And here and there thy banks upon
- ' Be groves of myrrh and cinnamon.' *Seward.*

Offer'd to my deity:

For which this year they shall be free  
From raging floods, that as they pass  
Leave their gravel in the grass;  
Nor shall their meads be overflown,  
When their grass is newly mown.

*Amo.* For thy kindness to me shewn,  
Never from thy banks be blown  
Any tree, with windy force,  
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;  
May no beast that comes to drink,  
With his horns cast down thy brink;

May none that for thy fish do look,  
Cut thy banks to damm thy brook;  
Bare-foot may no neighbour wade  
In thy cool streams, wife or maid,  
When the spawn on stones do lie,  
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!  
*God.* Thanks, virgin! I must down again.  
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:  
Wonder not so soon 'tis gone;  
A holy hand was laid upon. [Exit.  
*Amo.* And I, unhappy born to be,  
Must follow him that flies from me! [Exit.

## ACT IV.

*Enter Perigot.*

*Peri.* SHE is untrue, unconstant, and unkind;  
She's gone, she's gone! Blow high, thou  
North-west wind,  
And raise the sea to mountains; let the trees  
That dare oppose thy raging fury, leese  
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,  
And shake the world, as at the monstrous  
birth [stand,  
Of some new prodigy; whilst I constant  
Holding this trusty boar-spear in my hand,  
And falling thus upon it!

*Enter Amarillis running.*

*Amar.* Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art  
too hot

Against thyself. Believe me, comely swain,  
If that thou diest, not all the show'rs of rain  
The heavy clouds send down can wash away  
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay  
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted stands:  
Believe me, she is constant; not the sands  
Can be so hardly number'd as she won.  
I do not trifle, shepherd; by the moon,  
And all those lesser light our eyes do view,  
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!  
Then, be a free man; put away despair  
And will to die; smooth gently up that fair  
Dejected forehead; be as when thine eyes  
Took the first heat.

*Peri.* Alas, he double dies [well  
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not  
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell

With many worse companions. But, oh,  
death!

I am not yet enamour'd of this breath  
So much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not paid  
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain  
Of many days, can hold me from my will:  
'Tis not myself, but Amoret, bids kill.

*Amar.* Stay but a little, little; but one hour;  
And if I do not shew thee, thro' the pow'r  
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,  
Myself turn'd to thy Amoret, in sight,  
Her very figure, and the robe she wears,  
With tawny buskins, and the hook she bears  
Of thine own carving, where your names are  
set, [fret

Wrought underneath with many a curious  
The primrose chaplet, taudry-lace,<sup>46</sup> and ring,  
Thou gav'st her for her singing, with each  
thing

Else that she wears about her, let me feel  
The first fell stroke of that revenging steel!

*Peri.* I am contented, if there be a hope,  
To give it entertainment, for the scope  
Of one poor hour. Go; you shall find me  
next

Under yon shady beech, ev'n thus perplex'd,  
And thus believing.

*Amar.* Bind, before I go,  
Thy soul by Pan unto me, not to do  
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,  
'Till my return.

*Peri.* By Pan, and by the strife  
He had with Phœbus for the mastery,  
When golden Midas judg'd their minstrelsy,  
I will not! [Exeunt.

<sup>46</sup> *Taudry lace.*] Mr. Sympson observes, that the word *taudry* did not give any low or ridiculous idea; the expression is taken from Spenser, who in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, the month April, calls the virgins decked in their best array to attend Queen Elizabeth.

' Bind your fillets fast

' And gird in your waist

' For more fineness with a taudry-lace.'

*Seward.*

*Enter Satyr, with Alexis hurt.*

*Sat.* Softly gliding as I go,  
With this burthen full of woe,  
Thro' still silence of the night,  
Guided by the glow-worm's light,  
Hither am I come at last.  
Many a thicket have I past;  
Not a twig that durst deny me,  
Not a bush that durst desery me,  
To the little bird that sleeps  
On the tender spray; nor creeps  
That hardy worm with pointed tail,  
But if I be under sail,  
Flying faster than the wind,  
Leaving all the clouds behind,  
But doth hide her tender head  
In some hollow tree, or bed  
Of seeded nettles; not a hare  
Can be started from his fare<sup>47</sup>  
By my footing; nor a wish  
Is more sudden, nor a fish  
Can be found with greater ease  
Cut the vast unbounded seas,  
Leaving neither print nor sound,  
Than I, when nimbly on the ground  
I measure many a league an hour.  
But, behold the happy pow'r,

That must ease me of my charge,  
And by holy land enlarge  
The soul of this sad man, that yet  
Lies fast bound in deadly fit.  
Heav'n and great Pan succour it!

*(Enter Clorin)*

Hail thou beauty of the bower,  
Whiter than the paramour  
Of my master! Let me crave  
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave  
This poor mortal, that here lies,  
Waiting when the destinies  
Will undo his thread of life.  
View the wound by cruel knife  
Trench'd into him.

*Clor.* What art thou that call'st me from  
my holy rites,  
And, with the fear'd name of death, affrights  
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.

*Sat.* I am the Satyr that did fill  
Your lap with early fruit; and will,  
When I hap to gather more,  
Bring you better and more store.  
Yet I come not empty now:  
See a blossom from the bough;  
But beshrew his heart that pull'd it,  
And his perfect sight that cull'd it  
From the other springing blooms!  
For a sweeter youth the groons

Cannot shew me, nor the downs,  
Nor the many neighb'ring towns,  
Low in yonder glade I found him;  
Softly in mine arms I bound him;  
Hither have I brought him sleeping  
In a trance, his wounds fresh weeping,  
In remembrance such youth may  
Spring and perish in a day.

*Clor.* Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term  
thee rude; [hned,  
Tho' thou be'st outward rough and tawny-  
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair  
As his, who brags himself born only heir  
To all humanity. Let me see the wound:  
This herb will stay the current, being bound  
Fast to the orifice, and this restrain  
Ulcers and swellings, and such inward pain  
As the cold air hath forc'd into the sore;  
This to draw out such putrifying gore  
As inward falls.

*Sat.* Heaven grant it may be good!

*Clor.* Fairly wipe away the blood;  
Hold him gently, till I fling  
Water of a virtuous spring  
On his temples; turn him twice  
To the moon-beans; pinch him thrice;  
That the lab'ring soul may draw  
From his great eclipse.

*Sat.* I saw

His eye-lids moving.

*Clor.* Give him breath.

All the danger of cold death  
Now is vanish'd; with this plaister,  
And this nunction, do I master  
All the fester'd ill that may  
Give him grief another day.

*Sat.* See, he gathers up his sprite,  
And begins to hunt for light.  
Now he gapes and breathes again:  
Hnw the blood runs to the vein  
That erst was empty!

*Alexis.* Oh, my heart!

My dearest, dearest Cloe! Oh, the smart  
Runs thro' my side! I feel some pointed thing  
Pass thro' my bowels, sharper than the sting  
Of scorpion.—

Pan, preserve me! what are you?  
Do not hurt me! I am true  
To my Cloe, tho' she fly,  
And leave me to this destiny:  
There she stands, and will not lend  
Her smooth white hand to help her friend.  
But I am much mistaken, for that face  
Bears more austerity and modest grace,  
More reproving and more awe,  
Than these eyes yet ever saw  
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain  
Eagerly renews again!  
Give me your help for his sake you love best.  
*Clor.* Shepherd, thou canst not possibly  
take rest,

<sup>47</sup> *Fare.*] We do not remember to have met with this word, in the sense here adopted before. *Fare*, in this place, seems to mean *form*.

'Till thou hast laid aside all heats, desires,  
Provoking thoughts that stir up lusty<sup>43</sup> fires,  
Commerce with wanton eyes, strong blood,  
and will

To execute; these must be purg'd, until  
The veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray  
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,  
And I shall undertake your cure with ease;  
'Till when, this virtuous plaister will displease  
Your tender sides. Give me your hand, and  
rise!

Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs  
Yet are feeble.

*Alexis.* Sure I've lost much blood.

*Sat.* 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.

Mortal, you must leave your wooing;

Tho' there be a joy in doing,

Yet it brings much grief behind it;

They best feel it, that do find it.

*Clor.* Come, bring him in; I will attend  
his sore. [more.]

When you are well, take heed you lust no

*Sat.* Shepherd, see what comes of kiss-  
ing;

By my head, 'twere better missing.—

Brightest, if there be remaining

Any service, without feigning

I will do it; were I set

To catch the nimble wind, or get

Shadows gliding on the green,

Or to steal from the great queen

Of the fairies all her beauty;

I would do it, so much duty

Do I owe those precious eyes.

*Clor.* I thank thee, honest Satyr. If the  
eries

Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,  
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will  
To bring them hither.

*Sat.* I will; and when the weather

Serves to angle in the brook,

I will bring a silver hook,

With a line of finest silk,

And a rod as white as milk,

To deceive the little fish:

So I take my leave, and wish

On this bow'r may ever dwell

Spring and summer!

*Clor.* Friend, farewell! [Exeunt.]

*Enter Amoret, seeking her love.*

*Amo.* This place is ominous; for here I lost  
My love, and almost life, and since have  
cross'd

All these woods over ne'er; a nook or dell,  
Where any little bird or beast doth dwell,  
But I have sought him; ne'er a bending brow  
Of any hill, or glade the wind sings thro',  
Nor a green bank, nor shade where shepherds  
To sit and riddle, sweetly pipe, or chuse [use  
Their Valentines, that I have miss'd, to find  
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,  
Why hast thou fled me? Whither art thou  
gone? [alone]

How have I wrong'd thee? Was my love  
To thee worth this scorn'd recompence?<sup>49</sup>

'Tis well;

I am content to feel it: But I tell [hear,

Thee, shepherd, and these lusty woods shall

Forsaken Amoret is yet as clear

Of any stranger fire, as Heaven is

From foul corruption, or the deep abyss [know

From light and happiness! and thou may'st

All this for truth, and how that fatal blow

Thou gav'st me, never from desert of mine

Fell on my life, but from suspect of thine,

Or fury more than madness;<sup>50</sup> therefore, here

Since I have lost my life, my love, my dear,

Upon this cursed place, and on this green

That first divorce'd us, shortly shall be seen

A sight of so great pity, that each eye

Shall daily spend his spring in memory

Of my untimely fall!

*Enter Amarillis.*

*Amar.* I am not blind,

Nor is it thro' the working of my mind,

That this shews Amoret. Forsake me, all

That dwell upon the soul, but what men call

Wonder, or more than wonder, miracle!

For sure, so strange as this, the oracle

Never gave answer of; it passeth dreams,

Of madmen's fancy, when the many streams

Of new imaginations rise and fall!

'Tis but an hour since these ears heard her call

For pity to young Perigot; while he,

Directed by his fury, bloodily [and cold;

Launch'd up her breast, which bloodless fell

And, if belief may credit what was told,

After all this, the Melancholy Swain

Took her into his arms, being almost slain,

And to the bottom of the holy well

Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.

'Tis she, the very same; 'tis Amoret,

And living yet; the great pow'rs will not let

Their virtuous love be cross'd. Maid, wipe  
away

Those heavy drops of sorrow, and allay

<sup>43</sup> Lusty fires.] Mr. Seward changes *lusty* to *lustful*; but both words have the same import: We have therefore followed the old books. *Heats*, for *hearts*, in the preceding line, was restored by Theobald from the first quarto. Various instances of the use of *lusty* for *lustful* are produced in the 31st note on the Custom of the Country.

<sup>49</sup> Was my love alone

To thee worth this scorn'd recompence? The construction is rather hard; but, resolved into plain prose, the meaning is, 'Was my love worth only this scornful return?'

<sup>50</sup> Or fury more than madness.] A rage even beyond frenzy.

The storm that yet goes high,<sup>51</sup> which, not  
deprest,  
Breaks heart and life, and all, before it rest.  
Thy Perigot—

*Amo.* Where, which is Perigot?

*Amar.* Sits there below, lamenting much,  
God wot,

Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;  
And thou shalt find him underneath a brim  
Of sailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

*Amo.* I go, I run! Heav'n grant me I  
may win  
His soul again! [Exit.]

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stay, Amarillis, stay!  
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.  
I have perform'd my promise; let us sit  
And warm our bloods together, till the fit  
Come lively on us.

*Amar.* Friend, you are too keen;  
The morning riseth, and we shall be seen;  
Forebear a little.

*Sull. Shep.* I can stay no longer.

*Amar.* Hold, shepherd, hold! Learn not  
to be a wronger

Of your word.<sup>52</sup> Was not your promise laid,  
To break their loves first?

*Sull. Shep.* I have done it, maid. [again,  
*Amar.* No; they are yet unbroken, met  
And are as hard to part yet, as the stain  
Is from the finest lawn.

*Sull. Shep.* I say, they are  
Now at this present parted, and so far,  
That they shall never meet.

*Amar.* Swain, 'tis not so;  
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,  
And there believe your eyes.

*Sull. Shep.* You do but hold  
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold

And frozen Bashfulness, unfit for men!  
Thus I salute thee, virgin!

*Amar.* And thus, then,  
I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can!

[Exit.]

*Sull. Shep.* And, if I stay behind, I am no  
man! [Exit, running after her.]

*Enter Perigot.*

*Peri.* Night, do not steal away!<sup>53</sup> I woo  
thee yet

To hold a hand o'er the rusty bit  
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,  
Bootes, thou that driv'st thy frozen wain  
Round as a ring, and bring a second night  
To hide my sorrows from the coming light!  
Let not the eyes of men stare on my face,  
And read my falling! Give me some black  
place, [light,

Where never sun-beam shot his wholesome  
That I may sit and pour out my sad sprite  
Like running water, never to be known  
After the forced fall and sound is gone!

*Enter Amoret, looking for Perigot.*

*Amo.* This is the bottom. Speak, if thou  
be here,

My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,  
Calls on thy loved name.

*Peri.* What art<sup>54</sup> thou dare [care  
Tread these forbidden paths, where death and  
Dwell on the face of darkness?

*Amo.* 'Tis thy friend,  
Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end  
To these consumings. Look up, gentle boy,  
I have forgot those pains and dear annoy  
I suffer'd for thy sake, and am content  
To be thy love again. Why hast thou rent  
Those curled locks, where I have often hung  
Ribbons, and damask-roses, and have flung

<sup>51</sup> *The storm that yet goes high.*] Mr. Seward and Mr. Simpson recommend reading,  
blows high.

<sup>52</sup> *Of your word.*] It may be proper to observe here, that *your*, *hour*, and several other  
words that are now always pronounced as monosyllables, were by the old poets made one or  
two syllables at will; and every reader should accustom his ear to such liberties, if he hopes to  
see his judgment from the elogs of modern prejudice. Seward.

With all these allowances, the measure is often extremely licentious, and the accent inju-  
diciously placed. See almost every scene of the play.

<sup>53</sup> *Night, do not steal away, &c.*] Milton seems to have had this passage before him when  
he wrote the following lines, for the Attendant Spirit, in *Comus*:

'At which I ceas'd, and listen'd then a while,

'Till an unusual stop of sudden silence

Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,

'That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep.'

R.

<sup>54</sup> *What art thou dar'st.*] Almost every edition has a different reading here: The first  
quarto reads, *What thou dare*; the second, *What art thou dare*; the later editions preserve the  
grammar right, but neglect the rhimes. Mr. Theobald, in his margin, has left *dare's*, and has  
put *care's* to answer it in the next line, but *care* in the singular is more poetical; I have there-  
fore preferred what Mr. Simpson and I, by conjecture, concurred in. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *What art? Who dare, &c.* We think the reading of the second quarto  
best, and have followed it. It conveys the same sense as Mr. Seward's reading, with no very  
violent *ellipsis*.

Waters distill'd to make thee fresh and gay,  
Sweeter than nosegays on a bridal day?  
Why dost thou cross thine arms, and hang  
thy face  
Down to thy bosom, letting fall apace,  
From those two little Heav'ns, upon the  
ground, [round,  
Show'st of more price, more orient, and more  
Than those that hang upon the moon's pale  
brow? [now  
Cease these complainings, shepherd! I am  
The same I ever was, as kind and free,  
And can forgive before you ask of me:  
Indeed, I can and will.

*Peri.* So spoke my fair!

Oh, you great working pow'rs of earth and air,  
Water and forming fire, why have you lent  
Your hidden virtues to so ill intent? <sup>55</sup>  
Ev'n such a face, so fair, so bright of hue,  
Had Amoret; such words, so smooth and new,  
Came flying from her tongue; such was her eye,  
And such the pointed sparkle that did fly  
Forth like a bleeding shaft; all is the same,  
The robe and buskins, painted hook, and  
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret! [frame  
*Amo.* Shepherd, what means this riddle?  
who hath set

So strong a diff'rence 'twixt myself and me  
That I am grown another? Look, and see  
The ring thou gav'st me, and about my wrist  
That curious bracelet thou thyself didst twist  
From those fair tresses. Know'st thou Amoret?  
Hath not some newer love forc'd thee forget  
Thy ancient faith?

*Peri.* Still nearer to my love!

These be the very words she oft did prove  
Upon my temper; so she still would take  
Wonder into her face, and silent make [say,  
Signs with her head and hand, as who would  
Shepherd, remember this another day.

*Amo.* Am I not Amoret? Where was I  
lost? [most

Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and  
Of these unconstant? <sup>56</sup> Faith, where art thou  
fled?

Are all the vows and protestations dead,  
The hands held up, the wishes, and the heart?  
Is there not one remaining, not a part  
Of all these to be found? Why then, I see,  
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.

*Peri.* Men ever were most blessed, till  
cross fate

Brought love and women forth, unfortunate  
To all that ever tasted of their smiles;  
Whose actions are all double, full of wiles;  
Like to the subtle hare, that 'fore the hounds  
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many  
rounds,

This way and that way, to deceive the scent  
Of her pursuers.

*Amo.* 'Tis but to prevent  
Their speedy coming on, that seek her fall;  
The hands of cruel men, more bestial,  
And of a nature more refusing good  
Than beasts themselves, or fishes of the flood.

*Peri.* Thou art all these, and more than  
nature meant,

When she created all; frowns, joys, content;

<sup>55</sup> *Virtues of so ill intent?* Though *virtues* is the same as *powers*, yet *virtues of so ill intent* is too stiff an expression to be supposed genuine. My reading gives, I think, the natural sense of the passage. 'Why have you lent your powers, and offered a miracle to be wrought, for 'so ill a purpose as deceiving me into murder.'

This is not the meaning; hint, 'Why have you lent your hidden virtues for so ill an intention as to deceive me?' for he does not yet believe her to be the real Amoret.

<sup>56</sup> *Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and most*

*Of these unconstant?*—] I shall not venture to change the text here, though I cannot construe it into any consistent sense. Does *these* refer both to Heaven and time, as well as men? Surely no, for why must Heaven be accused of man's inconstancy? The sense which I think is aimed at is, 'Can men believe a Heaven and its justice against inconstancy, and yet most of them be inconstant?' But then, what has *time* to do in the sentence? The only reading that I can form near the trace of the letters which will give this sense, is,

*Can there be Heav'n and truth with men, yet most  
Of these unconstant?*

What makes it highly probable that the text is corrupt, is, that the first old quarto, whose authority outweighs all the latter editions, as being the only guide the others followed, is confused in this line. It reads,

*Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, most  
Of these unconstant?*

*Seward.*

The sense, duly attending to the whole speech, is both consistent and easy. Mr. Seward's difficulty arose from his referring the words *most of these unconstant*, to the preceding line, wherein *Heav'n, time, and men*, are enumerated; whereas they relate to *faith, uplifted hands, wishes*, and the *heart*, which are the subject of the lines that follow, and which having mentioned, Amoret exclaims,

*Is there not one remaining, not a part  
Of all these to be found? Why then, I see  
Men never knew that virtue, constancy.*



Extreme fire for an hour, and presently  
Colder than sleepy poison, or the sea;  
Upon whose face sits a continual frost,  
Your actions ever driven to the most,<sup>17</sup>  
Then down again as low, that none can find  
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.

*Amo.* Can there be any age, or days, or time,

Or tongues of men, guilty so great a crime  
As wronging simple maid? Oh, Perigot,  
Thou that wast yesterday without a blot;  
Thou that wast ev'ry good, and ev'ry thing  
That men call blessed; thou that wast the  
spring [best;  
From whence our looser grooms drew all their  
Thou that wast always just, and always blest  
In faith and promise; thou that hadst the name  
Of virtuous giv'n thee, and mad'st good the  
same

Ev'n from thy cradle; thou that wast that all  
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall,  
Is this, to have been so, and now to be }  
The only best in wrong and infamy,  
And I to live to know this! And by me }  
That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that  
Which we esteem'd our honour, virgin state;  
Dearer than swallows love the early morn,  
Or dogs of chase the sound of merry horn;

Dearer than thou thy new love, if thou hast  
Another, and far dearer than the last;  
Dearer than thou canst love thyself, tho' all  
The self-love were within thee, that did fall  
With that coy swain that now is made a flow'r,  
For whose dear sake Echo weeps many a  
show'r!

And am I thus rewarded for my flame?  
Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name?  
Come, thou forsaken willow, wind my head,  
And noise it to the world my love is dead!  
I am forsaken, I am cast away,  
And left for ev'ry lazy groom to say,  
I was unconstant, light, and sooner lost  
Than the quick clouds we see, or the chill frost  
When the hot sun beats on it! Tell me yet,  
Canst thou not love again thy Amoret?

*Peri.* Thou art not worthy of that blessed name!

I must not know thee; fling thy wanton flame  
Upon some lighter blood, that may be hot  
With words and feigned passions: Perigot  
Was ever yet unstain'd, and shall not now  
Scoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.

*Amo.* Then bear me, Heav'n, to whom I  
call for right,<sup>18</sup>

And you fair twinkling stars that crown the  
night;

<sup>17</sup> *Your actions ever driven to the most,*

*Then down again as low.]* If their actions were ever driven to the most or highest, how could they sometimes take the contrary extreme and fall low again? The text, I verily believe, is corrupt, and hope my emendation will be allowed; it keeps very near the trace of the letters, and gives this sense: Women for the most part act the part of over-niceness and chastity, and yet sometimes descend to the lowest depths of vice. *Seward.*

*Mr. Seward reads,*

*Your actions over driven for the most.*

The construction is hard, but Mr. Seward's alteration will not carry the sense he means it should convey. Besides that, *for the most* is poor and unpoetical. *Your actions ever driven to the most*, taken by itself, might signify, 'Your actions are always in extremes.' But the beginning of the next line, *Then down again as low*, seems to require some previous mention of their high notions:

*Then down again as low, that none can find  
The rise or falling of a woman's mind.*

<sup>18</sup> *Then hear me heav'n, to whom I call for right.]* I think it is an observation in one of Mr. Pope's letters, that the harmony of English verse consists in the variation of the pauses betwixt the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh syllables: And it is a known rule, that the most natural pause of the English verse is at the fourth syllable. The modern poets, from Waller to Mr. Pope, by confining their pauses almost always to those four syllables, and oftenest to the fourth, have preserved an uniformity of numbers and cadence which is very rarely found in either Spenser, Shakespeare, Fletcher or Milton. Most of these have done it occasionally, as Fletcher has done here for some lines together; but they generally vary their pauses freely through all the syllables. Let us therefore ask, whether the common opinion of Waller, Dryden and Pope's, being the refiners and smoothers of the English metre, be well or ill grounded? Have the softest and smoothest of their writings more delicacy and harmony than several parts of Comus and the Faithful Shepherdess? More uniform they are, we allow, like the gardens which Mr. Pope describes, where

'Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,

'And half the platform just reflects the other.

But is this a true or a false taste? We certainly borrowed it from the French in the Gallic (not Augustine) age of King Charles the Second; and if we admire it, let us acknowledge our benefactors. *Seward.*

There is, we think, much good sense and true taste in the above note.

I will not prove inconstant, nor will leave  
Thee for an hour alone.<sup>62</sup> When I deceive  
My first-made vow, the wildest of the wood  
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!  
I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,  
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come  
again. [Exit.

*Enter Thenot.*

*The.* Poor shepherd, in this shade for ever  
And seeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die! [lie,  
Oh, hapless love, which being answer'd, ends;  
And, as a little infant cries and bends  
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye  
He hath espied something that glisters nigh  
Which he would have, yet give it him, away  
He throws it straight, and cries afresh to play  
With something else: Such my affection, set  
On that which I should loath, if I could get.

*Enter Clorin.*

*Clo.* See where he lies! Did ever man but he  
Love any woman for her constancy  
To her dead lover, which she needs must end  
Before she can allow him for her friend,  
And he himself must needs the cause destroy  
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?  
Poor Shepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may  
free

Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!  
Shepherd, look up.

*The.* Thy brightness doth amaze!  
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;  
Thy glorious constancy appears so bright,  
I dare not meet the beams with my weak sight.

*Clo.* Why dost thou pine away thyself for  
me? [constancy?

*The.* Why dost thou keep such spotless  
*Clo.* Thou holy shepherd, see what, for  
thy sake,

Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.

[He starts up.

*The.* Stay there, thou constant Clorin! if  
there be

Yet any part of woman left in thee, [speak!  
To make thee light, think yet before thou

*Clo.* See, what a holy vow for thee I break:  
I, that already have my fame far spread,  
For being constant to my lover dead.

*The.* Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love;  
how true,

If you had died, he would have been to you.

*Clo.* Yet all I'll lose for thee——

*The.* Think but how bless'd

A constant woman is above the rest!

*Clo.* And offer up myself, here on this  
To be dispos'd by thee. [ground,

*The.* Why dost thou wound  
His heart with malice against women more,  
That hated all the sex, but thee, before?

How much more pleasant had it been to me  
To die, than to behold this change in thee!

Yet, yet return; let not the woman sway!

*Clo.* Insult not on her now, nor use delay,  
Who for thy sake hath ventur'd all her fame.

*The.* Thou hast not ventur'd, but bought  
certain shame!

Your sex's curse, foul falshood, must and shall,  
I see, once in your lives, light on you all.

I hate thee now!—Yet turn!

*Clo.* Be just to me:

Shall I at once both lose my fame and thee?

*The.* Thou hast no fame; that which thou  
darest like good

Was but thy appetite that sway'd thy blood

For that time to the best: For as a blast

That thro' a house comes, usually doth cast

Things out of order, yet by chance may  
come,

And blow some one thing to his proper room;

So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal, [well,

Sway thee by chance to do some one thing  
Yet turn!

*Clo.* Thou dost but try me, if I would

Forsake thy dear embraces, for my old

Love's, tho' he were alive: But do not fear.

*The.* I do condemn thee now, and dare  
come near,

And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,  
Austerity, which sate upon that face, [see,

Is gone, and thou like others! False maid,  
This is the gain of foul inconstancy! [Exit.

*Clo.* 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee  
thanks for it!

What art could not have heal'd, is cur'd  
by wit,

*Enter Thenot again.*

*The.* Will you be constant yet? will you  
remove

Into the cabin to your hurried love?

*Clo.* No, let me die; but by thy side re-  
main.

*The.* There's none shall know that thou  
didst ever stain

Thy worthy strictness, but shalt honour'd be,  
And I will lie again under this tree,

And pine and die for thee with more delight,  
Than I have sorrow now to know thee light.

*Clo.* Let me have thee, and I'll be where  
thou wilt.

*The.* Thou art of womens' race, and full  
of guilt.

<sup>62</sup> — nor will leave

[Thee for an hour alone.] If this be genuine, the sense will be, that I will not leave thee  
alone, even a full hour; but this appears so stiffly expressed that I have changed the negative to  
an affirmative; making her say, that she would absent herself for one hour only. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, 'I will leave;' but the stiffness of the expression does not warrant a  
change. She means to say, 'She will not prove inconstant, nor leave him even a single  
hour.'

Farewell, all hope of that sex! Whilst I  
 thought [unthought:  
 There was one good, I fear'd to find one  
 But since their minds I all alike espy,  
 Henceforth I'll chuse as others, by mine eye!  
 [Exit.

Clo. Blest be ye pow'rs that gave such quick  
 redress,  
 And for my labours sent so good success.  
 I rather chuse, tho' I a woman be,  
 He should speak ill of all, than die for me.  
 [Exit.

## ACT V.

*Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.*

*Priest.* SHEPHERDS, rise, and shake off  
 sleep!

See, the blushing morn doth peep  
 Thro' the windows, while the sun  
 To the mountain tops is run,  
 Gilding all the vales below  
 With his rising flames, which grow  
 Greater by his climbing still.  
 Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill  
 Bag and bottle for the field!  
 Clasp your cloaks fast, lest they yield  
 To the bitter North-east wind.  
 Call the maidens up, and find  
 Who lay longest, that she may  
 Go without a friend all day;  
 Then reward your dogs, and pray  
 Pan to keep you from decay:  
 So unfold, and then away!

What, not a shepherd stirring? Sure the  
 grooms

Have found their beds too easy, or the rooms  
 Fill'd with such new delight, and heat, that  
 they

Have both forgot their hungry sheep, and day.  
 Knock, that they may remember what a shame  
 Sloth and neglect lay on a shepherd's name.

*Old Shep.* It is to little purpose; not a swain  
 This night hath known his lodging here, or  
 lain [town,

Within these cotes: The woods, or some near  
 That is a neighbour to the bord'ring Down,  
 Hath drawn them thither, 'bout some lusty  
 sport,

Or spiced wassel-bowl, to which resort  
 All the young men and maids of many a cote,  
 Whilst the trim minstrel strikes his merry note.

*Priest.* God pardon sin!—Shew me the  
 way that leads  
 To any of their haunts.

*Old Shep.* This to the meads,  
 And that down to the woods.

*Priest.* Then this for me.  
 Come, shepherd, let me crave your company.  
 [Exeunt,

*Clarin in her catin, Alexis with her.*

*Clo.* Now your thoughts are almost pure,  
 And your wound begins to cure,  
 Strive to banish all that's vain,  
 Lest it should break out again.

*Alexis.* Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy  
 maid! [staid

I find my former wand'ring thoughts well  
 Through thy wise precepts; and my outward  
 pain,

By thy choice herbs, is almost gone again:  
 Thy sex's vice and virtue are reveal'd

At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.

*Clo.* May thy grief<sup>62</sup> more appease!  
 Relapses are the worst disease.

Take heed how you in thought offend;  
 So mind and body both will mend.

*Enter Satyr, with Amoret.*

*Auro.* Be't thou the wildest creature of the  
 wood, [blood,

That bear'st me thus away, drown'd in my  
 And dying, know I cannot injur'd be;  
 I am a maid; let that name fight for me!

*Sat.* Fairest virgin, do not fear

Me, that doth thy body bear,  
 Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;

Men are ruder far than we.—

<sup>62</sup> *May thy griefe more appease.*] Here *grief* is to be spoke as two syllables. *Seward.*

The measure is not in general correct enough to warrant this direction: But if the pronunciation is to be protracted, we should think it probable that the word was used in the plural number;

*May thy griefes more appease!*

We have chosen, however, to abide by the old books, which we commonly follow, unless the error is apparent and obvious. Such errors, contrary to the practice of former Editors, we never presume to correct in silence; but, contrary to the practice of those Editors, we frequently restore the true reading of the old books, without any vain display or idle parade of the labour of our researches. On this principle, we have discarded many ostentatious notes of Mr. Seward and his associates, who first offer an emendation as their own conjectural reading, and then confirm their supposed conjecture by the authority of the old books, pluming themselves on their own ingenuity as well as fidelity.

See, fair goddess, in the wood  
They have let out yet more blood:  
Some savage man hath struck her breast,  
So soft and white, that no wild beast  
Durst ha' touch'd, asleep, or wake;  
So sweet, that adder, newt, or snake,  
Would have lain from arm to arm,  
On her bosom to be warin  
All a night, and being hot,  
Gone away, and stung her not.  
Quickly clop herbs to her breast.  
A man sure is a kind of beast! [breast

*Clo.* With spotless hand, on spotless  
I put these herbs, to give thee rest:  
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,  
If both be pure; if not, off slide.—  
See, it falls off from the wound!  
Shepherdess, thou art not sound;  
Full of lust.

*Sat.* Who would have thought it?  
So fair a face!

*Clo.* Why, that hath brought it.

*Amo.* For aught I know, or think, these  
words my last, [chaste!]

Yet, Pan so help me as my thoughts are

*Clo.* And so may Pan bless this my cure,  
As all my thoughts are just and pure.  
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,  
That will not let my med'cines work.  
*Satyr*, search if thou canst find it.

*Sat.* Here away methinks I wind it:  
Stronger yet. Oh, here they be;  
Here here, in a hollow tree,  
Two fond mortals have I found.

*Clo.* Bring them out; they are unsound.

*Enter Cloe and Daphnis.*

*Sat.* By the fingers thus I wring ye,  
To my goddess thus I bring ye:  
Strife is vain, come gently in.  
I scented them; they're full of sin.

*Clo.* Hold, *Satyr*; take this glass,  
Sprinkle over all the place,  
Purge the air from lustful breath,  
To save this shepherdess from death.  
And stand you still whilst I do dress  
Her wound, for fear the pain encrease.

*Sat.* From this glass I throw a drop  
Of christal water on the top  
Of ev'ry grass, on flow'rs a pair:  
Send a fume, and keep the air  
Pure and wholesome, sweet and bless'd,  
'Till this virgin's wound be dress'd.

*Clo.* *Satyr*, help to bring her in.

*Sat.* By Pan, I think she hath no sin,  
She is so light. Lie on these leaves.  
Sleep, that mortal sense deceives,  
Crown thine eyes, and ease thy pain;  
May'st thou soon be well again!

*Clo.* *Satyr*, bring the shepherd near;  
Try him, if his mini be clear.

*Sat.* Shepherd, come.

*Daph.* My thoughts are pure.

*Sat.* The better trial to endure.

*Clo.* In this flame <sup>64</sup> his finger thrust,  
Which will burn him if he lust;  
But if not, away will turn,  
As loth unspotted flesh to burn.—  
See, it gives back; let him go.  
Farewell, mortal! keep thee so.

*Sat.* Stay, fair nymph; fly not so fast;  
We must try if you be chaste.  
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;  
Sure she will not prove so clear.

*Clo.* Hold her finger to the flame;  
That will yield her praise or shame.

*Sat.* To her doom she dares not stand,  
But plucks away her tender hand;  
And the taper darting sends  
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.  
Oh, thou art foul within, and hast  
A mind, if nothing else, unchaste. [she!]  
*Alexis.* Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis  
Cloe, fair Cloe!

*Cloe.* My Alexis!

*Alexis.* He.

*Cloe.* Let me embrace thee.

*Clo.* Take her hence,

Lest her sight disturb his sense.

*Alexis.* Take not her; take my life first!

*Clo.* See, his wound again is burst!  
Keep her near, here in the wood,  
'Till I've stopt these streams of blood.  
Soon again he ease shall find,  
If I can but still his mind.  
This curtain thus I do display;  
To keep the piercing air away.

[Curtain drawn.]

*Enter Old Shepherd and Priest.*

*Priest.* Sure, they are lost for ever! 'Tis in  
vain [pain]  
To find them out, with trouble and much  
That have a ripe desire, and forward will  
To fly the company of all but ill. [tire]  
What shall be counsel'd now? shall we re-  
Or constant follow still that first desire  
We had to find them?

<sup>64</sup> In this flame, &c.] This is taken word for word from Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the end of the last act.

\* With trial fire touch me his finger end;  
\* If he be chaste, the flame will back descend;  
\* And put him to no pain; but if he start  
\* It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

*Symposium.*

I take the trial-fire not to have been an invention of Shakespeare, but a commonly-believed legend of the fairies. *Seward.*

*Old Shep.* Stay a little while;  
For, if the morning's mist do not beguile  
My sight with shadows, sure I see a swain;  
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

*Enter Throt.*

*Priest.* Dost thou not blush, young shepherd, to be known,  
Thus without care, leaving thy flock alone,  
And following what desire and present blood  
Shapes out before thy burning sense for good;  
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may  
Tell to the world thy falling-off, and say  
Thou art regardless both of good and shame,  
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?  
And like a glorious<sup>65</sup> desperate man that buys  
A poison of much price, by which he dies,  
Dost thou lay out for lust, whose only gain  
Is foul disease, with present ache and pain,<sup>66</sup>  
And then a grave? These be the fruits that  
grow

In such hot veins, that only beat to know  
Where they may take most ease, and grow  
ambitious

Thro' their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

*The.* Right holy Sir, I have not known  
this night [sight

What the smooth face of mirth was, or the  
Of any looseness; music, joy, and ease,  
Have been to me as bitter drugs to please  
A stomach lost with weakness, not a game  
That I am skill'd at throughly: Nor a dame,

Went her tongue smoother than the feet of  
time,

Her beauty ever living, like the rhyme  
Our blessed Tityrus<sup>67</sup> did sing of yore;  
No, were she more enticing than the store  
Of fruitful summer, when the laden tree  
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;  
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainst the  
bay.<sup>68</sup>

Whose lightning may enclose, but never stay  
Upon his charmed branches; such am I  
Against the catching flames of woman's eye.

*Priest.* Then wherefore hast thou wander'd?

*The.* 'Twas a vow [now  
That drew me out last night, which I have  
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give  
Fresh pasture to my sheep, that they may live.

*Priest.* 'Tis good to hear you, shepherd, if  
the heart

In this well-sounding music bear his part.  
Where have you left the rest?

*The.* I have not seen,  
Since yesternight we met upon this green  
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;  
Yet have I walk'd those woods round, and  
have lain

All this same night under an aged tree;  
Yet neither wand'ring shepherd did I see,  
Or shepherdess, or drew into mine ear  
The sound of living thing, unless it were  
The nightingale<sup>69</sup> among the thick-leav'd  
spring,

That sits alone in sorrow, and doth sing

<sup>65</sup> *And like a glorious desperate man that buys*

*A poison of much price.*] Mr. Symphon would read *furios* desperate man, but I am afraid this would be turning a beauty into a tautology. He is *desperate* or *furios*, because he buys a poison; he is *glorious* because he buys one of great price. *Seward.*

*Glorious*, in this place, bears the same sense as the French adjective *glorieux*, which signifies *proud*, *vain*.

<sup>66</sup> ——— *with present age and pain.*] Mr. Symphon would read *aches and pain*. But exactly the same may be said of this conjecture as the former. The gain of lust is disease, an early old age, pain and death: *Present age* is therefore a remarkably strong expression.

*Seward.*

We are apt to believe the Author wrote '*ache and pain*.' *Age* did not then always imply old age, and there are in this very play instances of a contrary signification annexed to the word. It is a refinement to call *present age* a remarkably strong expression in this place, where the word *present* is plainly used in opposition to *ensuing* death;

——— *present ache and pain,*  
*And then a grave. These be the fruits, &c.*

<sup>67</sup> *Our blessed Tityrus.*] Mr. Symphon would suppose that Spenser is meant here, but I happen to dissent from him in this likewise; first, because Spenser died but a few years before this play was wrote, and the expression of *yore* seems to imply an earlier date: Secondly, because *Tityrus* is the name which Spenser had in all his pastorals given to Chaucer, and as Fletcher frequently imitates those pastorals, I doubt not but Chaucer was here intended; particularly as Spenser is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with still greater honour than Chaucer is here. *Seward.*

<sup>68</sup> *Thunder 'gainst the bay.*] This property is also ascribed to the *laurel*.

<sup>69</sup> *The nightingale among, &c.*] This description of the nightingale is taken from Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, August.

\* Hence

Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,  
Or our great enemy,<sup>70</sup> that still doth howl  
Against the moon's cold beams.

*Priest.* Go, and beware  
Of after-falling!

*The.* Father, 'tis my care. [Exit.

*Enter Daphnis.*

*Old Shep.* Here comes another straggler;  
sure I see

A shame in this young shepherd. Daphnis?  
*Daph.* He.

*Priest.* Where hast thou left the rest, that  
should have been,

Long before this, grazing upon the green  
Their yet-imprison'd flocks?

*Daph.* Thon holy man,  
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can  
Be able to unfold what I have seen:  
Such horror, that the like hath never been  
Known to the ear of shepherd. Oh, my heart  
Labours a double motion to impart  
So heavy tidings! You all know the bow'r  
Where the chaste Chloris lives, by whose great  
pow'r

Sick men and cattle have been oft cur'd;  
There lovely Amoret, that was assur'd  
To lusty Perigot, bleeds out her life,  
Forc'd by some iron hand and fatal knife;  
And by her, young Alexis.

*Enter Amarillis, running from her Sullen  
Shepherd.*

*Amar.* If there be  
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,  
Receive my body, close me up from lust  
That follows at my heels! be ever just,  
Thou God of shepherds, Pan, for her dear  
sake [shake  
That loves the rivers' brinks, and still doth  
In cold remembrance of thy quick pursuit!  
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,  
Nod to the waters' fall, whilst ev'ry blast  
Sings thro' my slender leaves that I was  
chaste!

*Priest.* This is a night of wonder! Amarill,  
Be comforted; the holy Gods are still  
Revengeurs of these wrongs.

*Amar.* Thou blessed man,  
Honour'd upon these plains, and lov'd of Pan,  
Hear me, and save from endless infamy,  
My yet-unblasted flow'r, virginity!  
By all the garlands that have crown'd that  
head,

By thy chaste office, and the marriage-bed  
That still is bless'd by thee; by all the rites  
Due to our God, and by those virgin lights  
That burn before his altar; let me not  
Fall from my former state, to gain the blot  
That never shall be purg'd! I am not now  
That wanton Amarillis! here I vow  
To Heav'n, and thee, grave father, if I may  
'Scape this unhappy night, to know the day  
A virgin, never after to endure  
The tongues, or company of men unpure!  
I hear him come! save me!

*Priest.* Retire a while [vile  
Behind this bush, 'till we have known that  
Abuser of young maidens.

*Enter Sullen Shepherd.*

*Sull. Shep.* Stay thy pace,  
Most-lov'd Amarillis; let the chase  
Grow calm and milder; fly me not so fast.  
I fear the pointed brambles have unlace'd  
Thy golden buskins; turn again and see  
Thy shepherd follow, that is strong and free,  
Able to give thee all content and ease.  
I am not bashful, virgin; I can please  
At first encounter, hug thee in mine arm,  
And give thee many kisses, soft and warm  
As those the sun prints on the smiling cheek  
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am sleek  
And smooth as Neptune, when stern Æolus  
Locks up his surly winds, and nimbly thus  
Can shew my active youth! Why dost thou  
Remember, Amarillis, it was I [fly?  
That kill'd Alexis for thy sake, and set  
An everlasting hate 'twixt Amoret  
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I [lie  
That drown'd her in the well, where she must  
'Till time shall leave to be. Then, turn again,  
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the swain  
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I say!  
I must not be deluded.

*Priest.* Monster, say!

- Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
- That blessed bird, that spends her time of sleep
- In songs and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment
- The memory of his misdeed that bred her woe.

Both Spenser's and Fletcher's are extremely beautiful, and the sound in both a perfect echo to the sense; yet are they scarce to be named with that noble simile of the nightingale at the end of Georgicks, or with the various descriptions of her in Milton, who was quite enamoured with this bird, from her near resemblance to his own circumstances.

- Who fed on thoughts that voluntary mov'd
- Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
- Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
- Tunes her nocturnal note.

*Seward.*

Virgil's simile is also translated in one of Lee's Tragedies.

<sup>70</sup> Our great enemy.] The wolf.

Thou that art like a canker to the state  
Thou liv'st and breath'st in, eating with debate

Thro' every honest bosom,<sup>71</sup> forcing still  
The veins of any that may serve thy will;  
Thou that hast offer'd with a sinful hand  
To seize upon this virgin, that doth stand  
Yet trembling here!

*Sull. Shep.* Good holiness, declare  
What had the danger been, if being here  
I had embrac'd her; tell me by your art,  
What coming wonders would that sight im-

*Priest.* Last, and a branded soul. [part?

*Sull. Shep.* Yet tell me more;  
Hath not our mother Nature, for her store  
And great encrease, said it is good and just,  
And wills that ev'ry living creature must  
Beget his like?

*Priest.* You're better read than I,  
I must confess, in blood and lechery.  
Now to the bow'r, and bring this beast along,  
Where he may suffer penance for his wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Perigot, with his hand bloody.*

*Peri.* Here will I wash it in this morning's dew,

Which she on every little grass doth strew  
In silver drops against the sun's appear:  
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—  
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,

If thy chaste spirit in the air yet move,  
Look mildly down on him that yet doth stand  
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;  
And tho' I struck thee unde-rve'dly,  
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee  
Make less a fault which I intended not,  
And let these dew-drops wash away my spot!—

It will not cleanse. Oh, to what sacred flood  
Shall I resort, to wash away this blood?  
Amidst these trees the holy Clorin dwells,  
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals  
All wounds: To her I will myself address,  
And my rash faults repentantly confess;  
Perhaps she'll find a means, by art or pray'r,  
To make my hand, with chaste blood stained,  
fair: [tree

That done, not far hence, underneath some  
I'll have a little cabin built, since she,  
Whom I ador'd, is dead; there will I give  
Myself to strictness, and like Clorin live!

[*Exit.*

*The curtain is drawn back; Clorin appears sitting in the cabin, Amoret sitting on the one side of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other; Satyr standing by.*

*Cloe.* Shepherd, once more your blood is  
Take example by this maid, [staid.

Who is leas'd ere you be pure;  
So hard it is lewd lust to cure.  
Take heed then how you turn your eye  
On these other lustfully.  
And, shepherdess, take heed lest you  
Move his willing eye thereto:  
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor smile  
Of yours, his weaker sense beguile!  
Is your love yet true and chaste,  
And for ever so to last?

*Alexis.* I have forgot all vain desires,  
All looser thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.  
True love I find a pleasant fune,  
Whose moderate heat can ne'er consume.

*Cloe.* And I a new fire feel in me,  
Whose chaste flame is not quench'd to be.

*Cloe.* Join your hands with modest touch  
And for ever keep you such!

*Enter Perigot.*

*Peri.* Yon is her cabin; thus far off I'll stand,  
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand  
I dare not bring so near yon sacred place.  
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace  
To a poor swain!

*Cloe.* What art thou that dost call?  
Clorin is ready to do good to all;  
Come near!

*Peri.* I dare not.

*Cloe.* Satyr, see

Who it is that calls on me.

*Sat.* There at hand some swain doth stand,  
Stretching out a bloody hand. [clear,

*Peri.* Come, Clorin, bring thy holy water  
To wash my hand.

*Cloe.* What wonders have been here  
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young swain,

Wash and rub it, whilst I rain  
Holy water.

*Peri.* Still you pour,  
But my hand will never scour.

*Cloe.* Satyr, bring him to the bower.  
We will try the sov'reign pow'r  
Of other waters.

*Sat.* Mortal, sure  
'Tis the blood of maiden pure  
That stains thee so!

[*The Satyr leadeth him to the lawn, where he spieeth Amoret; and kneeling down, she knoweth him.*

*Peri.* What'er thou be,  
Be'st thou her sprite, or some divinity,  
That in her shape thinks good to walk this grove,

Pardon poor Perigot!

*Amo.* I am thy love,

Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love!  
Strike once more on my naked breast, I'll prove

<sup>71</sup> Eating with debate

[*Thro' every honest bosom.*] The use of the word *debate* in this place seems hard, at least uncommon.

As constant still. Oh, cou'dst thou love me yet,

How soon could I my former griefs forget!

*Peri.* So over-great with joy that you live,  
now

I am, that no desire of knowing how  
Dost seize me. Hast thou still pow'r to for-  
give? [to live.]

*Amo.* Whilst thou hast pow'r to love, or I  
More welcome now, than hadst thou never  
Astray from me! [gone]

*Peri.* And when thou lov'st alone,  
And not I thee, death, or some ling'ring pain  
That's worse, light on me!

*Clo.* Now your stain  
Perhaps will cleanse thee; <sup>72</sup> once again.  
See, the blood that erst did stay,  
With the water drops away.  
All the pow'rs again are pleas'd,  
And with this new knot are pleas'd.  
Join your hands, and rise together,  
Pan be bless'd that brought you hither!

*Enter Priest and Old Shepherd.*

*Clo.* Go back again, whate'er thou art;  
unless [press]  
Smooth maiden thoughts possess thee, do not  
This hallow'd ground. Go, Satyr, take his  
hand,

And give him present trial.

*Sat.* Mortal, stand,  
'Till by fire I have made known  
Whether thou be such a one  
That mayst freely tread this place.  
Hold thy hand up. Never was  
More untainted flesh than this.  
Fairest, he is full of bliss.

*Clo.* Then boldly speak, why dost thou  
seek this place?

*Priest.* First, honour'd virgin, to behold  
thy face, [try]  
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to  
The truth of late report was giv'n to me:  
Those shepherds that have met with foul mis-  
chance,

Thro' much neglect, and more ill governance,  
Whether the wounds they have may yet en-  
dure

The open air, or stay a longer cure;  
And lastly, what the doom may be shall light  
Upon those guilty wretches, thro' whose spite

All this confusion fell: for to this place,  
Thou holy maiden, have I brought a <sup>73</sup> brace  
Of these offenders, who have freely told,  
Both why, and by what means, they gave  
this bold

Attempt upon their lives.

*Clo.* Famine all the ground,  
And sprinkle holy water; for unsound  
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air;  
It gathers yet more strongly; take a pair  
Of censors fill'd with frankincense and myrrh,  
Together with cold camphire: Quickly stir  
Thee, gentle Satyr; for the place begins  
To sweat and labour with th' abhorred sins  
Of those offenders. Let them not come nigh,  
For full of itching flame and leprosy  
Their very souls are, that the ground goes  
back,

And shrinks to feel the sullen weight of black  
And so unheard-of venom. Hie thee fast,  
Thou holy man; and banish from the chaste  
These manlike monsters; let them never more  
Be known upon these downs, but long before  
The next sun's rising, put them from the sight  
And memory of ev'ry honest wight.  
Be quick in expeditinn, lest the sores  
Of these weak patients break into new gores.

[Exit Priest.]

*Peri.* My dear, dear Amoret, how happy  
are

Those blessed pairs, in whom a little jar  
Hath bred an everlasting love, too stroug  
For time, or steel, or envy to do wrong!  
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,  
How much I was abus'd! Give me the smart,  
For it is justly mine.

*Amo.* I do believe.

It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve,  
And let us once more, in despite of ill,  
Give hands and hearts again.

*Peri.* With better will  
Than e'er I went to find in hottest day  
Cool crystal of the fountain, to allay  
My eager thirst. May this band never break;  
Hear us, oh, heav'n!

*Amo.* Be constant.

*Peri.* Else Pan wreak,  
With double vengeance, my disloyalty;  
Let me not dare to know the company  
Of men, or any more behold those eyes!

*Amo.* Thus, shepherd, with a kiss, all  
envy dies.

<sup>72</sup> *Perhaps will cleanse thee; once again.*] This is the reading of the old quarto's; the folio of 1679 says,

*'This perhaps will cleanse again;*

which is copied by the later editions. We have followed the older books; and though the construction, according to the usage of our Author, is a little licentious, yet the meaning is obvious. If any alteration were necessary, we might read, with less violence to the old text,

*Perhaps will leave thee.*

<sup>73</sup> ——— *brought the race.*] As he brought but two, I hope I have restored the true reading. Seward.



*Enter Priest.*

*Priest.* Bright maid, I have perform'd your will; the swain

In whom such heat and black rebellions reign Hath undergone your sentence, and disgrace: Only the maid I have reserv'd, whose face Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall

In sorrow of her fault: Great fair, recall Your heavy doom, in hope of better days, Which I dare promise; once again upraise Her heavy spirit, that near drowned lies In self-consuming care that never dies.

*Clo.* I am content to pardon; call her in. The air grows cool again, and doth begin To purge itself: How bright the day doth shew

After this stormy cloud! Go, Satyr, go, And with this taper boldly try her hand: If she be pure and good, and firmly stand To be so still, we have perform'd a work Worthy the gods themselves.

[*Satyr brings Amarillis in.*]

*Sat.* Come forward, maiden; do not lurk, Nor hide your face with grief and shame; Now or never get a name That may raise thee, and re-cure All thy life that was impure. Hold your hand unto the flame; If thou be'st a perfect dame, Or hast truly vow'd to mend, This pale fire will be thy friend. See, the taper hurts her not! Go thy ways; let never spot Henceforth seize upon thy blood: Thank the gods, and still be good!

*Clo.* Young shepherdess, now you are brought again

To virgin state, be so, and so remain To thy last day, unless the faithful love Of some good shepherd force thee to remove; Then labour to be true to him, and live As such a one that ever strives to give A blessed memory to after-time; Be famous for your good, not for your crime. Now, holy man, I offer up again [pain:] These patients, full of health and free from Keep them from after-ills; be ever near Unto their actions; teach them how to clear The tedious way they pass thro', from suspect; Keep them from wronging others, or neglect

Of duty in themselves; correct the blood With thrifty bits, and labour; let the flood, Or the next neighb'ring spring, give remedy To greedy thirst and travail, not the tree That hangs with wanton clusters; let not wine,

Unless in sacrifice, or rites divine, Be ever known of shepherds; have a care, Thou man of holy life! Now do not spare Their faults thro' much remissness, nor forget To cherish him, whose many pains and sweat Hath giv'n increase, and added to the downs. Sift all your shepherds from the lazy clowns That feed their heifers in the budded brooms:<sup>74</sup> Teach the young maidens strictness, that the

May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth; Banish all compliments, but single truth, From ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry shepherd's heart; Let them still use persuading, but no art: Thus, holy Priest, I wish to thee and these, All the best goods and comforts that may please! [give,<sup>75</sup>]

*All.* And all those blessings Heav'n did erst We pray upon this bow'r may ever live.

*Priest.* Kneel, ev'ry shepherd, while with pow'rful hand

I bless your after-labours, and the land You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you

From misfortune, and amend you, Keep you from those dangers still That are follow'd by your will; Give ye means to know at length All your riches; all your strength Cannot keep your foot from falling To lewd lust, that still is calling At your cottage, 'till his pow'r Bring again that golden hour Of peace and rest to ev'ry soul. May his care of you control All diseases, sores, or pain, That in after-time may reign, Either in your flocks or you; Give ye all affections new, New desires, and tempers new, That ye may be ever true!

Now rise and go; and, as ye pass aways, Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay That honest Dorus<sup>76</sup> taught ye; Dorus, he That was the soul and God of melody.

[*They all sing.*]

<sup>74</sup> ——— the lazy clowns

[*That feed their heifers in the budded brooms.*] This instance of laziness is taken from Spenser. Shepherd's Calendar, February.

<sup>75</sup> So loytring live, you little herd-grooms,

<sup>76</sup> Keeping your beasts in the budded brooms.

The meaning, I believe, is, You that loitering let your herds run wild among the broom which grows on the worst soil, and don't drive them into the best pastures.

<sup>75</sup> And all those blessings, &c.] In the third edition, this speech is given to Alexis singly? and continued so in the later copies.

<sup>76</sup> That honest Dorus.] This fine eulogy on some poet beloved and almost adored by our Author, I take to have been meant of Spenser for these reasons. He seems to speak of one who

## THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,  
 All ye virtues and ye pow'rs  
 That inhabit in the lakes,  
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
 Move your feet  
 To our sound,  
 Whilst we greet  
 All this ground,  
 With his honour and his name  
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,  
 He is ever good, and must  
 Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,  
 Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,

Let us fling,  
 Whilst we sing,  
 Ever holy,  
 Ever holy,  
 Ever honour'd, ever young!  
 Thus great Pan is ever sung. [Exeunt.]

Sat. Thou divinest, fairest, brightest,  
 Thou most pow'rful maid, and whitest,  
 Thou most virtuous and most blessed,  
 Eyes of stars, and golden tressed  
 Like Apollo! tell me, sweetest,  
 What new service now is meetest  
 For the Satyr? Shall I stray  
 In the middle air,<sup>77</sup> and stay  
 The sailing rack,<sup>78</sup> or nimbly take  
 Hold by the moon, and gently make

who lived in the preceding age, but was dead before the Faithful Shepherdess was published. This answers to none so well as Spenser, he and Shakespeare being the only very great poets that immediately preceded our Author; but the latter lived some years after the publication of this piece. In the next place, as he had just before taken an expression from Spenser, so he greatly imitates his manner in the following song, and inserts one expression of his in it literally.

————— Daffadillies,  
 Roses, pinks, and loved lillies,  
 Let us fling, &c.

which Spenser had thus expressed. Shepherd's Calendar, April.

'Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies  
 'And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies. Seward.

<sup>77</sup> ————— shall I stray

In the middle air, &c.] The character of the Attendant Spirit in Comus is this Satyr under another shape and name. The Satyr in the third is sent by Pan to guide aright the wandering shepherds, and to protect virtue in distress. The Attendant Spirit has much the same office: He is sent by Jupiter to protect the Virtuous against the enchantments of Comus. When they have finished their office, they both give the same account of their power and velocity. In imitation of the lines now referred to, and to the two last of the Satyr's first speech:

(I must go, and I must run,  
 Swifter than the fiery sun.)

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the audience.

'But now my task is smoothly done,  
 'I can fly, or I can run,  
 'Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 'Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;  
 'And from thence can soar as soon  
 'To the corners of the Moon.'

The two first and two last of Milton's lines are directly taken from Fletcher: *The sky slowly bending to the horizon*, in the middle couplet, is a noble image; but I can scarce think that it can alone vie with the variety and beauties in Fletcher; such as, *making suit to the pole Queen of Night for a Moon-beam; darting through the waves that fall on each side in snowy fleeces; and catching the wanton fawns, and flies whose woollen wings are dyed by the summer of many colours*. But it may perhaps be thought that Milton has improved the measure, and made his sound more an echo to his sense; if he has, he only imitates in this the following lines, which are a fine instance of this species of beauty.

————— I will dance  
 Round about these woods, as quick  
 At the breaking light, and prick  
 Down the tawns, and down the vales,  
 Faster than the windmill sails.

The Italians have the honour of being the introducers of the Dramatick Pastoral, but I cannot upon examination find that Fletcher has borrowed a single sentiment or expression from any of them, except the name of the Faithful Shepherdess from the *Pastor Fido*. Seward.  
<sup>78</sup> The sailing rack.] 'The winds,' says Lord Bacon, 'which move the clouds above,'  
 VOL. I. 2 G 'which

Suit to the pale queen of night  
 For a beam to give thee light?  
 Shall I dive into the sea,  
 And bring thee coral, making way  
 Thro' the rising waves that fall  
 In sunwy fleeces? Dearest, shall  
 I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies  
 Whose woven wings the summer dyes  
 Of many colours? get thee fruit,  
 Or steal from Heav'n old Orpheus' lute?  
 All these I'll venture for, and more,  
 To do her service all these woods adore.  
*Clo.* No other service, Satyr, but thy watch  
 About these thickets, lest harmless people  
 catch

Mischief or sad mischance.

*Sat.* Holy virgin, I will dance  
 Round about these woods as quick  
 As the breaking light, and prick  
 Down the lawns, and down the vales  
 Faster than the wind-mill sails.  
 So I take my leave, and pray  
 All the comforts of the day,  
 Such as Phœbus' heat doth send  
 On the earth, may still befriend  
 Thee and this arbour!

*Clo.* And in thee,

All thy master's love be free!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

\* which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below, pass without noise.' So Shakespeare, in his *Tempest*,

' And, like this substantial pageant faded,

' Leave not a *rack* behind.'

The *rack* in this sense is sometimes used as a verb. In the old play of the *Raigne of King Edward III.* 1596,

' ——— like inconstant clouds,

' That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,

' Encrease and die.'

Steevens's notes on Shakespeare. R.

# THE MAD LOVER.

## A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Gardiner, Hills, and Lovelace, ascribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; other writers, to him and Beaumont conjunctively. The first publication of the *Mad Lover* was in the folio of 1647. We do not know of any alterations having been made in it, nor has it been acted for many years past.

### THE PROLOGUE.

To please all is impossible, and to despair  
Ruins ourselves, and damps the writers' care.  
'Would we knew what to do, or say, or when  
To find the minds here equal with the men :<sup>a</sup>  
But we must venture ; now to sea we go,  
Fair fortune with us, give us room, and  
blow ;  
Remember ye're all vent'urers ; and in this play  
How many twelve-pences ye've stow'd this  
day :

Remember, for return of your delight, [spite.  
We launch, and plough thro' storms of fear and  
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,  
And steer us right ; and, as the sailor sings,  
Loaden with wealth, on wanton seas, so we  
Shall make our home-bound voyage chear-  
fully ; [sure  
And you, our noble merehants, for your trea-  
Share equally the fraught,<sup>b</sup> we run for plea-  
sure.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

ASTORAX, king of Paphos.  
MEMNON, the general, and the *Mad Lover*.  
POLYDOR, { brother to Memnon, beloved of  
Calis.  
EUMENES, } two eminent soldiers.  
POLYBIUS, }  
CHILAX, an old merry soldier.  
SIPHAX, a soldier, in love with the princess.  
STREMON, a soldier that can sing.  
DEMAGORAS, servant to the general.  
CHIRURGEON.  
FOOL.  
PAGE.

#### BOY.

COURTIERS.

#### WOMEN.

CALIS, { sister to the king, and mistress to  
Memnon.  
CLEANTHE, sister to Siphax  
LUCIPPE, one of the princess's women.  
PRIESTESS OF VENUS, an old wanton.  
A NUN.  
CLOE, a camp baggage.

SCENE, PAPHOS.

<sup>a</sup> To find the minds here equal with the men.] ' So many men so many minds,' is an old saying. It seems here to be implied that one man has many minds.

<sup>b</sup> Fraught.] This word generally, in the old books, is used for freight.

## ACT I.

*Flourish. Enter Astorax, Calis, train, Cleanthe, Lucippe, and Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other, Eumenes.*

*Eumenes.* **H**EALTH to my sovereign!  
*King.* Eumenes, welcome!  
 Welcome to Paphos, soldier! to our love!  
 And that fair health you wish us, thro' the camp

May it disperse itself, and make all happy!  
 How does the general, the valiant Meunon?  
 And how his wars, Eumenes? [*a soldier,*  
*Eum.* The gods have giv'n you, royal Sir,  
 Better ne'er sought a danger; more approv'd  
 In way of war, more master of his fortunes,<sup>3</sup>  
 Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,  
 In following all his deeds to victories,  
 And holding Fortune certain there.

*King.* Oh, soldier, [*neral;*<sup>4</sup>  
 Thou speak'st a man indeed; a general ge-  
 A soul conceiv'd a soldier.

*Eum.* Ten set battles,  
 Against the strong usurper Diocles,  
 (Whom long experience had begot a leader,  
 Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your Mem-  
 non [*him,*  
 Won, and won gloriously, distress'd and shook  
 Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing.  
 In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,

Fore'd him to wall himself up: There not  
 safe, [*quake,*

Shook him with warlike engines like an earth-  
 Till like a snail he left his shell, and crawl'd  
 By night and hideous darkness to destruction:  
 Disarm'd for ever rising more: Twelve castles,  
 Some thought impregnable; towns twice as  
 many; [*mand*

Countries, that like the wind knew no com-  
 But savage wildness, hath this general,  
 With loss of blood and youth, thro' storms  
 and tempests,

Call'd to your fair obedience.

*King.* Oh, my soldier, [*drum*  
 That thou wert now within my arms!—What  
 Are those that beat, Eumenes? [*Drum.*

*Eum.* His, my sov'reign;  
 Himself i' th' head of conquest drawing home,  
 An old man now, to offer up his glories,  
 And endless conquest, at your shrine.

*King.* Go all,  
 And entertain him with all ceremony;  
 We'll keep him now a courtier.

*Eum.* Sir, a strange one;  
 Pray God his language bear it. By my life, Sir,  
 He knows no compliment, nor curious casting  
 Of words into fit places ere he speak 'em:  
 He can say, 'Fight well, fellow, and I'll  
 thank thee:

<sup>3</sup> — more master of his fortunes,  
 Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,  
 In following all his deeds to victories,  
 And holding Fortune certain there.]

I shall now return to meer verbal criticisms. By the reading and pointing above, the first step of a most beautiful elinax is taken away and placed to a former sentence, where it is quite unnecessary. The four qualifications of a great general are strongly marked out: *Expert in leading on; valiant in the combat; prudent in guiding his valour to victory, and in making his victories decisive.* I make the pause fuller at the end of the first line, and put in the second what to me bids fairest for having been the original; though it might have been

*Expert in leading, and in doing valiant.*

*Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

— more master of his fortunes;  
 Expert in leading on; in doing valiant;  
 In following all his deeds, &c.

— more master of his fortunes.

*Expert in leading 'em*] Surely this, which is the old reading, is the right reading. What can prove a man more master of his fortunes, than his being expert in leading 'em? Besides that, Mr. Seward's pointing mars the syntax, and deprives the two last lines of the word *valiant*, that governs them:

— in doing valiant,  
 In following all his deeds to victories,  
 And holding Fortune certain there.

Here a repetition of *valiant* is understood, as of the word *more* in the first two lines: 'Ne'er was a soldier more master of his fortunes, [more] expert in leading 'em; valiant in doing, 'valiant' in following his deeds on to victory, and in maintaining it when acquired.'

<sup>4</sup> A general general.] i. e. A complete general. The latter editions read, a general's general.

'He that must eat, must fight; bring up the rear there,'  
Or, 'charge that wing of horse home.'

[*Flourish.*]

*King.* Go to, go to!

*Enter Memnon, with a train of courtiers and soldiers, two Captains, Chilar, &c.*

Valiant and wise are twins, Sir.—Welcome, welcome!

Welcome, my fortunate and famous general! High in thy prince's favour, as in fame, Welcome to peace, and Paphos!

*Mem.* Thank your grace! [sweetness] And 'would to God my dull tongue had that To thank you as I should; but pardon me, My sword and I speak roughly, Sir: Your battles, [you] I dare well say, I have fought well; for I bring That lazy end you wish for, peace, so fully That no more name of war is: Who now thinks

Sooner or safer these might have been ended, Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him. Soldier and soldier's mate these twenty-five years,

At length your general, (as one whose merit Durst look upon no less) I've waded thro' Dangers would damp these soft souls, but to hear of. [Sir.]

The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,

No oily language, but the shock of arms, No dalliance but with death; no lofty measures

But weary and sad marches, cold and hunger, Larums at midnight Valour's self would shake at; [fire]

Yet I ne'er shrunk: Balls of consuming wild- That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at, [trifles]

And toss'd 'em back again like children's Upon the edges of my enemies' swords I've march'd like whirlwinds, Fury at this hand waiting,

Death at my right; Fortune my forlorn hope, When I have grappled with destruction, And tugg'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, night and mischief,

Frighted to see a new day break in blood; And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir;

Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous, [griev'd you,] And blown Ambition, dangers. Those that I have taken order for i' th' earth: Those fools That shall hereafter—

*King.* No more wars, my soldier: We must now treat of peace, Sir.

[*King takes Memnon aside, and talks with him.*]

*Cle.* How he talks, How gloriously.

*Calis.* A goodly-timber'd fellow; Valiant no doubt.

*Cle.* If valour dwell in vaunting. In what a phrase he speaks, as if his actions Could be set off in nothing but a noise! Sure h' has a drum in's mouth.

*Calis.* I wonder, wench, How he would speak to us.

*Cle.* Nothing but larum, Tell us whose throat be cut, shew us his sword, And bless it for sure biting.

*Lucip.* An't like your grace, I do not think he knows us, what we are, Or to what end; for I have heard his followers

Affirm he never saw a woman that exceeded A sutler's wife yet, or, in execution,<sup>5</sup> Old bed-rid beldames without teeth or tongues, That would not fly his fury. How he looks!

*Cle.* This way devoutly.

*Calis.* Sure his lordship's viewing Our fortifications.

*Lucip.* If he mount at me, I may chance choak his batt'ry.

*Calis.* Still his eye [flour] Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his va- Be not in love!

*Cle.* If he be, presently Expect a herald and a trumpet with you, To bid you render; we two perdu's pay for't else. [ladies]

*King.* I'll leave you to my sister, and these To make your welcome fuller. My good soldier, [ship]

We must now turn your sternness into court- When you have done there, to your fair re- pose, Sir! [Flourish]

I know you need it, Memnon. Welcome, gentlemen! [Exit]

*Lucip.* Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's yours;

<sup>5</sup> *The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, Sir.* This line seems to have been shuffled by some accident out of its place. It ought, as we conjecture, to be inserted lower in the speech: Here it interrupts the sense; but there it falls happily in with it. We would therefore wish to omit it where it now stands, and to insert it after the line,

'And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir.  
The maidenheads of thousand lives hang here, Sir.  
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,  
And blown Ambition, dangers.'

<sup>6</sup> — or in execution.] This signifies the sack of a town, and is used by Jonson in that sense as well as our Author. *Seward.*

Keep your ground sure; 'tis for your spurs.<sup>7</sup>

*Mem.* Oh, Venus!

[*He kneels amaz'd, and forgets to speak.*]

*Calis.* How he stares on me.

*Cle.* Knight him, madam, knight him;

He'll grow to th' ground else.

*Eum.* Speak, Sir; 'tis the princess.

1 *Capt.* You shame yourself; speak to her.

*Calis.* Rise and speak, Sir. [Sir!]

You are welcome to the court, to me, to all,

*Lucip.* Is he not deaf?

*Calis.* The gentleman's not well.

*Eum.* Fy, noble general! [How do you?]

*Lucip.* Give him fresh air; his colour goes.

The princess will be glad, Sir—

*Mem.* Peace, and hear me.

*Cle.* Command a silence there.

*Mem.* I love thee, lady. [cees, Sir.]

*Calis.* I thank your lordship heartily: Pro-

*Lucip.* Lord, how it stuck in's stomach,

like a surfeit. [be thanked.]

*Cle.* It breaks apace now from him, God

What a fine-spoken man he is.

*Lucip.* A choice one;

Of singular variety in carriage! [distance.]

*Cle.* Yes, and I warrant you he knows his

*Mem.* With all my heart I love thee.

*Calis.* A hearty gentleman!

And I were c'en an arrant beast, my lord,

But I lov'd you again.

*Mem.* Good lady, kiss me. [up to her.]

*Cle.* Aymarry, Mars, there thou cam'st close

*Calis.* Kiss you at first, my lord? 'Tis no

fair fashion; [breaths.]

Our lips are like rose-buds; blown with men's

They lose both sap and savour; there's my

hand, Sir.

*Eum.* Fy, fy, my lord! this is too rude.

*Mem.* Unhand me!

Consume me if I hurt her. Good sweet lady,

Let me but look upon thee.

*Calis.* Do.

*Mem.* Yet!

*Calis.* Well, Sir,

Take your full view.

*Lucip.* Bless your eyes, Sir.

*Calis.* Mercy!

Is this the man they talk'd of for a soldier,

So absolute and excellent? Oh, the gods,

If I were given to that vanity

Of making sport with men for ignorance,

What a most precious subject had I purchas'd?

Speak for him, gentlemen, some one that

knows

What the man ails, and can speak sense.

*Cle.* Sure, madam,

This fellow has been a rare hare-finder.

See how his eyes are set.

*Calis.* Some one go with me; [gentleman,

I'll send him something for his head. Poor

He's troubled with the staggers.<sup>8</sup>

*Lucip.* Keep him dark, [battles]

He will run inarch-mad else; the fumes of

Ascend into his brains.

*Cle.* Clap to his feet [ward.]

An old drum-head, to draw the thunder down—

*Calis.* Look to him, gentlemen. Farewell,

lord! I'm sorry

We cannot kiss at this time; but, believe it,

We'll find an hour for all. God keep my

children [wenches,

From being such sweet soldiers! Softly,

Let us disturb his dream.

[*Exeunt Calis and ladies.*]

*Eum.* Why, this is monstrous. [holds it.]

1 *Capt.* A strange forgetfulness, yet still he

2 *Capt.* Tho' he ne'er saw a woman of

great fashion

Before this day, yet methinks 'tis possible

He might imagine what they are, and what

Belongs unto 'em; meer report of others—

*Eum.* Pish,

His head had other whimsies in't. My lord!

Death, I think you're struck dumb. My

good lord general!

1 *Capt.* Sir! [love you,

*Mem.* That I do love you, madam; and so

An't like your grace—

2 *Capt.* He has been studying this speech.

*Eum.* Who do you speak to, Sir?

*Mem.* Why, where's the lady,

The woman, the fair woman?

1 *Capt.* Who?

*Mem.* The princess,

Give me the princess.

*Eum.* Give you counsel rather

To use her like a princess. Fy, my lord!

How have you borne yourself, how nakedly

Laid your soul open and your ignorance,

To be a sport to all! Report and honour

Drew her to do you favours, and you blunty,

Without consid'ring what, or who she was,

Neither collecting reason, nor distinction—

*Mem.* Why, what did I, my masters?

*Eum.* All that shews

A man unhandsome, undigested dough.

*Mem.* Did not I kneel unto her?

*Eum.* Dumb and senseless,

<sup>7</sup> 'Tis for your spurs.] This is an allusion to Chivalry. Lord Lyttelton, speaking of Henry II. after he was knighted, says, 'He sought an occasion of exercising his new profession of arms, or (to speak in the language of that age) he desired to gain his spurs; but he could not possibly take the field, &c.' Life of Henry II. vol. ii. p. 178. And we find in Segar's Honor Civil and Military, p. 75, that, on the degradation of a knight in England, his gilt spurs were beaten from his heels, and his sword taken from him and broken.

<sup>8</sup> Staggers.] The staggers, which is a kind of horses' apoplexy, is mentioned in All's Well that Ends Well. One species of it is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with destructive violence against posts or walls.

See Johnson's notes on Shakespeare, vol. iv. p. 58.

As tho' you had been cut out for your father's tomb,

[you, Or stuck a land-mark. When she spoke unto Being the excellence of all our island, You star'd upon her as you had seen a monster.

*Mem.* Was I so foolish? I confess, Eumenes, I never saw before so brave an outside. But did I kneel so long?

*Eum.* 'Till they laugh'd at you. And when you spoke, I am ashamed to tell you What 'twas, my lord; how far from order.

Bless me! Is't possible the wild noise of a war, And what she only teaches, should possess you? Knowledge to treat with her, and full discretion,

Being at flood still in you: And in peace, And manly conversation, smooth and civil, Where gracefulness and glory twine together, Thrust yourself out an exile? Do you know, Sir,

[dience What state she carries? and what great obe Waits at her beck continually?

*Mem.* She ne'er commanded An hundred thousand men, as I have done, Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiss'd her.

[one] *Eum.* There was a dainty offer too, a rare *Mem.* Why, she's a woman, is she not?

*Eum.* She is so. [for then? *Mem.* Why, very well; what was she made

Is she not young, and handsome, bred to breed?

Do not men kiss fair women? if they do, If lips be not unlawful ware, why a princess Is got the same way that we get a beggar, Or I am censur'd; and the self-same way She must be handled ere she get another. That's rudeness, is it not?

*2 Capt.* To her 'tis held so, And rudeness in that high degree——

*Mem.* 'Tis reason; But I will be more punctual. Pray what thought she?

*Eum.* Her thoughts were merciful, but she laugh'd at you,

Pitying the pooriness of your compliment, And so she left you. Good Sir, shape yourself To understand the place and noble persons You live with now.

*1 Capt.* Let not those great deserts

The king hath laid up of you, and the people, Be blasted with ill-bearing!

*Eum.* The whole name Of soldier then will suffer.

*Mem.* She's a sweet one. And, good Sirs, leave your exhortations;

They come untimely to me; I have brains That beat above your reaches: She's a princess, That's all; I've kill'd a king, and that is greater.

Come, let's to dinner; if the wine be good, You shall perceive strange wisdom in my blood. [Exit all but Chilas.

*Chi.* Well, 'would thou wert i' th' wars again, old Memnon!

[the proudest There thou wouldst talk to th' purpose, and Of all these court camelions would be glad To find it sense too. Plague of this dead peace,

This bastard-breeding, lousy, lazy idleness! Now we must learn to pipe, and pick our livings

[years Out of old rotten ends. These twenty-five I've serv'd my country, lost my youth and blood,

Expos'd my life to dangers more than days; Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their answers:

[people, 'The king is bound to right me,' they, good 'Have but from hand to mouth.' Look to

your wives, [your marchpanes! Your young trim wives, your high-day wives,

For if the soldiers find not recompence, (As yet there's none a-hatching) I believe,

You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye;

[means For starve nor leg they must not. My small Are gone in fume: Here to raise a better

(Unless it be with lying, or dog-flattering, At which our nation's excellent, observing

dog-days, [basted When this good lady broils and wou'd be By that good lord, or such-like moral learn-

ings) [em; Is here impossible: Well, I'll rub among If any thing for honesty be gotten,

Though't be but bread and cheese, I can be satisfied:

If otherwise the wind blow, stiff as I am Yet I shall learn to shuffle. There's an old lass

That shall be nameless yet alive, my last hope,

\* *Marchpanes.*] *Marchpane* was a confection, made of pistachio-nuts, almonds, sugar, &c. and in high esteem in Shakespeare's time, as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is said that the university presented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *marcpane*, and two sugar-loaves.

*Dr. Gray's notes on Shakespeare.* *Marchpane*, a kind of sweet bread, or biscuit, called by some almond-cake. Hieronimus Barbarus terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *martius panis*, *G. macapain* and *massepain*. *H. marzapane*, *H. macapan*, *B. marcpeyn*, i.e. *masa pura*. But as few understood the meaning of this term, it began to be generally, though corruptly, called *massepain*, *marcepeyn*, *mart-peyn*; and, in consequence of this mistake of theirs, it soon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See Junius.

Notes to Shakespeare, Oxford edit. The fragility of the biscuit seems to be the chief quality here alluded to.



Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.  
If all fail—Jack-Daws, are you alive still?

Then [prosper].  
I see the coast clear, when fools and boys can

*Enter Fool and Page.*

*Page.* Brave lieutenant!

*Fool.* Hail to the man of worship!

*Chi.* You are fine, Sirs,

Most passing fine at all points.

*Fool.* As you see, Sir, [our clothes, Sir,  
Hoime-bred and handsome; we cut not out  
At half-sword, as your taylors do, and pink 'em  
With pikes and partizans; we live retir'd, Sir,  
Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.

*Chi.* Very fine Fool, and fine Boy; peace  
plays with you

As the wind plays with feathers, dances you,  
You grind with all gusts, gallants.

*Page.* We can bound, <sup>10</sup> Sir, [frisk too.  
(When you soldados bend i' th' hams) and

*Fool.* When twenty of your trip-coats turn  
their tippets,

And your cold sallads, withoot salt or vinegar,  
Lie <sup>11</sup> wambling in your stomachs; hemp  
and hobnails [harness

Will bear no price now, hangings and old  
Are like to over-run us.

*Page.* Whores and hot-houses—

*Fool.* Surgeons and syringes, ring out your  
saints' bells!

*Page.* Your jubilee, your jubilee!

*Fool.* *Prób Deum!*

How our St. Georges will bestride the dragons,  
The red and ramping dragons!

*Page.* Well advanc'd, Fool. <sup>12</sup>

*Fool.* But then the sting i' th' tail, boy.

*Page.* *Tanto Melior;* [nour.

For so much the more danger, the more ho-  
*Chi.* You're very pleasant with our occupa-

pation, gentlemen;

Which, very like, amongst these fiery serpents,  
May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,  
A mother or a sister.

*Fool.* Mine's past saddle,

You should be sure of her else: But say, Sir  
Huon, [turn'd bed-staves,

Now the drum's dubb's o'er, <sup>13</sup> and the sticks  
All the old foxes hunted to their holes,

The iron age return'd to Erebus,  
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus* [shoulders,  
Thrust out o'th' kingdom by the head and  
What trade do you mean to follow?

*Chi.* That's a question. [mark it.

*Fool.* Yes, and a learned question, if you  
Consider, and say on.

*Chi.* Fooling, as thou dost;

That's the best trade, I take it.

*Fool.* Take it straight then, [lieutenant,  
For fear your fellows be before you: hark ye,  
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your  
fightings;

When all's done, you must fool, Sir.

*Chi.* Well, I must then.

*Fool.* But do you know what fooling is?  
true fooling?

The circumstances that belong unto it?

For every idle knave that shews his teeth,  
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble,  
fiddle,

Make a dog-face, or can abuse his fellow,  
Is not a fool at first dash; you shall find, Sir,  
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is no-  
thing,

As fooling has been; but to fool the fair way,  
The new way, as the best men fool their  
friends;

For all men get by fooling, merely fooling.  
Desert does nothing; valiant, wise, virtuous,  
Are things that walk by without breed or

*Chi.* I partly credit that. [breeches.

*Fool.* Fine wits, fine wits, Sir! [too,

There's the young boy, he does well in his way  
He could not live else in his master's absence;

He ties a lady's garters so, so prettily!  
Say his hand slip, but say so.

*Chi.* Why, let it slip then. [after,

*Fool.* 'Tis ten to one the body shall come  
And he that works deserves his wages.

*Chi.* That's true.

*Fool.* He riddles finely to a waiting-gentle-  
woman, [self too,

Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams him-  
And wishes all dreams true; they cry Amen.

And there's a memorandum: He can sing too  
Bawdy enough to please old ladies: He lies

rarely,

Pawns ye a suit of clothes at all points fully;

<sup>10</sup> *We can bounce.*] The change is from Mr. Theobald's margin, and it is, I believe, the true word. *Seward.*

<sup>11</sup> *Be wambling.*] The old edition reads, *BY wambling*. I have probably therefore restored the true word. *Symson.*

<sup>12</sup> *Page. Advance't Fool.*] The sense is very obscure, and the verse wants a syllable, both, I believe, arising from the loss of a monosyllable, which I hope I have restored. *Seward.*

<sup>13</sup> *Now the drums dubb's.*] Besides the false concord, the meaning is directly the reverse of the true one, which is, *Now the drum dubb's no more*, the war being over. The verse wants a syllable; which, with the true reading, I hope I have retriev'd: though it might have been,

*Now the drum's dubb's o'er;*

or perhaps *dubb's done*, to make it sound more oddly. After I had wrote this I received Mr. Symson's conjecture, which is very near the same with what I had put in the text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is, *Now the drum dubb's*; which appears to us uncouth. We have adopted his second conjecture; which comes pretty near the old text.

Can pick a pocket if you please, or casket;  
Lips when he lists to catch a chamber-maid,  
And calls his hostess Mother; these are things  
now, [get,

If a man mean to live; <sup>14</sup> not fight and swag-  
Beaten about the ears with bawling sheep-  
skins, [lost,

Cut to the soul for summer: <sup>15</sup> Here an arm  
And there a leg; h's honourable head  
Seal'd up in salves and cerecloths, like a  
And so sent over to an hospital: [packet,  
Stand there, charge there, swear there, where  
there, dead there;

And all this sport for cheese and chines of  
dog-flesh, [gether,

And money when two Wednesdays meet to-  
Where to be lousy is a gentleman, [on—  
And he that wears a clean shirt has his shroud

Chi. I'll be your scholar, come, if I like  
fooling, [you one day,

Fool. You cannot chuse but like it; fight  
I'll fool another; when your surgeon's paid,  
And all your leaks stopt, see whose slops are  
heaviest; <sup>16</sup>

I'll have a shilling for a can of wine,  
When you shall have two sergeants for a coun-  
ter, <sup>17</sup> [your iron up;

Boy. Come, learn of us, lieutenant; hang  
We'll find you cooler wars.

Chi. Come, let's together;  
I'll see your tricks, and as I like 'em—

[Exeunt.

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Mem. Why were there not such women  
in the camp then,

Prepar'd to make me know 'em?

Eum. 'Twas no place, Sir.

1 Capt. Why should they live in tumults?  
they are creatures

Soft, and of sober natures.

Mem. Could not your wives,

Your mothers, or your sisters, have been sent  
To exercise upon? [for

Eum. We thank your lordship.

2 Capt. But do you mean—

Mem. I do mean.

2 Capt. What, Sir?

Mem. To see her,

And see thee hang'd too, an thou anger'st me,  
And thousands of your throats cut. Get ye  
from me!

Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,  
And fill my head with lousy circumstances,  
(Better have ballads in't); your courtly wor-  
ship, <sup>18</sup> [me;

How to put off my hat; you, how to turn  
And you, forsooth, to blow my nose discretely.

Let me alone; for I will love her, see her,

Talk to her, and mine own way.

Eum. She's the princess.

Mem. Why, let her be the devil! I have  
spoke [love;

When thunder durst not check me. I must  
I know she was a thing kept for me.

Eum. And I know, Sir, [behaviour,  
Tho' she were born yours, yet your strange

And want—

Mem. Thou liest!

Eum. I do not.

Mem. Ha!

Eum. I do not lie, Sir.

I say, you want fair language; nay, 'tis certain  
You cannot say Good-morrow.

Mem. Ye dog-whelps,  
The proudest of your prating tongues—

Eum. Do, kill us, [neral],  
Kill us for telling truth. For my part, ge-

I would not live to see men make a may-game  
Of him I have made a master: Kill us quickly,

Then you may—

Mem. What?

Eum. Do what you list, draw your sword  
childishly

<sup>14</sup> *If a man mean to live: To fight, and swagger.*] The opposition between the Page's life, and the fine raillery of the Soldiers, is not clearly marked out by any former edition. The first folio reads,

*If a man mean to live, to fight and swagger.*

The addition of a fuller stop by the two latter editions, shews that they saw the drift of the Poet; but I believe the corruption was the change of the negative into an affirmative. Seward.

<sup>15</sup> *Cut to the soul for summer.*] The summer being the season of war, I don't discard this, though it is a little obscure, and Mr. Theobald conjectures that it might be honour, which would certainly much improve it. Seward.

<sup>16</sup> *Whose slops are heaviest.*] *Slops* mean *cloaths*, perhaps in this place *pockets*. It is still a term applied to apparel at sea, and the houses where sailors' cloaths are bought are at this day called *slop-shops*. In the third act, *slops* are used for *pockets*.

<sup>17</sup> *When you shall have two sergeants for a counter.*] This seems to be a quibble on the word *counter*, as applied to a prison and a false piece of money, and the meaning of the passage, 'I shall have a shilling for a can of wine, you only a counter, and will be in custody of two sergeants, i. e. officers belonging to the Counter.' R.

<sup>18</sup> *Your courtly worships*

*How to put off my hat.*] Mr. Theobald in his margin supposes a whole line lost here; but as the change of the plural number to the singular in *worships* restores good sense, I cannot doubt but that the corruption lay there, especially as Mr. Sympton concurred with me in the emendation. Seward.

Upon your servants that are bound to tell you.  
I'm weary of my life.

1 *Capt.* And I.

2 *Capt.* And all, Sir. [cry to her,

*Eum.* Go to the princess, make her sport,

'I am the glorious man of war!'

*Mem.* Pray ye leave me.

I'm sorry I was angry; I'll think better.

Pray no more words,

*Eum.* Good Sir.

*Mem.* Nay then——

2 *Capt.* We're gone, Sir.

[*Exeunt Eum. and Capt.*]

*Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.*

*Calis.* How came he hither? See, for  
Heaven's sake, wenches,

What faces, and what postures, he puts on.

I do not think he's perfect.<sup>29</sup>

[*Memnon walks aside, furtively strange gestures.*]

*Cle.* If your love [enough,  
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well  
As well as he will be.

*Calis.* Mark how he muses.

*Lucip.* H'has a batfalia now in's brains.

He draws out; now

Have at ye, harpers!

*Cle.* See, see, there the fire falls.<sup>30</sup>

*Lucip.* Look what an alphabet of faces he  
runs thro'. [look'st

*Cle.* Oh, love, love, how amorously thou  
In an old rusty armour.

*Calis.* I'll away,

For by my troth I fear him.

*Lucip.* Fear the gods, madam,

And never care what man can do: This fellow,  
With all his frights about him, and his furies,  
His larums, and his launces, swords, and  
targets,

Nay, ease him up in armour cap-a-pee,

Yet, durst I undertake, within two hours,

If he durst charge, to give him such a shake,  
Should shake his valour off, and make his  
shauks to ake.

*Cle.* For shame! no more.

*Calis.* He muses still.

*Cle.* The devil——

Why should this old dried timber, eloapt with  
thunder——

*Calis.* Old wood burns quickest.

*Lucip.* Out, you would say, madam;

Give me a green stick that may hold me heat,  
And smoke me soundly too. He turns, and  
sees you.

*Cle.* There's no avoiding now; have at you!

[*Memnon comes to her.*]

*Mem.* Lady,

The more I look upon you—— [*Stays her.*]

*Cle.* The more you may, Sir.

*Calis.* Let him alone.

*Mem.* I would desire your patience.

The more, I say, I look, the more——

[*Stays her.*]

*Lucip.* My fortune.

'Tis very apt, Sir.

*Mem.* Women, let my fortune [way;

And me alone, I wish you. Pray come this

And stand you still there, lady.

*Calis.* Leave the words, Sir,

And leap into the meaning.

*Mem.* Then again

I tell you, I do love you.

*Calis.* Why?<sup>31</sup>

*Mem.* No questions; [snitely,

Pray no more questions. I do love you is—

Why do you smile? Am I ridiculous?

*Calis.* I'm monstrous fearful.—No, I joy  
you love me. [do love you.

*Mem.* Joy on then, and be proud on't; I

Stand still; do not trouble me, you women!

He loves you, lady, at whose feet have kneel'd

Princes to beg their freedoms; he whose valour

Has over-run whole kingdoms.

*Calis.* That makes me doubt, Sir,

'Twill over-run me too.

*Mem.* He whose sword—— [princely.

*Cle.* Talk not so big, Sir; you will fright the

*Mem.* Ha!

*Lucip.* No forsooth.

*Calis.* I know you have done wonders.

*Mem.* I have, and will do more and greater,  
braver; [kingdom,

And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that  
And take your choice——

*Calis.* Sir, I am not ambitious.

*Mem.* You shall be; 'tis the child of glory.

She that I love,

Whom my desires shall magnify, time stories,

And all the empires of the earth——

*Cle.* I would fain ask him——

*Lucip.* Prithce be quiet; he will beat us  
both else.

*Cle.* What will you make me then, Sir?

*Mem.* I will make thee [lady—

Stand still and hold thy peace! I have a heart,

*Calis.* You were a monster else.

*Mem.* A loving heart.

A truly loving heart.

*Calis.* Alas, how came it? [sweet lady,

*Mem.* I would you had it in your hand,  
To see the truth it bears you.

*Calis.* Do you give it——

*Lucip.* That was well thought upon.

<sup>29</sup> I do not think he's perfect.] i. e. In his senses. So Lear,

'I think I am not in my perfect mind.'

<sup>30</sup> Fire falls.] The word I have substituted is, I believe, the true one, for it carries on the metaphor, which the other does not. Mr. Simpson and I concurred in this conjecture.

<sup>31</sup> Calis. Why? ] Mr. Seward, we think injudiciously, gives this interrogatory to Cleanthe. *Seward*

*Cle.* 'Twill put him to't, wench. [Sir,  
*Calis.* And you shall see I dare accept it,  
 Take't in my hand and view it: If I find it  
 A loving and a sweet heart, as you call it,  
 I am bound, I am.

*Mem.* No more; I'll send it to you;  
 As I have honour in me, you shall have it.

*Cle.* Handsomely done, Sir; and perfum'd,  
 by all means;

The weather's warm, Sir.

*Mem.* With all circumstance.

*Lucip.* A napkin wrought most curiously.

*Mem.* Divinely.

*Cle.* Put in a goblet of pure gold.

*Mem.* Yes, in jacinth,

That she may see the spirits thro'.

*Lucip.* You have greas'd him

For eluding love again in haste.

*Cle.* If he should do it.

*Calis.* If Heav'n should fall we should  
 have larks: He do it!

*Cle.* See, how he thinks upon't.

*Calis.* He'll think these three years,

Fre he prove such an ass. I lik'd his offer:

There was no other way to put him off else.

*Mem.* I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.

*Calis.* I do, Sir.

*Mem.* Love it; for 'tis a heart that—and  
 so I leave you. [Exit.

*Cle.* Either he is stark mad,

Or else, I think, he means it.

*Calis.* He must be stark mad,

Or he will never do it: 'Tis vainglory [him;

And want of judgment that provoke this in

Sleep and society cure all. His heart?

No, no, good gentleman! there's more be-  
 longs to't;

Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,

And there examine him a little better.

Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow;

I hope I've lost a lover, and am glad on't.

[Exit.

## ACT II.

*Enter Memnon alone.*

*Mem.* 'TIS but to die. Dogs do it, ducks  
 with dabbling, [em.

Birds sing away their souls, and babies sleep

Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?

For, in the other world, she's bound to have  
 me; [too

Her princely word is past: My great desert

Will draw her to come after presently;

'Tis justice, and the gods must see it done too.

Besides, no brother, father, kindred, there

Can hinder us; all languages are alike too.

There love is ever lasting, ever young,

Free from diseases, ages,<sup>22</sup> jealousies,

Bawds, beldames, pandars,<sup>23</sup> purgers. Die?

'tis nothing: [lept,

Men drown themselves for joy to draw in ju-

When they are hot with wine; in dreams we

do it; [sport well,

And many a handsome wench that loves the

Gives up her soul so in her lover's bosom.

But I must be inis'd first, cut and open'd,

My heart, and handsomely, ta'en from me;

stay there; [do I know there?

Dead once—Stay! let me think again! Who

For else to wander up and down waited on,

And unregard'd in my place and project,

Is for a sowter's soul, not an old soldier's.

My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—  
 That have been kill'd before me; right!

*Enter Chilax.*

*Chi.* He's here,

And I must trouble him.

*Mem.* Then those I have conquer'd,

To make my train full.

*Chi.* Sir!

*Mem.* My captains then—

*Chi.* Sir, I beseech you—

*Mem.* For to meet her there,

Being a princess, and a king's sole sister,

With great accommodation, must be car'd for.

*Chi.* Weigh but the soldiers' poverty.

*Mem.* Mine own troop first,

For they shall die.

*Chi.* How? what's this?

*Mem.* Next—

*Chi.* Shall I speak louder? Sir!

*Mem.* A square battalia—

*Chi.* You do not think of us.

*Mem.* Their armours gilded—

*Chi.* Good noble Sir!

*Mem.* And round about such engines

Shall make hell shake.

*Chi.* You do not mock me?

*Mem.* For, Sir,

I will be strong, as brave—

<sup>22</sup> Disease, ages, jealousies.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson both read *aches*; but I see no sufficient reason for any change; *ages* in the plural may properly signify *old age*. Seward.

*Age*, the singular, is more commonly used to signify *old age*, than the plural *ages*. Here, however, the plural seems to be so applied, and to form an antithesis;

*There love is everlasting, ever young,*

*Free from diseases, ages, &c.*

<sup>23</sup> Bawds, beldames, painters, purgers.] I have ventured upon a change here, though I allow the former reading is sense; but that *pandars* are more proper companions to *bawds* and *beldames* than *painters*, I believe all will allow. Seward.

Chi. You may consider;  
You know we've serv'd you long enough.

Mem. No soldier  
That ever landed on the bless'd Elyzium  
Did or shall march, as I will.

Chi. 'Would you would march, Sir,  
Up to the king, and get us—

Mem. King nor Keiser<sup>24</sup>  
Shall equal me in that world.

Chi. What a devil ails he? [I fir'd.

Mem. Next, the rare beauties of those towns

Chi. I speak of money, Sir.

Mem. Ten thousand coaches—

Chi. Oh, pounds, Sir, pounds. I beseech  
your lordship,

Let coaches run out of your remembrance.

Mem. In which the wanton Cupids, and  
the graces, [sires—

Drawn with the western winds, kindling de-  
And then our poets—

Chi. Then our pay. [the princess

Mem. For, Chilax, when the triumph comes;

Then, for I'll have a Heav'n made—

Chi. Bless your lordship!

Mem. Stand still, Sir.<sup>25</sup>

Chi. So I do.

Mem. And in it—

Chi. Death, Sir,

You talk you know not what.

Mem. Such rare devices!

Make me, I say, a Heav'n.

Chi. I say so too, Sir.

Mem. For here shall run a constellation.

Chi. And there a pissing-conduit.

Mem. Ha!

Chi. With wine, Sir. [a planet.

Mem. A sun there in his height, there such

Chi. But where's our noney? where runs

Mem. Ha! [that]

Chi. Money,

Money, an't like your lordship. [hind,

Mem. Why, all the carriage shall come be-  
The stuff, rich hangings, treasure; or, say  
we've none?

Chi. I may say so truly, [well,  
For hang me if I have a groat. I've serv'd  
And like an honest man: I see no reason—

Mem. Thou must needs die, good Chilax.

Chi. Very well, Sir. [me;

Mem. I will have honest, valiant souls about  
I cannot miss thee.

Chi. Die?

Mem. Yes, die; and Pelius,  
Eumenes, and Polybius: I shall think  
Of more within these two hours.

Chi. Die, Sir?

Mem. Ay, Sir;<sup>26</sup>

And you shall die.

Chi. When, I beseech your lordship?

Mem. To-morrow see you do die.

Chi. A short warning.

Troth, Sir, I'm ill prepar'd.

Mem. I die myself then;

Besides, there's reason—

<sup>24</sup> King nor Keiser.] Though this possesses all the former editions, I can see neither reason  
nor humour in the mistakeo spelling here. Seward.

Mr. Seward substitutes *Cesar* for *Keiser*; but there needs no alteration. Spenser fre-  
quently uses the expression of kings and *kesars* in the Fairy Queen.

'Whilst kings and *kesars* at her feet did them prostrate.' B. 5. c. 9. s. 29.

'—The captive hearts

'Of kings and *kesars*.' B. 4. c. 7. s. 1.

'This is the state of *kesars* and of kings.' B. 6. c. 3. s. 5.

'Mighty kings and *kesars* into thralldom brought.' B. 3. c. 11. s. 29.

'Ne *kesar* spared he a whit, nor kings.' B. 6. c. 12. s. 28.

It is a very aneient form of speaking, and is found among other poets. In the Visions of  
Pierce Plowman,

'Death came driving after, and all to dust pashed

'Kings and *kaysers*, knights and popes.'

Also in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, act ii. scene ii.

'Tu. I charge you in the queen's name keep the peace.

'Hil. Tell me o' no queen or *keysar*.'

It occurs likewise in Harrington's Ariosto,

'For myters, states, nor crowns may not exclude

'Popes, mightie kings nor *keysars* from the same.' C. 44. s. 47.

These proofs are extracted from Warton's Observations on Spenser, vol. ii. p. 212. R.

<sup>25</sup> Chi. Bless your lordship!

Stand still, Sir.

Mem. So I do, and in it.] The absurdity of Chilax bidding Memnon stand still, and his  
answering, so I do, is I think very obvious, and the emendation almost self-evident. Seward.

<sup>26</sup> I, Sir.] We have no doubt that I, in this place, means Ay. It was the usual way of  
writing that word formerly; and Memnon does not seem to design more than a mere assent  
to the question, from this circumstance, that he informs Chilax several lines afterwards of his  
intent to die himself. R.

Chi. Oh!

Mem. I pray thee tell me,  
For thou art a great dreamer—

Chi. I can dream, Sir.

If I eat well and sleep well.<sup>27</sup>

Mem. Was it never

By dream or apparition open'd to thee—

Chi. He's mad. [zium?

Mem. What the other world was, or Ely-  
Didst never travel in thy sleep?

Chi. To taverns,

When I was drunk o'er night; or to a wench;  
There's an Elyzium for you, a young lady [it?

Wrapt round about you like a snake! Is that  
Or if that strange Elyzium that you talk of

Be where the devil is, I have dream'd of him,  
And that I have had him by the horns, and

rid him;  
He trots the dagger out o' th' sheath.

Mem. Elyzium,

The blessed fields, man!

Chi. I know no fields blessed, [have been  
But those I have gain'd by. I have dream'd I

in Heav'n too. [zium.

Mem. There, handle that place; that's Ely-

Chi. Brave singing, and brave dancing,

And rare things.

Mem. All full of flow'rs.

Chi. And pot-herbs.

Mem. Bow'rs for lovers,

And everlasting ages of delight.

Chi. I slept not so far.

Mem. Meet me on those banks

Some two days hence.

Chi. In dream, Sir?

Mem. No; in death, Sir.

And there I muster all, and pay the soldier.

Away; no more, no more!

Chi. God keep your lordship!

This is fine dancing for us.

*Enter Siphax.*

Sip. Where's the general?

Chi. There's the old sign of Memnon;  
where the soul is

You may go look, as I have.

Sip. What's the matter? [of devils,

Chi. Why, question him and see; he talks

Helh, Heav'ns, princes, pow'rs, and poteu-

You must to th' pot too. [tates.

Sip. How?

Chi. Do you know Elyzium?

A tale he talks the wild-geese-chase of.

Sip. Elyzium?

I have read of such a place.

Chi. Then get you to him,  
You are as fine company as can be fitted.

Your worship's fairly met.<sup>28</sup> [Exit.

Sip. Merely upon us,

What ails this gentleman?

Mem. Ineision<sup>29</sup>—

Sip. How his head works?

Mem. Between two ribs;

If he cut short, or mangle me, I'll take him  
And twirl his neck about.

Sip. Now gods defend us! [writing

Mem. In a pure cup transparent, with a  
To signify—

Sip. I never knew him thus:

Sure he's bewitch'd, or poison'd.

Mem. Who's there?

Sip. I, Sir.

Mem. Come hither. Siphax?

Sip. Yes; how does your lordship? [well;

Mem. Well, God-a-mercy, soldier, very

But pritheer tell me—

Sip. Any thing I can, Sir.

Mem. What durst thou do to gain the  
rarest beauty

The world has?

Sip. That the world has? 'tis worth doing.

Mem. Is it so? but what doing bears it?

Sip. Why, any thing; all dangers it ap-  
pears to.

Mem. Name some of those things; do.

Sip. I would undertake, Sir,

A voyage round about the world.

Mem. Short, Siphax.

A merehant does it to spice pots of ale.

Sip. I would swim in armour.

Mem. Short still; a poor jade [ly

Loaden will take a stream, and stem it strong-  
To leap a mare.

Sip. The plague I durst.

Mem. Still shorter;

I'll cure it with an onion.

Sip. Surfeits.

Mem. Short still; [help us.

They are often physicks for our healths, and

Sip. I would stand a breach.

Mem. Thine honour bids thee, soldier:

'Tis shame to find a second cause.

Sip. I durst, Sir,

Fight with the fellest monster.

Mem. That's the poorest; [die, Sir?

Man was ordain'd their master. Durst you

Sip. How? die, my lord!

Mem. Die, Siphax; take thy sword,

And come by that door to her? There's a price

To buy a lusty love at.

<sup>27</sup> If I eat well and sleep well.] Luxurious eating makes unquiet slumbers, and unquiet slumbers create frequent dreams, but they who sleep well dream little: I think therefore I have restored the true reading, which gives new humour as well as a new sense. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, sleep ill.

<sup>28</sup> Your worship's fairly met.] We suspect these words should form Siphax's address to Memnon; but will not disturb the text.

<sup>29</sup> Mem. Provision.] As I can see no reason why a word should stand here without any idea connecting with the following sentence, I have substituted the natural word, which I'm confirm'd in by Mr. Sympton's concurrence in the same conjecture. Seward.

*Sip.* I am well content, Sir,  
To prove no purchaser.

*Mem.* Away, thou world-worm!  
Thou win a matchless beauty?

*Sip.* 'Tis to lose't, Sir; [at?] [ly;  
For being dead, where's the reward I reach  
The love I labour for?

*Mem.* There it begins, fool.  
Thou art merely cozen'd; for the loves we  
now know

Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated<sup>20</sup>  
Desires stirr'd up by Nature to encrease her;  
Licking of one another to a lust;  
Coarse and base appetites, earth's mere inher-  
itors,

And heirs of idleness and blood: Pure love,  
That that the soul affects, and cannot pur-  
chase [love, Sir,  
While she is loaden with our flesh; that  
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here;  
Your ladies' eyes are lampless to that virtue;  
That beauty smiles not on a cheek wash'd  
over, [phax,

Nor scents the sweets of ambers: Below, Si-  
Below us in the other world, Elyzium,  
Where's no more dying, no de-pairing, mourn-  
ing,

Where all desires are full, deserts down loaden,  
There, Siphax, there, where loves are ever  
living!

*Sip.* Why do we love in this world then?

*Mem.* To preserve it, [Siphax,  
The Maker lost his work else; but mark,  
What issues that love bears.

*Sip.* Why, children, Sir—  
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely  
And sensible before.

*Mem.* It does so, Siphax; [vented  
Things like ourselves, as sensual, vain, un-  
Bubbles, and breaths of air; got with an itch-  
ing

As blisters are, and bred, as much corruption  
Flows from their lives, sorrow conceives and  
shapes 'em, [most.  
And oftentimes the death of those we love  
The breeders bring them to the world to curse  
'em;

Crying they creep amongst us like young cats;  
Cares and continual crosses keeping with 'em,  
They make time old to tend them, and ex-  
perience [ly;

An ass, they alter so: They grow, and good-  
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of  
water,

They fall into the main, are known no more:  
This is the love of this world. I must tell  
thee,

For thou art understanding.

*Sip.* What you please, Sir. [trust thee:

*Mem.* And as a faithful man—nay, I dare  
I love the princess.

*Sip.* There 'tis that has fir'd him;  
I knew he had some inspiration.

But does she know it, Sir?

*Mem.* Yes, marry does she;  
I've given my heart unto her.

*Sip.* If you love her—

*Mem.* Nay, understand me; my heart taken  
from me,

Out of my body, man, and so brought to her.  
How lik'st thou that brave offer? There's  
the love

I told thee of, and after death the living!<sup>22</sup>

She must in justice come, boy, ha?

*Sip.* Your heart, Sir?

*Mem.* Ay, so, by all means, Siphax.

*Sip.* He loves roast well  
That eats the spit.

*Mem.* And since thou'rt come thus fitly,  
I'll do it presently, and thou shalt carry it;  
For thou canst tell a story, and describe it.

And I conjure thee, Siphax, by thy gentry,  
Next by the glorious battles we have fought  
in, [tresses,

By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, dis-  
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life—

*Sip.* But one thing, first, Sir: If she pleas'd  
to grant it, [sider.

Could you not love her here, and live? Con-  
*Mem.* Ha? Yes, I think I could.

*Sip.* 'Twould be far nearer; [love,  
Besides, the sweets here would induce the last  
And link it in. [here

*Mem.* Thou say'st right; but our ranks

<sup>20</sup> ——— and hated

*Desires.*] Mr. Sympson and I concurred in believing *hated* to be a corruption, though  
we allow it to make good sense; *heated* seems much the most natural word. *Seward.*

*Heated* is not amiss in itself; but would in this place be tautology:

————— for the loves we now know

Are but the heats of half an hour, and heated  
*Desires*, &c.

<sup>22</sup> *And after death, the living.*] I doubt whether *loving* be not the true word here, but as  
both are nearly equal, as to sense, I shall not change the text. *Seward.*

The old reading is right, and the whole clause, taken together, agrees exactly with what  
has gone before:

————— *There's the love*

*I told thee of, and after death the living!*

These words are little else than repeating,

*There, Siphax, there, where loves are ever living.*

And bloods are bars between us; she must stand off too,

As I perceive she does.

*Sip.* Desert and duty  
Make even all, Sir.

*Mem.* Then the king, tho' I  
Have merited as much as man can, must not let her,

So many princes covetous of her beauty.

I would with all my heart, but 'tis impossible.

*Sip.* Why, say she marry after?

*Mem.* No, she dares not;

The gods dare not do ill; come.

*Sip.* Do you mean it?

*Mem.* Lend me thy knife, and help me off.

*Sip.* For Heaven sake,

Be not so stupid mad, dear general!

*Mem.* Dispatch, I say.

*Sip.* As you love that you look for,

Heav'n and the blessed life—

*Mem.* Hell take thee, coxcomb!

Why dost thou keep from it? Thy knife, I say!

*Sip.* Do but this one thing, on my knees I  
Stay but two hours 'till I return again.

For I will to her, tell her all your merits,

Your most unvalu'd love, and last your danger;

If she relent, then live still, and live loving,

Happy, and high in favour: if she frown—

*Mem.* Shall I be sure to know it?

*Sip.* As I live, Sir,

My quick return shall either bring you fortune,  
Or leave you to your own fate.

*Mem.* Two hours?

*Sip.* Yes, Sir.

*Mem.* Let it be kept.—Away! I will expect it.

[*Exeunt Mem. and Sip.*]

*Enter Chilar, Fool, and Page.*

*Chi.* You dainty wits! Two of ye to a cater,  
To cheat him of a doocor?

*Page.* Ten at court, Sir,

Are few enough; they are as wise as we are.

*Chi.* Haog ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where;

I never make that part of want. Preach to  
What ye can do, and when ye list!

*Fool.* Your patience;

'Tis a hard day at court, a fish-day.

*Chi.* So it seems, Sir,

The fins grow out of thy face.

*Fool.* And to purchase

This day the company of one dear enstard,  
Or a mess of Rice ap Thomas,<sup>32</sup> needs a main wit.

Beef we can bear before us, lin'd with brewis,  
And tubs of pork; vociferating veals,

And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.

*Chi.* Linc thy mouth with 'em.

*Fool.* Thou'st need, and great need, for these finny fish-days

The officers' understandings are so phlegmatic,  
They cannot apprehend us.

*Chi.* That's great pity,

For you deserve it, and, being apprehended,  
The whip to boot. Boy, what do you so near me?

I dare not trust your touch, boy.

*Enter Stremon and his Boy.*

*Page.* As I am virtuous!

What, thieves amongst ourselves?

*Chi.* Stremon!

*Stre.* Lieutenant!

*Chi.* Welcome ashore, ashore.

*Fool.* What, monsieur Musick?

*Stre.* My fine fool!

*Page.* Fellow Crack! why, what a consort  
Are we now bless'd withal?

*Fool.* Fooling and fiddling.

Nay, an we live not now, boys—What new songs, sirrah?

*Stre.* A thousand, man, a thousand.

*Fool.* Itching airs,

Alluding to the old sport?

*Stre.* Of all sizes.

*Fool.* And how does small Tim Treble  
here; the heart on't?

*Boy.* To do you service.

*Fool.* Oh, Tim! the times, the times, Tim!

*Stre.* How does the general?

And next, what money's stirring?

*Chi.* For the general,

He's here; but such a general! The time's  
chang'd, Stremon;

He was the liberal general, and the loving,

The feeder of a soldier, and the father;

But now become the stupid'st—

*Stre.* Why, what ails he?

*Chi.* Nay, if a horse knew, and his head's  
big enough,

I'll hang for't. Didst thou ever see a dog  
Run mad o' th' tooth-ach? Such another toy

Is he now; so he glotes, and grins, and lites.

*Fool.* Why, haog him quickly, and then  
he can't hurt folks.

*Chi.* One hour raving,

Another smiling, not a word the third hour.

I tell thee, Stremon, he's a stirring soul;

Whatever it attempts, or labours at,

Would wear out twenty bodies in another.

*Fool.* I'll keep it out of me, for mine's  
but buckram;

He would bounce that out in two hours.

*Chi.* Then he talks

The strangest and the maddest stuff from re-  
Or any thing you offer—Stand you there;

I'll shew thee how he is, for I'll play Mem-  
non,

<sup>32</sup> *Rice ap Thomas.*] *Rice ap Thomas* seems to be the name of some dish well known in the time of our Authors; yet this Welch dainty is strangely introduced at Paphos, the scene of this drama.



The strangest general that e'er thou heardest  
Stremon! [of.<sup>33</sup>

*Stre.* My lord!

*Chi.* Go presently, and find me

A black horse with a blue tail; hid the blank  
cornet [ly,

Charge thro' the sea, and sink the navy; soft-  
Our souls are things not to be waken'd in us

With larums, and loud bawlings; for in Ely-  
zium,

Stillness and quietness, and sweetness, sirrah,  
I will have, for it much concerns mine hon-  
our,

Such a strong reputation<sup>34</sup> for my welcome  
As all the world shall say: For, in the fore-  
front,

So many on white unicorns, next them  
My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,

Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks,<sup>35</sup> to  
take hold

Of all occasions; for Friday cannot fish out  
The end I aim at: Tell me of Diocles,

And what he dares do! Dare he meet me  
naked?

Thunder in this hand; in his left—Fool!

*Fool.* Yes, Sir. [fly swiftly

*Chi.* Fool, I would have thee fly i' th' air,  
To that place where the sun sets, there deliver.

*Fool.* Deliver? What, Sir?

*Chi.* This, Sir, this, you slave, Sir!

Death, ye rude rogues, ye scarabes!<sup>36</sup>

[All laugh.

[Seizes the Fool.

*Fool.* Hold, for Heav'n's sake,

Lieutenant, sweet lieutenant!

*Chi.* I have done, Sir.

*Page.* You've wrung his neck off.

*Chi.* No, Boy; 'tis the nature

Of this strange passion, when it hits, to hale  
people [leads.

Along by th' hair, to kick 'em, break their

*Fool.* Do you call this acting? was your  
part to beat me?

*Chi.* Yes, I must act all that he does.

*Fool.* Plague act you,

I'll act no more.

*Stre.* 'Tis but to shew, man.

*Fool.* Then, man, [it]

He should have shew'd it only, and not done  
I am sure he beat me beyond action.

Gouts o' your heavy fist!

*Chi.* I'll have thee to him;

Thou hast a fine wit, fine Fool, and canst  
play rarely.

He'll hug thee, boy, and stroke thee.

*Fool.* I'll to the stocks first,

Ere I be strok'd thus.

*Stre.* But how came he, Chilax?

*Chi.* I know not that.

*Stre.* I'll to him.

*Chi.* He loves thee well, [takes

And much delights to hear thee sing; much  
He has been with thy battle songs.

*Stre.* If musick

Can find his madness, I'll so fiddle him,

That out it shall by th' shoulders.

*Chi.* My fine fiddler,

He'll firk you, an you take not heed too.

'Twill be rare sport

To see his own trade triumph over him;

His lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges; [Aside.

For money there's none stirring.—Try, good

Stremon, [voices

Now what your silver sound<sup>37</sup> can do; our

Are but vain echoes.

*Stre.* Something shall be done

Shall make him understand all. Let's to th'

tavern;

I have some few crowns left yet: my whistle

wet once,

I'll pipe him such a paven<sup>38</sup>—

<sup>33</sup> *The strangest general that e'er thou heardest of*, Stremon.] Stremon should certainly begin a new line, and is the beginning of Chilax's acting the General, as is proved by Stremon's answer.

<sup>34</sup> *Such a strong reputation*.] I have ventured to insert in the text a conjecture of Mr. Sympton's, as believing he has hit upon the true reading. Seward.

They read, *strong preparation*; but there is not sufficient reason to reject the old reading.

<sup>35</sup> *Trapt with tenter-hooks*.] *Trapt* signifies *accoutered*, *accommodated*; as we still use the word *trappings*. So in Ben Jonson,

'And to answer all things else,

'Trap our shaggy thighs with bells.'

<sup>36</sup> *Scarabes*.] See note 49 to Elder Brother.

<sup>37</sup> *Silver sound*.] In Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. scene v. one of the musicians sings part of an old song, in which is the following line;

'Then musiek, with her silver sound.' R.

<sup>38</sup> *A paven*] The *paven*, from *pavo*, a peacock, is a grave majestic dance. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long-robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail. This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for the steps, in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every *paven* has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former. Sir John Hawkins's notes on Shakespeare.

*Chi.* Hold thy head up; [comb,  
I'll cure it with a quart of wine. Come, coz-  
Come, boy! take heed of napkins.  
*Fool.* You'll no more acting?  
*Chi.* No more, chicken.  
*Fool.* Go then. [Exit.

*Enter Siphax at one door, and a Gentleman at the other.*

*Sip.* God save you, Sir! Pray how might  
I see the princess?  
*Gent.* Why, very fitly, Sir; she's e'en now  
ready [there,  
'To walk out this way into th' park. Stand  
You cannot miss her sight, Sir.  
*Sip.* I much thank you. [Exit Gentleman.

*Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.*

*Calis.* Let's have a care, for I'll assure ye,  
wenches,  
I would not meet him willingly again;  
For tho' I do not fear him, yet his fashion  
I would not be acquainted much with.

*Cle.* Gentle lady,  
You need not fear; the walks are view'd and  
empty; [his—  
But methinks, madam, this kind heart of  
*Lucip.* Is slow a-coming.

*Sip.* Keep me, ye bless'd angels!

What killing power is this?

*Calis.* Why dost thou look for't?

Dost think he spoke in earnest?

*Lucip.* Methinks, madam, [lady,  
A gentleman should keep his word; and to a  
A lady of your excellencies.

*Calis.* Out, fool!

Send me his heart? What should we do with't?  
dance it?

*Lucip.* Dry it, and drink it for the worms.

*Calis.* Who's that?

What man stands there?

*Cle.* Where?

*Calis.* There.

*Cle.* A gentleman, [intch,  
Which I beseech your grace in honour so  
As know him for your servant's brother.

*Calis.* Siphax?

*Cle.* The same, an't please your grace.—  
What does he here?

Upon what business? and I ignorant?

*Calis.* He's grown a handsome gentleman.  
Good Siphax,

You're welcome from the wars! Would you  
with us, Sir? [fearful;

Pray speak your will. He blushes; be not  
I can assure you, for your sister's sake, Sir—  
There's my hand on it.

*Cle.* Do you hear, Sir? [less.

*Calis.* Sure these soldiers are all grown sense-  
*Cle.* Do you know where you are, Sir?

*Calis.* Tongue-tied;

He looks not well too; by my life, I think—  
*Cle.* Speak, for shame speak!

*Lucip.* A man would speak.

*Calis.* These soldiers  
Are all dumb saints.<sup>39</sup> Consider, and take  
time, Sir. [down.<sup>40</sup>

Let's forward, wenches, come; his palate's  
*Lucip.* Dare these men charge i' th' face of  
fire and bullets, [woman?

And hang their heads down at a handsome  
Good master Mars, that's a foul fault.

[Exit Calis and Lucip.

*Cle.* Fy, beast!

No more my brother!

*Sip.* Sister, honour'd sister!

*Cle.* Dishonour'd fool!

*Sip.* I do confess—

*Cle.* Fy on thee!

*Sip.* But stay till I deliver—

*Cle.* Let me go;

I am ashamed to own thee.

*Sip.* Fare you well then!

You must ne'er see me more.

*Cle.* Why? Stay, dear Siphax!

My anger's past; I'll hear you speak.

*Sip.* Oh, sister!

*Cle.* Out with it, man!

*Sip.* Oh, I have drank my mischief.

*Cle.* Ha! what?

*Sip.* My destruction; [princess;

In at mine eyes I have drank it. Oh, the

The rare sweet princess!

*Cle.* How, fool? the rare princess!

Was it the princess that thou saidst?

*Sip.* The princess: [dar'st not!

*Cle.* Thou dost not love her sure? thou

*Sip.* Yes,

By Heav'n! [not.

*Cle.* Yes, hy Heav'n? I know thou dar'st

The princess? 'Tis thy life, the knowledge of

it, [dred,

Presumption that will draw into it all thy kin-

And leave 'em slaves and succourless. The

princess?

In Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, containing a Pleasant Invetive against Poets, Pipers, &c. 1579, it is enumerated as follows, among other dances: 'Dumps, pavins, gal-  
liardes, measures, fancies, or new streynes.'

<sup>39</sup> *Are all dull saints.* Mr. Simpson doubts whether we should not read *dull sots*: But I think he has missed a fine image here. *These soldiers are like the dull statues of saints, they only stand still in speechless adoration.* Seward.

This is refinement. We can see no allusion to *statues*, nor perfectly understand her calling soldiers *saints*. The old books say, *dumb saints*. *Dull* never occurs till the octavo of 1711.

<sup>40</sup> *His palate's down.* This seems to be the same as what is now called *chap-fallen* by the vulgar.

Why, she's a sacred thing, to see and worship,  
Fix'd from us as the sun is, high, and glorious,  
To be ador'd, not doted on. Desire things  
possible,

Thou foolish young man; nourish not a hope  
Will hale thy heart out.

*Sip.* 'Tis my destiny, [if,  
And I know both disgrace and death will quit  
If it be known.

*Cle.* Pursue it not then, Siphax;  
Get thee good wholesome thoughts may now—  
Go home and pray. [wish thee;

*Sip.* I cannot.

*Cle.* Sleep then, Siphax,  
And dream away thy doting.

*Sip.* I must have her,

Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe;  
Work, and work speedily, or I shall die,  
wench.

*Cle.* Die then; I dare forget. Farewell!

*Sip.* Farewell, sister;

Farewell for ever! See me buried.

*Cle.* Stay;

Pray, stay! He's all my brothers.—[Siphax?  
No other woman?

*Sip.* None, none; she, or sinking.

*Cle.* Go, and hope well; my life I'll ven-  
ture for thee,

And all my art; a woman may work miracles.  
No more! Pray heartily against misfortunes,<sup>41</sup>

For much I fear a main one.

*Sip.* I shall do it.

[Exit]

## ACT III.

*Enter a Priestess of Venus and a Boy.*

*Priest.* FIND him by any means; and,  
good child, tell him

He has forgot his old friend. Give him this;  
And say, this night, without excuse or busi-  
ness,

As ever he may find a friend, come to me;  
He knows the way, and how. Be gone!

*Boy.* I gallop. [Exit.

*Enter Cleanthe.*

*Cle.* I have been looking you.

*Priest.* The fair Cleanthe!

What may your business be?

*Cle.* Oh, holy mother, [or never.  
Such business, of such strange weight! Now  
As you have lov'd me, as you do or may do,  
When I shall find a fit time—

*Priest.* If by my means  
Your business may be fitted—you know me,  
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daugh-  
ter, To build your best hopes.

*Cle.* Oh, but 'tis a strange one;  
Stuck with as many dangers—

*Priest.* There's the working; [pleasures.  
Small things perform themselves, and give no  
Be confident, thine death I'll serve you.

*Cle.* Here.

*Priest.* Fy! no corruption.

*Cle.* Take it; it is yours;  
Be not so spiced; 'tis good gold,  
And goodness is no gall to th' conscience.  
I know you have ways to vent it: You may  
hold it.

*Priest.* I'll keep it for you. When?

*Cle.* To-morrow morning  
I'll visit you again; and when occasion  
Offers itself—

*Priest.* Instruct me, and have at you.

*Cle.* Farewell till then I Be sure.

*Priest.* As your own thoughts, lady.

*Cle.* 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.

*Priest.* Fools only  
Make their effects seem fearful. Farewell,  
daughter! [Exit Cleanthe.

This gold was well got for my old tough  
soldier; [new

Now I shall be his sweet again. What busi-  
ness Is this she has a-foot? Some lusty lover

Beyond her line; the young wench would  
fain piddle;

A little to revive her must be thought of;  
'Tis e'en so, she must have it. But how by  
my means,

A devil, can she drive it? I that wait still  
Before the godless, giving oracle,  
How can I profit her? 'Tis her own project,  
And if she cast it false, her own fault be it.

[Exit.

*Enter Polydor, Eumenes, Captains,  
and Stremon.*

*Polyd.* Why, this is utter madness.

*Eum.* Thus it is, Sir.

*Polyd.* Only the princess' sight?

*1 Capt.* All we can judge at.

*Polyd.* This must be look'd to timely.

*Eum.* Yes, and wisely.

*Polyd.* He does not offer at his life?

<sup>41</sup> *Pray heartily against MY FORTUNES,  
For much I fear a main one.*] This reading carries a sense directly opposite to what the  
situation requires. We should certainly read,

*Pray heartily against misfortunes,  
For much I fear a main one.*

*Eum.* Not yet, Sir,  
That we can hear of.

*Polyd.* Noble gentlemen,  
Let me entreat your watches over him;  
Ye cannot do a worthier work.

*Cap.* We came, Sir,  
Provided for that service.

*Polyd.* Where is Chilax?

*Str.* A little busy, Sir.

*Polyd.* Are the Fool and Boy here;

*Str.* They are, Sir.

*Enter Memnon.*

*Poly.* Let 'em be still so; and as they find  
his humours—

*Eum.* Now you may behold him.

*Polyd.* Stand close, and work no noise.

By his eyes now, gentlemen, I guess him full  
of anger.

*Eum.* Be not seen there.

*Mem.* The hour's past long ago; he's false,  
and fearful,

(Coward go with thy enitiff soul, thou cur dog!  
Thou cold elod, wild-fire warm thee) mon-  
strous fearful;

I know the slave shakes hut to think on't.

*Polyd.* Who's that?

*Eum.* I know not, Sir.

*Mem.* But I shall catch you, rascal;  
Your mangy soul is not immortal here, Sir;  
You must die, and we must meet; we must,  
maggot,

Be sure we must! For not a nook of hell,  
Not the most horrid pit, shall harbour thee;  
The devil's tail sh'an't hide thee, but I'll have  
thee,

And how I'll use thee! Whips and firebrands,  
Toasting thy tail against a flame of wildfire,  
And basting it with brimstone, shall be no-  
thing, [roars!

Nothing at all! I'll teach you to be treache-  
Was never slave so swing'd, since hell was  
hell, [on't.

As I will swinge thy slave's soul; and be sure  
*Polyd.* Is this imagination, or some cir-  
cumstance?

For 'tis extreme strange.

*Eum.* So is all he does, Sir.

*Mem.* 'Till then I'll leave you. Who's  
there? Where's the Surgeon?  
*Demagoras!*

*Enter Demagoras.*

*Dem.* My lord!

*Mem.* Bring me the Surgeon;  
And wait you too.

*Enter Surgeon.*

*Polyd.* What would he with a Surgeon?

*Eum.* Things mustering in his head: Pray

*Mem.* Come hither. [mark.

Have you brought your instruments?

*Sur.* They are within, Sir.

*Mem.* Put-tu the doors a while there.

You can ineise

To a hair's breadth, without defacing?

*Sur.* Yes, Sir.

*Mem.* And take out fairly from the flesh?

*Sur.* The least thing. [my douchlet.

*Mem.* Well, come hither then. Take off  
For, look you, Surgeon, I must have you cut  
My heart out here, and handsomely. Nay,  
stare not, [Surgeon!

Nor do not start: I'll cut your throat else,  
Come, swear to do it.

*Sur.* Good Sir—

*Mem.* Sirrah, hold him;

I'll have but one blow at his head.

*Sur.* I'll do it.<sup>42</sup>

Why, what should we do living after you, Sir?  
We'll die before you, if you please.

*Mem.* No, no! [a cat-hole

*Sur.* Living, hang living.<sup>43</sup>—Is there ne'er  
Where I may creep thro' 'Would I were I'  
th' Indies! [Aside.

*Mem.* Swear then, and after my death pre-  
sently

To kill yourselves and follow, as ye are honest,  
As ye have faiths, and loves to me!

*Dem.* We'll do it. [enough

*Eum.* Pray, do not stir yet; we are near  
To run between all dangers.

*Mem.* Here I am, Sir. [boldly;

Come, look upon me, view the best way  
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand  
shake, sirrah,

Or any way deface my heart i' th' cutting,  
Make the least scratch upon it; but draw it  
whole,

Excellent fair, shewing at all points, Surgeon,  
The honour and the valour of the owner,  
Mix'd with the most immaculate love I send  
(Look to't!) I'll slice thee to the soul. [it,

*Sur.* Ne'er fear, Sir,

I'll do it daintily.—'Would I were out once.

*Mem.* I will not have you smile, sirrah,  
when you do it,

<sup>42</sup> *Sur.* I'll do it.

*Why what should we do living after you, Sir.*] The latter part of this sentence seems proper to one of the officers of Memnon, not to the Surgeon, and accordingly we find Memnon applies to them to swear that they'd immediately kill themselves and follow him. I have therefore restored it to Demagoras. *Scward.*

<sup>43</sup> *Sur.* Living! hang living.] If the words mentioned in the last note should be taken from the Surgeon, surely these should be taken from him also, being quite contrary to the rest of his speech. But as it is probable the Authors intended the Surgeon to dissemble with Memnon aloud, while he expressed his fears in a low voice, and *ande* (which must have a droll effect in the representation) we have left to his part all that the old books assigned him.

As tho' you cut a lady's corn; 'tis sentry:  
Do me it as thou dost thy prayers, seriously.

*Ser.* I'll do it in a dump, Sir.

*Mem.* In a dog, Sir!

I'll have no dumps, nor dumplings. Fetch your  
And then I'll tell you more. [tools,

*Ser.* If I return

To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.

*Mem.* Quick, quick!

*Dem.* Yes, Sir—

With all the heels we have.

[*Exeunt Ser. and Dem.*]

*Emm.* Yet stand.

*Polyd.* He'll do it.

*Emm.* He cannot, and we here.

*Mem.* Why when, ye rascals, [syringe,  
Ye dull slaves? Will you come, Sir? Surgeon,  
Dog-leach,<sup>43</sup> shall I come and fetch you?

*Polyd.* Now I'll to him.

God save you, honour'd brother!

*Mem.* My dear Polydor,

Welcome from travel, welcome! And how do  
you?

*Polyd.* Well, Sir; 'would you were so.

*Mem.* I am, I thank you.

You are a better'd man much; I the same still,  
An old rude soldier, Sir.

*Polyd.* Pray be plain, brother,  
And tell me but the meaning of this vision,  
For to me it appears no more; so far  
From common course and reason.

*Mem.* Thank thee, Fortune,  
At length I've found the man, the man must  
The man in honour bound! [do it,

*Polyd.* To do what? [circumstance

*Mem.* Hark, for I will bless you with the  
Of that weak shadow that appear'd.

*Polyd.* Speak on, Sir.

*Mem.* It is no story for all ears.

[*Walks with him.*]

*Polyd.* The princess?

*Mem.* Peace, and hear all. [Whispers.

*Polyd.* How?

*Emm.* Sure 'tis dangerous,  
He starts so at it.

*Polyd.* Your heart? Do you know, Sir—

*Mem.* Yes; pray thee be softer.

*Polyd.* Me to do it?

*Mem.* Only reserv'd, and dedicated.

*Polyd.* For shame, brother!

Know what you are; a man.

*Mem.* None of your Athens,  
Good sweet Sir, no philosophy! Thou feel'st  
The honourable end, fool. [not

*Polyd.* I'm sure I feel

The shame and scorn that follow. Have you  
serv'd thus long,

The glory of your country in your conquests,  
The envy of your neighbours in your virtues,  
Rul'd armies of your own, giv'n laws to na-  
tions,

Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,  
Call'd the most fortunate and happy Memnon,  
To lose all here at home, poorly to lose it?  
Poorly, and pettishly, ridiculously, [wisdom?  
To fling away your fortune? Where's your  
Where's that you govern'd others by, discre-  
tion? [brother!

Does your rule lastly hold upon yourself? Fy,  
How are you fall'n? Get up into your honour,  
The top-branch of your bravery, and, from  
thence,

Look and lament how little Memnon seems  
now.

*Mem.* Hum! 'Tis well spoken; but dost  
thou think, young scholar,<sup>44</sup>

The tongues of angels from my happiness  
Could turn the end I aim at. No, they cannot.  
This is no book-case, brother. Will you do it?  
Use no more art; I am resolv'd.

*Polyd.* You may, Sir,

Command me to do any thing that's honest,  
And for your noble end: But this, it carries—

*Mem.* You shall not be so honour'd; live  
an ass still,

And learn to spell for profit: Go, go study!

*Emm.* You must not hold him up so; he is  
lost then. [turneps,<sup>45</sup>

*Mem.* Get thee to school again, and talk of  
And find the natural cause out why a dog  
Turns thrice about ere he lies down: There's  
learning. [I find it,

*Polyd.* Come; I will do it now: 'Tis brave;  
And now allow the reason.

<sup>43</sup> Dog-leach.] *Leach* is the old word signifying a physician: It is frequently used in that sense in Spenser, and other ancient writers. *R.*

<sup>44</sup> —dost thou think, young scholar,  
The tongues of angels from my happiness  
Could turn the end I aim at? Mr. Symson thinks this an indissoluble difficulty. I think  
the meaning intended is easy to be seen, and by a small transposition (which does indeed a  
little roughen the metre) it will be quite clear.

Mr. Seward's reading is,

*Th' end I aim at, could turn me.*

The old reading conveys the same sense, and is not more difficult of construction than many  
other passages in these plays. Mr. Seward's is very harsh.

<sup>45</sup> —and talk of turneps.] Why *turneps* should be a subject for scholars to talk of,  
more than any one thing in the world beside, I can't see. I believe it a corruption, but cannot  
easily guess what could have been the original. The only conjecture I have is *turnspits*,  
which is as low a subject of mechanism, as the reason of a dog's turning round thrice is in ano-  
ther part of natural philosophy. *Seward.*

*Mem.* Oh, do you so, Sir?  
 Do you find it current?  
*Polyd.* Yes, yes; excellent.  
*Mem.* I told you.  
*Polyd.* I was foolish: I have here too  
 The rarest way to find the truth out. Hark  
 You shall be rul'd by me. [you!  
*Mem.* I will be: But——  
*Polyd.* I reach it;  
 If the worst fall, have at the worst; we'll  
 But two days, and 'tis thus. Ha? [both go.  
*Mem.* 'Twill do well so.  
*Polyd.* Then is't not excellent? do you com-  
*Mem.* 'Twill work for certain. [ceive it?  
*Polyd.* Oh, 'twill tuck her;  
 And you shall know then by a line,  
*Mem.* I like it;  
 But let me not be fool'd again.  
*Polyd.* Doubt nothing;  
 You do me wrong then. Get you in there  
 As I have taught you. Basta!<sup>46</sup> [private,  
*Mem.* Work. [Exit.  
*Polyd.* I will do.  
*Eum.* Have you found the cause?  
*Polyd.* Yes, and the strangest, gentlemen,  
 That e'er I heard of; anon I'll tell you.  
*Stremon,*  
 Be you still near him to affect his fancy, [Boy  
 And keep his thoughts off: Let the Fool and  
 Stay him, they may do some pleasure too.  
*Eumenes,* [brought,  
 What if he had a wench, a handsome whore  
 Rarely dress'd up, and taught to state it?<sup>47</sup>——  
*Eum.* Well, Sir,  
*Polyd.* His cause is merely heat—And made  
 It were the princess mad for him? [believe  
*Eum.* I think  
 'Twere not amiss.  
 1 *Capt.* And let him kiss her?  
*Polyd.* What else?  
 2 *Capt.* I'll be his bawd, an't please you.  
 young and wholesome,  
 I can assure you, he shall have.  
*Eum.* Faith, let him.  
*Polyd.* He shall; I hope 'twill help him.  
 Walk a little; [jeet,  
 I'll tell you how his ease stands, and my pro-  
 In which you must be mourners; but, by all  
 Stir not you from him, Stremon. [means,  
*Stre.* On our lives, Sir. [Exit.

*Enter Priestess and Chilar.*  
*Priest.* Oh, you're a precious man! two  
 days in town,  
 And never see your old friend.

<sup>46</sup> As I have taught ye. Basta.

*Mem.* *Work.* Basta, in Italian, or Spanish, *sufficit*, or it's enough, from whence our sailors term, *avast*. But I have given the word to *Memnon*, and not to *Polydor*, it being plainly his answer. Seward.

Why take Basta from Polydor? It destroys *Memnon's* speech, which is more humorous, consisting of the single monosyllable *work*.

<sup>47</sup> To state it.] i. e. to take state upon her.

<sup>48</sup> Chi. To new-carine, &c.] This and the four following lines appear in no edition but the first.

*Chi.* Prithee, pardon me!  
*Priest.* And, in my conscience, if I had  
 not sent——  
*Chi.* No more; I would ha' come; I must.  
*Priest.* I find you;  
 God-a-mercy Wunt! You never care for me,  
 But when your shops are empty.  
*Chi.* Ne'er fear that, wench;  
 'Shall find good current coin still. Is this the  
 old house?  
*Priest.* Have you forgot it?  
*Chi.* And the door still standing  
 That goes into the temple?  
*Priest.* Still.  
*Chi.* The robes too,  
 That I was wont to shift in here?  
*Priest.* Are here still.  
*Chi.* Oh, you tough rogue, what troubles  
 have I trotted thru? [monster  
 What fears and frights? Every poor mouse a  
 That I heard stir, and every stick I trod on  
 A sharp sting to my conscience.  
*Priest.* 'Las, poor conscience!  
*Chi.* And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.  
*Priest.* Out, beast!  
*Chi.* To new-carine thy carcase;<sup>48</sup> that's  
 the truth on't. [tether  
 How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a  
 When all thy linen's up, and a more yare?  
*Priest.* Fy, fy, Sir!  
*Chi.* Ne'er steem'd the straights?  
*Priest.* How you talk?  
*Chi.* I am old, wench,  
 And talking to an old man is like a stomacher;  
 It keeps his blood warm.  
*Priest.* But, pray tell me——  
*Chi.* Any thing.  
*Priest.* Where did the boy meet with you?  
 At a wench sure?  
 At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, sure?  
*Chi.* Then know'st I am too honest.  
*Priest.* That's your fault;  
 And that the surgeon knows.  
*Chi.* Then, farewell!  
 I will not fail you soon.  
*Priest.* You shall stay supper;  
 I have sworn you shall; by this you shall!  
*Chi.* I will, wench;  
 But after supper, for an hour, my business——  
*Priest.* And hast an hour?  
*Chi.* No, by this kiss; that ended,  
 I will return, and all night in thine arms,  
 wench——  
*Priest.* No more; I take your meaning.  
 Come, tis supper time. [Exit.

*Enter Calis, Cleantke, and Lucippe.*

*Calis.* Thou art not well.

*Cle.* Your grace sees more a great deal Than I feel.—Yet I lie. Oh, brother!

*Calis.* Mark her;

Is not the quickness of her eye consum'd,  
The lively red and white? [wench?

*Lucip.* Nay, she is much alter'd,  
That on my understanding; all her sleeps,  
Which were as sound and sweet— [lady,

*Cle.* Pray, do not force me,  
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill.  
Conceit's a double sickness; on my faith, your  
highness

Is mere mistaken in me.

[*A dead march within, of drum and  
sackbuts.*

*Calis.* I am glad on't,  
Yet this I've ever noted, when thou wast thus,  
It still fore-run some strange event: My sister  
Died when thou wast thus last!—Hark, hark,  
ho! [forward?  
What mournful noise is this comes creeping  
Still it grows nearer, nearer; do ye hear it?

*Enter Polydor, Eumenes, and Captains,  
mourning.*

*Lucip.* It seems some soldier's funeral: See,  
it enters.

*Calis.* What may it mean?

*Polyd.* The gods keep you, fair Calis!

*Calis.* This man can speak, and well. He  
stands and views us; [humbly  
Would I were ne'er worse look'd upon. How  
His eyes are cast now to the earth! Pray mark  
him, [lides.  
And mark how rarely he has rank'd his trou-  
See, now he weeps; they all weep; a sweeter  
sorrow

I never look'd upon, nor one that braver  
Became his grief. Your will with us?

*Polyd.* Great lady—[*Plucks out the cap,*  
Excellent beauty!

*Calis.* He speaks handsomely.

What a rare rhetorician his grief plays!  
That stop was admirable.

*Polyd.* See, see, thou princess,  
Thou great commander of all hearts—

*Calis.* I have found it,

Oh, how my soul shakes!

*Polyd.* See, see the noble heart  
Of him that was the noblest! See, and glory  
(Like the proud god himself) in what thou'st  
purchas'd! [you?

Behold the heart of Memnon! Does it start

*Calis.* Good gods, what has his wildness

*Polyd.* Look boldly; [done?  
You boldly said you durst. Look, wretched  
woman!

Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now,

Virtue and blooming honour bleed to death  
here:

Take it; the legacy of love bequeath'd you,  
Of cruel love, a cruel legacy.  
What was the will that wrought it then? Can  
you weep?

Embalm it in your truest tears (if women  
Can weep a truth, or ever sorrow sunk yet  
Into the soul of your sex); for 'tis a jewel  
The world's worth cannot weigh down: Take  
it, lady;

And with it all (I dare not curse) my sorrows,  
And may they turn to serpents!

*Eum.* How she looks [her.  
Still upon him! See, now a tear steals from  
2 *Capt.* But still she keeps her eye firm.

*Polyd.* Next, read this.  
But, since I see your spirit somewhat troubled,  
I'll do it for you.

2 *Capt.* Still she eyes him mainly.

*Polyd.* Go, happy heart! for thou shalt lie  
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,  
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if she chance to chide  
Me for slowness, in her pride,  
That it was for her I died.

If a tear escape her eye,  
'Tis not for my memory,  
But thy rites of obsequy.

The altar was my loving breast,  
My heart the sacrificed beast,  
And I was myself the priest.

Your body was the sacred shrine,  
Your cruel mind the power divine,  
Pleas'd with the hearts of men, not  
kine,

*Eum.* Now it pours down.

*Polyd.* I like it rarely.—Lady!

*Eum.* How greedily she swallows up his

2 *Capt.* Her eye inhabits on him. [language!  
*Polyd.* Cruel lady, [pow'r

Great as your beauty scornful! <sup>49</sup> had your  
But equal poise on all hearts, all hearts pe-  
rish'd; [flames too;

But Cupid has more shafts than one, more  
And now he must be open-cy'd, 'tis justice:  
Live to enjoy your longing; live and laugh at  
The losses and the miseries we suffer;  
Live to be spoken when your cruelty  
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,  
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful ser-  
vice—

*Calis.* I swear his anger's excellent.

*Polyd.* Truth, and most tried love,  
Into disdain and downfall.

*Calis.* Still more pleasing. [slaughters,

*Polyd.* Live then, I say, famous for civil

<sup>49</sup> Great as your beauty scornful.] This expression is obscure, but means, 'As remarkable for your scorn and cruelty, as for your beauty.' J. N.

Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,

Live and be spoken, 'This is she, this lady,

'This goodly lady, yet most-killing beauty,

'This with the two-edg'd eyes, the heart for hardness

\* Outdoing rocks; and coldness, rocks of ery-

\* This with the swelling soul, more coy of courtship

\* Than the proud sea is when the shores em-

Live 'till the mothers find you, read your story,

And sow their barren curses on your beauty;

'Till those that have enjoy'd their loves de-

spise you,

'Till virgins pray against you, old age find

And, e'en as wasted coals glow in their dying,

So may the gods reward you in your ashes!

But, you're the sister of my king; more pro-

phesies

Else I should utter of you; true loves and loyal

Bless themselves ever from you! So I leave you.

*Calis.* Prithee be angry still, young man:

good fair Sir,

Chide me again. What would this man do

That in his passion can bewitch souls?—Stay.

*Eum.* Upon my life she loves him.

*Calis.* Pray stay.

*Polyd.* No.

*Calis.* I do command you.

*Polyd.* No, you cannot, lady,

I have a spell against you, Faith and Reason.

You are too weak to reach me: I have a heart

But not for lawk's mat, lady.

*Calis.* Even for charity,

Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach

*Polyd.* How can you preach that charity to

That in your own soul are an atheist, [others

Believing neither pow'r nor fear? I trouble you.

The gods be good unto you!

*Calis.* Amen! [She succors.

*Lucip.* Lady!

*Cle.* Oh, royal madam! Gentlemen, for

Heav'n sake!

*Polyd.* Give her fresh air: she comes

again: away, Sirs,

And her stand close till we perceive the work-

*Eum.* You have undone all. [ing.

*Polyd.* So I fear.

*2 Capt.* She loves you.

*Eum.* And then all hope's lost this way.

*Polyd.* Peace! She rises.

*Cle.* Now for my purpose, Fortune!

*Calis.* Where's the gentleman?

*Lucip.* Gone, madam.

*Calis.* Why gone?

*Lucip.* Il' has dispatch'd his business.

*Calis.* He came to speak with me.<sup>34</sup>

*Lucip.* He did.

*Calis.* He did not.

For I had many questions.

*Lucip.* On my faith, madam,

He talk'd a great while to you.

*Calis.* Thou conceiv'st not;

He talked not as he should do. Oh, my heart!

Away with that sad sight. Didst thou e'er

love me?

*Lucip.* Why do you make that question?

*Calis.* If thou didst,

Run, run, wench, run. Nay, see how thou

*Lucip.* Whither? [stirr'st!

*Calis.* If 'twere for any thing to please thy-

self,

Thou wouldst run to th' devil: But I am

*Cle.* Fy, lady! [loves,

*Calis.* I ask none of your fortunes, nor your

None of your bent desires I slack; ye are not

to love with all men, are ye? one, for shame,

You'll leave your honour'd mistress. Why

do ye stare so?

What is that you see about me? Tell me.

Lord, what am I become? I am not wild

sure;

Heav'n keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe,

Or I am sunk to death! [help me,

*Cle.* You have offended,

And mightily; Love is incens'd against you,

And therefore take my counsel: To the tem-

ple, [goldens

For that's the speediest physic: before the

Give your repentant prayers; ask her will,

<sup>30</sup> *Old age find ye.*] He had a little before said, *Live till the mothers find ye*, i. e. know and are acquainted with your character. But here, *old age find ye*, if it be genuine, must signify, 'May old age overtake you, and then may your ashes be kindled into unavailing flames of love.' It is very unusual in one sentence to use the same expression in two such very different senses, although it will bear both. I think it therefore corrupt, and have ventured to change it for a word that adds, I think, much spirit and strength to the passage, and might therefore probably have been the true one. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Old age find ye*. We chose to follow the old books. *Old age find ye*, is a strange reading. *Old age* rather extinguishes fires than kindles them, and even here is exemplified by *wasted coals and ashes*.

<sup>31</sup> *Cal.* He came to speak with me.

He did.

*Cle.* He did not.

*Cal.* For I had many questions.] Mr. Sympson says, that the princess contradicts both herself as well as her maids so ridiculously, that she is grown childish of a sudden; but he happened not to observe that this absurdity is entirely owing to the mistakes of the press. Where the dialogue is very short, nothing is so common as to misplace the speakers: This is I believe the fifth time it has already happened in this play only, and which I hope I have restored. *Seward.*



And from the oracle attend your sentence:  
She's mild and merciful.

*Calis.* I will, Oh, Venns,  
Even as thou lov'st thyself—

*Cle.* Now for my fortune.

[*Exeunt Calis and Women.*]

*Polyd.* What shall I do?

*2 Capt.* Why make yourself.

*Polyd.* I dare not;

No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,  
Tho' her bright beauty would entice an angel.  
I will to th' king, my last hope. Get him a  
woman,

As we before concluded; and, as ye pass,  
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;  
And let some letters to that end be feign'd too,  
And sent to you; some posts too to the gene-  
And let me work. Be near him still. [*Exit*;

*Eum.* We will, Sir.

*Polyd.* Farewell, and pray for all! What-  
e'er I will ye,

Do it, and hope a fair end.

*Eum.* The gods speed ye! [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Stremon, Fool, Page, and Servants.*

*Serv.* He lies quiet.

*Stre.* Let him lie; and, as I told ye,  
Make ready for this show. H' has divers times  
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,  
And shew the joys—Now I will be that Or-  
pheus;

And, as I play and sing, like beasts and trees  
I'd have you shap'd and enter: Thou a dog,

*Fool.*

[I have sent about your suits] the Boy a bush,  
An ass you, you a lion.

*Fool.* I a dog?

I'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!

*Stre.* 'Tis excellent.

Steal in and make no noise.

*Fool.* Bow wow!

*Stre.* Away, rogue!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>32</sup> *Chi.* *Here's villainy!* The old folio reads, *here's no villainy*, but that is false in fact.  
My reading both compleats the sense and the antithesis to the foregoing sentence. *Sympron.*

Mr. Sympron reads, *Here's more villainy!* but the old reading, we think, is right; the  
negative being used ironically. Upon this mode of speech, the reader will find a note in *Wit*  
without Money, p. 278 of this volume, upon the words,

*You know not how to grace yourself;*

in which sentence Mr. Seward discarded the negative.

In the First Part of Henry IV. act v. scene iii. Falstaff, seeing Sir Walter Blunt, exclaims,  
'here's no vanity!' upon which passage Bishop Warburton comments thus: 'In our Author's  
'time, the negative, in a common speech, was used to design ironically the excess of a thing.'  
'Thus Ben Jonson, in Every Man in his Humour, says,

'O here's no foppery!

'Death, I can endure the stocks better;'

'meaning, as the passage shews, that the *foppery* was excessive. And so in many other  
'places.'

Mr. Steevens has produced another instance of the same mode of expression from the Tale  
of a Tub, by the same Author:

'Here was no subtil device to get a wench.' *R.*

<sup>33</sup> *A better stole.* *Stole*, from the Latin *stola*, we think, means A ROBE; and so, at this  
day, 'Groom of the stole,' an officer of the wardrobe.

*Enter Priestess and Chilar.*

*Priest.* Good sweet friend, be not long.

*Chi.* Thou think'st each hour ten

Till I be ferreting.

*Priest.* You know I love you.

[*robe*]

*Chi.* I will not be above an hour: Let thy  
Be ready, and the door be kept.

[*Cleanthe knocks within.*]

*Priest.* Who knocks there?

Yet more business?

*Enter Cleanthe.*

*Chi.* Have you more pensioners? The  
princess' woman!

Nay then, I'll stay a little. What game's  
a-foot now?

*Cle.* Now is the time.

*Chi.* A rank bawd by this hand too;

She grinds o'both sides: Hey, boys!

*Priest.* How, your brother Siphax?

Loves he the princess?

*Cle.* Deadly; and you know

He is a gentleman, descended nobly.

*Chi.* But a rank knave as ever piss'd

[*Aside.*]

*Cle.* Hold, mother;

Here's more gold, and some jewels.

*Chi.* Here's no villainy! <sup>32</sup>

I'm glad I came to th' hearing:

*Priest.* Alas, daughter,

What would you have me do?

*Chi.* Hold off, you old whore!

There's more gold coming; all's mine, all.

*Cle.* Do you shrink now?

Did you not promise faithfully? and told me,  
Thro' any danger—

*Priest.* Any I can wade thro'.

*Cle.* You shall and easily; the sin not seen  
neither.

Here's for a better stole, <sup>33</sup> and a new vail,  
mother:

Come, you shall be my friend.<sup>34</sup> If all hit—

*Chi.* Hang me!

*Cle.* I'll make you richer than the goddess.

*Priest.* Say then;

I'm yours. What must I do?

*Cle.* I'th' morning,

But very early, will the princess visit

The temple of the goddess, being troubled

With strange things that distract her: From the oracle

(Being strongly too in love) she will demand

The goddess' pleasure, and a man to cure her.

That oracle you give: Describe my brother;

You know him perfectly.

*Priest.* I have seen him often.

*Cle.* And charge her take the next man she shall meet with,

When she comes out: You understand me?

*Priest.* Well!

*Cle.* Which shall be he attending. This And easily without suspicion ended; [is all, Nor none dare disobey;<sup>35</sup> 'tis Heav'n that does it, [pect it?

And who dares cross it then, or once sus- The venture is most easy.

*Priest.* I will do it.

*Cle.* As you shall prosper?

*Priest.* As I shall prosper!

*Cle.* Take this too, and farewell! But first, hark hither, [her mistress!

*Chi.* What a young whore's this to betray

A thousand cuckolds shall that husband be

That marries thee, thou art so mischievous.

I'll put a spoke among your wheels.

*Cle.* Be constant!

*Priest.* 'Tis done.

*Chi.* I'll do no more at drop-shot then.

[Exit.

*Priest.* Farewell, wench!

[Exit.

## ACT IV.

*Enter a Servant and Stremon, at the door.*

*Serv.* HE stirs, he stirs.

*Stre.* Let him; I'm ready for him;

He shall not this day perish, if his passions

May be fed with musick. Are they ready?

*Enter Memnon.*

*Serv.* All, all. See where he comes.

*Stre.* I'll be straight for him. [Exit.

*Enter Eumenes and Captains.*

*Serv.* How sad he looks, and sullen! Here are the Captains: [Stand close.

My fear's past now.

*Mem.* Put ease, i'th' other world She do not love me neither? I am old, 'tis certain—

*Eum.* His spirit is a little quieter.

*Mem.* My blood lost, and my limbs stiff; my embraces, Like the cold stubborn bark's, hoary and heatless;

My wnrds worse: My fame only, and atchievements,

(Which are my strength, my blood, my youth, my fashion)

Must wooe her, win her, wed her; that's but wind, [dows.

And women are not brought to-bed with sha- I do her wrong, much wrong; she's young and blessed,

Sweet as the spring, and as his blossoms tender, And I a nipping North-wind, my head hung

With hails, and frosty isicles: Are the souls so too, [loveless?

When they depart hence, lame and old, and No sure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and

Death [nion

Follow our flesh no more; and that forc'd opi- That spirits have no sexes, I believe not.

*Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.*

There must be love, there is love. What art thou?

<sup>34</sup> Come, ye shall be my friend:

*Chi.* If all hit, hang me,

I'll make ye richer than the goddess.] Here again the speakers are strangely jumbled, and it is the only place in the play where all the editions don't blindly follow one another in the same false track. In this the first folio reads,

Come, ye shall be my friend; if all hit.

*Chi.* Hang me,

I'll make you richer than the goddess.

The two following editions endeavouring to correct the mistake only made it greater. Mr. Symphon too saw the mistake in the last line. Seward.

<sup>35</sup> Nor none dare disobey.] The use of two negatives in this manner (which we now esteem very incorrect) is so common in Spenser, Shakespeare, and our Authors, that it cannot be looked on as an error of the press, although Shakespeare himself mentions the rule of two negatives making an affirmative. Seward.

## SONG.

*Orph.* Orpheus I am, come from the deep<sup>s</sup>  
below, [shew:]  
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to  
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell  
There's none that come, but first they pass  
thro' hell: [ever  
Hark, and beware! unless thou hast lov'd,  
Belov'd again, thou shalt see those joys never.

Hark, how they groan that died despairing!  
Oh, take heed then!  
Hark, how they howl for over-daring:  
All these were men.

They that be fools, and die for fame,  
They lose their name;  
And they that bleed  
Hark how they speed.

Now in cold frosts, now scorching fires  
They sit, and curse their lost desires:  
Nor shall these souls be free from pains and  
fears,  
'Till women waft them over in their tears.

*Mem.* How! should I know my passage is  
denied me,<sup>56</sup>  
Or which of all the devils dare——  
*Eum.* This song  
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

## SONG.

*Orph.* Charon, oh, Charon,  
Thou waster of the souls to bless or banel  
*Cha.* Who calls the ferrymen of hell?  
*Orph.* Come near,  
And say who lives in joy, and who in fear.  
*Cha.* Those that die well, eternal joy shall  
follow; [swallow:  
Those that die ill, their own foul fate shall  
*Orph.* Shall thy black bark those guilty  
spirits stow  
That kill themselves for love?  
*Cha.* Oh, no, no, no. [near;  
My cordage cracks when such great sins are  
No wind blows fair, nor I myself can steer.  
*Orph.* What lovers pass, and in Elyzium  
reign? [again.  
*Cha.* Those gentle loves that are below'd  
*Orph.* This soldier loves, and fain would  
die to win;  
Shall he go on?

*Cha.* No, 'tis too foul a sin.  
He must not come aboard; I dare not row;  
Storms of despair and guilty blood will blow.

*Orph.* Shall time release him, say?

*Cha.* No, no, no, no.

Nor time nor death can alter us, nor pray'r:  
My boat is Destiny; and who then dare,  
But those appointed, come aboard? Live still,  
And love by reason, mortal, not by will.

*Orph.* And when thy mistress shall close  
up thine eyes——

*Cha.* Then come aboard, and pass.

*Orph.* 'Till when, be wise.

*Cha.* 'Till when, be wise.

*Eum.* How still he sits! I hope this song  
has settled him. [eyes yet.

1 *Capt.* He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery  
I fear, for all this——

2 *Capt.* Stremon, still apply to him.

*Stre.* Give me more room then. Sweetly  
strike, divinely,

Such strains as old earth moves at!

*Orph.* The power I have o'er both beast  
and plant;

Thou man alone feel'st miserable want.<sup>57</sup>

[Music.

Strike, ye rare spirits that attend my will,  
And lose your savage wildness by my skill,

*Enter a masque of beasts.*

This lion was a man of war that died,  
As thou wouldst do, to gild his lady's pride:  
This dog, a fool, that hung himself for love:  
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,  
Forgot to eat, and died: This goodly tree,  
An usher that still grey before his lady,  
Wither'd at root: This, for he could not woo,  
A prumbling lawyer: This py'd bird, a page,  
That melted out because he wanted awe.  
Still these lie howling on the Stygian shore,  
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more.

[Exit Memnon.

*Eum.* He steals off silently, as tho' he'd  
sleep. [fancy,

No more; but all be near him; feed his  
Good Stremon, still! This may lock up his  
folly;

Yet Heav'n knows I much fear him. Away,  
softly! [Exit Captains.

*Fool.* Did I not do most doggedly?

*Stre.* Most rarely. [dog again?

*Fool.* He's a brave man; when shall we

*Page.* Untie me first, for God's sake.

*Fool.* Help the boy;

<sup>56</sup> *How should I know?* The Editors of 1750 change *I* to *he*; but the old reading is certainly right; for as Memnon imagined Stremon to be Orpheus, he would not ask how should he know. The meaning is, 'What is it you tell me? If I should know my passage was denied, or which of the devils durst——oppose my entrance to Elyzium,' &c.

<sup>57</sup> *Orph.* *The power I have both over beast and plant, Thou man alone feel'st miserable want.* This appeared quite unintelligible to Mr. Symphon. I think there is nothing but an *of* wanting to make it clear, which I have therefore added. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *OF THE power*; but his alteration is hard, and the old reading (with the usual licence of construction) conveys the same sense.

He's in a wood, poor child! Good honey  
 Stremon, [play  
 Let's have a bear-baiting; you shall see me  
 The rarest fur for a single dog! at head all;  
 And if I do not win immortal glory,  
 Play dog play devil.

*Stre.* Peace for this time!

*Fool.* Prithee [howl  
 Let's sing him a black santis; then let's all  
 In our own beastly voices. Tree, keep your  
 time.

Untie there. Bow, wow, wow!

*Stre.* Away, ye ass, away!

*Fool.* Why, let us do something  
 To satisfy the gentleman; he's mad,  
 (A gentleman-like humnour, and in fashion<sup>55</sup>)  
 And must have men as mad about him.

*Stre.* Peace,

And come in quickly; 'tis ten to one else  
 He'll find a staff to beat a dog. No more  
 words;

I'll get you all employment. Soft, soft! in  
 all! [*Exe.*

*Enter Chilax and Cloe.*

*Chi.* When cam'st thou over, wench?

*Cloe.* But now this evening.

And have I never since looking out Siplax;  
 I th' wars, he would have look'd me. Sure h'  
 Some other mistress? [has gotten

*Chi.* A thousand, wench, a thousand;  
 They are as common here as caterpillars  
 Among the corn; they eat up all the soldiers.

*Cloe.* Are they so hungry? Yet, by their  
 leave, Chilax,

I'll have a snatch too.

*Chi.* Dost thou love him still, wench?

*Cloe.* Why should I not? He had my  
 And all my youth. [maidenhead,

*Chi.* Thou art come the happiest,  
 In the most blessed time, sweet wench, the  
 fittest,

If thou dar'st make thy fortune! By this light,

*Cloe.* [let me—  
 And so I'll kiss thee: And if thou wilt but  
 For 'tis well worth a kindness—

*Cloe.* What should I let you?

*Chi.* Enjoy thy minikin.

*Cloe.* Thou art still old Chilax.

*Chi.* Still, still, and ever shall be. If I say,

Thou wot'st strike the stroke—I cannot do  
 much harm, wench.

*Cloe.* Nor much good.

*Chi.* Siplax shall be thy husband,

Thy very husband, woman; thy fool, thy  
 Or what thou'lt make him. [cuckold,

*Cloe.* I am over-joy'd,<sup>59</sup> [Kiss me,  
 Ravish'd, clean ravish'd with this fortune!  
 Or I shall lose myself. My husband, said  
 you? [do it,

*Chi.* Said I? and will say, Cloe; nay, and  
 And do it home too; peg thee as close to him  
 As birds<sup>60</sup> are with a pin to one another:

I have it, I can do it. Thou want'st cloaths  
 too,

And he'll be hang'd, unless he marry thee,  
 Ere he maintain thee: Now he has ladies,  
 courtiers,

More than his back can bend at, multitudes;  
 We're taken up for threshers. Will you bite?

*Cloe.* Yes.

*Chi.* And let me—

*Cloe.* Yes, and let you—

*Chi.* What?

*Cloe.* Why, that you wot of.

*Chi.* The turn,<sup>61</sup> the good turn?

*Cloe.* Any turn; the roach turn.

*Chi.* That's the right turn; for that turns  
 up the belly.

I cannot stay; take your instructions,  
 And something toward household. Come!  
 whatever

I shall advise you, follow it exactly,  
 And keep your times I point you; for, I'll  
 tell you,

A strange way you must wade thro'.

*Cloe.* Fear not me, Sir. [modicum,

*Chi.* Come then, and let's dispatch this  
 For I have but an hour to stay, a short one;

Besides, more water for another mill,  
 An old weak over-shot I must provide for.

There's an old nunnery at hand.

*Cloe.* What's that?

*Chi.* A bawdy-house,

*Cloe.* A pox consume it!

*Chi.* If the stones 'tis built on—

Were hut as brittle as the flesh lives in it,  
 Your curse came handsomely! Fear not;

there's ladies, [citizens,

And other good sad people,<sup>62</sup> your pink'd

<sup>55</sup> *A gentleman-like humour, and in fashion.*] In Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Master Stephen says, 'I am mightily given to melancholy,' and Master Mathew replies, 'Oh, 'tis your only fine humnour, Sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit.' This Mr. Whalley observes, 'was designed as a snce upon the fantastic behaviour of the gallants in that age, who affected the appearing melancholy, and abstracted from common objects.' This passage of our Authors seems intended to ridicule the same, or the like folly. *It.*

<sup>59</sup> *I am overjoy'd, &c.*] These words, to the end of the speech, have hitherto been given to Chilax. We have no doubt of their belonging to Cloe.

<sup>60</sup> *As birds are with a pin.*] The Editors of 1750 read, *As boards are with a pin.*

<sup>61</sup> *Chi. The turn, &c.*] This, and the two following lines, appear only in the first folio. Fidelity obliges us to restore them to the text. They seem to be the effusion of one of Fletcher's unguarded moments.

<sup>62</sup> *And other good sad people.*] *Sad* here signifies the same with *sage, wise or sober.*

That think no shame to shake a sheet there:  
Come, wench! [Exeunt.]

*Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.*

*Cle.* A soldier, and so fearful?

*Sip.* Can you blame me,  
When such a weight lies on me?

*Cle.* Fy upon you!

I tell you, you shall have her, have her safely,  
And for your wife; with her own will.

*Sip.* Good sister— [morrow,

*Cle.* What a distrustful man are you! To-  
To-morrow morning—

*Sip.* Is it possible?

Can there be such a happiness?

*Cle.* Why, hang me [night

If then you be not married! If to-morrow  
You do not—

*Sip.* Oh, dear sister—

*Cle.* What you would do,  
What you desire to do—lie with her—devil!  
What a dull man are you!

*Sip.* Nay, I believe now,  
And shall she love me?

*Cle.* As her life, and stroke you.

*Sip.* Oh, I will be her servant.

*Cle.* 'Tis your duty.

*Sip.* And she shall have her whole will.

*Cle.* Yes, 'tis reason;

She is a princess, and by that rule boundless.

*Sip.* What would you be? for I would have  
you, sister, [man

Chuse some great place about us: As her wo-  
Is not so fit.

*Cle.* No, no, I shall find places. [her,

*Sip.* And yet to be a lady of her bed-cham-  
I hold not so fit neither. Some great title,  
Believe it, shall be look'd out.

*Cle.* You may; a duchess,

Or such a toy; a small thing pleases me, Sir.

*Sip.* What you will, sister. If a neighbour  
prince,

When we shall come to reign—

*Cle.* We shall think on't.

Be ready at the time, and in that place too,  
And let me work the rest; within this half-  
hour [ing.

The princess will be going; 'tis almost morn-  
Away, and mind your business!

*Sip.* Fortune bless us! [Exeunt.]

*Enter King, Polydorus, and Lords.*

*Polyd.* I do beseech your grace to banish  
me! [marriage?

*King.* Why, gentleman, is she not worthy

*Polyd.* Most worthy, Sir, where worth  
again shall meet her;

But I, like thick clouds, sailing low and  
heavy.<sup>63</sup> [her.

Altho' by her drawn higher, yet shall hide  
I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treason

But to imagine—As you love your honour—

*King.* 'Tis her first maiden doting, and, if  
I know it kills her. [cross'd,

*1 Lord.* How knows your grace she loves  
him? [story)

*King.* Her woman told me all, (beside his  
Her maid Lucippe; on what reason too,

And 'tis beyond all, but enjoying.

*Polyd.* Sir,

Ex'n by your wisdom, by that great discretion  
You owe to rule and order—

*2 Lord.* This man's mad sure,

To plead against his fortune!

*1 Lord.* And the king too,

Willing to have it so.

*Polyd.* By those dead princes, [at,

From whose descents you stand a star admir'd  
I lay not so base alloy upon your virtues!

Take heed, for honour's sake, take heed! The  
brauble

No wise man ever planted by the rose,

It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,  
When her full blushes court the sun, dares any

Choke up with wanton ivy. Good my lords,  
Who builds a monument, the basis jasper,

And the main body brick?

*2 Lord.* You wrong your worth;

You are a gentleman descended nobly.

*1 Lord.* In both bloods truly noble.

*King.* Say you were not,

My will can make you so.

*Polyd.* No, never, never!

'Tis not descent, nor will of princes does it;

'Tis virtue which I want, 'tis temperance;

Man, honest man! Is't fit your majesty

Should call my drunkenness, my rashness,  
brother?

Or such a blessed maid my breach of faith,

(For I am most lascivious) and fell angers

(In which I'm also mischievous) her husband?

Oh, gods preserve her! I am wild as winter,

Ambitious as the devil; out upon me!

I hate myself, Sir. If you dare bestow her

Upon a subject, you have one deserves her.

*King.* But him she does not love: I know  
your meaning.

This young man's love unto his noble brother  
Appears a mirror. What must now be done,  
lords?

For I am gravel'd: If she have not him,  
She dies for certain; if his brother miss her,

Farewell to him, and all our honours!

*1 Lord.* He is dead, Sir,

(Your grace has heard of that?) and strangely,

We believe Mr. Seward is the first divine who ever discovered, that *sage, wise, sober* people  
were to be met with at a *beddy-house*.

<sup>63</sup> *Sailing slow and heavy.* Mr. Symson would read *low*, to make the antithesis stronger  
to the next line. But I rather prefer the old text, or at least think it too good to need any  
change. *Seward.*

We think Mr. Symson's conjecture happy; nay, believe his reading to be the true.

King. No,  
I can assure you, no; there was a trick in't:  
Read that, and then know all. What ails the  
gentleman?

[Polydor is sick on the sudden.

Hold him! How do you, Sir?

Polyd. Sick on the sudden,  
Extremely ill, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take you?

Polyd. Here in my head, Sir, and my heart.

For Heav'n's sake—— [sently,

King. Conduct him to his chamber pre-  
And bid my doctors——

Polyd. No, I shall be well, Sir. [sake,  
I do beseech your grace, even for the gods'  
Remember my poor brother! I shall pray  
then—— [will do it,

King. Away! he grows more weak still. I  
Or Heav'n forget me ever! Now your coun-  
sels, [Exit Polyd.

For I am at my wit's end. What with you, Sir?

Enter Messenger, with a letter.

Mess. Letters from warlike Pelius.

King. Yet more troubles?—— [all;  
The Spartans are in arms,<sup>64</sup> and like to win

Supplies are sent for, and the general. [him;  
This is more cross than t'other! Come, let's to  
For he must have her ('tis necessity)  
Or we must lose our honours. Let's plead all,  
(For more than all is needful) shew all reason,  
If love can hear o' that side: If she yield,  
We have fought best, and won the noblest  
field. [Exeunt.

Enter Eumenes, Captains, and Stremon.

2 Capt. I have brought the wench; a lusty  
wench,

And somewhat like the princess.

Eum. 'Tis the better; let's see her;

And go you in and tell him, that her grace  
Is come to visit him. How sleeps he, Stre-  
mon? [Polydor;

Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on  
Swears he will not be fool'd; sometimes he  
rages,

And sometimes sits and muses.

[Exit Stremon.

Enter Courtezan<sup>65</sup> and Captain.

Eum. He's past all help sure.  
How do you like her?

<sup>64</sup> *The Spartans are in arms.*] Mr. Sympson would have these two lines spoke by the Mes-  
senger, as thinking that the King had not time to inspect his letters: But as a small pause was  
sufficient to see the general purport of them, and as messengers who bring letters seldom are to  
deliver the full contents of them before-hand, I make no change here. The two lines may be  
even supposed to be the beginning of the letter.

We agree with Mr. Seward, that a common pause would be sufficient to discover the con-  
tents of the letters, and we believe such pause to have been intended by our Poets; but the two  
lines rather seem to convey the purport of the letters, than to be the beginning of them.

<sup>65</sup> *Enter Whore and Captain.*] When the *Whore* goes out it is said, *Exit Cloe*, and *Cloe*  
was certainly designed by the Author, as the filthy description of her in this scene makes the  
fate of *Siphax*, in marrying her instead of the Princess, much more comie. Seward.

If the *Wench* is *Cloe*, the Captain should be *Chilax*; but their plot was not on Memnon,  
but *Siphax*, and is afterwards put in execution. Eumenes and the Captains are here also  
pursuing the device they had meditated in the last act. And the Authors seems to have  
intended this *Wench* and *Cloe* as two different women, though perhaps the players, from the  
thinness of their troop, might have assigned both parts to one performer. There is not a word  
in the play to countenance the idea that '*Cloe* (as Mr. Seward asserts) was certainly designed  
'by the Author,' in this place.

To these observations it may be added, that *Cloe* seems a very different character from the  
abandoned strumpet Mr. Seward understands her to be; she seems to have been wholly attached  
to *Siphax*, from the words,

Chi. Dost love him still, wench?

Cloe. Why should I not? He had my maidenhead,  
And all my youth.

And her submission to *Chilax*'s addresses proceeds entirely from that appearing the purchase of  
*Siphax* for her husband. It is also paying *Chilax* a very ill compliment, to suppose him so  
eager after a woman who stinks like a poison'd rat, or a rotten cabbage. As to the words  
*Exit Cloe*, they are no authority at all, since we find *Enter Whore* at her introduction; one  
must therefore be erroneous. But there is a kind of proof that the Authors meant two separate  
characters, in the first folio; where, towards the catastrophe, we read, *Enter King, Calis*,  
*Memnon, Cleanthe, Courtezan, and Lords*. We therefore consider the person brought to  
*Memnon* as a distinct character; but shall call her *Courtezan*, in preference to *Whore*.

The Players in their attempts to reduce the number of characters, were very heedless. In  
this same scene, the *First Captain* says, *I have brought the Wench*; and afterwards is very sati-  
rical upon the person who has brought her; from whence it is natural to suppose, that our Poet's  
introduced more assistant Captains. We have attempted, we hope with success, to place the  
speeches of the *Captains* more consistently than has been hitherto done.

1 *Capt.* By th' mass, a good round virgin;  
And, at first sight, resembling. She's well  
cloath'd too.

*Eum.* But is she sound?

2 *Capt.* Of wind and limb, I warrant her.

*Eum.* You are instructed, lady?

*Court.* Yes; and know, Sir,  
How to behave myself, ne'er fear.

*Eum.* Polybius,

Where did he get this vermin?

1 *Capt.* Hang him, badger!

There's not a hole free from him; whores  
and whores' mates

Do all pay him obedience.

*Eum.* Indeed, i'th' war

His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,  
And lin'd with whore. Beshrew me, 'tis a fair  
whore.

1 *Capt.* She has smock'd away her blood:  
but, fair or foul,

Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,  
Comes not amiss to him; he rides like a night-

All ages, all religions. [mure,

*Eum.* Can you state it?

*Court.* I'll make a shift.

*Eum.* He must lie with you, lady.

*Court.* Let him; he's not the first man I  
have lain with,  
Nor shall not be the last.

*Enter Memnon.*

2 *Capt.* He comes; no more words; [her!  
She has her lesson thoroughly. How he views

*Eum.* Go forward now; so! bravely; stand!

*Mem.* Great lady,

How humbly I am bound—

*Court.* You shall not kneel, Sir. [soldier;  
Come, I have done you wrong. Stand, my

And thus I make amends. [Kisses him.

*Eum.* A plague confound you!

Is this your state?

2 *Capt.* 'Tis well enough.

*Mem.* Oh, lady, [beauty,

Your royal hand, your hand, my dearest  
Is more than I must purchase! Here, divine

I dare revenge my wrongs.—Hail [one,

1 *Capt.* A damn'd foul one.

*Eum.* The lees of bawdy prunes, mourning  
gloves!

All spoil'd, by Heav'n.

\* *The lees of bawdy prunes*] This reading obtained till 1750; when the modest and judicious Editors of that era chose to substitute *brevetis* for *prunes*. Though they may stand excused for not understanding the expression, *bawdy prunes*, whence had they the right of introducing *brevetis*, without the least notice given to their readers? That *prunes* is the right word (while *brevetis* is devoid of meaning) appears beyond a doubt. Memnon, taking the hand of the counterfeit princess, expresses a surprise; which Eumenius explains the cause of, by supposing he had discovered the lees of *bawdy prunes* upon it. *Stew'd prunes* were the constant appendages of a brothel in our Authors' time: The last Editor of Shakespeare, in his notes on the First Part of Henry IV. act iii. scene iii. furnishes the following proofs of this fact:

'Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse, 1596, describes a bawd thus: 'This is shee that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come "up to London; and you shall know her dwelling by a dish of stew'd prunes in the window, and two or three fleecing wenches sit knitting or sowing in her shop.'

'In Measure for Measure, act ii. the male bawd excuses himself for having admitted Elbow's wife into his house, by saying, 'that she came in great with child, and longing for "stew'd prunes, which stood in a dish," &c.

'Slender, who apparently wishes to recommend himself to his mistress by a seeming propensity to love as well as war, talks of having measured weapons with a fencing-master for a "dish of stew'd prunes."

'In another old dramatic piece, entitled, If this be not a Good Play the Devil is in it, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and says, "This is the pension of the stews, you need not "untie it; 'tis stew-money, Sir, stew'd prune cash, Sir."

'Among the other sins laid to the charge of the once celebrated Gabriel Hervey, by his antagonist Nash, 'to be drunk with the sirrop or liquor of stew'd prunes,' is not the least insisted on.

'In The Knave of Hearts, a collection of satirical poems, 1612, a whoring knave is mentioned, as taking

"Burnt wine, stew'd prunes, a punk to solace him."

'In The Knave of Spades, another collection of the same kind, 1611, is the following description of a wanton inveigling a young man into her house;

"——— He to his liquor falls,

"While she unto her maids fur cakes,

"Stew'd prunes, and pippins, calls."

'So, in Every Woman in her Humour, a comedy, 1619. "To search my house! I have "no varlets, no stew'd prunes, no she fiery," &c.

'The passages already quoted are sufficient to shew that a dish of stew'd prunes was not only the ancient designation of a brothel, but the constant appendage to it.

'From A Treatise on the Lues Venerea, written by W. Clowes, one of her majesty's surgeons,

*Mem.* Hal! who art thou?  
*1 Capt.* A shame on you,  
 You clawing scabby whore!  
*Mem.* I say, who art thou?  
*Eum.* Why, 'tis the princess, Sir.  
*Mem.* The devil, Sir!  
*'Tis some rogue thing.*  
*Court.* If this abuse be love, Sir,  
 Or I, that laid aside my modesty—  
*Eum.* So far thou'lt never find it.  
*Mem.* Do not weep;  
 For, if you be the princess, I will love you,  
 Indeed I will, and honour you, fight for you:  
 Come, wipe your eyes. By Heav'n, she stinks!  
 Who art thou?  
 Sinks like a poison'd rat behind a hanging.  
 Woman, who art?—Like a rotten cabbage.  
*2 Capt.* You're much to blame, Sir; 'tis  
 the princess.  
*Mem.* How!  
 She the princess?  
*Eum.* And the loving princess.  
*1 Capt.* Indeed, the doting princess.  
*Mem.* Come hither once more;  
 The princess smells like morning's breath,  
 pure amber,  
 Beyond the courted India in her spices.—  
 Still a dead rat, by Heaven! Thou a princess?  
*Eum.* What a dull whore is this?  
*Mem.* I'll tell you presently;  
 For, if she be a princess, as she may be  
 And yet stink too, and strongly, I shall find  
 her.  
 Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over:  
 If she be sprung from th' royal blood—the  
 lion!

He'll do you reverence; else—  
*Court.* I beseech your lordship—  
*Eum.* He'll tear her all to pieces.<sup>67</sup>  
*Court.* I am no princess, Sir.  
*Mem.* Who brought thee hither?  
*2 Capt.* If you confess, we'll hang you,  
*Court.* Good my lord—  
*Mem.* Who art thou then?  
*Court.* A poor retaining whore, Sir,  
 To one of your lordship's captains.  
*Mem.* Alas, poor whore!  
 Go; be a whore still, and stink worse. Ha,  
 ha, ha! [*Exit Courtesan.*]  
 What fouts are these, and coxcombs!  
 [*Exit Memnon.*]  
*Eum.* I am right glad yet,  
 He takes it with such lightness.  
*1 Capt.* Methinks his face too  
 Is not so clouded as it was. How he looks!  
*Eum.* Where's your dead rat?  
*2 Capt.* The devil dine upon her!  
 Lions? Why, what a medicine had he  
 gotten  
 To try a whore!

*Enter Stremon.*

*Stre.* Here's one from Polydor stays to speak  
 with ye.  
*Eum.* With whom? [*been?*]  
*Stre.* With all. Where has the georal  
 He's laughing to himself extremely.  
*Eum.* Come,  
 I'll tell thee how; I'm glad yet he's so merry.  
 [*Exeunt*]

## ACT V.

*Enter Chilax and Priestess.*

*Chi.* **W**HAT lights are those that enter  
 there? Still nearer?  
 Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me  
 hither  
 Into the temple, to betray me? Was there no  
 place  
 To satisfy your sin in—Gods forgive me!  
 Still they come forward.  
*Priest.* Peace, you fool! I have found it:  
 'Tis the young princess Calis,

*Chi.* 'Tis the devil,  
 To claw us for our cattervauling.  
*Priest.* Retire softly.  
 I did not look for you these two hours, lady.  
 Beshrew your haste!—That way. [*To Chilax.*]  
*Chi.* That goes to th' altar,  
 You old blind beast!  
*Priest.* I know not; any way.  
 Still they come nearer. I'll in to th' oracle.  
*Chi.* That's well remember'd; I'll in with  
 you.  
*Priest.* Do. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>67</sup> surgeons, 1596, and other books of the same kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be  
 boiled in broth for those persons already infected, and that both *stewed prunes* and roasted  
 apples were commonly, though unsuccessfully, taken by way of prevention.

Mr. Steevens's note is upon the words, 'There's no more faith in thee than in a *stew'd*  
 'prune.'

<sup>68</sup> *Eum.* He'll tear her all to pieces.] This is given to *Eumenes* in all the editions, when  
 it is evidently the conclusion of *Memnon's* speech. Seward.

The speech belongs to *Eumenes*; had it been *Memnon's*, it would run, *He'll tear you*  
*all to pieces.*



*Enter Calis and her train, with lights, singing: Lucippe and Cleanthe.*

SONG.

Oh, fair sweet goddess, queen of loves,  
Soft and gentle as thy doves,  
Humble-ty'd, and ever ruing  
Those poor hearts, their loves pursuing!  
Oh, thou mother of delights,  
Crown'd of all happy nights,  
Star of dear content and pleasure,  
Of mutual loves the endless treasure!  
Accept this sacrifice we bring,  
Thou continual youth and spring,  
Grant this lady her desires,  
And ev'ry hour we'll crown thy fires.

*Enter a Nun.*

*Nun.* You about her, all retire,  
Whilst the princess feeds the fire.  
When your devotions ended be  
To th' oracle I will attend ye.  
[*Exit Nun, and draws the curtain close to Calis.*]

*Enter Stremon and Eumenes.*

*Stre.* He will abroad.  
*Eum.* How does his humour hold him?  
*Stre.* He's now grown wondrous sad, weeps often too, [ly.  
Talks of his brother to himself, starts strange-  
*Eum.* Does he not curse?  
*Stre.* No.  
*Eum.* Nor break out in fury,  
Off'ring some new attempt?  
*Stre.* Neither. 'To th' temple,'  
Is all we hear of now: What there he will do— [him.  
*Eum.* I hope repent his folly; let's be near  
*Stre.* Where are the rest?  
*Eum.* About a business [madness,  
Concerns him mainly; if Heav'n cure this  
He's man for ever, Stremon.  
*Stre.* Does the king know it?  
*Eum.* Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone  
To seek his sister out.  
*Stre.* Come, let's away then. [Exeunt.

*Enter Nun, she opens the curtain to Calis.*  
*Calis at the oracle.*

*Nun.* Peace to your prayers, lady! Will it please you  
To pass on to the oracle?  
*Calis.* Most humbly.  
[*Chilax and Priestess in the oracle.*]

*Chi.* Do you hear that?

*Priest.* Yes; lie close.

*Chi.* A wildfire take you! [now!  
What shall become of me? I shall be hang'd  
Is this a time to shake? a halter shake you!  
Come up and juggle, come.

*Priest.* I'm monstrous fearful!

*Chi.* Up, you old gaping oyster, up and answer! [me  
A mouldy mange upon your chaps! You told  
I was safe here till the bell rung.

*Priest.* I was prevented, [princess.  
And did not look these three hours for the  
*Chi.* Shall we be taken?

*Priest.* Speak, for love's sake, Chilax!  
I cannot, nor I dare not.

*Chi.* I'll speak treason,  
For I had as lieve be hang'd for that—

*Priest.* Good Chilax!

*Chi.* Must it be sung or said? What shall I tell 'em?  
They're here; here now, preparing.

*Priest.* Oh, my conscience!

*Chi.* Plague o' your spur-gall'd conscience!  
does it tire now,  
Now when it should be toughest? I could make thee—

*Priest.* Save us! we're both undone else.

*Chi.* Down, you dog then!  
Be quiet, and be stanch too; no inundations.  
*Nun.* Here kneel again; and Venus grant your wishes!

*Calis.* Oh, divinest<sup>68</sup> star of Heav'n,  
Thou in pow'r above the seven:  
Thou sweet kindler of desires,  
'Till they grow to mutual fires:  
Thou, oh, gentle queen, that art  
Curer of each wounded heart:  
Thou the fuel, and the flame;  
Thou in Heav'n, and here the same:  
Thou the wooer, and the woo'd:  
Thou the hunger, and the food:  
Thou the prayer, and the pray'd;  
Thou what is, or shall be said:  
Thou still young, and golden tressed,  
Make me by thy answer blessed!

*Chi.* When? [by all means;

*Priest.* Now speak handsomely, and small  
I have told you what. [Thunder.

*Chi.* But I'll tell you a new tale.  
Now for my neck-verse,<sup>69</sup> I have heard thy pray'rs,  
And mark me well,

*Music. Venus descends.*

*Nun.* The goddess is displeased much;  
The temple shakes and totters: She appears.  
Bow, lady, bow!

<sup>68</sup> O divine star of Heav'n.] Former editions,

<sup>69</sup> Now for my neck-verse.] When a person formerly had the benefit of clergy allowed him, he was obliged to read, and one verse was always selected for that purpose. It was that containing the words *misere mei Deus*, which, from that circumstance, obtained the name of the neck-verse. R.

*Venus.* Purge me the temple round,  
And live by this example henceforth sound.  
Virgin, I have seen thy tears,  
Heard thy wishes, and thy fears;  
Thy holy incense flew above,  
Hark, therefore, to thy dooin in love:  
Had thy heart been soft at first,  
Now thou hadst allay'd thy thirst;  
I had thy stubborn will but bended,  
All thy sorrows here had ended;  
Therefore to be just in love,  
A strange fortune thou must prove;  
And, for thou'st been stern and coy,  
A dead love thou shalt enjoy.

*Calis.* Oh, gentle goddess!  
*Venus.* Rise, thy doom is said,  
And fear not; I shall please thee with the dead. [*Ascends.*]  
*Nun.* Go up into the temple, and there end  
Your holy rites; the goddess smiles upon you.  
[*Exeunt Calis and Nun.*]

*Enter Chilax in his robe.*

*Chi.* I'll no more oracles, nor miraeles,  
Nor no more church-work; I'll be drawn and  
hang'd first.  
Am not I torn a-pieces with the thunder?  
Death, I can scarce believe I live yet!  
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge  
bang! [*whips.*]  
I had as lieve ha' had 'em scratch'd with dog-  
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,  
I would advise ye, my old friends; the good  
gentlewoman [*mumping*]  
Is stricken dumb, and there her grace sits  
Like an old ape eating brawn. Sure the good  
goddess [*princess,*]  
Knew my intent was honest, to save the  
And how we young men are entic'd to wick-  
edness [*too.*]  
By these lewd women; I had paid for't else  
I'm monstrous holy now, and cruel fearful.  
Oh, 'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a  
vengeance!

[*Enter Siphax, walks softly over the stage,  
and goes in.*]

'Would I were well at home! The best is,  
'tis not day. [*anon, Sir.*]  
Who's that? ha! Siphax? I'll be with you  
You shall be oracled, I warrant you,  
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your lordship

[*Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and  
two servants carrying torches.*]

Must needs enjoy the princess? yes. Ha!  
torches? [*mad,*]  
And Memnon coming this way? He's dog-

And ten to one appearing thus unto him,  
He worries me. I must go by him.

*Eum.* Sir?

*Mem.* Ask me no further questions. What  
art thou?

How dost thou stare? Stand off! Nay, look  
upon me,  
I do not shake, nor fear thee.

[*Draws his sword.*]

*Chi.* He will kill me:  
This is for church-work.

*Mem.* Why dost thou appear now?  
Thou wert fairly slain. I know thee, Diocles,  
And know thine envy to mine honour:

But—

*Chi.* Stay, Memnon,  
I am a spirit, and thou canst not hurt me.

*Eum.* This is the voice of Chilax.

*Stre.* What makes he thus?

*Chi.* 'Tis true that I was slain in field, but  
foully, [*mark me,*]  
By multitudes, not manhood: Therefore,  
I do appear again to quit mine honour,  
And on thee single.

*Mem.* I accept the challenge.  
Where?

*Chi.* On the Stygian banks.

*Mem.* When?

*Chi.* Four days hence.

*Mem.* Go, noble ghost, I will attend.

*Chi.* I thank you.

*Stre.* You've sav'd your throat, and hand-  
somerly: Farewell, Sir. [*Exit Chilax.*]

*Mem.* Sing me the battle of Pelusium,  
In which this worthy died.

*Eum.* This will spoil all, [*down, Sir,*]  
And make him worse than e'er he was. Sit  
And give yourself to rest.

### SONG.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all  
come in. [*nours win.*]  
Keep your ranks close, and now your ho-  
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;  
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, shields, and  
spears; [*pouring; 70*]  
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest  
Oh, view the wings of horse the meadows  
scouring.  
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the  
drums! [*Dub, dub.*]  
They meet, they meet, and now the battle  
comes.

See how the arrows fly,  
That darken all the sky;  
Hark how the trumpets sound,  
Hark how the hills rebound!

*Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.*

<sup>70</sup> Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring.] Mr. Simpson would read *cloud* for *wood*; but I much prefer the old reading. The closeness and firmness of an army, the groves of spears, and the dark horror of the soldiers' looks, are all finely imaged in this simile of a dark wood moving. One might indeed quote several authors, Greek, Roman, and English, in support of both readings, but that is not at present my province. Seward.

Hark how the horses charge! in boys, boys in!  
 The battle totters; now the wounds begin;  
 Oh, how they cry,  
 Oh, how they die! [thunder]  
 Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with  
 See how he breaks the ranks asunder.  
 They fly, they fly! Eumenes has the chase,  
 And brave Polybius makes good his place.  
 To the plains, to the woods,  
 To the rocks, to the Woods,  
 They fly for succour. Follow, follow, fol-  
 low!  
 Hark how the soldiers hollow! *Hey, hey!*  
 Brave Diocles is dead,  
 And all his soldiers fled,  
 The battle's won, and lost,  
 That many a life has cost.

*Mem.* Now forward to the temple.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Chilax.*

*Chi.* Are you gone? [miracle?]  
 How have I 'scap'd this morning? By what  
 Sure I am ordain'd for some brave end.

*Enter Cloe.*

*Cloe.* How is it?  
*Chi.* Come; 'tis as well as can be.  
*Cloe.* But is it possible  
 This should be true you tell me?  
*Chi.* 'Tis most certain.  
*Cloe.* Such a gross ass to love the princess?  
*Chi.* Peace; [perfect]  
 Pull your robe close about you. You are  
 In all I taught you?  
*Cloe.* Sure.  
*Chi.* Gods give thee good luck!  
 'Tis strange my brains should still be beating  
 knavery, [mischief,  
 For all these dangers; but they're needful  
 And such are nuts to me, and I must do 'em.  
 You will remember me?  
*Cloe.* By this kiss, Chilax! [der.  
*Chi.* No more of that; I fear another thun-  
*Cloe.* We are not i' th' temple, man.

*Enter Siphax.*

*Chi.* Peace; here he comes.  
 Now to our business handsomely. Away  
 now! [*Exit, with Cloe.*]  
*Sip.* 'Twas sure the princess, for he kneel'd  
 unto her,  
 And she look'd every way: I hope the oracle  
 Has made me happy; me I hope she look'd for.  
 (*Enter Chilax and Cloe, at the other door.*)  
 Fortune, I will so honour thee! Love, so  
 adore thee! [again too;  
 She's here again; looks round about her,  
 'Tis done, I know 'tis done! 'Tis Chilax with  
 her,  
 And I shall know of him. Who's that?  
*Chi.* Speak softly:  
 The princess from the oracle.

*Sip.* She views me;  
 By Heav'n she beckons me!  
*Chi.* Come near, she would have you.  
*Sip.* Oh, royal lady! [*Kisses her hand.*]  
*Chi.* She wills you read that; for belike  
 she's bound to silence [you.  
 For such a time. She's wondrous gracious to  
*Sip.* Heav'n make me thankful!  
*Chi.* She would have you read it.  
 [*He reads.*]  
*Sip.* Siphax, the will of Heav'n hath cast  
 me on thee  
 To be thy wife, whose will must be obey'd;  
 Use me with honour, I shall love thee dearly,  
 And make thee understand thy worths here-  
 after.  
 Convey me to a secret ceremony,  
 That both our hearts and loves may be united;  
 And use no language, till before my brother  
 We both appear, where I will shew the  
 oracle; [answer.  
 For till that time I'm bound, I must not an-  
*Sip.* Oh, happy I!  
*Chi.* You're a made man.  
*Sip.* But, Chilax,  
 Where are her women?  
*Chi.* None but your grace's sister  
 (Because she would have it private to the  
 world yet)  
 Knows of this business.  
*Sip.* I shall thank thee, Chilax;  
 Thou art a careful man.  
*Chi.* Your grace's servant.  
*Sip.* I'll find a fit place for thee.  
*Chi.* If you will not, [ward;  
 There's a good lady will. She points you for-  
 Away, and take your fortune; not a word,  
 Sir—  
 So; you are greas'd, I hope.  
 [*Exeunt Siphax and Cloe, manet Chilax.*]  
 (*Enter Stremon, Fool, and Page.*)  
 Stremon, Fool, Picus!  
 Where have you left your lord?  
*Stre.* I' th' temple, Chilax.  
*Chi.* Why are you from him?  
*Stre.* Why, the king is with him,  
 And all the lords.  
*Chi.* Is not the princess there too?  
*Stre.* Yes. [bitterly;  
 And the strangest coil amongst 'em—She weeps  
 The king entreats, and frowns; my lord, like  
 autumn, [temple  
 Drops off his hopes by handfuls; all the  
 Sweats with this agony.  
*Chi.* Where's young Polydor?  
*Stre.* Dead, as they said, o' th' sudden.  
*Chi.* Dead?  
*Stre.* For certain;  
 But not yet known abroad.  
*Chi.* There's a new trouble.  
 A brave young man he was; but we must all  
 die. [morning  
*Stre.* Did not the general meet you this  
 Like a tall stallion nun?

Chi. No more o' that, boy.  
 Stre. You had been ferreting.  
 Chi. That's all one. Fool! [fick,  
 My master Fool, that taught my wits to traf-  
 What has your wisdom done? How have you  
 profited? [empty;  
 Out with your audit: Come, you are not  
 Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do, you  
 shaker.<sup>72</sup> [coxcomb!  
 What think you of this shaking? Here's wit,  
 Ha, boys? ha, my fine rascals? here's a ring;<sup>73</sup>  
 How right they go! [Pulls out a purse.  
 Fool. Oh, let me ring the fore bell.  
 Chi. And here are thumpers, eliequins,  
 golden rogues:  
 Wit, wit, ye rascals!  
 Fool. I have a sty here,<sup>74</sup> Chilax.  
 Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,  
 Not one cross, cavalier: We are dull soldiers,  
 Gross heavy-headed fellows; fight for victuals!  
 Fool. Why, you are the spirits of the time.  
 Chi. By no means.  
 Fool. The valiant, fiery!<sup>75</sup>  
 Chi. Fy, fy! no.  
 Fool. Be-lee me, Sir—  
 Chi. I would I could, Sir.  
 Fool. I will satisfy you. [poor boy,  
 Chi. But I will not content you. Alas,  
 Thou shew'st an honest nature; weep'st for  
 thy master? [chiefs.  
 There's a red, rogue,<sup>76</sup> to buy thee handker-  
 Fool. He was an honest gentleman, I have  
 lost too—  
 Chi. You have indeed, your labour, Fool.  
 Bnt, Stremon,  
 Dost thou want money too? No virtue living?  
 No firk'ing out at fingers' ends?  
 Stre. It seems so.  
 Chi. Will ye all serve me?  
 Stre. Yes, when you are lord-general;  
 For less I will not go.  
 Chi. There's gold for thee then;  
 Thou hast a soldier's mind. Fool!  
 Fool. Here, your first man.  
 Chi. I will give thee for thy wit, (for 'tis a  
 fine wit,  
 A dainty diving wit) hold up!—just nothing.

Go, graze i' th' commons; yet I am merci-  
 ful— [gown,  
 There's sixpence: Buy a saucer, steal an old  
 And beg i' th' temple for a prophet. Come  
 away, boys! [sirrals;  
 Let's see how things are earried. Fool! up,  
 You may chance get a dinner. Boy, your  
 preierment  
 I'll undertake; for your brave master's sake,  
 You shall not perish.  
 Fool. Chilax!  
 Chi. Please me well, Fool, [temple,  
 And you shall light my pipes. Away to th'  
 But stay; the king's here: Sport upon sport,  
 boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling,  
 Cloe with a veil.

King. What would you have, captain?  
 Speak suddenly, for I am wondrous busy.  
 Sip. A pardon, royal Sir.  
 King. For what?  
 Sip. For that [alone, Sir;  
 Which was Heav'n's will, should not be mine  
 My marrying with this lady.  
 King. It needs no pardon,  
 For marriage is no sin.  
 Sip. Not in itself, Sir; [knows,  
 But in presuming too much: Yet, Heav'n  
 So does the oracle that cast it on me,  
 And — the princess, royal Sir.  
 King. What princess? [your sister.  
 Sip. Oh, be not angry, my dread king!  
 King. My sister? she's i' th' temple, man.  
 Sip. She is here, Sir. [the altar.  
 Lord. The captain's mad! she's kneeling at  
 King. I know she is.—With all my heart,  
 good captain,  
 I do forgive ye both: Be unvail'd, lady.  
 [Puts off her veil.  
 Will you have more forgiveness? The man's  
 frantic. [joy, Sir!  
 Come, let's go bring her out. God give you  
 Sip. How! Cloe? my old Cloe?  
 [Exeunt King, Lords.  
 Cloe. Even the same, Sir. [tent!  
 Chi. Gods give your manhood much con-

<sup>72</sup> *Do you shaker?*] As I know no such word as this, I believe it an accidental corruption from a junction of two words which should have been separate. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *Do you shake?* Here, *what think you, &c.* but as it is most probable, Chilax means to call the Fool *shaker*, we have followed the old books, only inserting a comma.

<sup>73</sup> *Here's a ring.*] Meaning the *ringing* of the money. So Shakespeare compares a voice to a piece of uncurrent gold, cracked in the *ring*.

<sup>74</sup> *I have a sty here.*] A *sty* on his eye, desiring to have it stroked with money; so Chilax before,

*Put out mine eye with twelve-pence.*

<sup>75</sup> *The valiant fire.*] I have ventured to change this for what I think the true word. Seward. Mr. Seward for *fire* substitutes *frie*. The word we have adopted is with scarce any violence to the old text.

<sup>76</sup> ——— weep'st for thy master?

*There's a red rogue to buy thee handkerchiefs.*] We can't explain this; yet think we should separate *red rogue*, and read,

*There's a red, rogue, to buy thee handkerchiefs.*

*Stre.* The princess <sup>{over.</sup>  
Looks something musty since her coming  
*Fool.* 'Twere good you'd brush her over.

*Sip.* Fools and fiddlers  
Make sport at my abuse too!  
*Fool.* Oh, 'tis the nature  
Of us fools to make bold with one another;  
But you are wise, brave Sir.

*Chi.* Cheer up your princess.  
Believe it, Sir, the king will not be angry;  
Or, say he were; why, 'twas the oracle:  
The oracle, an't like your grace; the oracle.

*Stre.* And who, most mighty Siphax—

*Sip.* With mine own whore?  
*Cloe.* With whom else should you marry?  
Speak your conscience.

Will you transgress the law of arms, that ever  
Rewards the soldier with his own sins?

*Sip.* Devils—  
*Cloe.* You had my maidenhead, my youth,  
my sweetness;  
Is it not justice then?

*Sip.* I see it must be;  
But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.  
*Cloe.* You shall not need; my honesty shall  
do it.

*Sip.* If there be wars in all the world—  
*Cloe.* I'll with you;

For you know I have been a soldier.

Come, curse on!

*Sip.* When I need another oracle?<sup>76</sup>—

*Chi.* Send for me, Siphax; I'll fit you with  
a princess.

And so, to both your honours—

*Fool.* And your graces—

*Sip.* The devil grace you all!

*Cloe.* God-a-mercy, Chilax!

*Chi.* Shall we laugh half an hour now?

*Stre.* No, the king comes,  
And all the train.

*Chi.* Away then; our act's ended.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleonice, and  
Lords.*

*King.* You know he does deserve you, loves  
you dearly;

You know what bloody violence he had us'd  
Upon himself, but that his brother cross'd it;  
You know the same thoughts still inhabit in  
him,

And covet to take birth: Look on him, lady;  
The wars have not so far consum'd him yet,  
Cold age disabled him, or sickness sunk him,  
To be abhorr'd: Look on his honour, sister;  
That bears no stamp of time, no wrinkles  
on it;

No sad demolishment, nor death can reach it:  
Look with the eyes of Heav'n, that nightly  
waken

To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,<sup>77</sup>  
And not the weakness: Look with your vir-  
tuous eyes;

And then clad royalty in all his conquests,  
His matchless love hung with a thousand me-  
rits,

Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;  
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues,  
He shall appear a miracle: Look on our dan-  
Look on the publick ruin. [gers,

*Calis.* Oh, dear brother! [waters,

*King.* Fy! let us not, like proud and greedy  
Gain to give off again: This is our sea,  
And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take  
heed: [any,<sup>78</sup>

His floods have been as high and full as

<sup>76</sup> Come, curse on: [When I need another oracle.] This line was misplaced to Cloe. Mr. Simpson concurred with me in restoring it, and correcting the pointing. *Seward.*  
The first half of the line we think is Cloe's: then Siphax, When I need another oracle—

<sup>77</sup> To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,  
And not the weakness.] This passage seems very absurd. Does it mean, to see the beau-  
ties of creation, and not the weakness of it, though it daily verges towards its dissolution?  
But according to the grammatical construction, the weakness is the weakness of the glorious  
Maker, and not of the creation. The only tolerable reading which I can suggest, to avoid this  
absurdity, is,

And see no weakness.

But I don't like this well enough to admit it into the text. *Seward.*

The meaning, we think, is obvious, and is, 'Look on Memnon's virtues, and not his  
' faults; as Heaven contemplates the wonders, not the weakness, of the Creator.'

The first folio reads, To view the wonders of my glorious Maker.

<sup>78</sup> His floods have been as high and full as any,  
And gloriously now is got up to the girdle,

The kingdoms he hath purchas'd.] The emendation of this passage gave me greater plea-  
sure than usual, as it retrieved a fine poetical image, which by the corruption of the press  
appeared utter obscurity to Mr. Simpson, and was left untouched by Mr. Theobald. By  
observing the tendency of the metaphor, the two following passages occurred. Cymbeline,  
act iii. scene i. speaking of the island of Britain,

' ——— which stands

' Like Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

' With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters.'

And gloriously he's now got up to girdle  
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd. Noble  
sister, [heed

Take not your virtue from him; oh, take  
We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!

Calis. The will of Heav'n (not mine) which  
must not alter,

And my eternal doom, for aught I know,  
Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I must love no-  
thing; [with!

Nothing that loves again must I be bless'd  
The gentle vine climbs up the oak and clips  
him, [gether.

And when the stroke comes, yet they fall to-  
Death, death must I enjoy, and live to love  
Oh, noble Sir! [him!

Mem. Those tears are some reward yet:  
Pray, let me wed your sorrows.

Calis. Take 'em, soldier; [em,  
They're fruitful ones; lay but a sigh upon  
And straight they will conceive to infinities:  
I told you what you'd find 'em.

Eum. [within.] Room before there!<sup>79</sup>

*Enter a funeral, Captains following, and  
Eumenes.*

King. How now? what's this? more  
drops to th' ocean?

Whose body's this?

Eum. The noble Polydor;

This speaks his death.

Mem. My brother dead?

Calis. Oh, goddess!

Oh, cruel, cruel Venus! here's my fortune!

King. Read, captain.

Mem. Read aloud. Farewell, my follies!

Eum. [reading.] 'To the excellent princess  
Calis. [ment,

Be wise as you are beauteous; love with judg-  
And look with clear eyes on my noble bro-  
ther;

Value desert and virtue, they are jewels  
Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed,  
lady;

The gods reward ingratitude must grievous.  
Remember me no more; or, if you must,  
Seek me in noble Memnon's love; I dwell  
there,

I durst not live, because I durst not wrong  
him.

I can no more; make me eternal happy  
With looking down upon your loves. Fare-  
well!

Mem. And didst thou die for me——

King. Excellent virtue!

What will you now do?

Calis. Dwell for ever here, Sir.

Mem. For me, dear Polydor? oh, worthy  
young man! [pence!

Oh, love, love, love! Love above recom-  
Infinite love, infinite honesty!

Good lady, leave; you must have no share  
here; [store me,

Take home your sorrows: Here's enough to  
Brave glorious grief! Was ever such a bro-  
ther?

Turn all the stories over in the world yet,  
And search thro' all the memories of man-  
kind, [all,

And find me such a friend! He's out-done  
Outstripp'd 'em sheerly; all, all, thou hast,  
Polydor! [ness,

To die for me? Why, as I hope for happi-  
'Twas one o' th' rarest-thought-on things, the  
bravest,

And carried beyond compass of our actions.  
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,  
In all the blossoms of his youth and beauty,  
In all the fulness of his veins and wishes,  
Woo'd by that paradise, that would catch  
Heav'n!

It startles me extremely.<sup>80</sup> Thou bless'd ashes,  
Thou faithful monument, where love and  
friendship

Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!

Calis. Oh, let me speak too!

Mem. No, not yet. Thou man,  
(For we are but man's shadows) only man——  
I have not words to utter him. Speak, lady;  
I'll think a while.

Calis. The goddess grants me this yet,  
I shall enjoy thee dead:<sup>81</sup> No tomb shall hold  
thee [tears:

But these two arms, no trickments but my  
Over thy hearse my sorrows, like sad arms,  
Shall hang for ever: On the toughest marble  
Mine eyes shall weep thee out an epitaph;

I thought therefore that waters girdling a kingdom was a similar metaphor; and then recol-  
lected, that in the *Two Noble Kinsmen* (which was wrote by Shakespeare and Fletcher in  
conjunction) act v. scene i. walls are called *The stony girths of cities*. I therefore was fully  
satisfy'd that I had hit upon the true reading; and long afterwards I met in the Captain with  
the very expression, act ii. scene i. speaking of soldiers,

*'That whilst the wars were, serv'd like walls and ribs  
To girdle in the kingdom.'*

*Seward.*

We have adopted Mr. Seward's variation; though it would be nearer the old text to read,  
*And gloriously now is got up to girdle.*

<sup>79</sup> *Room before there.*] These words (which complete the verse) are only in the first folio.  
They are there made a continuation of Calis's speech.

<sup>80</sup> *It starts me extremely.*] Former editions.

*Seward.*

<sup>81</sup> *I shall enjoy the dead.*] The context, we think, authorises the alteration we have made.

Love at thy feet shall kneel, his smart bow broken; [mourners.]

Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces  
Oh, sweet young man!

*King.* Now I begin to melt too.

*Mem.* Have you enough yet, lady? Room for a gamester!

To my fond love, and all those idle fancies,  
A long farewell! Thou diest for me, dear Polydor;

To give me peace, thou hast eternal glory!  
I stay and talk here! I will kiss thee first,  
And now I'll follow thee.

[Offers to kill himself.]

*Polyd.* Hold, for Heaven's sake!

[Polydor rises.]

*Mem.* Ha! does he live? Dost thou de-

*Polyd.* Thus far; [ceive me?

Yet, for your good and honour.

*King.* Now, dear sister—

*Calis.* The oracle is ended, noble Sir;

Dispose me now as you please.

*Polyd.* You are mine then?

*Calis.* With all the joys that may be!

*Polyd.* Your consent, Sir!

*King.* You have it freely.

*Polyd.* Walk along with me then,  
And, as you love me, love my will.

*Calis.* I will so. [tuous princess;

*Polyd.* Here, worthy brother, take this vir-  
You have deserv'd her nobly; she will love  
you: [she does,

And when my life shall bring you peace, as  
Command it, you shall have it.

*Mem.* Sir, I thank you. [years.

*King.* I never found such goodness in such  
*Mem.* Thou shalt not over-do me, tho' I  
die for't. [ther!

Oh, how I love thy goodness, my best bro-  
You've given me here a treasure to enrich me,  
Would make the worthiest king alive a beg-  
What may I give you back again? [gur:

*Polyd.* Your love, Sir.

*Mem.* And you shall have it, ev'n my  
dearest love, [Sir;

My first, my noblest love: Take her again,  
She's yours, your honesty has over-run me.  
She loves you; lov'st her not?—Excellent  
princess,

Enjoy thy wish; and now, get generals.

*Polyd.* As you love Heav'n, love him.  
She's only yours, Sir.

*Mem.* As you love Heav'n, love him.  
She's only yours, Sir.

My lord the king—

*Polyd.* He will undo himself, Sir,

And must without her perish: Who shall  
fight then?

Who shall protect your kingdom?

*Mem.* Give me hearing.

And, after that, belief. Were she my soul,  
(As I do love her equal) all my victories,  
And all the living names I've gain'd by war,  
And loving him, that good, that virtuous  
man,

That only worthy of the name of Brother,  
I would resign all freely. 'Tis all love  
To me, all marriage rites, the joy of issues,  
To know him fruitful, that has been so  
faithful!

*King.* This is the noblest difference—Take  
your choice, sister. [both,

*Calis.* I see they are so brave, and noble  
I know not which to look on.

*Polyd.* Chuse discreetly, [in one man,  
And Virtue guide you! There all the world,  
Stands at the mark.

*Mem.* There all man's honesty,  
The sweetness of all youth.

*Calis.* Oh, gods!

*Mem.* My armour!

By all the gods, she's yours! My arms, I say!  
And, I beseech your grace, give me employ-  
ment: [courtship.

That shall be now my mistress, there my  
*King.* You shall have any thing.

*Mem.* Virtuous lady, [man,

Remember me, your servant now. Young  
You cannot over-reach me in your goodness.  
Oh, Love! how sweet thou look'st now, and  
how gentle! [beauty.

I should have slubber'd thee, and stain'd thy  
Your hand, your hand, Sir!

*King.* Take her, and Heav'n bless her!

*Mem.* So. [merit;

*Polyd.* 'Tis your will, Sir, nothing of my  
And, as your royal gift, I take this blessing.

*Calis.* And I from Heav'n this gentleman

Thanks, goddess!

*Mem.* So, you are pleas'd now, lady?

*Calis.* Now or never. [frozen you

*Mem.* My cold stiff carcase would have  
Wars, wars!

*King.* You shall have wars.

*Mem.* My next brave battle

I dedicate to your bright honour, sister:  
Give me a favour, that the world may know  
I am your soldier.

*Calis.* This, and all fair fortunes!

*Mem.* And he that bears this from me,  
must strike boldly. [Cleanthe kneeling.

*Calis.* I do forgive thee. Be honest; no  
more, wench. [shall prove

*King.* Come, now to revels. This blest day  
The happy crown of noble faith and love.

[Exeunt.]

## EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now; let our plays be  
 good,  
 Our own care sailing equal in this flood,  
 Our preparations new, new our attire,  
 Yet here we are becalm'd still, still i' th'  
 mire,  
 Here we stick fast: Is there no way to clear  
 This passage of your judgment, and our fear?

No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,  
 Consider we are yours, made for your ends;  
 And every thing preserves itself (each will,  
 If not perverse and crooked, utters still  
 The best of that it ventures in).<sup>82</sup> Have care,  
 Ev'n for your pleasures' sake, of what we are,  
 And do not ruin all; you may frown still,  
 But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

<sup>82</sup> ——— each will,

*If not perverse and crooked, utters still*

*The best of that it ventures in.] i. e. 'It is the inclination of all fair dealers to sell their  
 'customers the best of their wares.'*





# THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

## A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills and Gardiner give to Fletcher the sole honour of this Play. The Prologue also (written soon after his demise, and consequently long after Beaumont's) speaks of him singly. It was first printed in the folio of 1647. In the year 1706, a Tragedy, entitled 'The Faithful General, written by a young lady,' was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market; but the writer in her preface declares, though her first intention had been to revive this play, yet that, in the progress of it, she made so many alterations, that a very small part of it belonged to our Author. We have also heard of an alteration by Mr. Sheridan, sen. but this we imagine was never printed; and it was probably acted, if at all, only in Ireland.

### THE PROLOGUE.

We need not, noble gentlemen, to invite  
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write  
This worthy story, being confident  
The mirth join'd with grave matter and intent  
To yield the hearers profit with delight,  
Will speak the maker: And to do him right  
Would ask a genius like to his; the age  
Mourning his loss, and our now-widowed stage  
In vain lamenting. I could add, so far  
Behind him the most modern writers are,

That when they would commend him, their  
best praise  
Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise  
To his best memory.<sup>1</sup> So much a friend  
Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend  
The living, that are modest; with the rest,  
That may repine, he eares not to contest.  
This debt to Fletcher paid; it is profess'd  
By us the actors, we will do our best  
To send such favouring friends, as hither  
come [home.  
To grace the scene, pleas'd and contented

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

Great Duke of Moscovia.  
ARCHAS, { *the Loyal Subject, general of the*  
                  *Moscovites.*  
THEODORE, { *son to Archas; valorous, but*  
                  *impatient.*  
PUTSKIE, alias } *a captain, brother to Archas.*  
BRISKIE,           }  
ALINDA, alias } *son to Archas.*  
ARCHAS,           }  
BURRIS, an honest lord, the duke's favourite.  
BOROSKIE, { *a malicious seducing counsellor*  
                  *to the Duke.*  
ANCIENT, to Archas, <sup>2</sup> a stout merry soldier.

#### SOLDIERS.

#### GENTLEMEN.

#### GUARD.

#### SERVANTS.

#### MESSENGERS, or POSTS.

#### WOMEN.

OLYMPIA, sister to the Duke.  
HONORA, } *daughters of Archas.*  
VIOLA,   }  
PETESCA, } *servants to Olympia.*  
LADIES,   }

SCENE, MOSCO.

<sup>1</sup> ———— their best praise

*Ruins the buildings which they strive to raise*  
*To his best memory.*] Mr. Seward thinks we should read, BLEST memory; but, from the context, the Author seems undoubtedly to have written BEST.

<sup>2</sup> Ensign to Archas.] As this character is called *Ancient* all through the play, we know not any reason for calling him *Ensign* in the drama.

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Theodore and Putskie.*

*Theod.* CAPTAIN, your friend's preferr'd;  
the princess has her;

Who, I assure myself, will use her nobly.

A pretty sweet one 'tis, indeed.

*Putsk.* Well bred, Sir,

I do deliver that upon my credit,

And of an honest stock.

*Theod.* It seems so, captain,  
And no doubt will do well.

*Putsk.* Thanks to your care, Sir.

But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit  
Of discontent is put on thro' the army? [ral,  
And why your valiant father, our great gene-  
The hand that taught to strike, the love that  
led all,

Why he, that was the father of the war,

He that begot, and bred the soldier,

Why he sits shaking of his arms, like autumn,

His colours folded, and his drums cas'd up?

The tongue of war for ever tied within us?

*Theod.* It must be so. Captain, you are a  
stranger,

But of a small time here a soldier, [one,  
Yet that time shews you a right good and great  
Else I could tell you, hours are strangely al-  
ter'd: [him,

The young duke has too many eyes upon  
Too many fears 'tis thought too; and, to  
nourish those,

Maintains too many instruments.

*Putsk.* Turn their hearts,

Or turn their heels up, Hear'n! 'Tis strange  
it should be;

The old duke lov'd him dearly.

*Theod.* He deserv'd it;

And, were he not my father, I durst tell you,

The memorable hazards he has run thro'

Deserv'd of this man too; highly deserv'd  
too: [Putskie,

Had they been less, they had been safer,<sup>3</sup>

And sooner reach'd regard.

*Putsk.* There you struck sure, Sir.

*Theod.* Did I never tell thee of a vow he  
made,

Some years before the old duke died?

*Putsk.* I have heard you

Speak often of that vow; but how it was,  
Or to what end, I never understood yet.

*Theod.* I'll tell thee then, and then thou'lt  
find the reason. [here,

The last great muster, 'twas before you serv'd  
Before the last duke's death, whose honour'd  
bones [ord'ring

Now rest in peace) this young prince had the  
(To crown his father's hopes) of all the army:

Who, to be short, put all his pow'r to prac-  
tice,<sup>4</sup> [poorly,

Fashion'd, and drew 'em up: But, alas, so  
So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,

The good duke blush'd, and call'd unto my  
father, [lv,

Who then was general: 'Go, Archas, speedi-  
' And ehide the boy, before the soldiers find  
him;

' Stand thou between his ignorance and them;

' Fashion their bodies new to thy direction;

' Then draw thou up, and shew the prince  
his errors!'

My sire obey'd, and did so; with all duty  
Inform'd the prince, and read him all direc-  
tions:

This bred distaste, distaste grew up to anger,  
And anger into wild words broke out thus:

' Well, Archas, if I live but to command  
here, [ber.

' To be but duke once, I shall then remem-  
' I shall remember truly (trust me, I shall)

' And, by my father's hand—the rest his eyes  
spoke. [mov'd too,

To which my father answer'd, somewhat  
And with a vow he seal'd it: 'Royal Sir,

' Since, for my faith and fights, your scorn and  
anger

' Only pursue me; if I live to that day,  
' That day so long expected to reward me,

' By his so-ever-noble hand you swore by,  
' And by the hand of justice, never arms  
more [Sir.

' Shall rib this body in, nor sword hang here,  
' The conflicts I will do you service then in,

' Shall be repentant prayers.' So they parted.  
The time is come; and now you know the  
wonder.

*Ancient* is the same as *Ensign*; and is always used in this sense in Shakespeare and other contemporary writers. *R.*

In this drama the Editors of the second folio insert *Bawd, a court lady*. If there ever was such a character, it must have been omitted before the play was printed.

<sup>3</sup> *Had they been less, they had been safe, Putskie.*] Former editions. The change necessary to the metre. *Seward.*

The meaning of this passage (which is liable to misconstruction) is, 'Had his military prowess been less, he would have been less an object of envy and jealousy, and sooner have been rewarded.' So afterwards, Archas saying, *That voluntary I sit down*, Theodore replies, *You are forc'd, Sir; forc'd for your safety.*

<sup>4</sup> *Put all his power to practice.*] The context requires the small variation we have made. The latter editions read, *pow'r in practice*.

*Puts.* I find a fear too, which begins to tell me, [fences,  
The duke will have but poor and slight de-  
If his hot humour reign, and not his bouour,  
How stand you with him, Sir?

*Theod.* A perdue captain,  
Full of my father's danger.

*Puts.* He has rais'd a young man, [not]  
They say a slight young man (I know him  
For what desert?

*Theod.* Believe it, a brave gentleman,  
Worthy the duke's respect,<sup>5</sup> a clear sweet  
gentleman,

And of a noble soul. Come, let's retire us,  
And wait upon my father, who within this  
You'll find an alter'd man. [hour

*Puts.* I'm sorry for't, Sir. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Olympia, Petesca, and Gentlewoman.*

*Olym.* Is't not a handsome wench?

*Gent.* She is well enough, madam:  
I've seen a better face, and a straighter body;  
And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.<sup>6</sup>

*Olym.* What thinkest thou Petesca?

*Pet.* Alas, madam, I've no skill; she has  
a black eye, [ter:  
Which is o' th' least too, and the dullest wa-  
And when her mouth was made, for certain,  
madam,

Nature intended her a right good stomach.

*Olym.* She has a good hand.

*Gent.* 'Tis good enough to hold fast,  
And strong enough to strangle the neck of a  
lute.

*Olym.* What think you of her colour?

*Pet.* If it be her own,  
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof,  
I warrant it.

*Gent.* What a strange pace sh' has got?

*Olym.* That's but her breeding.

*Pet.* And what a manly body? methinks  
she looks -

As tho' she'd pitch the bar, or go to buffets.

*Gent.* Yet her behaviour's utterly against it,  
For methinks she's too bashful.

*Olym.* Is that hurtful? [Em, madam,

*Gent.* Ev'n equal to too bold; either of  
May do her injury when time shall serve her.

*Olym.* You discourse learnedly. Call in  
the wench. [Exit Gent,

What envious fools are you? Is the rule ge-  
neral,

That women can speak handsomely of none,  
But those they're bred withal?

*Pet.* Scarce well of those, madam,

If they believe they may out-shine 'em any  
way: [any thing,

Our natures are like oil, compound us with  
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top. Sup-  
pose there were here now,

Now in this court of Mosco, a stranger-prin-  
cess, [fence,

Of blood and beauty equal to your Excel-  
As many eyes and services stuck on her;

What would you think?

*Olym.* I'd think she might deserve it.

*Pet.* Your grace shall give me leave not to  
believe you;

I know you are a woman, and so humour'd.  
I'll tell you, madam; I could then get more  
gowns on you,

More caps and feathers, more scarfs, and  
more silk stockings,

With rocking you asleep with nightly railings  
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives

I could wear out. By this hand, you would  
scratch her eyes out.

*Olym.* Thou'rt deceiv'd, fool. Now let  
your own eyes mock you.

[Enter Gentlewoman and Alinda.]

Come hither, girl. Hang me, an she be not  
A handsome one.

*Pet.* I fear 'twill prove indeed so.

*Olym.* Did you e'er serve yet in any place  
of worth?

*Alin.* No, royal lady.

*Pet.* Hold up your head; fy!

*Olym.* Let her alone; stand from her!

*Alin.* It shall be now, [for,

Of all the blessings my poor youth has pray'd  
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;

And, might my promise carry but that credit  
To be believ'd, because I am yet a stranger,

Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,  
From all the service that my life can lend me,<sup>7</sup>

May everlasting misery then find me!

*Olym.* What think ye now?—I do believe,  
and thank you;

And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,  
To see that honest faith die unrewarded.

What must I call your name?

*Alin.* Alinda, madam.

*Olym.* Can you sing? [leave, lady.

*Alin.* A little, when my grief will give me

*Olym.* What grief canst thou have, wench?  
Thou'rt not in love? [goodness;

*Alin.* If I be, madam, 'tis only with your  
For yet I never saw that man I sigh'd for.

*Olym.* Of what years are you?

*Alin.* My mother oft has told me,  
That very day and hour this land was bless'd

<sup>5</sup> Worth the duke's respect.] This change is plainly necessary to the metre. Seward.

<sup>6</sup> I've seen a better face, and a straighter body;

And yet she is a pretty gentlewoman.] This last line seems candid, and by no means of a piece with the rest of what this second woman utters of Alinda; I have therefore given it to Olympia, to whom, I believe, it of right belongs. Seward.

We see no reason for the variation; and think the former editions right.

<sup>7</sup> Life can lend me.] Mr. Seward reads, Can lend ye.

With your most happy birth, I first saluted  
This world's fair light. Nature was then so busy,  
And all the graces, to adorn your goodness,  
I stole into the world poor and neglected.

*Olym.* Something there was, when I first  
look'd upon thee, [it,

Made me both like and love thee; now I know  
And you shall find that knowledge shall not  
I hope you are a maid? [hurt you.

*Alm.* I hope so too, madam;  
I'm sure for any man. And were I otherwise,  
Of all the services my hopes could point at,  
I durst not touch at yours.

*Flourish.* Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentle-  
men.

*Pet.* The great duke, madam.

*Duke.* Good morrow, sister!

*Olym.* A good day to your highness!

*Duke.* I'm come to pray you use no more  
persuasions [you:  
For this old stubborn man; nay, to command  
His sail is swell'd too full; he's grown too in-  
solent, [services

Too self-affected, proud: Those poor slight  
H' has done my father, and myself, have  
blown him

To such a pitch, he flies to stoop our favours.\*

*Olym.* I'm sorry, Sir: I ever thought those  
Both great and noble. [services

*Bur.* However, may it please you  
But to consider 'em a true heart's servants,  
Done out of faith to you, and not self-fame;  
But to consider, royal Sir, the dangers,  
When you have slept secure, the midnight  
tempests,

That, as he march'd, sung thro' his aged locks;

When you have fed at full, the wants and fa-  
mines; [temperate;

The fires of Heav'n, when you have found all  
Death, with its thousand doors—

*Duke.* I have considered;

No more! And that I will have, shall be.

*Olym.* For the best,

I hope all still.

*Duke.* What handsome wench is that there?

*Olym.* My servant, Sir.

*Duke.* Prithce observe her, Burris;

Is she not wondrous handsome? speak thy  
freedom.

*Bur.* She appears no less to me, Sir.

*Duke.* Of whence is she? [tleman,

*Olym.* Her father, I am told, is a good gen-

But far off dwelling: Her desire to serve me

Brought her to th' court, and here her friends  
have left her.

*Duke.* She may find better friends. You're  
welcome, fair one!

I have not seen a sweeter. By your lady's leave:  
Nay, stand up, sweet; we'll have no supersti-  
tion,

You've got a servant; you may use him kindly,  
And he may honour you. Good morrow,  
sister. [Exit Duke and Burris.

*Olym.* Good morrow to your grace! How  
the wench blushes!

How like an angel now she looks!

*Gent.* At first jump, [to you,

Jump into the duke's arms! We must look

Indeed we must; the next jump we are jour-  
ney-men.

*Pet.* I see the ruin of our hopes already;

'Would she were at home again, milking her  
father's cows.

\* *He flies to stoop our favours.*] *To stoop* is a term of falconry. Latham, who wrote a Treatise on this art, printed in the year 1633, explains it thus: '*Stooping* is, when a hawk, being upon her wings, at the height of her pitch, bendeth violently down to strike the fowle or any other prey.' That the word was not obsolete when Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost*, and even later, will appear from the following examples;

'——— he then survey'd

' Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there

' Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side night

' In the dun air sublime, and ready now

' To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet

' On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd

' Firm land imbosom'd, &c.' *Par. Lost*, b. iii. l. 69.

' So spake, so wish'd much-humbled Eve, but fate

' Subscrib'd not; Nature first gave signs, impress'd

' On bird, beast, air, air suddenly eclips'd

' After short blush of morn; nigh in her sight

' The bird of Jove, stoop'd from his aery tour,

' Two birds of gayest plume before him drove'

*Par. Lost*, b. xi. l. 181.

' Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,

' And stoop with closing pinions from above;

' Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,

' And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng.'

Dryden's *Trans. of Virgil's Æn.* i. 393.

R.

*Gent.* I fear she'll milk all the great courtiers

*Olym.* This has not made you proud! [first.

*Alin.* No, certain, madam.

*Olym.* It was the duke that kiss'd you.

*Alin.* 'Twas your brother,

And therefore nothing can be meant but ho-

*Olym.* But, say he love you? [mour.

*Alin.* That he may with safety:

A prince's love extends to all his subjects.

*Olym.* But, say in more particular?

*Alin.* Pray fear not:

For Virtue's sake deliver me from doubts, lady.

'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promises,

His glories, and his greatness, stuck about me,

Can make me prove a traitor to your service:

You are my mistress and my noble master,

Your virtues my ambition, and your favour

The end of all my love, and all my fortune:

And, when I fail in that faith—

*Olym.* I believe thee—

Come, wipe your eyes—I do. Take you ex-

*Pet.* I would her eyes were out! [ample!

*Gent.* If the wind stand in this door,

We shall have but cold custom: Some trick

And speedily! [or other,

*Pet.* Let me alone to think on't.

*Olym.* Come, be you near me still.

*Alin.* With all my duty. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Archas, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and Soldiers, carrying his armour piece-meal, his colours wound up, and his drums in cases.*

*Theod.* This is the heaviest march we e'er trod, captain.

*Put.* This was not wout to be: These honour'd pieces,

The fiery god of war himself would smile at  
Buckled upon that body, were not wout thus,  
Like relics, to be offer'd to long rust,  
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.

*Archas.* There set 'em down: And, glorious war, farewell!

Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,  
Begot in blood, and nurs'd with kingdoms' ruins;

Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers  
Thro' fires and famines; for one title from thee,

Prodigal mankind spending all his fortunes;  
A long farewell I give thee! Noble arms,

You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houses,  
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,  
Rust and consuming time must now dwell  
with ye! [to conquest,

And thou, good sword, that knew'st the way  
Upon whose fatal edge despair and death dwelt,  
That, when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd  
destruction, [ment:

Sleep now from blood, and grace my monu-  
Farewell, my eagle! when thou flew'st,  
whole armies [seen thee

Have stoop'd below thee: At passage I have  
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury;

And hang 'em up together, as a tassel,

Upon the stretch, a flock of fearful pigeons.

I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,

The aged Volga, when he heav'd his head up,

And rais'd his waters high, to see the ruins,

The ruins our swords made, the bloody ruins;

Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentle-  
men. [too,

But these must be forgotten: So must these

And all that tend to arms, by me for ever.

Take 'em, you holy men; my vow take with  
'em,

Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,

And sacred rites of war, t' adorn the temple:

There let 'em hang, to tell the world their  
master

Is now devotion's soldier, fit for pray'r.

Why do ye hang your heads? Why look ye  
sad, friends?

I am not dying yet.

*Theod.* You are indeed to us, Sir.

*Put.* Dead to our fortunes, general.

*Archas.* You'll find a better,

A greater, and a stronger man to lead you,

And to a stronger fortune. I am old, friends,

Time and the wars together make me stoop,  
gentlemen,

Stoop to my grave: My mind unfurnish'd too;

Empty and weak as I am. My poor body,

Able for nothing now but contemplation,

And that will be a task too to a soldier. [well

Yet, had they but encourag'd me, or thought

Of what I've done, I think I should have  
ventur'd [shift yet

For one knock more; I should have made a

To've broke nine staff more handsomely, and

have died

Like a good fellow, and an honest soldier,

I th' head of ye all, with my sword in my  
hand,

\* Farewell, my eagle.] All the terms in this speech are taken from the art of *falconry*, as any person who will be at the pains to read the books on this science will readily discover.

Our Author, in the latter part, seems to have had Shakespeare's description of the *Severn*, in the First Part of *Henry IV.* act i. before him:

\* Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,

\* Upon agreement, of sweet *Severn's* flood;

\* Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

\* Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,

\* And hid his crisp head in the bolinw bank,

\* Blood-stained with these valiant combatants

R.

And so have made an end of all with credit.

*Theod.* Well, there will come an hour, when all these injuries, These secure slights—

*Archas.* Ha! no more of that, sirrah;

Not one word more of that, I charge you!

*Theod.* I must speak, Sir:

And may that tongue forget to sound your ser- That's dumb to your abuses! [vice,

*Archas.* Understand, fool,

That voluntary I sit down.

*Theod.* You are forc'd, Sir,

Forc'd for your safety: I too well remember That 'meand cause, and I may live to curse 'em, You made this vow; and whose unnobleness, Indeed forgetfulness of good—

*Archas.* No more!

As thou art nitie, no more!

*Theod.* Whose doubts and envies—

But th' devil will have his due.

*Puts.* Good gentle colonel! [of honour

*Theod.* And tho' disgraces, and contempt Reign now, the wheel must turn again.

*Archas.* Peace, sirrah! [me?

Your tongue's too saucy. Do you stare upon Down with that heart, down suddenly, down with it;

Down with that disobedience; tie that tongue

*Theod.* Tongue? [up!

*Archas.* Do not provoke me to forget my vow, sirrah,

And draw that fatal sword again in anger.

*Puts.* For Heav'n's sake, colonel!

*Archas.* Do not let me doubt [suffer:

Whose son thou art, because thou canst not

Do not play with mine anger; if thou dost,

By all the loyalty my heart holds—

*Theod.* I have done, Sir;

Pray pardon me.

*Archas.* I pray you be worthy of it.

Beshrew your heart, you've vex'd me.

*Theod.* I am sorry, Sir.

*Archas.* Go to; no more of this; be true and honest!

I know you're man enough; mould it to just ends, [ble,<sup>10</sup>

And let not my disgraces. Then I'm miserable— When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

*Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants and Gentlemen.*

*Puts.* An't please you, Sir, the duke,

*Duke.* Now, what's all this?

The meaning of this ceremonious emblem?

*Archas.* Your grace should first remember—

*Bor.* There's his nature. [injury,

*Duke.* I do, and shall remember still that That at the muster; where it pleas'd your greatness

To laugh at my poor soldiership, to scorn it;

And, more to make me seem ridiculous,

Took from my hands my charge.

*Burris.* Oh, think not so, Sir.

*Duke.* And in my father's sight,

*Archas.* Heav'n be my witness,

I did no more (and that with modesty,

With love and faith to you) than was my warrant, [rudeness,

And from your father seal'd: Nor durst that

And impudence of scorn fall from my 'havi-

I ever yet knew duty. [our;

*Duke.* We shall teach you! [you,

I well remember too, upon some words [told

Thou at that time, some angry words you answer'd,

If ever I were duke, you were no soldier.

You've kept your word, and so it shall be to you; [Sir,

From henceforth I dismiss you; take you ease,

*Archas.* I humbly thank your Grace; this

wasted body, [troubles,

Beaten and bruise'd with arms, dried up with

Is good for nothing else but quiet now, Sir,

And holy pray'rs; in which, when I forget

To thank high Heav'n for all your bounteous

favours,

May that be deaf, and my petitions perish!

*Bor.* What a smooth humble cloak h'has

cas'd his pride in, [trusting—

And how h'has pull'd his claws in! there's no

*Burris.* Speak for the best.

*Bor.* Believe I shall do ever. [yet

*Duke.* To make you understand, we feel not

Such dearth of valour and experience,

Such a declining age of doing spirits,

That all should be confin'd within your excellence,

<sup>10</sup> *And let not my disgraces, then I am miserable,*

*When I have nothing left me but thy angers.*] The first part of this must either be a broken sentence, as I have made it, or *let* must be wrong. The sense might be, *Do not increase my disgraces, by what will make me most miserable, your lawless angers.* The only reading that occurs in this sense is, *And what not my disgraces;* but I don't think it a very natural word. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward prints,

*And let not my disgraces.—Then, &c.*

but the word *let* is probably used here in its ancient sense; i. e. 'attempt not to prevent my disgraces.' So in *Hamlet*,

'I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.'

The instances in which the word is applied in this sense are innumerable. It is still used in the same manner as a law term.

And you, or none, be honour'd; take, Bo-  
rookie,  
The place he has commanded, lead the soldier;  
A little time will bring thee to this honour,  
Which has been nothing but the world's opi-  
nion,  
The soldiers' fondness, and a little fortune,  
Which I believe his sword had the least share  
in.

*Theod.* Oh, that I durst but answer now!  
*Puts.* Good colonel!

*Theod.* My heart will break 'else.—Royal  
Sir, I know not [labours,  
What you esteem men's lives, whose hourly  
And loss of blood, consumption in your ser-  
vice, [ries  
Whose bodies are acquainted with more mis-  
(And all to keep you safe) than dogs or slaves  
His sword the least share gain'd? [are—

*Duke.* You will not fight with me?

*Theod.* No, Sir, I dare not;  
You are my prince, but I dare speak to you,  
And dare speak truth, which none of their  
ambitions  
That be informers to you, dare once think of;  
Yet truth will now but anger you; I am sorry  
for't,

And so I take my leave. [Exit.

*Duke.* Ev'n when you please, Sir.

*Archas.* Sirrah, see me no more!

*Duke.* And so may you too: [there, Sir,  
You have a house i'th' country; keep you  
And, when you've rul'd yourself, teach your  
son manners:

For this time I forgive him.

*Archas.* Heav'n forgive all;  
And to your Grace a happy and long rule here!  
And you, lord gen'ral, may your fights be  
prosperous! [court you!

In all your course may Fame and Fortune  
Fight for your country, and your prince's safe-  
ty;

Boldly, and bravely face your enemy, [virtue,  
And when you strike, strike with that killing  
As if a general plague had seiz'd before you;  
Danger, and doubt, and labour cast behind  
you;

And then come home an old and noble story!

*Bur.* A little comfort, Sir.

*Duke.* As little as may be.

Farewell! you know your limit.

[Exit Duke, &c.

*Burris.* Alas, brave gentleman!

*Archas.* I do, and will observe it suddenly.  
My grave; ay, that's my limit; 'tis no new  
thing,  
Nor that can make me start, or tremble at it,

To buckle with that old grim soldier now:  
I've seen him in his sourest shapes, and dread-  
full'st;

Ay, and I thank my honesty, have stood him:  
That audit's east. Farewell, my honest sol-  
diers! [Ancient!

Give me your hands. Farewell! farewell, good  
(A stout man, and a true) thou'rt come in  
sorrow.<sup>11</sup> [fall ye!

Blessings upon your swords, may they ne'er  
You do but change a man; your fortune's con-  
stant;

That by your ancient valours is tied fast still;  
Be valiant still, and good: And when ye fight  
next, [horror,

When flame and fury make but one face of  
When the great rest of all your honour's up,  
When you would think a spell to shake the  
enemy,

Remember me; my prayers shall be with ye:  
So, once again, farewell!

*Puts.* Let's wait upon you. [left me

*Archas.* No, no, it must not be; I have now  
A single fortune to myself, no more,  
Which needs no train, nor compliment. Good  
captain,

You are an honest and a sober gentleman,

And one I think has lov'd me.

*Puts.* I am sure on't.

*Archas.* Look to my boy; he's grown too  
headstrong for me;

And if they think him fit to carry arms still,  
His life is theirs. I have a house i'th' country,  
And when your better hours will give you li-  
berty,

See me: You shall be welcome. Fortune to  
ye! [Exit.

*Anc.* I'll cry no more, that will do him no  
good, [ney.

And 'twill but make me dry, and I've no mo-  
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;  
And if I can do that, I care not for money.

I could have cut'sd reasonable well, and I have  
had the luck too

To have 'em hit sometimes. Whoso'er thou  
That, like a devil, didst possess the duke's art,  
With these malicious thoughts, mark what I  
say to thee;

A plague upon thee! that's but the preamble.

*Sold.* Oh, take the pox too.

*Anc.* They'll cure one another: [sing.  
I must have none but kills, and those kill stink-  
Or, look ye, let the single pox possess them,  
Or pox upon pox.

*Puts.* That's but ill i'th' arms, Sir.

*Anc.* 'Tis worse i'th' legs; I wou'd not  
wish it else:

<sup>11</sup> *Thou art come in sorrow.*] As this is sense I don't change it; but, as it appears flat, think it probable the original might have been,

— thou'rt drown'd in sorrow.

The Ancient's speech afterwards plainly shews that he was then shedding tears, *Pl. cry no more.* *Seward.*

We think the passage means simply, 'Thou art come in a time of sorrow.'



And may those grow to scabs as big as mole-hills,  
And twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb  
Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em! I warrant him he  
has 'em.

*Sold.* May he be ever lousy!

*Anc.* That's a pleasure,  
The beggar's lechery; sometimes the soldier's:  
May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,  
And maggots breed in's brains!

*2 Sold.* Ay, marry, Sir,  
May he fall mad in love with his grandmoth-  
er, [mouth,  
And kissing her, may her teeth drop into his  
And one fall across his throat; then let him  
gargle!

*Enter a Post.*

*Puts.* Now, what's the matter?

*Post.* Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen?

*Puts.* Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

*Post.* I thank you. [Exit.

*Anc.* If he be married, may he dream he's  
cuckold, [saw it,  
And when he wakes believe, and swear he  
sue a divorce, and after find her honest;  
Then in a pleasant pigsty, with his own garters,  
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!

*Puts.* If these would do——

*Anc.* I'll never trust my mind more,  
If all these fail.

*1 Sold.* What shall we do now, captain?  
For by this honest hand I'll be torn in pieces,  
Unless my old general go, or some that love  
him,

And love us equal too, before I fight more.  
I can make a shoe yet, and draw it on too,  
If I like the leg well.

*Anc.* Fight? 'tis likely! [need on's.  
No, there will be the sport, boys, when there's  
They think the other crown will do, will  
carry us,

And the brave golden coat of Captain Cankro  
Boraskie! What a noise his very name carries!

'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,  
He needs no soldiers; if he do, for my part  
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think  
you think too, [Archas,

And all the army. No, honest, brave old  
We cannot so soon leave thy merriness,  
So soon forget thy goodness: He that does,  
The scandal and the stain of arms be committed!

*Puts.* You much rejoice me; now you have  
hit my meaning.

I durst not press ye till I found your spirits:  
Continue thus!

*Anc.* I'll go and tell the duke on't.

*Enter Second Post.*

*Puts.* No, no, he'll find it soon enough,  
and fear it,  
When once occasion comes. Another packet!  
From whence, friend, come you?

*2 Post.* From the borders, Sir.

*Puts.* What news, Sir, I beseech you?

*2 Post.* Fire and sword, gentlemen;  
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force  
Comes forward like a tempest; all before him  
Burning and killing.

*Anc.* Brave, boys! brave news, boys!

*2 Post.* Either we must have present help—

*Anc.* Still braver!

*2 Post.* Where lies the duke?

*Sold.* He's there.

*2 Post.* 'Save ye, gentlemen! [Exit.

*Anc.* We are safe enough, I warrant thee.  
Now the time's come.

*Puts.* Ay, now 'tis come, indeed;  
And now stand firm, boys, and let 'em burn  
on merrily. [bonfire:

*Anc.* This city would make an excellent fire  
'Tis old dry timber, and such wood has no  
fellow. [whining,

*2 Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and  
Like so many pigs in a storm, when they hear  
the news once.

*Enter Boraskie and a Servant.*

*Puts.* Here's one has heard it already.

Room for the general! [sudden,

*Bor.* Say I am full'n exceeding sick o'th'  
And am not like to live.

*Puts.* If you go on, Sir; [for you.  
For they will kill you certainly; they look

*Anc.* I see your lordship's bound; take a  
suppository.

'Tis I, Sir; a poor cast flag of yours. The  
foolish Tartars, [kill us,

They burn and kill, an't like your honour;  
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord; with  
guns, Sir! [sops?

What says your lordship to a chick in sorrel  
*Puts.* Go, go thy ways, old True penny!

thou hast but one fault; [gentlemen,  
Thou'rt ev'n too valiant. Come, to th' army.

And let's make them acquainted.  
*Sold.* Away; we are for you. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Aliada, Petesca, and Gentlewoman.*

*Alin.* Why, whither run ye, fools? will ye  
leave my lady?

*Pet.* The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes!

*Alin.* Why, let him; [conscience,

I thought ye had fear'd no men. Upon my  
You have tried their strengths already; stay,

for shame!

*Pet.* Shift for thyself, Aliada.

[Exit with Gent.

*Alin.* Beauty bless ye! [now,

into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep  
And there mistake the enemy? Sweet youths

ye are, [of joining?

And of a constant courage: Are you afraid

*Enter Olympia.*

*Olym.* Oh, my good wench, what shall be-  
come of us? [per;

The posts come hourly in, and bring new dan-

The enemy is past the Volga, and "bears hither

With all the blood and cruelty he carries:  
My brother now will find his fault.

*Alin.* I doubt me,  
Somewhat too late, madam. But pray fear not;  
All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam,  
shake not. [sex troubles.

*Olym.* How cam'st thou by this spirit? our  
*Alin.* I am not unacquainted with these dangers," [perish,

And you shall know my truth; for, ere you  
A hundred swords shall pass thro' me; 'tis  
but dying,

And, madam, we must do't; the manner's all.  
You have a princely birth, take princely  
thoughts to you,

And take my counsel too: Go presently,  
With all the haste you have (I will attend you)  
With all the possible speed, to old lord Ar-  
chas; [him,

He honours you; with all your art persuade  
(Twill be a dismal time else) woo him hither,  
But hither, madam; make him see the dan-  
ger;

For your new general looks like an ass;  
There's nothing in his face but loss.

*Olym.* I'll do it:  
And thank thee, sweet Alinda! Oh, my jewel,  
How much I'm bound to love thee! By this  
hand, wench,

If thou wert a man——

*Alin.* I would I were, to fight for you.  
But haste, dear madam.

*Olym.* I need no spurs, Alinda. [Exeunt.

### SCENE V.

*Enter Duke, two Posts, Attendants, and  
Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* The lord-general sick now? Is this  
a time [come, Post,  
For men to creep into their beds? What's be-  
Of my lieutenant?

*Post.* Beaten, an't please your grace,  
And all his forces sparkled.<sup>11</sup>

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Duke.* That's but cold news. [ready?

How now? what good news? are the soldiers  
*Gent.* Yes, Sir; but fight they will not, nor  
stir from that place [chas

They stand in now, unless they have lord Ar-  
To lead 'em out: They rail upon this general,  
And sing songs of him, scurvy songs, to worse  
tunes: [they swear,

And much they spare not you, Sir. Here,  
They'll stand and see the city burnt, and  
dance about it, [for't:

Unless lord Archas come, before they fight  
It must be so, Sir.

*Duke.* I could wish it so too;  
And to that end I have sent lord Burris to him:  
But all I fear will fail; we must die, gentle-  
men,  
And one stroke we'll have for't.

[*Enter Burris.*]

What bring'st thou, Burris?

*Burris.* That I am loth to tell; he will not  
come, Sir.

I found him at his prayers; there, he tells me,  
The enemy shall take him, fit for Heav'n:  
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his own worths,  
The country's ruin; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd  
him;

He shook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed  
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave  
I think he meant; and this was all he an-  
swer'd. [new general?

Your grace was much to blame. Where's the  
*Duke.* He's sick, poor man.

*Burris.* He's a poor man indeed, Sir.

Your grace must needs go to the soldier.

*Duke.* They [rail at me,  
Have sent me word they will not stir; they  
And all the spite they have—[*Shout within.*]

What shout is that there?  
Is th' enemy come so near?

*Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.*

*Olym.* I've brought him, Sir;  
At length I've woo'd him thus far.

*Duke.* Happy sister!  
Oh, blessed woman!

*Olym.* Use him nobly, brother;  
You never had more need. And, gentlemen,  
All the best! pow'rs ye have to tongues turn  
presently, [my art,

To winning and persuading tongues: 'All  
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;  
Let it be yours to arm him. And, good my  
lord,

Tho' I exceed the limit you allow'd me,  
Which was the happiness to bring you hither,  
And not to urge you further; yet, see your  
country,

Out of your own sweet spirit now behold it:  
Turn round, and look upon the miseries  
On every side, the fears; oh, see the dangers;  
We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first,  
Sir.

*Duke.* Next, hear your prince: You've  
said you lov'd him, Archas,  
And thought your life too little for his ser-  
vice.

Think not your vow too great now, now the  
time is,

And now you're brought to th' test; touch  
right now, soldier,

Now shew the manly pureness of thy mettle;

<sup>11</sup> Bears hither.] i. e. comes this way. So in Othello, 'bears towards Cyprus.'

<sup>12</sup> Sparkled.] i. e. Dispersed. See Humorous Lieutenant, note G.

Now, if thou be'st that valued man, that virtue,<sup>13</sup> [it.]

That great obedience, teaching all, now stand  
What I have said forgive, my youth was hasty;  
And what you said yourself forget,<sup>14</sup> you were angry.

If men could live without their faults, they were gods, Archas. [Burris!]

He weeps, and holds his hands up: To him,  
Burris. You've shew'd the prince his faults;  
And, like a good chirurgeon, you have laid  
That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,  
Let 'em not fester now, Sir; your own honour,

The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,  
(Gainst which, I take it, Heav'n gives no command, Sir,

Nor seals no vow) can better teach you now  
What you've to do, than I, or this necessity;  
Only this little's left; would you do nobly,  
And in the eye of honour truly triumph?  
Conquer that mind first, and then men are nothing. [sake, general;

Alin. Last, a poor virgin kneels: For love's  
If ever you have lov'd, for her sake, Sir;  
For your own honesty, which is a virgin;  
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate.  
You are a knight, a good and noble soldier,

And when your spurs were given you, your sword buckled, [beauty's,  
Then were you sworn for virtue's cause, for  
For chastity, to strike: Strike now, they suffer;  
Now draw your sword, or else you're recreant;  
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward!

Your first vow Honour made, your last but  
Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing looks, speaks too? [thank you.  
So would she chide my dullness. Fair one, I  
My gracious Sir, your pardon, next your hand;  
Madam, your favour, and your prayers; gentlemen,  
Your wishes, and your loves; and, pretty  
A favour for your soldier!

Olyn. Give him this, wench.  
Alin. Thus do I tie on victory.

Archas. My armour, [fortune!  
My horse, my sword, my tough staff, and my  
And, Olyn, now I come to shake thy glory.

Duke. Go, brave and prosperous; our loves go with thee! [attend thee!

Olyn. Full of thy virtue, and our prayers  
Burris, &c. Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee!

Alin. Come home the son of honour, and I'll serve you. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO news of Archas yet?

Burris. But now, an't please you,  
A post came in; letters he brought none with him,

But this deliver'd: He saw the armies join,  
The game of blood begun; and by our general,  
Who never was acquainted but with conquest,

So bravely fought, he saw the Tartars shaken,  
And there he said he left 'em.

Duke. Where's Boroskie?

1 Gent. He's up again, an't please you.

Burris. Sir, methinks

This news should make you lightsome, bring joy to you;

It strikes our hearts with general comfort.  
Gone? [Exit Duke.

What should this mean? so suddenly? He's well?

2 Gent. We see no other.

<sup>13</sup> ——— that virtue,

That great obedience teaching, &c.] Mr. Seward reads, *obedience-teaching*, but the old reading is certainly the most elegant.

<sup>14</sup> What I have said forget, my youth was hasty.

And what you said yourself forgive, you were angry.] This very proper transposition was made by Mr. Seward.

1 Gent. 'Would the rest were well too,  
That puts these starts into him!

Burris. I'll go after him. [secret in him,

2 Gent. 'Twill not be fit, Sir; h' has some  
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing

Has cross'd him since the general went?

Burris. Not any; [found it:

If there had been, I am sure I should have  
Only I have heard him oft complain for money  
Money he says he wants. [ney;

1 Gent. It may be that then.

Burris. To him that has so many ways to raise it,

And those so honest, it can't be.

Enter Duke and Boroskie.

1 Gent. He comes back,

And lord Boroskie with him.

Burris. There the game goes.

I fear some new thing hatching.

Duke. Come hither, Burris.

Go, see my sister, and commend me to her,

And to my little mistress give this token;  
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

*Burris.* Yes, I shall, Sir.

[*Exeunt Burris and Gent.*]

*Duke.* Wait you without.—I would yet try him further. [Grace heard yet

*Bor.* 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your Of what he has done i' th' field?

*Duke.* A Post but now

Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd, The enemy gave ground before he parted.

*Bor.* 'Tis well. [not for fighting,

*Duke.* Come, speak thy mind, man. 'Tis And noise of war, I keep thee in my bosom; Thy ends are nearer to me; from my childhood

Thou brought'st me up, and, like another Made good all my necessities. Speak boldly.

*Bor.* Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy, [honour]

[Tho' I intend, high Heav'n knows, but your When vain and empty people shall proclaim Good Sir, excuse me. [me—

*Duke.* Do you fear me for your enemy? Speak, on your duty.

*Bor.* Then I must, and dare, Sir.

When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not, [praises;

Take heed he meet not with their loves and That glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir, [portion]

[And make him strive to make good that pro- Than e'er his fortune bred him; he is honour-

At least I strive to understand him so, [able, And of a nature, if not this way poison'd,

Perfect enough, easy, and sweet; but those are soon seduc'd, Sir.

He's a great man, and what that pill may work, Prepar'd by general voices of the people,

Is th' end of all my counsel. Only this, Sir; Let him retire a while, there's more hangs

by it [while well, Than you know yet: There if he stand a

But till the soldier cool (whom, for their service, [freely,

You must pay now most liberally, most And shower yourself into 'em; 'tis the bounty

They follow with their loves, and not the bravery)—

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* But where's the money?—How

*Gent.* Sir, the colonel, [now! Son to the lord Archas, with most happy news

Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here Attends your Grace's pleasure.

*Bor.* Be not seen, Sir. [ders; He's a bold fellow; let me stand his thun-

To th' court he must not come. No blessing here, Sir,

No face of favour, if you love your honour!

*Enter Theodore.*

*Duke.* Do what you think is meetest: I'll retire, Sir. [Exit.

*Bor.* Conduct him in, Sir.—Welcome, noble colonel.

*Theod.* That's much from your lordship: Pray where is the duke?

*Bor.* We hear you've beat the Tartar.

*Theod.* Is he busy, Sir?

*Bor.* Have ye ta'en Olin yet?

*Theod.* I would fain speak with him.

*Bor.* How many men have ye lost?

*Theod.* Does he lie this way?

*Bor.* I'm sure you fought it bravely.

*Theod.* I must see him.

*Bor.* You cannot yet, you must not; what's your commission?

*Theod.* No gentleman o' th' chamber here?

*Bor.* Why, pray you, Sir,

Am not I fit to entertain your business?

*Theod.* I think you are not, Sir; I'm sure you shall not. [Sir,

I bring no tales nor flatteries: In my tongue, I carry no fork'd stings.

*Bor.* You keep your bluntness.

*Theod.* You are deceiv'd; it keeps me: I had felt else [trifle not;

Some of your plagues ere this. But, good Sir, I've business to the duke.

*Bor.* He's not well, Sir,

And cannot now be spoke withal.

*Theod.* Not well, Sir? [well, Sir?

How would he ha' been, if we had lost? Not I bring him news to make him well: His

enemy, [house too, That would have burnt his city here, and your

Your brave gilt house, my lord, your honour's hangings,

Where all your ancestors, and all their battles, Their silk and golden battles, are decipher'd;

That would not only have abus'd your build- ings, [dry your butteries,

Your goodly buildings, Sir, and have drunk Purlin'd your lordship's plate, the duke be-

stow'd on you, For turning handsomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd

your virgins, [lordship, Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your

'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the eurse is You'd had no remedy against these rascals,

No law, an't like your honour; would have kill'd you too,

And roasted you, and eaten you, ere this time: Notable knaves, my lord, unruly rascals;

These youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em, [tlemen,

And par'd their nails, that honest civil gen- And such most noble persons as yourself is,

May live in peace, and rule the land with a These news I bring. [twine thread.

*Bor.* And were they thus deliver'd you? *Theod.* My lord, I am no pen-man, nor no

orator; [like ye, My tongue was never oil'd, with 'Here, an't

'There, I beseech you:' Weigh, I am a soldier,

And truth I covet nuly, no fine terms, Sir; I come not to stand treating here; my business

Is with the duke, and of such general blessing— [know it,

*Bor.* You have overthrown the enemy; we And we rejoice in't; ye've done like honest subjects,

You have done handsomely and well.

*Theod.* But well, Sir? [glers?

But handsomely and well? What, are we jug-I'll do all that in cutting up a capon.

But handsomely and well? Does your lordship take us [bravely, Sir,

For the duke's tumblers? We have done Ventr'd our lives like men.

*Bor.* Then bravely be it. [and graces;

*Theod.* And for as brave rewards we look, We've sweat and bled for't, Sir.

*Bor.* And you may have it, If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first

For any good they do, take off the lustre, And blot the benefit.

*Theod.* Are these the welcomes, The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray heartily,

Early and late, there may be no more enemies; [too;

Do, my good lord, pray seriously, and sigh For, if there be—

*Bor.* They must be met, and fought with.

*Theod.* By whom! by you? they must be met and flatter'd.

Why, what a devil ails you to do these things? With what assurance dare you mock men thus? You have but single lives, and those I take it A sword may find too? Why do you dam the duke up?

And choke that course of love, that like a river [forts?

Should fill our empty veins again with con- But if you use these knick-knacks, [honest,

This fast and loose, with faithful men and You'll be the first will find it.

*Enter Archas, Soldiers, Putskie, Ancient and others.*

*Bor.* You're too untemperate.

*Theod.* Better be so, and thief too, than unthankful: [all.

Pray use this old man so, and then we're paid The duke thanks you for your service, and the court thanks you,

And wonderful desirous they're to see you.

Pray Heav'n we've room enough to march for may-games, [home, Sir.

Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome Here your most noble friend the lord Boroskie,

A gentleman too tender of your credit, [Sir,

And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, Crazy and sickly, yet, to be your servant,

Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.

*Bor.* The best is, your words wound not.

You are welcome home, Sir,

Heartily welcome home; and for your service,

The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,

The duke salutes you too with all his thanks, Sir.

*Anc.* Sure they will now regard us.

*Putsk.* There's a reason: [tenance,

But, by the changing of the colonel's coun-

The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,

I fear the wind's not down yet, Ancient.

*Archas.* Is the duke well, Sir?

*Bor.* Not much unhealthy,

Only a little grudging of an ague,

Which cannot last. H' has heard, which

makes him fearful, [come,

And loth as yet to give your worth due wel-

The sickness hath been somewhat hot i' th'

army, [danger,

Which happily may prove more doubt than

And more his fear than faith;<sup>15</sup> yet, how-

An honest care— [soever,

*Archas.* You say right, and it shall be;

For tho', upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,

A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't;

(For, Sir, I thank Heav'n, we never stood

more healthy,

Never more high and lusty) yet to satisfy,

We cannot be too curious, or too careful

Of what concerns his state, we'll draw away,

Sir,

And lodge at further distance, and less danger.

*Bor.* It will be well.

*Anc.* It will be very scurvy:

I smell it out, it stinks abominably;

Stir it no more.

*Bor.* The duke, Sir, would have you too,

For a short day or two, retire to your own

house,

Whither himself will come to visit you,

And give you thanks.

*Archas.* I shall attend his pleasure.

*Anc.* A trick, a lousy trick! Soho, a trick,

boys!

*Archas.* How now? what's that?

*Anc.* I thought I had found a hare, Sir,

But 'tis a fox, an old fox; shall we hunt him?

*Archas.* No more such words!

*Bor.* The soldier's grown too saucy;

You must tie him straiter up.

*Archas.* I do my best, Sir;

But men of free-born minds sometimes will

fly out.

*Anc.* May not we see the duke?

*Bor.* Not at this time, gentlemen;

Your general knows the cause.

*Anc.* We have no plague, Sir,

Unless it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;

Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier

Will not deny us place there.

<sup>15</sup> And more his fear than faith.] Mr. Symson calls this absolute nonsense, and reads *faith*, which is proved by Archas's answer, who says it is,

A mere opinion, without faith or fear in it.

I admit the conjecture, but cannot think the old reading absolute nonsense.

*Secord.*

*Put.* Certain, my lord, [done,  
 Considering what we are, and what we have  
 (If not, what need you may have) would be  
 better,  
 A great deal nobler, and taste bonester,  
 To use us with more sweetness. Men that dig,  
 And lash away their lives at the ear's tail,  
 Double our comforts; meat, and their mas-  
 ters' thanks too, [quality,  
 When they work well, they have; men of our  
 When they do well, and venture for't with  
 valour,  
 Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they  
 come home, Sir, [worthy,  
 And know these are deserving things, things  
 Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little  
 Be stirr'd with glory? 'Tis a pride becomes  
 A little season'd with ambition, [em,  
 To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,  
 For what they have done: When to come  
 home thus poorly, [ou  
 And met with such unjointed joy, so look'd  
 As if we had done no more but dress'd a  
 horse well,  
 So entertain'd as if 'I thank ye, gentlemen,  
 'Take that to drink,' had pow'r to please a  
 soldier! [people?  
 Where be the shouts, the bells rung out, the  
 The prince himself?  
*Archas.* Peace!—I perceive your eye, Sir,  
 Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom;  
 And happily you find his tongue too forward:  
 As I am master of the place I carry,  
 'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this man,  
 No stronger tie upon me, than the truth  
 And tongue to tell it, I should speak as he does,  
 And think, with modesty enough, such saints  
 That daily thrust their loves and lives thro'  
 hazards, [hourly,  
 And fearless, for their country's peace, march  
 Thro' all the doors of death, and know the  
 darkest,  
 Should better be canoniz'd for their service:  
 What labour would these men neglect, what  
 danger,  
 Where honour is? tho' seated in a billow  
 Rising as high as Heav'n, would not these  
 soldiers,  
 Like to so many sea-gods, charge up to it?  
 D'you see these swords? Time's scythe was  
 ne'er so sharp, Sir,  
 Nor ever at one harvest mow'd such handfuls;  
 Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor belief so sure,  
 When they are drawn; and were it not some-  
 times  
 I swim upon their angers to allay 'em,  
 And, like a calm, depress their fell intentions,  
 They are so deadly sure, Nature would suffer.  
 And whose are all these glories? why, their  
 prince's,  
 Their country's, and their friends! Alas, of  
 all these, [ings,  
 And all the happy ends they bring, the bless-  
 They only share the labours: A little joy then,  
 And outside of a welcome, at an upshot,

Would not have done amiss, Sir; but, how-  
 soever,  
 Between me and my duty no crack, Sir,  
 Shall dare appear: I hope, by my example,  
 No discontent in them.—Without doubt, gen-  
 tlemen,  
 The duke will both look suddenly and truly  
 On your deserts.—Methinks, 'twere good they  
 were paid, Sir. [money;  
*Bor.* They shall be immediately; I stay for  
 And any favour else—  
*Archas.* We are all bound to you;  
 And so I take my leave, Sir. When the  
 duke pleases  
 To make me worthy of his eyes—  
*Bor.* Which will be suddenly;  
 I know his good thoughts to you.  
*Archas.* With all duty,  
 And all humility, I shall attend, Sir.  
*Bor.* Once more, you're welcome home.  
 These shall be satisfied.  
*Theod.* Be sure we be; and handsomely—  
*Archas.* Wait you on me, Sir.  
*Theod.* And honestly: No juggling!  
*Archus.* Will you come, Sir? [Exit.  
*Bor.* Pray do not doubt.  
*Theod.* We are no boys! [Exit.

*Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with money.*

*Bor.* Well, Sir?  
*Gent.* Here's money from the duke, an't  
 please your lordship.  
*Bor.* 'Tis well.  
*Gent.* How sour the soldiers look!  
*Bor.* Is't told? [pay,  
*Gent.* Yes; and for ev'ry company a double  
 And the duke's love to all.  
*Anc.* That's worth a ducat. [then.  
*Bor.* You that be officers, see it discharg'd  
 Why don't you take it up?  
*Anc.* 'Tis too heavy:  
 'Body o'me, I have strain'd mine arm.  
*Bor.* Do you scorn it?  
*Anc.* Has your lordship any dice about you?  
 Sit round, gentlemen,  
 And come on seven for my share.  
*Put.* Do you think, Sir, [draw us  
 This is the end we fight for? can this dirt  
 To such a stupid tameness, that our service,  
 Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,  
 With a few honourable words, and this, is  
 righted? [Sir,  
 Have not we eyes and ears, to hear and see,  
 And minds to understand, the slights we carry?  
 I come home old, and full of hurts; men look  
 on me [me;  
 As if I had got 'em from a whore, and shun  
 I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am an-  
 swer'd, [day.  
 'Alas, 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sun-  
 These are the sores we're sick of, the mind's  
 maladies, [us nobly,  
 And can this cure 'em? You should have us'd  
 And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us

There is no sending, man; they will not take it,  
[for't ere't be long.  
They're yet too full of pillage; they'll dance  
Come, bring it after.

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* How now? refus'd their money?  
*Bor.* Very bravely;  
And stand upon such terms, 'tis terrible.  
*Duke.* Where's Arehas?  
*Bor.* He's retir'd, Sir, to his house,  
According to your pleasure, full of duty  
To outward show; but what within—  
*Duke.* Refuse it? [venues  
*Bor.* Most confidently: 'Tis not your re-  
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found  
a general [eat, Sir,  
That knows no ebb of bounty; there they  
And loath your invitations.  
*Duke.* 'Tis not possible;  
He's poor as they.  
*Bor.* You'll find it otherwise.  
Pray make your journey thither presently,  
And, as you go, I'll open you a wonder.  
Good Sir, this morning.

*Duke.* Follow me; I'll do it. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, Petesca,  
and Gentlewoman.*

*Olympia.* But do you think my brother  
loves her?  
*Burris.* Certain, madam; [wonder;  
He speaks much of her, and sometimes with  
Oft wishes she were nobler born.  
*Olym.* Do you think him honest?  
*Burris.* Your Grace is nearer to his heart  
than I am;  
Upon my life, I hold him so.  
*Olym.* 'Tis a poor wench,  
I would not have her wrong'd: Methinks  
my brother—  
But I must not give rules to his affections;  
Yet, if he weigh her worth—  
*Burris.* You need not fear,  
Madam.  
*Olym.* I hope I shall not. Lord Burris,  
I love her well; I know not, there is some-  
thing  
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her.  
I do not like that ring from him to her,  
I mean to women of her way; such tokens  
Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:  
I would not have it so.  
*Burris.* You will not find it;  
Upon my troth, I think his most ambition  
Is but to let the world know, h' has a hand-  
some mistress. [him?  
Will your Grace command me any service to  
*Olym.* Remember all my duty.

*Burris.* Blessings crown you!  
What's your will, lady?  
*Alin.* Any thing that's honest;  
And, if you think it fit, so poor a service,  
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,  
I do beseech your lordship speak it humbly.  
*Burris.* Fair one, I will; in the best phrase  
I have too:  
And so I kiss your hand. [Exit.  
*Alin.* Your lordship's servant.  
*Olym.* Come hither, wench. What art  
thou doing with that ring?  
*Alin.* I'm looking on the posy, madam.  
*Olym.* What is't?  
*Alin.* 'The jewel's set within.'<sup>11</sup>  
*Olym.* But where the joy, wench,  
When that invisible jewel's lost? Why dost  
thou smile so?  
What unhappy meaning hast thou?  
*Alin.* Nothing, madam; [rings have,  
But only thinking what strange spells these  
And how they work with some.  
*Pet.* I fear with you too.  
*Alin.* This could not cost above a crown.  
*Pet.* 'Twill cost you [ing.  
The shaving of your crown, if not the wash-  
*Olym.* But he that sent it, makes the virtue  
greater.  
*Alin.* Ay, and the vice too, madam. Good-  
ness bless me,  
How fit 'tis for my finger!  
*Gent.* No doubt you'll find too,  
A finger fit for you.  
*Alin.* Sirrah, Petesca,  
What wilt thou give me for the good that  
follows this? [vided.  
But thou hast rings enough; thou art pro-  
Heigh ho! what must I do now?  
*Pet.* You'll be taught that,  
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I war-  
rant you.  
*Alin.* Ah me, ah me!  
*Pet.* You will divide too, shortly;  
Your voice comes finely forward.  
*Olym.* Come hither, wanton;  
Thou art not surely as thou say'st.  
*Alin.* I would not: [lady;  
But sure there is a witchcraft in this ring,  
Lord, how my heart leaps!  
*Pet.* 'Twill go pit-a-pat shortly.  
*Alin.* And now methinks a thousand of  
the duke's shapes—  
*Gent.* Will no less serve you?  
*Alin.* In ten thousand smiles—  
*Olym.* Heav'n bless the wench!  
*Alin.* With eyes that will not be denied to  
enter; [me:  
And such soft sweet embraces—Take it from  
I am undone else, madam, I am lost else.  
*Olym.* What ails the girl?  
*Alin.* How suddenly I'm alter'd,  
And grown myself again! Do not you feel it?

<sup>11</sup> *The jewel's set within.*] This is the posy of the ring, being a compliment to the wearer.  
Seward.

The lustre of the court, than thus live dark-  
en'd. [to me]

I'd see your house, lord Archas; it appears  
A handsome pile.

Archas. 'Tis neat, but no great structure;  
I'll be your grace's guide. Give me the keys  
there. [with the gallery,

Duke. Lead on, we'll follow you: Begin  
I think that's one.

Archas. 'Tis so, an't please you, Sir;

The rest above are lodgings all.

Duke. Go on, Sir. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, and Ancient.

Putskie. The duke gone thither, do you say?

Theod. Yes, marry do I;

And all the ducklings too: But what they'll  
do there—

Putskie. I hope they'll crown his service.

Theod. With a eustard! <sup>21</sup> [his service?

This is no weather for rewards. They crown  
Rather they go to shave his crown. I was  
rated out of doors,

As if I'd been a dog had worried sheep,

For making but a doubt.

Putskie. They must now grace him.

Theod. Mark but the end.

Anc. I'm sure they should reward him;

They can't want him. [thing]

Theod. They that want honesty, want any

Putskie. The duke's so noble in his own  
thoughts—

Theod. That I grant you, [certain,

If those might only sway him: But 'tis most  
So many new-born flies, his light gave life to,  
Buz in his beams, flesh-flies, and butterflies,  
Hornets, and humming scarabs, that not one  
honey-bee, [home

That's loaden with true labour, and brings  
Erease and credit, can 'scape risting;

And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to  
bitterness. [talk

Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and  
Our mind to 'ein?

Putskie. That we have done too much,

And to no purpose.

Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?

I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing  
Some brave thing for him; a worse end will  
take me, [him?

And for an action of no worth. Not honour  
Upon my conscience, ev'n the devil, the very  
devil,

(Not to belie him) thinks him an honest man;  
I am sure h' has sent him souls <sup>22</sup> any time  
these twenty years,

Able to furnish all his fish-markets.

Theod. Leave thy talking; [him:  
And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to  
We shall hear more ere supper time. If he

be honour'd, [for't:

He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight  
If he be ruin'd, so; we know the worst then,  
And, for myself, I'll meet it.

Putskie. I ne'er fear it. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskie, Burris,  
Gentlemen and Attendants.

Duke. They're handsome rooms all, well  
contriv'd and fitted,

Full of convenience; the prospect's excellent.

Archas. Now will your Grace pass down,  
and do me but the honour

To taste a country banquet?

Duke. What room's that?

I would see all now; what conveyance has it?  
I see you've kept the best part yet; pray open  
it. [no receipt, Sir:

Archas. Ha! I misdoubted this.—'Tis of  
For your eyes most unfit.

Duke. I long to see it,

Because I'd judge of the whole piece: Some  
excellent painting, [me

Or some rare spoils, you'd keep to entertain  
Another time, I know.

Archas. In troth there is not, [have  
Nor any thing worth your sight. Below I  
Some fountains, and some ponds.

Duke. I would see this now.

Archas. Boroskie, thou'rt a knave!—It  
contains nothing [cessaries:

But rubbish from the other rooms, and unne-  
Will't please you see a strange clock?

Duke. This, or nothing.

Why should you bar it up thus with defences  
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something  
More excellent, and curious of keeping?  
Open't, for I will see it.

Archas. The keys are lost, Sir.

Does your Grace think, if it were fit for you,  
I could be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it;

And either shew it—

Archas. Good Sir—

Duke. Thank you, Archas;

You shew your love abundantly.

Do I use to entreat thus? Force it open.

Burris. That were inhospitable; you're his  
guest, Sir,

And 'tis <sup>23</sup> his greatest joy to entertain you.

Duke. Hold thy peace, fool! Will you open

Archas. Sir, I cannot. [it]

I must not, if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

<sup>21</sup> [With a eustard.] So the former editions, instead of costard. To crown a man with a  
costard, is to break his head: Costard in this phrase meaning a crab-tree stick. Seward.

The old reading is droll; and Mr. Seward's humour (if there is any) obscure.

<sup>22</sup> Souls to furnish his fish-markets.] A poor pun upon souls.

<sup>23</sup> And with his greatest joy.] Former editions, corrected by Mr. Symonds. Seward.



*Archas.* I must withstand that force. Be not too rash, gentlemen!

*Duke.* Unarm him first; then, if he be not obstinate, Preserve his life.

*Archas.* I thank your grace; I take it: And now take you the keys; go in, and see, Sir; [that traitor,

There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank That thing that sells his faith for favour!

[*Exit Duke.*]

*Burris.* Sir, what moves you?

*Archas.* I have kept mine pure. Lord Burris, there's a Judas, That for a smile will sell ye all. A gentleman? [it;

The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd A whore's heart more belief in't!

*Enter Duke.*

*Duke.* What's all this, Archas? I cannot blame you to conceal it so, This most inestimable treasure.

*Archas.* Yours, Sir. [slights me.

*Duke.* Nor do I wonder now the soldier

*Archas.* Be not deceiv'd; h' has had no favour here, Sir,

Nor had you known this now, but for that pick-thank,

That lost man in his faith! he has reveal'd it; To suck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.

I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too! Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord!—I'll tell you all, Sir: [temper

Your sire, before his death, knowing your

To be as bounteous as the air, and open,

As flowing as the sea to all that follow'd you,

Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily, [tions,

Like a great husband, to preserve your ac-

Collected all this treasure; to our trusts,

To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd lord's there, [this;

He gave the knowledge and the charge of all

Upon his death-bed too; and on the sacrament

He swore us thus, never to let this treasure

Part from our secret keepings, 'till no hope

Of subject could relieve you, all your own wasted, [you,

No help of those that lov'd you could supply

And then some great exploit afoot: My honesty [ful,

I would have kept 'till I had made this use-

(I shew'd it, and I stood it to the tempest)

And useful to the end 'twas left: I'm cozen'd,

And so are you too, if you spend this vainly.

This worm that crept into you has abus'd you,

Abus'd your father's care, abus'd his faith too;

Nor can this mass of money make him man more! [nasty!

A flay'd dog has more soul, an ape more ho-

All mine you have amongst it; farewell that!

I cannot part with't nobler; my heart's clear,

My conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't. But, oh, thy hell!

*Bor.* I seek no Heav'n from you, Sir.

*Archas.* Thy gnawing hell, Boroskie! it will find thee.

Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,

Has ruin'd your estate? give him this money, Mel it into his mouth.

*Duke.* What little trunk's that?

That there o' th' top, that's lock'd?

*Bor.* You'll find it rich, Sir;

Richer, I think, than all.

*Archas.* You were not covetous,

Nor wont to weave your thoughts with such a coarseness;

Pray rack not honesty!

*Bor.* Be sure you see it.

*Duke.* Bring out the trunk.

*Enter Attendant, with a trunk.*

*Archas.* You'll find that treasure too;

All I have left me now.

*Duke.* What's this? a poor gown?

And this a piece of Seneca?

*Archas.* Yes, sure, Sir,

More worth than all your gold (yet you've enough on't)

And of a mine far purer, and more precious;

This sells no friends, nor searches into counsels, [Sir;

And yet all counsel, and all friends live here,

Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's trusty.

Will't please you leave me this?

*Duke.* With all my heart, Sir.

*Archas.* What says your lordship to't?

*Bor.* I dare not rob you.

*Archas.* Poor miserable men, you've robb'd yourselves both!

This gown, and this unvalu'd treasure, your brave father [gress;

Found me a child at school with, in his pro-

Where such a love he took to some few answers

(Unhappy boyish toys, hit in my head then)

That suddenly I made him, thus as I was

(For here was all the wealth I brought his highness)

He carried me to court, there bred me up,

Bestow'd his favours on me, taught me arms first,

With those an honest mind: I serv'd him truly, [not;

And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd

Let the world speak. I humbly thank your highness; [age, Sir,

You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine

And to this a fair *quietus* given.

Now to my book again!

*Duke.* You have your wish, Sir.

Let some bring off the treasure.

*Bor.* Some is his, Sir.

*Archas.* None, none, my lord; a poor unworthy reaper,

The harvest is his grace's.

*Duke.* Thank you, Archas.

*Archas.* But will not you repent, lord?  
 When this is gone,  
 Where will your lordship—  
*Bor.* Pray take you no care, Sir.  
*Archas.* Does your Grace like my house?  
*Duke.* Wondrous well, Archas;  
 You've made me richly welcome.  
*Archas.* I did my best, Sir.  
 Is there any thing else may please your Grace?  
*Duke.* Your daughters  
 I had forgot; send them to court.

*Archas.* How's that, Sir?  
*Duke.* I said, your daughters! see it done:  
 I'll have 'em  
 Attend my sister, Archas.  
*Archas.* Thank your highness!  
*Duke.* And suddenly.  
[Exit with train.  
*Archas.* Thro' all the ways I dare,  
 I'll serve your temper, tho' you try me far.  
[Exit.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient,  
 and Servant.*

*Theod.* I WONDER we hear no news.  
*Puts.* Here's your father's servant;  
 He comes in haste too; now we shall know  
 all, Sir.  
*Theod.* How now? [father  
*Serv.* I'm glad I've met you, Sir; your  
 Entreats you presently make haste unto him.  
*Theod.* What news?  
*Serv.* None of the best, Sir; I'm asham'd  
 to tell it;  
 Pray ask no more.  
*Theod.* Did not I tell ye, gentlemen?  
 Did not I prophecy?—He's undone then?  
*Serv.* Not so, Sir; but as near it—  
*Puts.* There's no help now;  
 The army's scatter'd all, thro' discontent,  
 Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.  
*Anc.* Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd  
 your seasons?  
 We shall watch you ere long.  
*Theod.* Farewell! there's no cure; [do.  
 We must endure all now. I know what I'll  
[Exit Theodore and Servant.  
*Puts.* Nay, there's no striving; they've a  
 hand upon us,  
 A heavy and a hard one.  
*Anc.* Now I have it;  
 We've yet some gentlemen, some boys of  
 mettle,  
 (What, are we bobb'd thus still, colted, and  
 carted?) [vipers!]  
 And one mad trick we'll have to shame these  
 Shall I bless 'em?  
*Puts.* Farewell! I have thought my way  
 too. [Exit.  
*Anc.* Were never such rare cries in Christ-  
 endom,  
 As Moscow shall afford! We'll live by fooling,  
 Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and  
 feel it. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.*

*Archas.* No more; it must be so. D'ye  
 think I'd send ye,  
 Your father, and your friend—  
*Viola.* Pray, Sir, be good to us!  
 Alas, we know no court, nor seek that know-  
 ledge;  
 We are content, like harmless things at home,  
 Children of your content, bred up in quiet,  
 Only to know ourselves, to seek a wisdom  
 From that we understand, easy and honest;  
 To make our actions worthy of your honour,  
 Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.  
 What shall we look for, Sir, what shall we  
 learn there, [us?]  
 That this more private sweetness cannot teach  
 Virtue was never built upon ambition,  
 Nor the souls' beauties bred out of bravery:  
 What a terrible father would you seem to us,  
 Now you have maul'd us, and wrought our  
 tempers  
 To easy and obedient ways, uncrook'd,  
 Where the fair mind can never lose nor loiter,  
 Now to divert our natures, now to stem us  
 Roughly against the tide of all this treasure?  
 Would y' have us proud ('tis sooner bred than  
 buried) [court, Sir.  
 Wickedly proud? for such things dwell at  
*Hon.* Would y' have your children learn  
 to forget their father,  
 And, when he dies, dance on his monument?  
 Shall we seek virtue in a satin gown,  
 Embroider'd virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd  
 feather? [sleeves?]  
 And set our credits to the tune of Green-  
 This may be done; and, if you like, it shall  
 be. [younger,  
 You should have sent us thither when we were  
 Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our inno-  
 cence  
 Able to make a mart indeed: We're now  
 too old, Sir;

Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and  
 slight us;  
 Besides, we're altogether unprovided,  
 Unfurnish'd utterly o' th' rules should guide us:  
 This lord comes, licks his hand, and protests  
 to me;  
 Compares my beauty to a thousand fine things,  
 Mountains, and fountains, trees, and stars,  
 and goblins;<sup>24</sup>  
 Now have not I the fashion to believe him;  
 He offers me the honourable courtesy [this?  
 To lie with me all night; what a misery is  
 I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not;  
 And how madly these things will shew there!  
*Archas.* I send ye not,  
 Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;  
 Like spiders, to grow great with growing evil:  
 With your own virtues season'd, and my  
 pray'rs, [shews ye  
 The card of goodness in your minds, that  
 When ye sail false; the needle touch'd with  
 honour, [happiness;  
 That thro' the blackest storms still points at  
 Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with  
 goodness, [you,  
 Your heav'nly souls the pilots; thus I send  
 Thus I prepare your voyage, sound before you,  
 And ever, as you sail thro' this world's vanity,  
 Discover shoals, rocks, quicksands, cry out to  
 you,  
 Like a good master, 'Tack about for honour!  
 The court is virtue's school, at least it should  
 be;  
 Nearer the sun the mine lies, the metal's purer.  
 Be it granted, if the spring be once infected,  
 Those branches that run from him must run  
 muddy: [small ones,  
 Say you find some sins there, and those no  
 And they like lazy fits begin to shake ye;  
 Say they affect your strengths, my happy chil-  
 dren, [still,  
 Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd  
 And then they shine, then goodness has his  
 glory, [under,  
 His crown fast rivetted, then time moves  
 Where, thro' the mist of errors,<sup>25</sup> like the sun,

Thro' thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out  
 nobly.  
*Hon.* I thank you, Sir, you have made me  
 half a soldier;  
 I will to court most willingly, most fondly.  
 And, if there be such stirring things amongst  
 'em,  
 Such travellers into Virginia  
 As fame reports, if they can win me, take me.  
 I think I have a close ward, and a sure one,  
 An honest mind; I hope 'tis peticcoat-proof,  
 Chain-proof, and jewel-proof; I know 'tis  
 gold-proof, [it.  
 A coach and four horses cannot draw me from  
 As for your handsome faces and fil'd tongues,  
 Cur'd millers' heads, I have another ward for  
 them.<sup>26</sup>  
 And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,  
 And lie, but not as lewdly. Come; be va-  
 liant, sister!  
 She that dares not stand the push o' th' court,  
 dares nothing,  
 And yet come off ungraz'd:<sup>27</sup> Like you, we  
 both, Sir, [see  
 Affect great dangers now, and th' world shall  
 All glory lies not in man's victory.  
*Archas.* Mine own Honors!  
*Viola.* I am very fearful: [honest?  
 'Would I were stronger built! You'd have me  
*Archas.* Or not at all, my Viola.  
*Viola.* I'll think on't;  
 For 'tis no easy promise, and live there.  
 D'you think we shall do well?  
*Hon.* Why, what should ail us?  
*Viola.* Certain, they'll tempt us strongly.  
 Beside the glory [gentlemen;  
 Which women may affect, they're handsome  
 Every part speaks: Nor is it one denial,  
 Nor two, nor ten; from ev'ry look we give  
 'em [promises.  
 They'll frame a hope; ev'n from our pray'rs  
*Hon.* Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is  
 no fear, wench,  
 If thou be'st fast to thyself.  
*Viola.* I hope I shall be;  
 And your example will work more.

<sup>24</sup> *Trees, and stars, and goblins.*] Mr. Symphon thinks *goblins* so odd a thing for a courtier to compare a lady's beauty to, and so unfit to be joined to *fountains, stars* and the rest, that he would strike it out as corrupt, and read *godlins* or *little gods*. The conjecture is ingenious, if any instance could be produced of our Poets or any of their contemporaries using the word *godlins*, or if there was any necessity of a change. *Goblins* is sometimes used for *fairies*, and may not improperly stand for such *angels* as the lewd courtier often compares his mistress to: But it more often stands for bugbears, or frightful apparitions, which courtiers often make their mistresses like, when they talk of the *flames, darts*, and killing qualities of their eyes. Whatever the Poet's design was, it was certainly to convey a ludicrous idea. *Seward.*

<sup>25</sup> *Where, through the midst of errors.*] The Editors of 1750 make a great merit of altering *midst* to *mist*; when no edition but that of 1711, reads *midst*; the others concurring in the right word, *mist*.

<sup>26</sup> *I have another word for them.*] Former editions. Mr. Symphon and I concurred in the emendation. *Seward.*

<sup>27</sup> *And yet come off ungrazed.*] First folio. Second, *ungraced*. In 1756, Mr. Seward (without, as it appears, having consulted the oldest book) altered the word to *unraz'd*; i. e. *un-cut, unscratch'd*. He conjectured (and rightly, as we think) that *ungraced* might be a corruption of *ungrazed*, but preferred *unrazed*.

*Enter Theodore.*

*Hon.* Thou shalt not want it.

*Theod.* How do you, Sir? Can you lend a man an angel?

I hear you let out money.

*Archas.* Very well, Sir;

You're pleasantly dispos'd. I'm glad to see it. Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?

*Theod.* Is't come to patience now?

*Archas.* Is't not a virtue?

*Theod.* I know not; I ne'er found it so.

*Archas.* That's because

Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.

*Theod.* I know you have been rifled.

*Archas.* Nothing less, boy?

Lord, what opinions these vain people publish! Rifled of what?

*Theod.* Study your virtue, patience;

It may get mustard to your meat. Why in such haste, Sir,

Sent you for me?

*Archas.* For this end only, Theodore,

To wait upon your sisters to the court;

I am commanded they live there.

*Theod.* To th' court, Sir?

*Archas.* To th' court, I say.

*Theod.* And must I wait upon 'em?

*Archas.* Yes, 'tis most fit you should; you are their brother.

*Theod.* Is this the business? I had thought your mind, Sir,

Had been set forward on some noble action, Something had truly stirr'd you. To th' court with these?

Why, they're your daughters, Sir.

*Archas.* All this I know, Sir. [threw.]

*Theod.* 'The good old woman on a bed he To th' court? [Singing.]

*Archas.* Thou art not mad?

*Theod.* Nor drunk, as you are; [duty?

Drunk with your duty, Sir: Do you call it A pux of duty! What can these do there?

What should they do? Can ye look babies, sisters, [band-strings?

In the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their Can ye ride out to air yourselves? Pray, Sir,

Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?

*Archas.* Why, didst thou never hear of wo- At court, boy? [men yet

*Theod.* Ycs, and good women too, very good women,

Excellent honest women: But are you sure, That these will prove so? [Sir,

*Hon.* There's the danger, brother.

*Theod.* God-a-mercy, wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

*Archas.* Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say;

Do it, and do it handsomely; go with 'em.

*Theod.* With all my heart, Sir; I am in no fault now, [company.

If they be thought whores for being in my Pray write upon their backs, they are my

And where I shall deliver 'em. [sisters,

*Archas.* You're wondrous jocund; But prithee tell me, art thou so lewd a fellow?

I never knew thee fail a truth.

*Theod.* I am a soldier; And spell you what that means.

*Archas.* A soldier? What dost thou make of me?

*Theod.* Your palate's down, Sir.

*Archas.* I thank you, Sir.

*Theod.* Come, shall we to this matter? You will to court?

*Hon.* If you will please to honour us.

*Theod.* I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll set ye off [Viola,

With such a lustre, wenches! Alas, poor Thou art a fool, thou criest for eating white bread:

Be a good huswife of thy tears, and save 'em; Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em.

Sister,

Do you weep too? Nay, then I fool no more. Come, worthy sisters, since it must be so,

And since he thinks it fit to try your virtues, Be you as strong to truth, as I to guard ye,

And this old gentleman shall have joy of ye. [Exeunt.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Duke and Burris.*

*Duke.* Burris, take you ten thousand of those crowns, [richest;

And those two chains of pearl they hold the I give 'em you.

*Bur.* I humbly thank your Grace; And may your great example work in me

That noble charity to men more worthy, And of more wants!

*Duke.* You bear a good mind, Burris; Take twenty thousand now. Be not so modest; [for't.

It shall be so, I give 'em: Go, there's my ring

*Bur.* Heav'n bless your highness ever! [Exit.

*Duke.* You are honest.

*Enter Alinda and Putskie, at the door.*

*Put.* They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue: <sup>24</sup>

<sup>24</sup> Put. They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue:

Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it! Putskie is directing Alinda to make use of the influence her beauty has gained over the duke in favour of Archas, and she tells him she is sufficiently instructed. But how is this an answer to what Putskie is made to say in the former editions? or what has the two ladies' introduction to court to do with the scheme that Putskie has plann'd?

Two brighter stars ne'er rose here.

*Alin.* Peace, I have it,  
And what my art can do—The duke!  
*Putz.* I'm gone; remember. [Exit.]

*Alin.* I'm counsell'd to the full, Sir.  
*Duke.* My pretty mistress, whither lies  
your business? [now?]

How kindly I should take this, were't to me  
*Alin.* I must confess, immediately to your  
Grace,

At this time. [you;  
*Duke.* You have no address, I do believe  
I would you had.

*Alin.* 'Twere too much boldness, Sir,  
Upon so little knowledge, less deserving.  
*Duke.* You'll make a perfect courtier.

*Alin.* A very poor one. [ther to me.  
*Duke.* A very fair one, sweet. Come hi-  
What killing eyes this wench has! In his  
glory,

Not the bright sun, when the Sirian star reigns,  
Shines half so fiery.

*Alin.* Why does your Grace so view me?  
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells  
here, Sir;

Scarce that: Your Grace is pleas'd to mock  
my meanness. [thee;  
*Duke.* Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto  
In my eye thou appear'st—

*Alin.* Dim not the sight, Sir;  
I am too dull an object.

*Duke.* Canst thou love me?  
Canst thou love him will honour thee?

*Alin.* I can love, [well;  
And love as you do too: But 'twill not shew  
Or, if it do shew here, where all light lustres,  
Tinsel affections, make a glorious glist'ring,  
'Twill halt i'th' handsome way.

*Duke.* Are you so cunning?  
Dost think I love not truly?

*Alin.* No, you cannot; [don me,  
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray par-  
I prate so boldly to you.

*Duke.* There's no harm done:  
But what's your reason, sweet?

*Alin.* I'd tell your Grace,  
But happily—

*Duke.* It shall be pleasing to me.  
*Alin.* I should love you again, and then  
you would hate me.

With all my service I should follow you,  
And thro' all dangers.  
*Duke.* This would more provoke me,  
More make me see thy worths, more make  
me meet 'em. [and truly:

*Alin.* You should do so, if you did well

But, tho' you be a prince, and have pow'r in  
you, [falter'd.  
Pow'r of example too, you have fail'd and  
*Duke.* Give me example where?

*Alin.* You had a mistress, [lovely,  
Oh, Heav'n, so bright, so brave a dame, so  
In all her life so true—

*Duke.* A mistress? [that care,  
*Alin.* That serv'd you with that constancy,  
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too.

*Duke.* What mistress?  
*Alin.* That nurs'd your honour up, held  
fast your virtue, [goodness.

And when she kiss'd encreas'd, not stole your  
*Duke.* And I neglected her?

*Alin.* Lost her, forsook her,  
Wantonly flung her off.

*Duke.* What was her name? [noble,  
*Alin.* Her name as lovely as herself, as  
And in it all that's excellent.

*Duke.* What was it?  
*Alin.* Her name was Beau-desert: D'you  
know her now, Sir?

*Duke.* Beau-desert? I don't remember—  
*Alin.* I know you do not; [vice!  
Yet sh' has a plainer name; lord Archas' ser-  
D'you yet remember her? There was a mis-  
tress [Sir,

Fairer than woman, and far fonder to you,  
Than mothers to their first-born joys. Can  
you love?

Dare you profess that truth to me, a stranger,  
A thing of no regard, no name, no lustre,  
When your most noble love you have neg-  
lected, [nour?

A beauty all the world would wooe and ho-  
Would you have me credit this? think you  
can love me, [story?

And hold you constant, when I've read this  
Is't possible you should ever favour me, [too,  
To a slight pleasure prove a friend, and fast  
When, where you were most tied, most bound  
to benefit,

Bound by the ehains of honesty and honour,  
You've broke, and boldly too? I am a weak  
one, [grace

Arm'd only with my fears: I beseech your  
Temp't me no further.

*Duke.* Who taught you this lesson?  
*Alin.* Woeful experience, Sir. If you seek  
a fair one, [fect,

Worthy your love, if yet you have that per-  
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now  
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, Sir:

But this will be the plague on't, they're ex-  
cellent honest.

It is to me evidently a soliloquy of the duke's, whose thoughts are all bent on his pleasures. And it is very artful in our Poets to make him in the very height of his wickedness acknowledge the beauty of virtue. For *lust* is fired by the opposition of *virtue*, as much as by the attractions of *beauty*. Seward.

There is something ingenious and plausible in this note; but we do not think it will warrant the arbitrary change in the text. If the duke had been speaking of the women, either with desire or remorse, he would most probably have said *more* on the subject. The sequel, however, proves the old books right.

*Enter Olympia and Petesca privately.*

*Duke.* I love thy face.

*Alin.* Upon my life you cannot:

I do not love it myself, Sir; 'tis a lewd one,<sup>10</sup>  
So truly ill art cannot mend it. God, if 'twere  
handsome,<sup>10</sup> (talk, Sir,

At least if I thought so, you should hear me  
In a new strain; and, tho' you are a prince,  
Make you petition to me too, and wait my  
answers;

Yet, o' my conscience, I should pity yon,  
After some ten years' siege.

*Duke.* Prithee do now.

*Alin.* What would you do?

*Duke.* Why, I would lie with you.

*Alin.* I do not think you would.

*Duke.* In troth I would, wench.  
Here, take this jewel.

*Alin.* Out upon't! that's scurvy:  
Nay, if we do, surely we'll do for good fel-  
lowship.

For pure love, or nothing: Thus you shall  
be sure, Sir,

You shall not pay too dear for't.

*Duke.* Sure I cannot.

*Alin.* By'r lady, but you may. When you  
have found me able

To do your work well, you may pay my wages.

*Pet.* Why does your Grace start back?

*Olym.* I h' seen that shakes me,  
Chills all my blood! Oh, where is faith or  
goodness? [one,

Alinda, thou art false; false, false, thou fair  
Wickedly false!<sup>11</sup> and, woe is me, I see it!

For ever false! [Exit.

*Pet.* I'm glad 't has ta'en thus right. [Exit.

*Alin.* I'll go ask my lady, Sir.

*Duke.* What?

*Alin.* Whether I [ling—

Shall lie with you, or no: If I find her wit-  
For, look you, Sir, I've sworn, while I am  
in her service

(Twas a rash oath, I must profess)—

*Duke.* Thou mock'st me.

*Alin.* Why, would you lie with me, if I were  
Would you abuse my weakness? [willing?

*Duke.* I would piece it,  
And make it stronger.

*Alin.* I humbly thank your highness!

When you piece me, you must piece me to  
my coffin.

When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,  
'Tis not an inch of ape's tail will restore it:

I love you, and I honour you; but this way  
I'll neither love nor serve you. Heaven

change your mind, Sir! [Exit.

*Duke.* And thine too; for it must be chang'd,  
it shall be. [Exit,

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola,  
and Honora.*

*Bor.* They're goodly gentlewomen.

*Burris.* They are,

Wondrous sweet women both.

*Theod.* Does your lordship like 'em?

They are my sisters, Sir; good lusty lasses:  
They'll do their labour well, I warrant you;  
You'll find no bed-straw here, Sir. \*

*Hon.* Thank you, brother.

*Theod.* This is not so strongly built; but  
she's good mettle, [Sir.  
Of a good stirring strain too; she goes tilth,<sup>12</sup>

(Enter two Gentlemen.)

Here they be, gentlemen, must make ye  
merry, [plexions?

The toys ye wot of. D'ye like their com-  
They be no Moors: What think ye of this

hand, gentlemen?

Here's a white altar for your sacrifice:

A thousand kisses here—Nay, keep off yet,  
gentlemen;

Let's start first, and have fair play. What  
would ye give now

To turn the globe up, and find the rich Mo-  
luccas?

<sup>10</sup> I do not love it myself, Sir, 'tis a lewd one.] Mr. Seward, objecting to the word *lewd*, reads *foul*; but *foul* is too far from the trace of the letters to be adopted. *Lewd*, in the old writers, is not confined to the sense of *lustful*. In the last scene of this very play, Archaus says, *I ne'er gave life to lewd and headstrong rebels*.

<sup>11</sup> Art cannot mend it; 'sod, if 'twere handsome.] So the first folio; the other editions, *but if 'twere handsome*. As we do not believe such tame language could come from our Poets, we have rejected it. The expression we have inserted, at the same time that it is near the first copy, is very common in old plays, and agrees perfectly with the context.

<sup>12</sup> Wickedness false.] Mr. Symson and I concurr'd in restoring the adverb here, not only as the natural expression, but as it is our Author's own: In the beginning of this act, scene ii. Viola says,

————— *Would ye have us proud,  
Wickedly proud?*

*Seward.*

Admirable ingenuity! incomparable fidelity! The book of most authority (*i. e.* the first folio) reads *wickedly*.

<sup>13</sup> *Tith.*] We believe there is no such word; very probably the genuine one is *tilth*, which occurs in Shakespeare and Milton. It is a word of husbandry, signifying *plowed ground*. In the same stile, Theodore says of the other sister, *You will find no bed straw here, Sir*.

To pass the Straits? Here, (do ye itch?) by  
St. Nicholas;<sup>33</sup>

Here's that will make you scratch and claw;  
Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers  
sorts:

Pray ye let me request ye, to forget [tiers;  
To say your pray'rs, whilst these are cour-  
Or, if ye needs will think of Heav'n, let it be  
Than their eyes. [no higher

*Bor.* How will you have 'em bestow'd, Sir?

*Theod.* Ev'n how your lordship please, so  
you don't bake 'em.

*Bor.* Bake 'em?

*Theod.* They are too high a meat that way,  
they run to jelly. [my counsel;  
But if you'll ha' 'em for your own diet, take  
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.

*Barris.* Please you, colonel,  
To let them wait upon the princess?

*Theod.* Yes, Sir, [pily,  
And thank your honour too: But then, hap-  
These noble gentlemen shall have no access  
to 'em; [faces,

And to have 'em buy new cloaths, study new  
And keep a stinking stir wi' themselves for  
nothing,

'Twill not be well, i' faith: They've kept  
their bodies,

And been at charge for baths. D'ye see that  
shirt there? [ous:

Weigh but the moral meaning; 'twill be griev-  
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these gentle-  
men; [wholesome,

I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em  
Wholesome and young, my lord; and two  
such blessings

They will not light upon again in ten years.

*Bor.* 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

*Theod.* They're fit for any thing: [ful]  
They'll wait upon a man (they are not bash-  
Carry his cloak, untie his points, or any thing,  
Drink drunk, and take tobacco; the fami-  
liar'st fools! [a trumpet,

This wench will leap o'er stools too, sound  
Wrestle, and pitch the bar; they're finely  
brought up.

*Bor.* Ladies, ye're bound t' your brother,  
and have much cause to thank him.

I'll ease you of this charge; and to the princess,  
So please you, I'll attend 'em.

*Theod.* Thank your lordship!

If there be e'er a private corner as you go, Sir,  
A foolish lobby out o' th' way, make danger,<sup>34</sup>  
Try what they are, try—

*Bor.* You're a merry gentleman. [man.

*Theod.* I would fain be your honour's kins-

*Bor.* You're too curst, Sir.<sup>35</sup>

*Theod.* Farewell, wenches! keep close your  
ports; you're wash'd else.

*Hon.* Brother, bestow your fears where  
they are needful.

[*Exeunt Bor. Hon. Viola.*

*Theod.* Honor thy name is, and I hope thy  
nature. [can.

Go after, gentlemen, go; get a snatch if ye  
Yond' old Erra Pater will never please 'em.  
Alas, I brought 'em for you; but see the luck  
on't:

I swear, I meant as honestly towards you—  
Nay, do not ery, good gentlemen! A little  
counsel [evenings,

Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i' th'  
You may surprize 'em easily; they wear no  
pistols.

Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,  
And get some good old linen-woman to de-  
liver it,

That has the triek on't; you can't fail. Fare-  
well, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Gent.*

*Barris.* You've frightened off these flesh-flies.

*Theod.* Flesh-flies indeed, my lord,

(*Enter Servant.*)

And't must be very stinking flesh they will  
not seize on. [casket.

*Serv.* Your lordship bid me bring this

*Barris.* Yes. Good colonel, [a pledge  
Commend me to your worthy father, and, as  
He ever holds my love and service to him,  
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token;  
And where I may be his—

*Theod.* You are too noble;  
A wonder here, my lord; that dare be honest,  
When all men hold it vicious. I shall de-  
liver it,

And with it your most noble love. Your  
servant. [*Exit Barris,*

Were there but two more such at court,  
'twere sainted.

This will buy brawn this Christmas yet, and  
muscadine. [*Exit.*

<sup>33</sup> By St. Nicholas.] *St. Nicholas* is the favourite saint of the Russians; they call him, *Scora Pomosnick*, or the Speedy Helper, and say, that he hath three hundred angels of the chiefest appointed by God to attend upon him. See Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, svo. 1591, p. 97. R.

<sup>34</sup> Make danger.] From the Latin phrase, *fac periculum*.

<sup>35</sup> You are curst, Sir.] *Curst*, in the old diction, signifies malicious, froward, shrewish, severe, ill natured, &c. So Shakespeare,

' ————— her only fault

' Is, that she is intolerably curst.' *Taming of the Shrew.*

Again in *Philaster*,

*Hadst a curst master when thou went'st to school?*

## SCENE V.

*Enter Ancient, crying Brooms! and after him severally, four Soldiers, crying other things. Boroskie and Gentlemen over the stage, observing them.*

## I. SONG.

*Anc.* Broom, broom, the bonny broom!  
Come, buy my birchen broom!  
I' th' wars we have no more room,  
Buy all my bonny broom!  
For a kiss take twain;  
If those will not do,  
For a little, little pleasure,  
Take all my whole treasure:  
If all these will not do't,  
Take the broom-man to boot.  
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

## II. SONG.

1 *Sold.* The wars are done and gone,  
And soldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.  
Come, maidens, come along,  
For I can shew you handsome, handsome ware;  
Powders for the head,  
And drinks for your bed,  
To make ye blithe and bonny;  
As well in the night  
We soldiers can fight,  
And please a young wench as any.  
2 *Sold.* I have fine potatoes,  
Ripe potatoes!

## III SONG.

3 *Sold.* Will ye buy any honesty? come away,  
I sell it openly by day;  
I bring no forc'd light, nor no candle  
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:  
This will shew the great man good,  
The tradesman where he swears and  
Each lady of a noble blood, [lies,  
The city dame to rule her eyes.  
Ye're rich men now: Come buy, and then  
I'll make ye richer, honest men.

## IV. SONG.

4 *Sold.* Have ye any crack'd maidenheads,  
to new leach or mend?  
Have ye any old maidenheads to sell or to change?  
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,  
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,  
Shall make 'em as good maids again,  
As ever they have been.

<sup>36</sup> ——— Potatoes.

*'Twill advance your wither'd state.]* All the old writers speak of potatoes as restoratives.  
See p. 209, of this Volume.

VOL. I.

*Bor.* What means all this? why d'ye sell brooms, Ancient?

Is it in wantonness, or want?

*Anc.* The only reason is,  
To sweep your lordship's conscience. Here's one for the nonce. [matter—

Gape, Sir; you've swallow'd many a goodlier  
The only casting for a crazy conscience.

3 *Sold.* Will your lordship buy any honesty? 'twill be worth your money.

*Bor.* How is this? [quill.

3 *Sold.* Honesty, my lord; 'tis here in a  
*Anc.* Take heed you open it not, for 'tis so subtle, [kingdom.

The least puff of wind will blow it out o' th'  
2 *Sold.* Will your lordship please to taste a fine potatoe? <sup>36</sup>

'Twill advance your wither'd state.

*Anc.* Fill your honour full of most noble itches, [hreeches.

And make Jack dance in your lordship's

1 *Sold.* If your daughters on their beds,  
Have bow'd, or crack'd their maiden-heads:

If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,  
They chance to cry, fy, fo, what fun-bling!

If her foot slip, and down fall she,  
And break her leg above the knee;  
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,

And they shall be arrant maids again.

*Bor.* Ye are brave soldiers; keep your wantonness! [ness.

A winter will come on to shake this wilful-Disport yourselves; and, when you want your money— [Exit.

*Anc.* Broom, broom, &c.

[*Exeunt singing.*

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Alinda, Honora, and Viola.*

*Alin.* You must not be so fearful, little one; [courtiers,

Nor, lady, you so sad; you'll ne'er make  
With these dull sullen thoughts; this place is pleasure,

Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;  
And those that live here, live delightful, joy-  
These are the gardens of Adonis, ladies; [ful:  
Where all sweets to their free and noble uses,  
Grow ever young and courted.

*Hon.* Bless me, Heav'n! [ments?  
Can things of her years arrive at these rudi-  
By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have you been here?

*Alin.* Faith, much about a week.

*Hon.* You've studied hard,



And, by my faith, arriv'd at a great knowledge.

*Viola.* Were not you bashful at first?

*Alin.* Ay, ay, for an hour or two;

But when I saw people laugh at me for it,  
And thought it a dull breeding—

*Hon.* You are govern'd here then  
Much after the men's opinions.

*Alin.* Ever, lady.

*Hon.* And what they think is honourable—

*Alin.* Most precisely

We follow, with all faith.

*Hon.* A goodly catechism!

*Viola.* But bashful for an hour or two?

*Alin.* Faith, to say true,

I do not think I was so long: For, look ye,  
'Tis to no end here; put on what shape ye will,  
And sour yourself with ne'er so much austere-  
rity, [too;

You shall be courted in the same, and won  
'Tis but some two hours more, and so much  
time lost,

Which we hold precious here. In so much  
time now

As I have told you this, you may lose a ser-  
vant

Your age, nor all your art, can e'er recover.

Catch me occasion as she comes, hold fast  
there,

'Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you!

Has the duke seen you yet?

*Hon.* What if he have not?

*Alin.* You do your beauties too much  
wrong, appearing

So full of sweetness, newness; set so richly,  
As if a counsel beyond nature fram'd ye.

*Hon.* If we were thus, say Heav'n had given  
these blessings,

Must we turn these to sin-oblations?

*Alin.* How foolishly this country way shews  
in ye! [pray, ladies?

How full of phlegm! D'ye come here to  
You'd best cry, 'Stand away; let me alone,  
'I'll tell my father else.' [gentlemen,

*Viola.* This woman's naught sure,

A very naughty woman.

*Hon.* Come, say on, friend;

I'll be instructed by you.

*Alin.* You'll thank me for't.

*Hon.* Either I or the devil shall — [Aside.]

—The duke you were speaking of.

*Alin.* 'Tis well remember'd: Yes, let him  
first see you;

Appear not openly till he has view'd you.

*Hon.* He's a very noble prince, they say.

*Alin.* Oh, wondrous gracious; [viewing.  
And, as you may deliver yourself, at the first  
For look ye, you must bear yourself; yet take  
heed

It be so season'd with a sweet humility,

And grac'd with such a bounty in your beau-  
ty—

*Hon.* But I hope he'll offer me no ill?

*Alin.* No, no:

'Tis like he'll kiss you, and play with you.

*Hon.* Play with me? how?

*Alin.* Why, good lord, that you are such a  
No harm, assure yourself. [fool now!

*Viola.* Will he play with me too?

*Alin.* Look babies in your eyes, my pretty  
sweet one: [ings yet?

There's a fine sport. Do you know your lodg-

*Hon.* I hear of none.

*Alin.* I do then; they are handsome,  
Convenient for access.

*Viola.* Access?

*Alin.* Yes, little one,

For visitation of those friends and servants,  
Your beauties shall make choice of. Friends  
and visits: [vice!

Do not you know those uses? Alas, poor no-  
There's a close couch or two, handsomely  
plac'd too.

*Viola.* What are those, I pray you?

*Alin.* Who would be troubled

With such raw things? They are to lie upon,  
And your love by you; and discourse, and toy

*Viola.* Alas, I have no love. [in.

*Alin.* You must, by any means:

You'll have a hundred, fear not.

*Viola.* Honestly keep me!

What shall I do with all those?

*Alin.* You'll find uses:

You are ignorant yet; let time work. You  
must learn too,

To lie handsomely in your bed a-mornings,  
neatly dress'd

In a most curious waistcoat,<sup>37</sup> to set you off  
well.

Play with your bracelets, sing; you must learn  
to rhyme too,

And riddle neatly; study the hardest language,  
And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,

So it go seemly off. Be sure you profit  
In kissing, kissing sweetly; there lies a main  
point,

A key that opens to all practick pleasure;

I'll help you to a friend of mine shall teach  
you,

And suddenly: Your country way is fulsome.

*Hon.* Have you schools for all these myste-  
ries? [ries?

*Alin.* Oh, yes,

And several hours prefix'd to study in:

You may have calendars to know the good  
hour,

And wheu to take a jewel: For the ill too,

When to refuse, with observations on 'em;  
Under what sign 'tis best meeting in an arbor,

And in what bow'r,<sup>38</sup> and hour it works; a  
thousand—

<sup>37</sup> In a most curious waistcoat.] This passage serves to explain *wastcoattee*, which several times occurs in our Authors, and is mentioned in p. 339, of this volume.

<sup>38</sup> And in what bow'r, and hour it works, a thousand.] The meaning here is obscure; but by making a *thousand* only a broken sentence, and to stand for a *thousand* such *mysteries*, it will

When in a coach, when in a private lodging,  
With all their virtues.

*Hon.* Have you studied these? [bawdily]  
How beastly they become your youth! how  
A woman of your tenderness, a teacher,  
Teacher of these lewd arts? of your full beauty?

[you,  
A man made up in lust would loath this in  
The rankest lecher hate such impudence.

They say the devil can assume Heav'n's brightness,  
[no woman.

And so appear to tempt us; sure thou art  
*Alin.* I joy to find ye thus.

*Hon.* Thou hast no tenderness,  
No reluctance in thy heart; 'tis mischief.

*Alin.* All's one for that; read these, and  
then be satisfied;

A few more private rules I've gather'd for ye;  
Read 'em, and well observe 'em: So I leave ye.

[Exit.  
*Viola.* A wondrous wicked woman: Shame  
go with thee; [see it,

*Hon.* What new Pandora's box is this? I'll  
Tho' presently I tear it. Read thine, Viola?  
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Honora, as you have begun  
In Virtue's spotless school, so forward run;

Pursue that nobleness and chaste desire  
You ever had; burn in that holy fire;  
And a white martyr to fair memory  
Give up your name, unsoil'd of infamy.

How's this? Read yours out, sister. This  
amazes me.

*Viola.* Fear not, thou yet unblasted Violet,  
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;  
Live in that peace and sweetness of thy  
bud; [still good;  
Remember whose thou art, and grow  
Remember what thou art, and stand a  
story [glory;  
Fit for thy noble sire,<sup>39</sup> and thine own

*Hon.* I know not what to think.

*Viola.* Sure a good woman,  
An excellent woman, sister.

*Hon.* It confounds me. [ends;  
Let 'em use all their arts, if these be their  
The court I say breeds the best foes and friends.  
Come, let's be honest, wench, and do our  
best service.

*Viola.* A most excellent woman; I will  
love her. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Olympia with a casket, and Alinda.*

*Alin.* **MADAM**, the duke has sent for the  
two ladies.

*Olym.* I prithee go: I know thy thoughts  
are with him.

Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more!  
I've found thy heart, wench; do not wrong  
thy mistress, [her.

Thy too-much-loving mistress; do not abuse

*Alin.* By your own fair hands, I understand  
you not.

*Olym.* By thy own fair eyes, I understand  
thee too much, [ruin'd.

Too far; and built a faith there thou hast  
Go, and enjoy thy wish, thy youth, thy pleasure;

Enjoy the greatness no doubt he has promis'd,  
Enjoy the service of all eyes that see thee,  
The glory thou hast aim'd at, and the triumph;

Only this last love I ask, forget thy mistress!

*Alin.* Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has  
ruin'd me? [thee?

Poor wretched girl, what poison is flung on  
Excellent virtue, from whence flows this auger?

*Olym.* Go, ask my brother, ask the faith  
thou gav'st me,

Ask all my favours to thee, ask my love,  
Last, thy forgetfulness of good! then fly me;  
For we must part, Alinda.

*Alin.* You are weary of me.

I must confess, I was ne'er worth your service,  
Your bounteous favours less; but that my duty,  
My ready will, and all I had to serve you—  
Oh, Heav'n, thou know'st my honesty!

*Olym.* No more:  
Take heed! Heav'n has a justice. Take this  
ring with you, [Alinda,

This doting spell you gave me: Too well,  
Thou knew'st the virtue in't; too well I feel  
it.

Nay, keep that too; it may sometimes remember you,

will be tolerably plain. ' Under what sign it is best meeting in an arbor, and in what particular arbor, and the precise hour when it is predominant, with a thousand of the like nature.' Seward.

<sup>39</sup> For thy noble sex.] The alteration of *sex* to *sire* was made, we think with propriety, by Mr. Seward. We have therefore adopted it, though the old reading might pass.

And if it please you take the pains——

[*Erit.*]

*Theod.* Dear lady!—take the pains?

Why a horse would not take the pains that thou requir'st now

To cleave old Crab-tree. 'One of the choice young ladies?' [me;]

I would I'd let this bawd go; she has frighted I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now:

But if they'll do, the devil cannot stop 'em.

Why should he have a young lady? Are women now [corks?]

O' th' nature of bottles,<sup>40</sup> to be stopp'd with Oh, the thousand little furies that fly here now! How now, captain?

*Enter Putskie.*

*Puts.* I come to seek you out, Sir, And all the town I've travell'd.

*Theod.* What's the news, man? [nearly.]

*Puts.* That that concerns us all, and very The duke this night holds a great feast at court, To which he bids for guests all his old counsellors,

And all his favourites: Your father's sent for.

*Theod.* Why he is neither in council, nor in favour.

*Puts.* That's it: Have an eye now, or never, and a quick one; [hence.]

An eye that must not wink from good intelligence. I heard a bird sing, they mean him no good office.

*Enter Ancient.*

*Theod.* Art sure he sups here?

*Puts.* Sure as it is day.

*Theod.* 'Tis like then——How now? where hast thou been, Ancient?

*Anc.* Measuring the city. I've left my brooms at gate here;

By this time the porter has stole 'em, to sweep out rascals.

*Theod.* Brooms? [over,]

*Anc.* I've been crying brooms all the town And such a mart I've made! there's no trade near it. [twitter'd,]

Oh, the young handsome wenches, how they When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too! [you!]

'Come hither master Broom-man, I beseech ' Good master Broom-man, hither,' cries another.

*Theod.* Thou'rt a mad fellow. [ither.]

*Anc.* They're all as mad as I; they all have trades now,

And roar about the streets like bull-beggars.

*Theod.* What company

Of soldiers are they?

*Anc.* By this means I have gather'd Above a thousand tall and hardy soldiers, If need be, colonel.

*Theod.* That need's come, Ancient;

And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently, [need 'em.]

But without suspicion; this night we shall Let 'em be near the court, let Putskie guide 'em;

And wait me for occasion. Here I'll stay still.

*Puts.* If it fall out, we're ready; if not, we're I'll wait you at an inch. [scatter'd:]

*Theod.* Do; farewell! [Exit.]

### SCENE III.

*Enter Duke and Boroshie.*

*Duke.* Are the soldiers still so mutinous?

*Bor.* More than ever: [over]

No law nor justice frights 'em; all the town They play new pranks and gambols; no man's person,

Of what degree soe'er, free from abuses:

And durst they do this, (let your Grace consider) [villainies,]

These monstrous, most offensive things, these If not set on, and fed? if not by one

They honour more than you, and more aw'd by him?

*Duke.* Happily, their own wants——

*Bor.* I offer to supply 'em,

And ev'ry hour make tender of their monies:

They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it.

I fear the next device will be my life, Sir;

And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

*Duke.* Do you think lord Arehas privy?

*Bor.* More than thought,

I know it, Sir; I know they durst not do These violent rude things, abuse the state thus,

But that they have a hope by his ambitions——

*Duke.* No more! He's sent for?

*Bor.* Yes, and will be here sure.

*Duke.* Let me talk further with you anon,

*Bor.* I'll wait, Sir.

*Duke.* Did you speak to the ladies?

*Bor.* They'll attend your Grace presently.

*Duke.* How do you like 'em?

*Bor.* My eyes are too dull judges.

They wait here, Sir. [Exit.]

*Enter Honora and Viola.*

*Duke.* Be you gone then, Come in, ladies! Welcome to th' court, sweet beauties! Now

the court shines, [amongst us.]

When such true beams of beauty strike Welcome, welcome! ev'n as your own joys welcome! [to you?]

How do you like the court? How seems it Is't not a place created for all sweetness?

Why were ye made such strangers to this happiness, [jewels,]

Barr'd the delights this holds? The richest Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,

By judging eyes not set off, lose their lustre. Your country shades are faint; blasters of beauty;

beauty;

<sup>40</sup> O' th' nature of bottles, &c.]

'And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.'

Pope.

The manners, like the place, obscure and heavy;  
The rose-buds of the beauties turn to cankers,  
Eaten with inward thoughts, while there ye wander.

Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for  
Here is the sphere you move in; here shine nobly,

And by your powerful influence command  
What a sweet modesty dwells round about 'em,

And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their  
*Hon.* Your Grace speaks cunningly: You do not this,

I hope, Sir, to betray us; we're poor triumphs,  
Nor can our loss of honour add to you, Sir:  
Great men, and great thoughts, seek things great and worthy,

Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;  
Conquests so nobly won can never perish.

We are two simple maids, untutor'd here, Sir,  
Two honest maids; is that a sin at court, Sir?  
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,  
To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on us?

Why do I ask that question, when I've found  
Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;

You would dishonour us; which, in your  
Here at the court, reads thus, your Grace would love us,

Most dearly love us; stick us up for mistresses:  
Most certain, there are thousands of our sex,  
Sir,

That would be glad of this, and handsome w-  
And croud into this favour, fair young women,  
Excellent beauties, Sir: When you have en-  
joy'd 'em,

And sack'd those sweets they have, what  
saints are these then?

What worship have they won, what name?  
you guess, Sir!

What story added to their time? a sweet one!  
*Duke.* A brave-spirited wench.

*Hon.* I'll tell your Grace,

And tell you true; you are deceiv'd in us two,  
Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet, in my eye,  
You are the handsom'st man I ever look'd on,  
The goodliest gentleman; take that hope with  
you;

And, were I fit to be your wife (so much I  
Trust me I would scratch for you but I'd  
have you:

I would wooe you then.

*Duke.* She amazes me!

But how am I deceiv'd?

*Hon.* Oh, we are too honest,  
Believe it, Sir, too honest, far too honest;  
The way that you propound, too ignorant,  
And there's no meddling with us; for we're  
fools too,

Obstinate, peevish fools: If I would be ill,  
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels  
up,

I would not leap into the sun, and do it there,

That all the world might see me; an obscure  
shade, Sir, [with it,  
Dark as the deed; there is no trusting light  
Nor that that's lighter far, vainglorious great-  
ness!

*Duke.* You'll love me as your friend?

*Hon.* I'll honour you,  
As your poor humble handmaid, serve and  
pray for you.

*Duke.* What says my little one? you're not  
so obstinate?

Lord, how she blushes! Here are truly fair  
Come, you will be my love?

*Viola.* Good Sir, be good to me;

Indeed, I'll do the best I can to please you.

I do beseech your Grace! Alas, I fear you.

*Duke.* What shouldst thou fear?

*Hon.* Fy, Sir! this is not noble.

*Duke.* Why do I stand entreating, where  
my pow'r—

*Hon.* You have no pow'r; at least, you  
ought to have none

In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll  
die here,

Before she suffer wrong!

*Duke.* Another Archas?

*Hon.* His child, Sir, and his spirit.

*Duke.* I'll deal with you then, [sweet;  
For here's the honour to be won. Sit down,  
Prithee, Honora, sit.

*Hon.* Now you entreat, I will, Sir.

*Duke.* I do, and will deserve it.

*Hon.* That's too much kindness.

*Duke.* Prithee look on me.

*Hon.* Yes; I love to see see you,

And could look on an age thus, and admire  
you. [touch you,

While you are good and temperate, I dare  
Kiss your white hand.

*Duke.* Why not my lips?

*Hon.* I dare, Sir.

*Duke.* I do not think you dare.

*Hon.* I am no coward.—

Do you believe me now? or now? or now,  
Sir?

You make me blush: But sure, I mean no ill,  
It had been fitter you'd kiss'd me.

*Duke.* That I'll do too,—

What hast thou wrought into me?

*Hon.* I hope all goodness.

While you are thus, thus honest, I dare do  
any thing; [you;

Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on  
Bless those fair lights! Hell take me, if I  
durst not— [hither;

But, good Sir, pardon me. Sister, come  
Come hither; fear not, wench! Come hither;  
blush not!

Come, kiss the prince, the virtuous prince,  
the good prince!

Certain, he's excellent honest.

*Duke.* Thou wilt make me—

*Hon.* Sit down, and hug him softly.

*Duke.* Fy, Honora;

Wanton Honora! Is this the modesty,

The noble chastity, your onset shew'd me;  
At first charge beaten back? Away!

*Hon.* Thank you! [thank you]  
Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may  
You have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly;  
You've cozen'd me: In all your hopeful life  
yet

A scene of greater honour you ne'er acted:  
I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-  
tongu'd, [master]

And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous  
*Viola*. My virtuous master too!

*Hon.* Now you are thus,  
What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

*Enter Alinda.*

*Duke.* I'll be that Fortune, if I live, *Hon-*  
nora; [not]

Thou'st done a cure upon me, counsel could  
*Alin.* Here, take your ring, Sir; and whom  
you mean to ruin,

Give it to her next: I have paid for't dearly.  
*Hon.* A ring to her?

*Duke.* Why frowns my fair *Alinda*?  
I have forgot both these again.

*Alin.* Stand still, Sir!  
You have that violent killing fire upon you,  
Consumes all honour, credit, faith!

*Hon.* How's this? [me,  
*Alin.* My royal mistress' favour towards  
(Woe worth you, Sir!) you've poison'd,  
blasted.

*Duke.* I, sweet?  
*Alin.* You have taken that unmanly liberty,  
Which in a worse man is vainglorious feigning,  
And kill'd my truth.

*Duke.* Upon my life, 'tis false, wench.  
*Alin.* Ladies, take heed! you have a cun-  
ning gamester, [antidotes;  
A handsome, and a high: Come stor'd with  
He has infections else will fire your bloods.

*Duke.* Prithee, *Alinda*, hear me!  
*Alin.* Words steep'd in honey, [tity  
That will so melt into your minds, buy chas-  
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;  
And when h' has bound you his, a thousand  
ruins!

A poor lost woman you have made me.  
*Duke.* I'll maintain thee,  
And nobly too.

*Alin.* That gin's too weak to take me.  
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, still take  
heed!

Take heed of promises, take heed of gifts,  
Of forced, feigned sorrows, sighs, take heed!

*Duke.* By all that's mine, *Alinda*—  
*Alin.* Swear by your mischiefs!

Oh, whither shall I go?  
*Duke.* Go back again;

I'll force her take thee, love thee.  
*Alin.* Fare you well, Sir!

I will not curse you; only this dwell with you,  
Whene'er you love, a false belief light on you!  
[Exit.

*Hon.* We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

*Duke.* Part all the world now,  
Since she is gone.

*Hon.* You're crook'd yet, dear master;  
And still I fear— [Exeunt ladies.

*Duke.* I'm vex'd, and some shall find it.  
[Exit.

#### SCENE IV.

*Enter Archas and a Servant.*

*Archas.* 'Tis strange to me to see the court,  
and welcome. [thee]

Oh, royal place, how have I lov'd and serv'd  
Who lies on this side? know'st thou?

*Serv.* The lord Burris.  
*Archas.* Thou'st nam'd a gentleman I stand  
much bound to:

I think he sent the casket, Sir?  
*Serv.* The same, Sir. [courtier]

*Archas.* An honest-minded man, a noble  
The duke made perfect choice when he took  
him. [guide now.

Go you home; I shall hit the way without a  
*Serv.* You may want something, Sir.

*Archas.* Only my horses,  
Which, after supper, let the groom wait with:  
I'll have no more attendance here.

*Serv.* Your will, Sir. [Exit.

*Enter Theodore.*

*Theod.* You're well met here, Sir.  
*Archas.* How now, boy? how dost thou?

*Theod.* I should ask you that question:  
How do you, Sir?

How do you feel yourself?  
*Archas.* Why well, and lusty.

*Theod.* What do you here then?  
*Archas.* Why, I am sent for,

To supper with the duke.  
*Theod.* Have you no meat at home?

Or do you long to feed as hunted deer do,  
In doubt and fear?

*Archas.* I have an excellent stomach,  
And can I use it better than among my friends,  
boy?

How do the wenches?  
*Theod.* They do well enough, Sir;

They know the worst by this time. Pray be  
rul'd, Sir;

Go home again, and, if you have a supper,  
Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for you,  
Especially at this time, take my word for't.

*Archas.* May be, they'll drink hard; I  
could have drank my share, boy:  
Tho' I am old, I will not out.

*Theod.* I hope you will. [hearing.  
Hark in your ear! the court's too quick of

*Archas.* Not mean me well? thou art  
abus'd and cozen'd.

Away, away!  
*Theod.* To that end, Sir, I tell you.

Away, if you love yourself.  
*Archas.* Who dare do these things,  
That ever heard of honesty?

*Theod.* Old gentleman,  
Take a fool's counsel.

*Archas.* 'Tis a fool's indeed,  
A very fool's! Thou'st more of these flams in  
thee,

These musty doubts—Is't fit the duke send  
for me,

And honour me to eat within his presence,

And I, like a tall fellow, play at bo-peep

With his pleasure? [*pate.*]

*Theod.* Take heed of bo-peep with your

Your pate, Sir! I speak plain language now.

*Archas.* If 'twere not here, where reverence  
bids me hold,

I would so swinge thee, thou rude, unmanner'd knave! [*me,*]

Take from his bounty, his honour that he gives  
To begot saucy and sullen fears!

*Theod.* You are not mad sure? [*per'd,*]

By this fair light, I speak but what is whis-  
And whisper'd for a truth.

*Archas.* A dog is't? Drunken people,  
That in their pot see visions, and turn states,<sup>40</sup>

Madmen and children—Prithee do not fol-  
low me!

I tell thee, I am angry: Do not follow me!

*Theod.* I am as angry as you for your heart,  
Ay, and as wilful too: Go like a woodcock,

And thrust your neck i' th' noose!

*Archas.* I'll kill thee,  
An thou speak'st but three words more. Do  
not follow me! [*Exit.*]

*Theod.* A strange old foolish fellow! I  
shall hear yet;

And, if I do not my part, hiss at me. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter two Servants, preparing a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Believe me, fellow, here'll be lusty  
drinking.

Many a washed pate in wine, I warrant thee.

2 *Serv.* I'm glad the old general's come:

Upon my conscience,

That joy will make half the court drunk.

Hark, the trumpets!

They're coming on; away!

1 *Serv.* We'll have a rouse too. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Duke, Archas, Burtis, Boroskie, At-  
tendants, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* Come, seat yourselves! Lord Archas,  
sit you there.

*Archas.* 'Tis far above my worth.

*Duke.* I'll have it so.—

Are all things ready?

*Bor.* All the guards are set,

The court gates shut.

<sup>40</sup> A dog: Drunken people

That in their pot see visions.

And turn states, madmen and children.] In the first line, *is't* was inserted by Mr. Seaward, who, in the third, for *states* read *statists*; but as the old lection is good sense, the change is too arbitrary.

*Duke.* Then do as I prescrib'd you;

Be sure, no further.

*Bor.* I shall well observe you.

*Duke.* Come, bring some wine. Here's  
to my sister, gentlemen!

A health, and mirth to all!

*Archas.* Pray fill it full, Sir; [*ris,*]

'Tis a high health to virtue. Here, lord Bur-

A maiden health: You are most fit to pledge it,

You have a maiden soul, and much I honour it.

Passion o' me, you're sad, than.

*Duke.* How now, Burtis?

Go to; no more of this!

*Archas.* Take the rouse freely;  
'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit  
for jollity. [*Sir,*]

Your Grace's pardon! when we get a cup,  
We old men prate apace.

*Duke.* Mirth makes a banquet.

As you love me, no more.

*Burtis.* I thank your Grace.

Give me it. Lord Boroskie!

*Bor.* I have ill brains, Sir—

*Burtis.* Damnable ill, I know it.

*Bor.* But I'll pledge, Sir,

This virtuous health.

*Burtis.* The more unfit for thy mouth.

*Enter two Servants, with cloaks.*

*Duke.* Come, bring out robes, and let my  
guests look nobly, [*ward.*]

Fit for my love and presence. Begin down-  
Off with your cloaks, take new.

*Archas.* Your Grace deals truly [*jects.*]

Like a munificent prince, with your poor sub-  
Who would not fight for you? What cold  
dull coward [*ask it?*]

Durst seek to save his life when you would  
Begin a new health in your new adornments;

The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what  
have I got, Sir?

Ha! the robe of death?

*Duke.* You have deserv'd it.

*Archas.* The liv'ry of the grave? Do you  
start all from me?

Do I smell of earth already? Sir, look on me,  
And like a man; is this your entertainment?

Do you bid your worthiest guests to bloody  
banquets?

*(Enter a Guard.)*

A guard upon me too? This is too foul play,  
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched  
ruler, [*cries!*]

Thou son of fools and flatterers, heir of hypo-  
Am I serv'd in a hearse, that sav'd ye all?

Are ye men or devils? Do ye gape upon me?

Wider! and swallow all my services.<sup>41</sup>  
Entomb them first, my faith oerst, then my integrity;  
And let these struggle with your mangy minds,  
Your sear'd and seal'd-up consciences, till they burst.

*Bor.* These words are death. [sirrah,  
*Archas.* No, those deeds that want rewards,  
Those battles I have fought, those horrid dangers  
[tion)  
(Leaver than death, and wider than destrue-  
I've march'd upon, these honour'd wounds,  
times story, [suffer'd,  
The blood I've lost, the youth, the sorrows  
These are my death, these that can ne'er be recompens'd,

These that ye set a-brooding on like toads,  
Sucking from my deserts the sweets and savours,  
And render me no pay again but poisons!

*Bor.* The proud vain soldier thou hast set—  
*Archas.* Thou liest!

Now, by my little time of life, liest basely,  
Maliciously, and loudly! How I scorn thee!  
If I had swell'd the soldier, or intended  
An act in person leaning to dishonour,  
As you would fain have forc'd me, witness,  
Heav'n,

Where clearest understanding of all truth is,  
(For these are spiteful men, and know no piety<sup>42</sup>.) [marches,

When Olin came, grim Olin, when his  
His last ineursions, made the city sweat,  
And drove before him, as a storm drives hail,  
Such show'rs of frosted fears shook all your heartstrings;

Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,  
And hid his seven curl'd heads, afraid of bruising [then,

By his arm'd horses' hoofs; had I been false  
Or blown a treach'rous fire into the soldier,  
Had but one spark of villany liv'd within me,  
You'd had some shadow for this black about me. [you out,

Where was your soldiership? Why went not  
And all your right honourable valour with you? [him?

Why met you not the Tartar, and defied  
Drew your dead-doing sword, and buckled with him?

Shot through his squadrons like a fiery meteor?  
And, as we see a dreadful clap of thunder  
Rend the stiff-hearted oaks, and toss their roots up, [sick then;

Why did not you so charge him? You were  
You, that dare taint my credit, slipp'd to-bed then,

Stewing and fainting with the fears you had,

A whoreson shaking fit oppress'd your lordship. [at thee!

Blush, coward, knave, and all the world hiss  
*Duke.* Exceed not my command. [Exit.

*Bor.* I shall observe it.

*Archas.* Are you gone too?—Come, weep not, honest *Borris*, [malice,  
Good loving lord, no more tears: 'Tis not his  
This fellow's malice, nor the duke's displeasure,

By bold bad men crowd'd into his nature,  
Can startle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this fort yet;

I am the same, the same man; living, dying,  
(The same mind to 'em both) I poize thus equal:

Only the juggling way that toll'd me in it,  
The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,  
And cut my throat, a little sticks upon me.  
Farewell! commend me to his Grace, and tell him, [many,  
The world is full of servants; he may have  
(And some I wish him honest; he's undone else)

But such another doting *Archas* never, [ever I  
So tried and touch'd a faith! Farewell for  
*Borris.* Be strong, my lord: You must not go thus lightly. [law unto me?

*Archas.* Now, what's to do? What says the  
Give me my great offence, that speaks me guilty. [ters,

*Bor.* Laying aside a thousand petty mat-  
As scorns, and insolencies, both from your-  
self and followers, [deadly]

Which you put first fire to, (and these are  
I come to one main cause, which tho' it carries [death too,

A strangeness in the circumstance, it carries  
Not to be pardon'd neither: You have done a sacrilege.

*Archas.* High Heav'n defend me, man!  
How, how, *Borris*?

*Bor.* You have took from the temple those  
vow'd arms,

The holy ornament you hung up there,  
No absolution of your vow, no order  
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,

After they were purified from war, and rested  
From blood, made clean by ceremony: From  
the altar [em,

You snatch'd 'em up again, again you wore  
Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your vow, the  
church too, [Sir;

And robb'd it of that right was none of yours,  
For which the law requires your head, you know it.

*Archas.* Those arms I fought in last?

*Bor.* The same.

<sup>41</sup> ————— Do ye gaze upon me,

*Wider and swallow all my services?*] This is one of the innumerable passages the sense whereof has been totally obscured by false pointing. What *Archas* afterwards says, proves the propriety of our variation in that respect.

<sup>42</sup> *For these are spiteful men, and know no piety.*] Instead of *piety*, the context induces us to believe, the author wrote *piety*.

*Archas.* God-a-mercy! [me,  
Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill  
A subtle one: I die, for saving all you.  
Good Sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,  
The suddenness of time, the state all stood in;  
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,  
The duke himself, the princess, all the nobles,  
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins!  
Prithee find out a better cause, a handsomer;  
This will undo thee too; people will spit at  
thee; [cause.]

The devil himself would be ashamed of this  
Because my haste made me forget the cere-  
mony, [life satisfy?  
The present danger ev'ry where, must my  
Bur. It must, and shall.

*Archas.* Oh, base ungrateful people!  
Have ye no other swords to cut my throat  
with, [em,  
But mine own nobleness? I confess, I took  
The vow not yet absolv'd I hang 'em up with;  
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again  
To the fierce Tartars' bloods; for you I took 'em,  
For your peculiar safety, lord, for all;  
I wore 'em for my country's health, that  
groan'd then;

Took from the temple, to preserve the temple:  
That holy place, and all the sacred monuments,  
The rev'rend shrines of saints, ador'd and hon-  
our'd, [fire,

Had been consum'd to ashes, their own sacri-  
Had I been slack; or staid that absolution,  
No priest had liv'd to give it. My own hon-  
our,

Cure of my country, murder me!

*Bur.* No, no, Sir;  
I shall force that from you, will make this  
cause light too. [heart, Sir.

Away with him! I shall pluck down that  
*Archas.* Break it thou may'st; but if it  
bend for pity,

Dogs and kites eat it! Come; I am honour's  
martyr. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Duke and Burris.*

*Duke.* Exceed my warrant?

*Burris.* You know he loves him not.

*Duke.* He dares as well meet death,<sup>42</sup> as  
do it; eat wildfire.

Thro' a few fears, I mean to try his goodness,  
That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.  
I know Boroskie hates him, to death hates  
him;

I know he is a serpent too,<sup>43</sup> a swol'n one;  
[Noise within.  
But I have pull'd his sting out. What noise  
is that?

*Theod.* [within.] Down with 'em, down  
with 'em, down with the gates!

*Sold.* [within.] Stand, stand, stand!

*Putz.* [within.] Fire the palace before ye!

*Burris.* Upon my life, the soldier, Sir, the  
A miserable time is come. [soldier!]

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Oh, save him! [Archas!]  
Upon my knees, my heart's knees, save lord  
We are undone else.

*Duke.* Dares he touch his body? [fully.

*Gent.* He racks him fearfully, most fear-

*Duke.* Away, Burris; [him up;

Take men, and take him from him, clap

And if I live, I'll find a strange death for him.

Are the soldiers broke in? [Exit Burris.

*Gent.* By this time, sure they are, Sir;

They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.

*Duke.* Get me a guard about me; make

sure the lodgings,

And speak the soldiers fair.

*Gent.* Pray Heav'n that take, Sir. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Putzkie, Ancient, and Soldiers, with  
torches.*

*Putz.* Give us the general; we'll fire the  
court else!

Render him safe and well.

*Anc.* Don't fire the cellar,

There's excellent wine in't, captain; and,

tho' it be cold weather, [near!]

I do not love it mull'd. Bring out the ge-

We'll light ye such a bonfire else—Where

are ye? [of your hives,

Speak, or we'll toss your turrets;<sup>44</sup> peep out

We'll smoke ye else. Is not that a nose there?

Put out that nose again, and if thou dar'st

But blow it before us—Now he creeps out

on's burrow.

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Putz.* Give us the general! [can desire,

*Gent.* Yes, gentlemen; or any thing ye

*Anc.* You musk-cat, [swear.

Cordevant-skin!<sup>45</sup> we will not take your an-

*Putz.* Where is the duke? speak suddenly,

and send him hither.

*Anc.* Or we'll so fry your buttocks—

*Gent.* Good sweet gentlemen—

<sup>42</sup> *He dares as well meet death.*] The Editors of the second folio read *eat* for *meet*; and the subsequent ones in 1750 concur in mentioning this strange meal. We have restored the genuine word from the first folio.

<sup>43</sup> *I know he is a serpent too, &c.*] Meaning *Boroskie*; but the pronoun is used rather confusedly, both here and in the lines that follow.

<sup>44</sup> *Speak, or we'll toss your turrets.*] Mr. Sympson proposes reading, *TORCH your turrets*. As the old books present good sense, we have not abandoned them, though we think the conjecture plausible, and not unpoetical.

<sup>45</sup> *Cordevant-skin.*] Spanish leather hide.



*Anc.* We are neither good nor sweet; we are soldiers,

And you miscreants that abuse the general.  
Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;  
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

*Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, and women.*

*Hon.* Good brother, be not fierce.

*Theod.* I will not hurt her.  
Fear not, sweet lady.

*Olym.* You may do what you please, Sir;<sup>46</sup>  
I have a sorrow that exceeds all yours,  
And more contemns all danger.

*Enter Duke above.*

*Theod.* Where's the duke?

*Duke.* He's here. What would ye, soldiers? Wherefore troop ye  
Like mutinous madmen thus?

*Theod.* Give me my father!

*Put.* & *Anc.* Give us our general!

*Theod.* Set him here before us; [to'reh's;  
You see the pledge we've got; you see these  
All shall to ashes, as I live, immediately!  
A thousand lives for one!

*Duke.* But hear me!

*Put.* No; we come not to dispute.

*Enter Archas and Burris.*

*Theod.* By Heav'n  
I swear, he's rack'd and whipt.

*Hon.* Oh, my poor father!

*Put.* Burn, kill and burn!

*Archas.* Hold, bold, I say! hold, soldiers!  
On your allegiance, hold!

*Theod.* We must not.

*Archas.* Hold! I swear [first,<sup>47</sup>  
By Heaven, he's a barbarous traitor stirr  
A villain, and a stranger to obedience,  
Never my soldier more, nor friend to honour!— [cruelly  
Why did you use your old man thus? thus  
Torture his poor weak body? I ever lov'd you.

*Duke.* Forget me in these wrongs, most noble Archas.

*Archas.* I've balm enough for all my hurts:  
Weep no more, Sir;

A satisfaction for a thousand sorrows.  
I do believe you innocent, a good man,  
And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that  
wrong'd me!

Why look ye wild, my friends? why stare ye on me?

I charge ye, as ye're men, my men, my lovers,  
As ye are honest faithful men, fair soldiers,  
Let down your anger! Is not this our sovereign?

[then,  
The head of mercy, and of law? Who dares  
But rebels, scorning law, appear thus violent?

[fires?  
Is this a place for swords, for threat'ning  
The reverence of this house dares any touch,  
But with obedient knees, and pious duties?  
Are we not all his subjects, all sworn to him?  
Has not he pow'r to punish our offences,  
And don't we daily fall into 'em? Assure yourselves

I did offend, and highly, grievously;  
This good sweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,

[with,  
Which yet his mercy, and his old love met  
And only let me feel his light rod this way.

Ye are to thank him for your general,  
Pray for his life and fortune, sweat your bloods for him.

Ye are offenders too, daily offenders;  
Proud insoucencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,

Do 'em against his peace, his law, his person;  
Ye see he only sorrows for your sins,  
And where his pow'r might persecute, forgiveness ye.

For shame, put up your swords! for honesty,  
For order's sake, and whose you are, my soldiers, be not so rude!

[diers,  
*Theod.* They've drawn blood from you, Sir.  
*Archas.* That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood,<sup>48</sup>

[out, boy.  
The proud, provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis  
Give you example first; draw out, and orderly.

*Hon.* Good brother, do!

*Archas.* Honest and high example.  
As thou wilt have my blessing follow thee,  
Inherit all mine honours.—Thank you, Theod.

My worthy son. [dnre,  
*Theod.* If harm come, thank yourself, Sir;  
I must obey you. [Exit.

*Archas.* Captain, you know the way now:  
A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,  
Inclin'd to honest things. I thank you, captain. [Exeunt Sold.

Soldiers, I thank ye all! And love me still,  
But do not love me so you lose allegiance;

<sup>46</sup> May do what you please, Sir.] First folio. Other copies substitute *may* for 'may.

<sup>47</sup> I swear by Heav'n he is a barbarous traitor stirr first.] The epithet *barbarous* is certainly not the properest in the place, and makes still much worse measure; I have therefore substituted *base*, as a monosyllable seems certainly required, and *base* is the best and the nearest the trace of the letters of any that has occurred to me. Seward.

*Barbarous* does not always signify *cruel*, but often means *uncivilized*, and in this place might import *undisciplined*. *Barbarous traitor*; i. e. as the next line explains it.

*A villain, and a stranger to obedience.*

<sup>48</sup> The naughty blood.] The whole passage seems to require us to read, *the NAUGHTY blood*; *That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood, The proud, provoking blood.*

Love that above your lives. Once more, I  
thank ye. [wait on him.]

*Duke.* Bring him to rest, and let our cares  
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,  
Where justice and obedience only build,  
Thou stock of virtue, how am I bound to  
love thee!

In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

*Burris.* Remember him that vexed him, Sir.

*Duke.* Remember?

When I forget that villain, and to pay him  
For all his mischiefs, may all good thoughts  
forget me!

*Archas.* I'm very sore. [men.]

*Duke.* Bring him to bed with ease, gentle—  
For every stripe I'll drop a tear to wash 'em;  
And, in my sad repentance—

*Archas.* 'Tis too much;

I have a life yet left to gain that love, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* **H**OW does lord Archas?

*Burris.* But weak, an't please  
you; [him:]  
Yet all the helps that art can, are applied to  
His heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no  
doubt, Sir,  
His mind being sound, his body soon will  
follow.

*Duke.* Oh, that base knave that wrong'd  
him, without leave too! [for't.]  
But I shall find an hour to give him thanks  
He's fast, I hope.

*Burris.* As fast as irons can keep him:

But the most fearful wretch—

*Duke.* He has a conscience,  
A cruel stinging one, I warrant him,  
A loaden one. But what news of the soldier?  
I did not like their parting; 'twas too sullen.

*Burris.* That they keep still, and I fear a  
worse clap.

They are drawn out o' th' town, and stand  
in councils,  
Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel pur-  
poses. [tains.]

I went myself unto 'em, talk'd with the cap-  
Whom I found fraught with nothing but  
loud murmurs, [often]

And desperate curses, sounding these words  
Like trumpets to their angers: 'We are  
ruin'd,

'Our services turn'd to disgraces, mischiefs;  
'Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,  
'Tortur'd and whipt!' The colonel's eyes,  
like torches,

Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.

*Gent.* Yet worse, Sir; [you]  
The news is current now, they mean to leave  
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's  
charge,

The bloody enemy, march straight against you.

*Burris.* I have heard this too, Sir.

*Duke.* This must be prevented,

And suddenly, and warily.

*Burris.* 'Tis time, Sir;

But what to minister, or how?

*Duke.* Go in with me, [these]  
And there we'll think upon't. Such blows as  
Equal defences ask, else they displease.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.

*Enter Petesca, and Gentlewoman.*

*Pet.* Lord, what a coil has here been with  
these soldiers!

They're cruel fellows.

*Gent.* And yet methought we found 'em  
Handsome enough. I'll tell thee true, Petesca,  
I look'd for other manner of dealings from  
'em, [lady?]

And had prepar'd myself. But where's my

*Pet.* In her old dumps within, monstrous  
melancholy:

Sure she was mad of this wench.

*Gent.* An she had been a man,  
She would have been a great deal madder. I  
am glad she's shifted.

*Pet.* 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray  
her;

And yet I must confess she stood in our lights.

(*Enter Young Archas.*)

What young thing's this?

*Y. Arc.* Good morrow, beauteous gentle-  
women!

Pray ye is the princess stirring yet?

*Gent.* He has her face.

*Pet.* Her very tongue, and tone too; her  
youth upon him. [men.]

*Y. Arc.* I guess ye to be the princess' wo-

*Pet.* Yes, we are, Sir.

*Y. Arc.* Pray is there not a gentlewoman  
waiting on her Grace,

Ye call Alinda?

*Pet.* The devil sure, in her shape.

*Gent.* I have heard her tell my lady of a  
brother,

An only brother, that she had, in travel.

*Pet.* Mass, I remember that: This may  
be he too.

I would this thing would serve her.

*Enter Olympia.*

*Gent.* So would I, wench; [princess;  
We'd love him better sure. Sir, here's the  
She best can satisfy you.

*Y. Arc.* How I love that presence!  
Oh, blessed eyes, how nobly shine your com-  
forts!

*Olym.* What gentleman is that?

*Gent.* We know not, madam: [it,  
He ask'd us for your Grace; and, as we guess  
He is Alinda's brother.

*Olym.* Hal! let me mark him.

My grief has almost blinded me. Her brother?  
By Venus, he has all her sweetness on him!  
Two silver drops of dew were never liker.

*Y. Arc.* Gracious lady—

*Olym.* That pleasant pipe he has too.

*Y. Arc.* Being my happiness to pass this  
way,

And having, as I understand by letter,  
A sister in your virtuous service, madam—

*Olym.* Oh, now my heart, my heart akes!

*Y. Arc.* All the comfort [built me;  
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have  
I thought it my first duty, my best service,  
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your  
Grace [nobleness,

For my poor sister, humbly to thank your  
That bounteous goodness in you—

*Olym.* 'Tis he certainly.

*Y. Arc.* That spring of favour to her; with  
my life, madam, [me,  
If any such most happy means might meet  
To shew my thankfulness!

*Olym.* What have I done? fool!

*Y. Arc.* She came a stranger to your Grace,  
no courtier,

Nor of that curious breed befits your service;  
Yet one, I dare assure my soul, that lov'd you  
Before she saw you; doted on your virtues;  
Before she knew those fair eyes, long'd to  
read 'em;

You only had her prayers, you her wishes;  
And that one hope to be yours once, preserv'd  
her.

*Olym.* I have done wickedly.

*Y. Arc.* A little beauty,  
Such as a cottage breeds, she brought along  
with her; [too:

And yet our country eyes esteem'd it much  
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,  
I am her brother, and let me speak a stranger)  
Since she was able to beget a thought, 'twas  
honest.

The daily study how to fit your services,  
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,  
So fir'd her honest soul, we thought her  
sainted.

I presume she's still the same: I would fain  
see her;

For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.

*Olym.* Sir, such a maid there was, I  
had—

*Y. Arc.* There was, madam?

*Olym.* Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will  
ever curse ye

For your credulity! Alinda!

*Y. Arc.* That's her name, madam. [her.

*Olym.* Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament

*Y. Arc.* Is she dead, lady?

*Olym.* Dead, Sir, to my service:

She's gone. Pray you ask no further.

*Y. Arc.* I obey, madam.

Gone? Now must I lament too. Said you  
'gone,' madam?

*Olym.* Gone, gone for ever!

*Y. Arc.* That's a cruel saying.

Her honour too?

*Olym.* Prithee look angry on me,

And, if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me:

Do something like a brother, like a friend,

And do not only say thou lov'st her!

*Y. Arc.* You amaze me. [her;

*Olym.* I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd  
Poor innocent soul, I flung her.<sup>49</sup> Sweet

Alinda, [virtuous.

Thou virtuous maid! my soul now calls thee  
Why do you not rail now at me?

*Y. Arc.* For what, lady?

*Olym.* Call me base treach'rous woman?

*Y. Arc.* Heav'n defend me!

*Olym.* Rashly I thought her false, and put  
her from me;

Rashly and madly I betray'd her modesty:

Put her to wander, Heav'n knows where:  
Nay, more, Sir,

Stuck a black brand upon her!

*Y. Arc.* 'Twas not well, lady. [dearly,

*Olym.* 'Twas damnable; she loving me so  
Never poor wench lov'd so. Sir, believe me,  
'Twas the most duteous wench, the best com-  
panion;

When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the  
gladdest;

The modestest sweet nature dwelt within her:

I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,

I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.

Oh, what have I forsaken? what have I lost?

*Y. Arc.* Madam, I'll take my leave; since  
she is wand'ring,

'Tis fit I know no rest.

*Olym.* Will you go too, Sir?

I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare  
trust me—

For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,  
I love to look upon those eyes that speak her,

To read that face again—Modesty keep me!  
Alinda, in that shape!—But why should you  
trust me?

'Twas I betray'd your sister, I undid her;

And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep  
for her. [then,

Appoint what penance you please; but stay

<sup>49</sup> *I flung her.*] Probably we ought to read, *I stung her.*

And see me perform it; ask what honour this place  
Is able to heap on you, or what wealth:  
If following me will like you, my care of you,  
Which, for your sister's sake, for your own goodness—

*Y. Arc.* Not all the honour earth has, now she's gone, lady, [ferment,  
Not all the favour—Yet, if I sought pre-  
Under your bounteous Grace I'd only take it.  
Peace rest upon you! One sad tear every day,  
For poor Alinda's sake, 'tis fit you pay! [Exit.

*Olym.* A thousand, noble youth; and,  
when I sleep,  
Ev'n in my silver slumbers<sup>30</sup> still I'll weep. [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Duke and Gentlemen.*

*Duke.* Have you been with 'em?

*Gent.* Yes, an't please your Grace;  
But no persuasion serves 'em, nor no promise:  
They're fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,  
Upon their march to th' enemy.

*Duke.* They must be stopp'd.

*Enter Burris.*

*Gent.* Ay, but what force is able? and  
what leader— [Archas?

*Duke.* How now? Have you been with  
*Burris.* Yes, an't please you,  
And told him all: He frets like a chaf'd lion,  
Calls for his arms, and all those honest cour-  
tiers

That dare draw swords.

*Duke.* Is he able to do any thing?

*Burris.* His mind is well enough; and  
where his charge is,  
Let him be ne'er so sore, 'tis a full army.

*Duke.* Who commands the rebels?

*Burris.* The young colonel;

That makes the old man almost mad. He  
swears, Sir, [dom.

He will not spare his son's head for the duke-

*Duke.* Is the court in arms?

*Burris.* As fast as they can bustle,  
Every man mad to go now; inspir'd strangely,  
As if they were to force the enemy.  
I beseech your Grace to give me leave.

*Duke.* Pray go, Sir,  
And look to the old man well. Take up all  
fairly, [dons,

And let no blood be spilt; take general par-  
And quench this fury with fair peace.

*Burris.* I shall, Sir, [lains.  
Or seal it with my service.<sup>31</sup> They are vil-  
The court is up: Good Sir, go strengthen 'em;

Your royal sight will make 'em scorn all dan-  
The general needs no proof. [gers;  
*Duke.* Come, let's go view 'em. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Soldiers,  
drums and colours.*

*Theod.* 'Tis known we're up, and march-  
ing. No submission, [ladies:  
No promise of base peace, can cure our ma-  
We've suffer'd beyond all repair of honour;  
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentle-  
men, [trembled,  
Whipt like a slave; that flesh that never  
Nor shrunk one sinew at a thousand charges,  
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy  
So often shook at, and then shunn'd like  
thunder,

That body's torn with lashes.

*Anc.* Let's turn head. [on fairly,

*Puts.* Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march  
Unless they charge us.

*Theod.* Think still of his abuses,  
And keep your angers.

*Anc.* He was whipt like a top;

I never saw a whore so lae'd: Court school-  
butter? [banquet:

Is this their diet? I'll dress 'em one running  
What oracle can alter us? Did not we see him?  
See him we lov'd?

*Theod.* And tho' we did obey him,  
For'd by his reverence for that time; is't fit,  
gentlemen, [dies,

My noble friends, is't fit we men, and sol-  
Live to endure this, and look on too?

*Puts.* Forward! they may call back the sun  
as soon, stay time,

Prescribe a law to death, as we endure this.

*Theod.* 'They'll make ye all fair promises.

*Anc.* We care not.

*Theod.* Use all their arts upon ye.

*Anc.* Hang all their arts! [em.

*Puts.* And happily they'll bring him with  
*Anc.* March apace then;

He's old, and cannot overtake us.

*Puts.* Say he do?

*Anc.* We'll run away with him; they shall  
ne'er see him more.

The truth is, we'll bear nothing, stop at no-  
thing, [thing,

Consider nothing but our way; believe no-  
Not tho' they say their prayers; be content  
with nothing,

But the knocking out their brains; and last,  
do nothing [kill 'em.

But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to  
*Theod.* Remove then forwards bravely!

Keep your minds whole,

<sup>30</sup> Silver slumbers.] Perhaps originally, SILENT slumbers.

<sup>31</sup> Or seal it with my service.] This expression is obscure; but the following seems to be the meaning of it: 'I'll either quench this fury, or, endeavouring so to do, put a period to my service.' J. N.

And the next time we face 'em shall be fatal.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE V.

*Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

*Archas.* Peace to your Grace! Take rest,  
Sir; they're before us.

*Gent.* They are, Sir, and upon the march.  
[*Exit Duke.*]

*Archas.* Lord Burris,  
Take you those horse and coast 'em:<sup>22</sup> Upon  
the first advantage,

If they won't slack their march, charge 'em  
up roundly;

By that time I'll come in.

*Burris.* I'll do it truly. [Exit.]

*Gent.* How do you feel yourself, Sir?

*Archas.* Well, I thank you;

A little weak, but anger shall supply that.  
You'll all stand bravely to it?

*All.* While we have lives, Sir.

*Archas.* Ye speak like gentlemen. I'll  
make the knaves know,

The proudest, and the strongest-hearted rebel,  
They have a law to live in, and they shall  
have.

Beat up apace; by this time he's upon 'em;  
[*Drum within.*]

And, sword, but hold me now, thou shalt  
play ever! [Exeunt.]

*Enter (drums beating) Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and their Soldiers.*

*Theod.* Stand, stand, stand close, and sure!

[*Enter Burris, and one or two Soldiers.*]

The horse will charge us. [fit for 'em.]

*Anc.* Let 'em come on; we've provender  
*Puts.* Here comes lord Burris, Sir, I think  
to parley. [to our part.]

*Theod.* You're welcome, noble Sir; I hope  
*Burris.* No, valiant colonel, I am come to  
chide ye,

To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me.

Fy! what dishonour seek ye! what black in-  
famy! [with ye?]

Why do ye draw out thus? draw all shame  
Are these fit cares in subjects? I command ye  
Lay down your arms again; move in that  
peace,

That fair obedience, you were bred in.

*Puts.* Charge us!

We come not here to argue.

*Theod.* Charge up bravely, [ye,

And hotly too; we have hot spleens to meet  
Hot as the shames are offer'd us.

*Enter Archas, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

*Burris.* Look behind ye: [diers?]

D'ye see that old man? do ye know him, sol-  
*Puts.* Your father, Sir, believe me!

*Burris.* You know his marches,  
You've seen his executions: Is it yet peace?

*Theod.* We'll die here first. [ly.]

*Burris.* Farewell! You'll hear on's present.

*Archas.* Stay Burris;

This is too poor, too beggarly a body,  
To bear the honour of a charge from me;

A sort of tatter'd rebels. Go, provide gal-  
lowses! [presently!]

Ye're troubled with hot heads; I'll cool ye  
These look like men that were my soldiers,

Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,  
My honest friends: Where got they these fair

Where did they steal these shapes? [figures?]

*Burris.* They are struck already.

*Archas.* D'ye see that fellow there, that  
goodly rebel?

He looks as like a captain I lov'd tenderly,  
A fellow of a faith indeed—

*Burris.* H' has sham'd him.

*Archas.* And that that bears the colours  
there, most certain [low,

So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fel-  
A loving and obedient, that, believe me,

*Burris.*

I am amaz'd and troubled: And, were it not  
I know the general goodness of my people,

The duty, and the truth, the stedfast honesty,  
And am assur'd they would as soon turn devils

As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour—

*Burris.* Here needs no wars.

I pray forgive us, Sir. [sword;]

*Anc.* Good general, forgive us, or use your  
Your words are double death.

*All.* Good noble general!

*Burris.* Pray, Sir, be merciful.

*Archas.* Weep out your shames first;  
Ye make me fool for company. Fy, soldiers!

My soldiers too, and play these tricks? What's  
he there? [tain]

Sure I have seen his face too! Yes; most cer-  
I have a son (but I hope he is not here now)

Would much resemble this man, wondrous  
near him; [a leader.]

Just of his height and making too. You seem  
*Theod.* Good Sir, don't shame me more: I

know your anger,

And less than death I look not for.

*Archas.* You shall be my charge, Sir; it  
seems you want foes,

When you would make your friends your  
enemies. [you.]

A running blood you have, but I shall cure  
*Burris.* Good Sir—

<sup>22</sup> Take you those horse, and coast 'em.] Probably we should read *cote*, which signifies overtake. So in Shakespeare's Hamlet, Rosencrantz, speaking of the players, says, 'we coted them on the way.' Also, in The Return from Parnassus, a comedy, 1606, reprinted in Hawkins's Origin of the Drama,

'——— marry, we presently coted, and outstript them.' R,

*Archas.* No more, good lord. Beat forward,  
soldiers!  
And you march in the rear; you've lost your  
places. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VI.

*Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, and Viola.*

*Duke.* You shall not be thus sullen still  
with me, sister;  
You do the most unnobly to be angry,  
For, as I have a soul, I never touch'd her;  
I never yet knew one unchaste thought in her.  
I must confess I lov'd her; as who would not?  
I must confess I doted on her strangely;  
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her honour,  
So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her:  
And while the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,  
Why would you be so jealous?  
*Olym.* Good Sir, pardon me;  
I feel sufficiently my folly's penance,  
And am ashamed; that shame a thousand  
sorrows [seen her,  
Feed on continually. Would I had never  
Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her!  
She was too good for me; so heavenly good,  
Sir, [suddenly,  
Nothing but Heav'n can love that soul suf-  
Where I shall see her once again!

*Enter Burris.*

*Duke.* No more tears; [her.  
If she be within the dukedom, we'll recover  
Welcome, lord Burris; fair news I hope.  
*Burris.* Most fair, Sir; [ended,  
Without one drop of blood these wars are  
The soldier cool'd again, indeed ashamed, Sir,  
And all his anger ended.  
*Duke.* Where's lord Archas?  
*Burris.* Not far off, Sir; with him his va-  
liant son,  
Head of this fire, but now a prisoner;  
And, if by your sweet mercy not prevented,  
I fear some fatal stroke. [Drums.]

*Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen,  
and Soldiers.*

*Duke.* I hear the drums beat.  
Welcome, my worthy friend!  
*Archas.* Stand where you are, Sir; [ward,  
Even as you love your country, move not for-  
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a justice,  
A justice on this villain, (none of mine now!)  
A justice on this rebel.  
*Hon.* Oh, my brother!  
*Archas.* This fatal firebrand—  
*Duke.* Forget not, old man,  
He is thy son, of thine own blood.  
*Archas.* In these veins  
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;  
I ne'er gave life to low and headstrong rebels.  
*Duke.* 'Tis his first fault.  
*Archas.* Not of a thousand, Sir;  
Or, were it so, it is a fault so mighty,

So strong against the nature of all mercy,  
His mother, were she living, would not weep  
He dare not say he would live. [for him.]

*Theod.* I must not, Sir,  
While you say 'tis not fit. Your Grace's mercy,  
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, Sir!  
The world's forgiveness next! last, on my  
knees, Sir,

I humbly beg,  
Do not take from me yet the name of father!  
Strike me a thousand blows, but let me die  
yours! [sudden with him,

*Archas.* He moves my heart: I must be  
I shall grow faint else in my execution.

Come, come, Sir, you have seen death; now  
meet him bravely. [sister,

*Duke.* Hold, hold, I say, a little, hold! Con-  
Thou hast no more sons, Archas, to inherit  
thee. [nobler:

*Archas.* Yes, Sir, I have another, and a  
No treason shall inherit me: Young Archas,  
A boy as sweet as young; my brother breeds  
him,

My noble brother Briskie, breeds him nobly;  
Him let your favour find, give him your ho-  
nour.

*Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and  
Young Archas.*

*Puts.* Thou hast no child left, Archas,  
none to inherit thee, [Archas!  
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young  
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,  
As bloody to this sacrifice as thou art!

Heave up thy sword, and mine's heav'd up!  
Strike, Archas,

And I'll strike too, as suddenly, as deadly!  
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy! the duke  
gives it. [thee;

Look upon all these, how they weep it from  
Close quickly, and begin.

*Duke.* On your obedience,  
On your allegiance, save him!

*Archas.* Take him to ye: [Soldiers shout.  
And, sirrah, be an honest man; you've reason.  
I thank you, worthy brother! Welcome, child,  
Mine own sweet child!

*Duke.* Why was this boy conceal'd thus?  
*Puts.* Your Grace's pardon!

Fearing the vow you made against my brother,  
And that your anger would not only light  
On him, but find out all his family,  
This young boy, to preserve from after-danger,  
Like a young wench, hidder I brought; my-  
self, (

In the habit of an ordinary captain  
Disguis'd, got entertainment, and serv'd here;  
That I might still be ready to all fortunes.

The boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd  
him,

But thought a girl; Alinda, madam.

*Olym.* Stand away,  
And let me look upon him!

*Duke.* My young mistress?  
(This is a strange metamorphosis) Alinda?

*F. Arc.* Your Grace's humble servant.  
*Duke.* Come hither, sister.  
 I dare yet scarce believe mine eyes. How  
 they view one another!  
*Dost thou not love this boy well?*  
*Olym.* I should lie else, trust me,  
 Extremely lie, Sir.  
*Duke.* Didst thou ne'er wish, Olympia,  
 It might be thus?  
*Olym.* A thousand times.  
*Duke.* Here, take him! [ly!  
 Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweet-  
 Boy, you kiss faintly, boy. Heav'n give ye  
 comfort!  
 Teach him; he'll quickly learn. There's two  
 hearts eas'd now.  
*Archas.* You do me too much honour, Sir.  
*Duke.* No, Archas; [Speak truly.  
 But all I can, I will.—Can you love me?  
*Hon.* Yes, Sir, dearly. [this man?  
*Duke.* Come hither, Viola; can you love  
 Viola. I'll do the best I can, Sir.  
*Duke.* Seal it, Burris.  
 We'll all to church together instantly;  
 And then a vie for boys!<sup>32</sup> Stay; bring Bo-  
 roskie!

(Enter Boroskie.)

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.  
 There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,  
 The knave to worth; do with him what thou  
 wilt.

*Archas.* Then, to my sword again, you to  
 your prayers;  
 Wash off your villainies; you feel the burden.  
*Bor.* Forgive me ere I die, most honest  
 Archas!  
 'Tis too much honour that I perish thus.  
 Oh, strike my faults to kill them, that no  
 memory,  
 No black and blasted infamy, hereafter—  
*Archas.* Come, are you ready?  
*Bor.* Yes. [way straight?  
*Archas.* And truly penitent, to make your  
*Bor.* Thus I wash off my sins.  
*Archas.* Stand up, and live then,  
 And live an honest man; I scorn men's ruins.  
 Take him again, Sir, try him; and believe  
 This thing will be a perfect man.  
*Duke.* I take him.  
*Bor.* And when I fail those hopes, Heav'n's  
 hopes fail me! [Theodore,  
*Duke.* You're old: No more wars, father!  
 Take you the charge; be general.  
*Theod.* All good bless you!  
*Duke.* And, my good father, you dwell in  
 my bosom; [I'd think  
 From you rise all my good thoughts: When  
 And examine time for one that's fairly noble,  
 And the same man thro' all the straits of virtue,  
 Upon this silver book I'll look, and read him.  
 Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,  
 To joys, and revels, sports! and he that can  
 Most honour Archas, is the noblest man.  
 [Exeunt.

## EPILOGUE.

Tho' something well assur'd, few here repent  
 Three hours of precious time, or money spent  
 On our endeavours, yet, not to rely  
 Too much upon our care and industry,  
 'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,  
 How you approve our action in the play?

If you vouchsafe to crown it with applause,  
 It is your bounty, and you give us cause  
 Hereafter with a general consent  
 To study, as becomes us, your content.

<sup>32</sup> And then a vie for boys.] *Vie* and *revie* are terms at an old game at cards, formerly played at, called *gleek*. It seems to have been much like the present game *brag*. The manner in which it was played is described in 'The Compleat Gamester, or Instructions how to play at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Chess, together with all manner of usual and most gentle games, either on cards or dice.' 2d edit. 1680. R.





# RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

The Commendatory Verses by Hills ascribe this Comedy solely to Fletcher; in the title of the first copy, Fletcher's name is mentioned, without Beaumont's; and the Prologue speaks singly of 'the Poet.' The first edition was printed in 1640. Many years ago, some judicious alterations in the catastrophe of this Comedy were made by David Garrick, Esq.

## THE PROLOGUE.

Pleasure attend ye! and about ye sit  
The springs of mirth, fancy, delight and wit,  
To stir ye up! Do not your looks let fall,  
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,  
Because this day we're Spaniards all again;<sup>a</sup>  
The story of our play, and our Scene in Spain:  
The errors too, do not for this cause hate;  
Now we present their wit, and not their state.  
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you see,  
A young fresh beauty, wanton, and too free,  
Seek to abuse her husband; still 'tis Spain;  
No such gross errors in your kingdom reign:  
You're vestals all,<sup>b</sup> and tho' we blow the fire,  
We seldom make it flame up to desire;

Take no example neither to begin,  
For some by precedent delight to sin;  
Nor blame the Poet if he slip aside  
Sometimes lasciviously, if not too wide.  
But hold your fans close, and then smile at  
ease;  
A cruel scene did never lady please.  
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you displeas'd,  
Tho' we present some men fool'd, some dis-  
eas'd,  
Some drunk, some mad: We mean not you,  
you're free;  
We tax no further than our comedy;  
You are our friends; sit noble then, and see!

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

### MEN.

DUKE of Medina.  
JUAN DE CASTRO, a Spanish colonel.  
SANCHIO, } officers in the army.  
ALONZO, }  
MICHAEL PEREZ, the Copper Captain.  
LEON, brother to Altea, and by her contriv-  
ance married to Margarita.  
CACAFOGO, a rich usurer.

### WOMEN.

MARGARITA, a wanton lady, married to  
Leon, by whom she is reclaimed.  
ALTEA, her servant.  
CLARA, a Spanish lady.  
ESTIFANIA, a woman of intrigue, married to  
Perez.  
Three old Ladies.  
An old Woman, and Maid.

## SCENE, SPAIN.

<sup>a</sup> Nor to remembrance our late errors call,  
Because this day we're Spaniards all again.] This part of the Prologue seems to refer to the ill success of some tragedy, founded on a Spanish story, which had then been presented to the publick.

<sup>b</sup> We are vestals all.] The context very evidently requires the change which Mr. Synnison first suggested here. Seward.

## ACT I.

*Enter Juan de Castro and Michael Perez.*

*Perez.* ARE your companies full, colonel?

*Juan.* No, not yet, Sir;  
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.  
How rises your command?

*Perez.* We pick up still, [come:  
And, as our monies hold out, we have men  
About that time I think we shall be full too.  
Many young gallants go.

*Juan.* And unexperienc'd: [spirits;  
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot  
Time and experience will allay those visions.  
We have strange things to fill our numbers:  
There's one don Leon, a strong goodly fellow,<sup>3</sup>  
Recommended to me from some noble friends,  
For my Alferes;<sup>4</sup> had you but seen his per-  
son,

And what a giant's promise it protesteth!

*Perez.* I've heard of him, and that he hath  
serv'd before too. [don Michael,

*Juan.* But no harm done, nor never meant,  
That came to my ears yet. Ask him a ques-  
tion,

He blushes like a girl, and answers little,  
To the point less; he wears a sword, a good  
one,

And good cloaths too; he's whole skinn'd,  
has no hurt yet; [taintly  
Good promising hopes; I never yet heard cer-  
Of any gentleman that saw him angry.

*Perez.* Preserve him; he'll conclude a peace  
if need be.

Many as strong as he will go along with us,<sup>5</sup>  
That swear as heartily as heart can wish,  
Their mouths charg'd with six oaths at once,  
and whole ones, [mole-hills.

That make the drunken Dutch creep into

*Juan.* 'Tis true, such we must look for:  
But, Michael Perez, [heiress?

When heard you of donna Margarita, the great  
*Perez.* I hear every hour of her, tho' I  
never saw her; [de Castro,

She is the main discourse. Noble don Juan  
How happy were that man could catch this  
wench up,

And live at ease! she's fair and young, and  
wealthy,

Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too  
In all her entertainments, as men report.

*Juan.* But she is proud, Sir, that I know  
for certain,

And that comes seldom without wantonness:  
He that shall marry her, must have a rare hand.

*Perez.* 'Would I were married; I would  
find that wisdom [man  
With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever wo-  
Of the most subtle mould went beyond me,  
I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o'th'  
parish.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, [with you.  
There be two gentlewomen attend to speak

*Juan.* Wait on 'em in.

*Perez.* Are they two handsome women?

*Serv.* They seem so, very handsome; but  
they're veil'd, Sir.

*Perez.* Thou put'st sugar in my mouth;  
how it melts with me!

I love a sweet young wench.

*Juan.* Wait on them in, I say.

[Exit Servant.

*Perez.* Don Juan!

*Juan.* How you itch, Michael! how you  
burnish! [yet?

Will not this soldier's heat out of your bones  
Do your eyes glow now?

*Perez.* There be two.

*Juan.* Say, honest;

What shame have you then?<sup>6</sup>

*Perez.* I would fain see that:

I've been i' th' Indies twice, and have seen  
strange things; [once.

But, two honest women!—One I read of  
*Juan.* Prithce, be modest.

*Perez.* I'll be any thing.

*Enter Servant, Clara, and Estifania, veil'd.*

*Juan.* You're welcome, ladies.

*Perez.* Both hooded! I like 'em well tho'.  
They come not for advice in law sure hither!

<sup>3</sup> *A strange goodly fellow.*] The variation in the text was proposed by Theobald, and rejected by Seward.

<sup>4</sup> *Alferes.*] Ensign. Spanish. R.

<sup>5</sup> *Many as strong as he will go along with us.*] Mr. Theobald for *strang* would substitute *strange*; and Mr. Seward, who alters the text to *stout*, says, 'I believe whoever fully considers the context, where *strength of body* had before been mentioned as joined with cowardice, will think with me, that *stout* either was or ought to have been the original.' This belief of what ought to have been betrays Mr. Seward into numberless arbitrary variations, though he seldom is ingenuous enough to mention them.—We apprehend *strang* to be the right word, and to be used here ironically.

<sup>6</sup> *What shame have you then?*] Mr. Theobald reads *share*, and the same change was suggested by an ingenious friend. But I see no reason for it. How will you be *asham'd* if you offer rudeness to women of virtue? Juan is a good character, and the sentiment very proper for him. Seward.

May be they'd learn to raise the pike; I'm for 'em.

They're very modest; 'tis a fine prelude.

*Juan.* With me, or with this gentleman, would you speak, lady? [Castro.

*Clara.* With you, Sir, as I guess; *Juan de Perez.* Her curtain opens; she's a pretty gentlewoman. [fortune.

*Juan.* I am the man, and shall be bound to I may do any service to your beauties.

*Clara.* Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,

To serve the Catholick king.

*Juan.* I am, sweet lady.

*Clara.* I have a kinsman, and a noble friend, Employ'd in those wars; may be, Sir, you know him;

*Don Campusano,* captain of carbines, To whom I would request your nobleness To give this poor remembrance.

[Gives a letter.

*Juan.* I shall do it;

I know the gentleman, a most worthy captain.

*Clara.* Something in private.

*Juan.* Step aside: I'll serve thee.

[Exeunt *Juan* and *Clara*.

*Perez.* Prithee, let me see thy face.

*Estif.* Sir, you must pardon me:

Women of our sort, that maintain fair memories,<sup>7</sup>

And keep suspect off from their chastities, Had need wear thicker veils

*Perez.* I am no blaster of a lady's beauty, Nor bold intruder on her special favours; I know how tender reputation is, And with what guards it ought to be pre-You may to me. [serv'd, lady:

*Estif.* You must excuse me, Signior; I come not here to sell myself.

*Perez.* As I'm a gentleman!

By th' honour of a soldier!

*Estif.* I believe you;

I pray you be civil; I believe you'd see me, And when you've seen me I believe you'll like me;

But in a strange place, to a stranger too, As if I came on purpose to betray you! Indeed, I will not.

*Perez.* I shall love you dearly;

And 'tis a sin to fling away affection:

I have no mistress, no desire to honour

Any but you.—Will not this oyster open?—

I know not, you have struck me with your modesty— [me

She will draw sure—so deep, and taken from All the desire I might bestow on others—Quickly, before they come!

<sup>7</sup> The meaning may be, 'how will you be disgraced, if you offer gallantry, where it will not be accepted.'

<sup>7</sup> Fair memories ] i. e. Fair characters.

<sup>8</sup> I fear a fly.] Both Mr. Ticebald and Mr. Sympton make a query about this. I suppose it a metaphor taken from fishing with flies.

We apprehend *fly* alludes to some common saying in the time of our Authors. It obviously implies a trick; *musca, mossa, a fly*.

*Estif.* Indeed, I dare not:

But, since I see you're so desirous, Sir, To view a poor face that can merit nothing But your repentance—

*Perez.* It must needs be excellent. [of me;

*Estif.* And with what honesty you ask it When I am gone let your man follow me, And view what house I enter; thither come; For there I dare be bold to appear open, And, as I like your virtuous carriage then,

[Enter *Juan*, *Clara*, and *Servant*.]

I shall be able to give welcome to you.—

Sh' hath done her business; I must take my leave, Sir.

*Perez.* I'll kiss your fair white hand, and thank you, lady:

My man shall wait, and I shall be your servant. Sirrah, come near; hark!

*Serv.* I shall do it faithfully. [Exit.

*Juan.* You will command me no more services? [dear Sir,

*Clara.* To be careful of your noble health, That I may ever honour you.

*Juan.* I thank you,

And kiss your hands. Wait on the ladies down there! [Exeunt *ladies* and *Servant*.

*Perez.* You had the honour to see the face that came to you?

*Juan.* And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, don Michael?

*Perez.* Mine was i' th' eclipse, and had a cloud drawn over it;

But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handsome; She had a hand would stir a holy hermit.

*Juan.* You know none of 'em?

*Perez.* No.

*Juan.* Then I do, captain;

But I'll say nothing till I see the proof on't. Sit close, don Perez, or your worship's caught; I fear a fly.<sup>8</sup>

*Perez.* Were those she brought love-letters?

*Juan.* A packet to a kinsman now in Flanders. Yours was very modest, methought. [ders.

*Perez.* Some young unmanag'd thing;

But I may live to see—

*Juan.* 'Tis worth experience.

Let's walk abroad, and view our companies. [Exeunt.

[Enter *Sancho* and *Alonso*.]

*Sancho.* What are you for the wars, Alonso?

*Alonso.* It may be ay,

It may be no; e'en as the humour takes me. If I find peace among the female creatures,

And easy entertainment, I'll stay at home;

I'm not so far oblig'd yet to long marches

<sup>7</sup> The meaning may be, 'how will you be disgraced, if you offer gallantry, where it will not be accepted.'

<sup>7</sup> Fair memories ] i. e. Fair characters.

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We apprehend *fly* alludes to some common saying in the time of our Authors. It obviously implies a trick; *musca, mossa, a fly*.

And mouldy biscuits, to run mad for honour.  
When you're all gone, I have my choice be-  
fore me.

*Sanc.* Of which hospital thou'lt sweat in.  
Never leave whoring? [Wilt thou

*Alon.* There is less danger in't than gun-  
ning, Sanchio:

Tho' we be shot sometimes, the shot's not  
Besides, it breaks no limbs. [mortal;

*Sanc.* But it disables 'em; dost thou see  
how thou pull'st

Thy leg after thee, as they hung by points?

*Alon.* Better to pull 'em thus, than walk  
on wooden ones;

Serve bravely for a billet to support me.

*Sanc.* Fy, fy! 'tis base.

*Alon.* Dost thou count it base to suffer?

Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honour.

You think it nothing to lie twenty days

Under a surgeon's hands, that has no mercy.

*Sanc.* As thou hast done, I'm sure. But I  
perceive now

Why you desire to stay; the Orient heiress,  
The Margarita, Sir!

*Alon.* I would I had her.

*Sanc.* They say she'll marry.

*Alon.* Yes, I think she will. [too!

*Sanc.* And marry suddenly, as report goes  
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.

*Alon.* I would I had the sleuthing on't.

*Sanc.* They say too

She has a greedy eye, that must be fed  
With more than one man's meat.

*Alon.* Would she were mine!

I'd cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,  
There be too many great men that adore her;  
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim pri-  
vilege. [marriage;

*Sanc.* Yet those stand off i' th' way of  
To be tied to a man's pleasure is a second la-  
bour. [town.

*Alon.* Sh' has bought a brave house here in  
*Sanc.* I've heard so.

*Alon.* If she convert it now to pious uses,  
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!

*Sanc.* When comes she to it?

*Alon.* Within these two days; she's i' th'  
country yet,

And keeps the noblest house!

*Sanc.* Then there's some hope of her.

Wilt thou go my way?

*Alon.* No, no, I must leave you,

And repair to an old gentlewoman

That has credit with her, that can speak a  
good word.

*Sanc.* Send her good fortune! but make  
thy body sound first.

*Alon.* I am a soldier, and too sound a body  
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio!

[Exit.

*Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.*

*Serv.* 'Tis this or that house, or I've lost  
my aim; [plaguy fast;  
They're both fair buildings. She walk'd

(*Enter Estifanio.*)

And hereabouts I lost her. Stay! that's she,  
'Tis very she. She makes me a low court'sy.  
Let me note the place; the street I well re-  
member.

She's in again. Certain some noble lady:

[Exit Estif.

How happy should I be if she love my master!  
A wondrous goodly house; here are brave  
lodgings,

And I shall sleep now like an emperor,  
And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune!  
I'll back with speed, and bring him happy  
tidings. [Exit.

*Enter three old Ladies.*

1 *Lady.* What should it mean, that in  
such haste we're sent for? [business

2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has some  
She'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It should seem so.

'Tis a good lady, and a wise young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I war-  
rant ye,

For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity  
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more sometimes than we can  
well away with.<sup>9</sup>

*Enter Altea.*

*Altea.* Good morrow, ladies!

*All.* Morrow, my good madam!

1 *Lady.* How does the sweet young beauty,  
lady Margaret? [last night?

2 *Lady.* Has she slept well after her walk

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

*Altea.* All's well;

She's very well; she sent for you thus suddenly  
To give her counsel in a business

That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wisely,  
To ask the counsel of the ancient'st, madam;

Our years have run thro' many things she

*Alice.* She would fain marry. [knows not.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,  
And well becomes her years. Who would  
she yoke with? [come in,

*Altea.* That's left to argue on. I pray

<sup>9</sup> *Well away with.*] This mode of expression needs no explanation; we shall only observe, that it is frequently to be found in our ancient writers. In the Second Part of Henry IV. act iii. scene ii. Shallow says, 'she could never away with me.' And among 'The orders thought 'wrote by her majesty to be executed throughout the counties of this realme, in such townes, 'villages, and other places, as are or may be hereafter infected with the plague, for the stay 'of further increase of the same.' B. L. 4to. printed by Barker, is a receipt 'for women with 'child, or such as be delicate and tender, and cannot away with taking medicines.' R.

And break your fast; drink a good cup or two,  
To strengthen your understandings; then  
she'll tell ye.

2 *Lady*. And good wine breeds good counsel;  
we'll yield to you. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Juan de Castro and Leon.*

*Juan*. Have you seen any service?

*Leon*. Yes.

*Juan*. Where?

*Leon*. Every where.

*Juan*. What office bore you?

*Leon*. None; I was not worthy.

*Juan*. What captains know you?

*Leon*. None; they were above me.

*Juan*. Were you ne'er hurt?

*Leon*. Not that I well remember,  
But once I stole a hen, and then they beat me.  
Pray ask me no long questions; I've an ill  
memory.

*Juan*. This is an ass. Did you ne'er draw  
your sword yet? [*for't.*]

*Leon*. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n

*Juan*. Nor ne'er ta'en prisoner?

*Leon*. No, I run away,  
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.

*Juan*. Can you endure a dram?

*Leon*. It makes my head ache.

*Juan*. Are you not valiant when you're

*Leon*. I think not; [*drunk ?*]

But I am loving, Sir.

*Juan*. What a lump is this man!

Was your father wise?

*Leon*. Too wise for me, I'm sure;

For he gave all he had to my younger brother.

*Juan*. That was no foolish part, I'll bear  
you witness.

Canst thou lie with a woman?

*Leon*. I think I could make shift, Sir;

But I am bashful.

*Juan*. In the night?

*Leon*. I know not;

Darkness indeed may do some good upon me.

*Juan*. Why art thou sent to me to be my  
officer,

Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'st  
not fight?

*Leon*. There be more officers of my opinion,  
Or I am cozen'd, Sir; men that talk more too.

*Juan*. How wilt thou 'scape a bullet?

*Leon*. Why, by chance; [*Sir.*]  
They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none

*Juan*. This fellow has some doubts in's  
talk, that strike me;

(*Enter Alonzo.*)

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonzo!

*Alon*. What have you got there? Tem-  
perance into

Your company? the spirit of peace? we  
shall have wars

(*Enter Cacafogo.*)

By the ounce then. Oh, here's another pump-  
pion;

Let him loose for luck sake, the cram'd son  
Of a starv'd usurer, Cacafogo;

Both their brains butter'd cannot make two  
spoonfuls. [*war too,*]

*Cac*. My father's dead; I am a man of  
Monies, demesnes; I've ships at sea too, cap-  
tains.

*Juan*. Take heed o' th' Hollander; your  
ships may leak else. [*drunkards.*]

*Cac*. I scorn the Hollanders; they are my

*Alon*. Put up your gold, Sir; I will borrow  
it else.

*Cac*. I'm satisfied, you shall not.—Come  
out; I know thee;

Meet mine anger instantly!

*Leon*. I never wrong'd you.

*Cac*. Thou hast wrong'd mine honour;  
Thou look'st upon my mistress thrice lascivi-  
ously; I'll make it good.

*Juan*. Do not heat yourself; you will surfeit.

*Cac*. Thou won't my money too, with a  
pair of base bones, [*thee,*]

In whom there was no truth; for which I beat  
I heat thee much; now I will hurt thee dan-  
gerously;

This shall provoke thee. [*He strikes.*]

*Alon*. You struck too low by a foot, Sir.

*Juan*. You must get a ladder when you'd  
beat this fellow. [*pardon me!*]

*Leon*. I cannot chuse but kick again; pray

*Cac*. Hadst thou not ask'd my pardon, I  
had kill'd thee.

I leave thee as a thing despis'd! *Basso las man-  
nos a vostra Signoria!*<sup>10</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Alon*. You've 'scap'd by miracle; there is  
not in all Spain,

A spirit more of fury than this fire-drake.

*Leon*. I see he's haasty; and I'd give him  
leave

To beat me soundly, if he'd take my bond.

*Juan*. What shall I do with this fellow?

*Alon*. Turn him off:

He will infect the camp with cowardice,

If he go with thee.

*Juan*. About some week hence, Sir,

If I can hit upon no abler officer,

You shall hear from me.

*Leon*. I desire no better. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Estifania and Perez.*

*Perez*. You've made me now too bountiful  
amends, lady,

For your strict carriage when you saw me first.

These beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;

It was a wrong to hide so sweet an object;

I could now chide you, but it shall be thus.

No other anger ever touch your sweetness!

<sup>10</sup> *Assoles manus a vostra siniare a maistre.*] I have put Mr. Theobald's correction of this  
into the text. *Seward.*

*Estif.* You appear to me so honest, and so civil,

Without a blush, Sir, I dare bid you wel-  
*Perez.* Now let me ask your name.

*Estif.* 'Tis Estifania;  
 The heir of this poor place.

*Perez.* Poor, do you call it?  
 There's nothing that I cast my eyes upon,  
 But shews both rich and admirable; all the  
 rooms

Are hung as if a princess were to dwell here;  
 The gardens, orchards, every thing so curious!  
 Is all that plate your own too?

*Estif.* 'Tis but little,  
 Only for present use; I've more and richer,  
 When need shall call, or friends compel me  
 use it.

The suits you see of all the upper chambers,  
 Are those that commonly adorn the house:  
 I think I have, besides, as fair as Sevil,<sup>11</sup>  
 Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

*Perez.* Now if she be not married, I have  
 Are you a maid? [some hopes.

*Estif.* You make me blush to answer;  
 I ever was accounted so to this hour,  
 And that's the reason that I live retir'd, Sir.

*Perez.* Then would I counsel you to marry  
 presently,

—If I can get her, I am made for ever—  
 For every year you lose, you lose a beauty;  
 A husband now, an honest careful husband,  
 Were such a comfort! Will you walk above  
 stairs? [far, Sir;

*Estif.* This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter  
 Above there are day-beds, and such tempta-  
 I dare not trust, Sir.— [tions

*Perez.* She's excellent wise withal too.—

*Estif.* You nam'd a husband; I am not  
 so strict, Sir,

Nor tied unto a virgin's solitariness,  
 But if an honest, and a noble one,  
 Rich, and a soldier (for so I've vow'd he shall  
 be) [him;

Were offer'd me, I think I should accept  
 But, above all, he must love.

*Perez.* He were base else.—  
 There's comfort minister'd in the word soldier:  
 How sweetly should I live!

*Estif.* I'm not so ignorant,  
 But that I know well how to be commanded,  
 And how again to make myself obey'd, Sir.  
 I waste but little, I have gather'd much;  
 My rials not the less worth, when 'tis spent,  
 If spent by my direction; to please my hus-  
 I hold it as indifferent in my duty, [band,  
 To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,  
 As in the hall to know myself the mistress.

*Perez.* Sweet, rich, and provident! now  
 fortune stick to me!

I am a soldier, and a bachelor, lady;  
 And such a wife as you I could love infinitely:  
 They that use many words, some are deceitful;  
 I long to be a husband, and a good one;  
 For 'tis most certain I shall make a precedent  
 For all that follow me to love their ladies.

I'm young you see, able I'd have you think  
 too; [take me.

If't please you know, try me, before you  
 'Tis true, I shall not meet in equal wealth

With you; but jewels, chains, such as the  
 war [sume on

Has giv'n me, a thousand ducats I dare pre-  
 In ready gold, (now as your care may handle  
 it) [lady!

As rich cloaths too as any he bears arms,  
*Estif.* You're a true gentleman, and fair,

I see by you;  
 And such a man I'd rather take—

*Perez.* Pray do so!  
 I'll have a priest o' th' sudden.

*Estif.* And as suddenly  
 You will repent too.

*Perez.* I'll be hang'd or drown'd first,  
 By this, and this, and this kiss!

*Estif.* You're a flatterer;  
 But I must say there was something when I

saw you first,  
 In that most noble face, that stirr'd my fancy.

*Perez.* I'll stir it better ere you sleep, sweet  
 lady, [to you,

I'll send for all my trunks and give up all  
 Into your own dispose, before I bed you;

And then sweet weneh—

*Estif.* You have the art to cozen me.  
 [Exeunt.

<sup>11</sup> ————— as fair, as civil,

As any town in Spain can parallel.] The first quarto reads,

————— as civil,

Or any town in Spain can parallel.

The subsequent editions in attempting to correct this made tolerable sense by changing *or* to *as*, though Mr. Sympson and I agree that they mistook the real corruption; the change of the adjective *civil* to the name of the city gives so much better a reading, that we doubt not of its being the original. Upon consulting Mr. Theobald's margin, I find the same correction there. *Seward.*

ACT II.

*Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.*

*Marg.* SIT down, and give me your opinion seriously.

1 *Lady.* You say you have a mind to marry, lady? [credit;

*Marg.* 'Tis true, I have, for to preserve my Yet not so much for that as for my state, ladies; Conceive me right, there lies the main o' the question:

Credit I can redeem, money will imp it; But when my money's gone, when the law shall [all?

Seize that, and for incontinency strip me of

1 *Lady.* D'ye find your body so malicious that way? [young and lusty,

*Marg.* I find it as all bodies are that are Lazy, and high fed; I desire my pleasure, And pleasure I must have.

2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you should have; Your years require it, and 'tis necessary, As necessary as meat to a young lady; Sleep cannot nourish more. [you single?

1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep You take away variety in marriage, [then; 'Th' abundance of the pleasure you are barr'd Is't not abundance that you aim at?

*Marg.* Yes; Why was I made a woman?

2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day a new?

*Marg.* Why fair and young, but to use it?

1 *Lady.* You're still i' th' right; why should you marry then?

*Altea.* Because a husband stops all doubts in this point,

And clears all passages.

2 *Lady.* What husband mean ye?

*Altea.* A husband of an easy faith,<sup>12</sup> a fool, Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleasure;

One, though he see himself become a monster, Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.

2 *Lady.* You grant there may be such a man.

1 *Lady.* Yes, marry; But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection.

2 *Lady.* They must be chosen so; things of no honour,

Nor outward honesty.

*Marg.* No, 'tis no matter; I care not what they are, so they be lusty. 2 *Lady.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer; some such fellow,

That carries credit and a face of awe, But lies with nothing but his clients' business.

*Marg.* No, there's no trusting them; they are too subtle;

The law has moulded 'em of natural mischief.

1 *Lady.* Then, some grave governor, Some man of honour, yet an easy man.

*Marg.* If he have honour, I'm undone; I'll none such:

I'll have a lusty man; honour will eloy me.

*Altea.* 'Tis fit you should, lady; [labour, And to that end, with search and wit, and I've found one out, a right one and a perfect; He's made as strong as brass, is of brave years And doughty of complexion. [too,

*Marg.* Is he a gentleman?

*Altea.* Yes, and a soldier; as gentle as you'd wish him;

A good fellow, wears good cloaths.

*Marg.* Those I'll allow him; They are for my credit. Does he understand But little?

*Altea.* Very little.

*Marg.* 'Tis the better.

Have not the wars bred him up to anger? *Altea.* No; [him;

He will not quarrel with a dog that bites Let him be drunk or sober, he's one silence.

*Marg.* H' has no capacity what honour is? For that's the soldier's god. [wisdom;

*Altea.* Honour's a thing too subtle for his If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.

*Marg.* Is he so goodly a man, do you say?

*Altea.* As you shall see, lady;

But, to all this, he's but a trunk.

*Marg.* I'd have him so, I shall add branches to him to adorn him.

Go, find me out this man, and let me see him;

<sup>12</sup> *Altea.* A husband of an easy faith ] This part of *Altea* is given to the Fourth Lady in the first quarto. She is the plotter, and sister to Leon; but the players, probably to contract the number of characters, gave her whole part to *Altea*, and with so much judgment, that I question whether they had not the Author's approbation, and therefore I shall not alter it.

*Seward.*

We should be glad to know how this approbation, which Mr. Seward makes no question of the Author's giving, was communicated; as it must have been sent from the Elyzian Fields; since Fletcher died fifteen years before this first quarto was printed; subsequent to which the variation of the interlocutors was made. But perhaps Mr. Seward "intended the "anachronism," to render the circumstance "more droll and laughable." See note 44, on Humorous Lieutenant, in this volume. The approbation, however, was totally undeserved; for, in this first quarto, the characters are strangely jumbled together; the same person being, in the very same scene, sometimes called *Altea*, sometimes, *Fourth Lady*. This Mr. Seward does not seem to have known. The plot, however, seems to give the whole part to *Altea*.

If he be that motion<sup>22</sup> that you tell me of,  
And make no more noise, I shall entertain  
Let him be here. [Hm.]

*Altea.* He shall attend your ladyship.  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Juan, Alonso, and Perez.*

*Juan.* Why, thou art not married indeed?

*Perez.* No, no; pray think so.

Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,  
Not worth a lady's eye!

*Alon.* Wouldst thou steal a fortune,  
And make none of all thy friends acquainted  
with it,

Nor bid us to thy wedding?

*Perez.* No, indeed!

There was no wisdom in't, to bid an artist,  
An old seducer, to a female banquet! [tious.  
I can cut up my pye without your instruc-

*Juan.* Was it the wench i' th' veil?

*Perez.* Basta! 'twas she;

The prettiest rogue that e'er you look'd upon,  
The loving'st thief!

*Juan.* And is she rich withal too?

*Perez.* A mine, a mine! there is no end  
of wealth, colonel.

I am an ass, a bashful fool! Prithee, colonel,  
How do thy companions fill now?

*Juan.* You're merry, Sir;

You intend a safer war at home, belike now?

*Perez.* I do not think I shall fight much  
this year, colonel;

I find myself giv'n to my ease a little.

I care not if I sell my foolish company;  
They're things of hazard.

*Alon.* How it angers me,

This fellow at first sight should win a lady,  
A rich young wench; and I, that have con-  
sum'd [delies,

My time and art in searching out their sub-  
like a fool'd alchemist, blow up my hopes  
still! [freely merry?

When shall we come to thy house and be

*Perez.* When I have manag'd her a little  
more;

I have a house to entertain an army.

*Alon.* If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few  
less come to thee.

*Perez.* But where they'll get entertainment  
is the point, Signior;

I beat no drum.

*Alon.* You need none but her labor.

*Perez.* May be I'll march,<sup>24</sup> after a month  
or two,

To get me a fresh stomach. I find, colonel,  
A wantonness in wealth, methinks I agree  
not with;

'Tis such a trouble to be married too,  
And have a thousand things of great import-  
ance,

Jewels, and plates, and fooleries, molest me;  
To have a man's brains whimsied with his  
Before, I walk'd contentedly, [wealth!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* My mistress, Sir, is sick, because  
you're absent;  
She mourns, and will not eat.

*Perez.* Alas, my jewel! [fair leaves!

Come, I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your  
You see I'm tied a little to my yoke;  
Pray pardon me! 'would ye had both such  
loving wives!

*Juan.* I thank you

[*Exeunt Perez and Servant.*]

For your old boots! Never be blank, Alonso,  
Because this fellow has outstript thy fortune!  
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how  
The gracious state of matrimony stands with  
him.

Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,  
We'll visit both; it may be then your fortune.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.*

*Marg.* Is he come? [half-hour.

*Altea.* Yes, madam; h' has been here this  
I've question'd him of all that you can ask him,  
And find him as fit as you had made the man:  
He'll make the goodliest shadow for iniquity!

*Marg.* Have ye search'd him, ladies?

*Omnes.* He's a man at all points, a likely  
man!

*Marg.* Call him in, Altea. [*Exit Altea.*]

[*Enter Leon and Altea.*]

A man of a good presence! Pray you come  
this way;

Of a lusty body: Is his mind so tame?

*Altea.* Pray question him; and if you find  
him not

Fit for your purpose, shake him off; there's  
no harm done. [blushes!

*Marg.* Can you love a young lady? How he  
*Altea.* Leave twirling of your hat, and

hold your head up,

And speak to th' lady.

*Leon.* Yes, I think I can; [madam.

I must be taught; I know not what it means,

*Marg.* You shall be taught. And can you,  
when she pleases,

Go ride abroad, and stay a week or two?

You shall have men and horses to attend you,  
And money in your purse.

<sup>22</sup> If he be that motion.] i.e. *Puppet*. The word occurs in the same sense in Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. In the play of *Bartholomew Fair*, Master Pod is mentioned as Master of the *Motions*. H.

<sup>24</sup> *Alon.* You need none but her labor; May be I'll march, &c.] This whole speech, all but the first line of which so evidently belongs to *Perez*, was given to *Alonso* in all the former editions. Mr. Symson and Mr. Thos-ward.



*Leon.* Yes, I love riding;  
And when I am from home I am so merry!  
*Marg.* Be as merry as you will. Can you  
as handsomely, [dience,  
When you are sent for back, come with obe-  
And do your duty to the lady loves you?

*Leon.* Yes, sure, I shall.

*Marg.* And when you see her friends here,  
Or noble kinsmen, can you entertain  
Their servants in the cellar, and be busied,  
And hold your peace, whate'er you see or  
hear of?

*Leon.* 'Twere fit I were bang'd else.

*Marg.* Let me try your kisses.

How the fool shakes! I will not eat you, Sir.  
Beshrew my heart, he kisses wondrous manly?  
Can you do any thing else?

*Leon.* Indeed, I know not; [me,  
But if your ladyship will please to instruct  
Sure I shall learn.

*Marg.* You shall then be instructed.  
If I should be this lady that affects you,  
Nay, say I marry you—

*Altea.* Hark to the lady.

*Marg.* What money have you?

*Leon.* None, madam, nor friends.

I would do any thing to serve your ladyship.

*Marg.* You must not look to be my master,  
Sir, [breeches;  
Nor talk i'th' house as tho' you wore the  
No, nor command in any thing.

*Leon.* I will not;

Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.

*Marg.* Nor do not labour to arrive at any;  
'Twill spoil your head. I take you upon cha-  
rity,

And like a servant you must be unto me;  
As I behold your duty I shall love you,  
And, as you observe me, I may chance lie  
Can you mark these? [with you.

*Leon.* Yes, indeed, forsooth.

*Marg.* There is one thing,  
That if I take you in I put you from me,  
Utterly from me; you must not be saucy,  
No, nor at any time familiar with me;  
Scarce know me, when I call you not.

*Leon.* I will not.

Alas, I never knew myself sufficiently.

*Marg.* Nor must not now.

*Leon.* I'll be a dog to please you.

*Marg.* Indeed, you must fetch and carry  
as I appoint you.

*Leon.* I were to blame else.

*Marg.* Kiss me again. A strong fellow!  
There is a vigour in his lips: If you see me  
Kiss any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,  
You must not start, nor be offended.

*Leon.* No,  
If you kiss a thousand I shall be contented!  
It will the better teach me bow to please you!

*Altea.* I told you, madam!

*Marg.* 'Tis the man I wish'd for.  
The less you speak—

*Leon.* I'll never speak again, madam,  
But when you echarge me; then I'll speak  
softly too. [standly.

*Marg.* Get me a priest; I'll wed him in-  
But when you're married, Sir, you must wait  
upon me,

And see you observe my laws.

*Leon.* Else you shall hang me.

*Marg.* I'll give you better cloaths when  
you deserve 'em.—

Come in, and serve for witnesses.

*Omnēs.* We shall, madam.

*Marg.* And then away to th' city presently;  
I'll to my new house and new company.

*Leon.* A thousand crowns are thine; and  
I'm a made man.

*Altea.* Do not break out too soon!

*Leon.* I know my time, wench. [Exeunt.

Enter Clara and Estifania, with a paper.

*Clara.* What, have you caught him?

*Estif.* Yes.

*Clara.* And do you find him  
A man of those hopes that you aim'd at?

*Estif.* Yes, too;

And the most kind man, and the ablest also  
To give a wife content! He's sound as old  
wine,

And to his soundness rises on the palate;  
And there's the man! I find him rich too,  
Clara.

*Clara.* Hast thou married him?

*Estif.* What, dost thou think I fish with-  
out a bait, wench?

I bob for fools: He is mine own, I have him.  
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;  
And, as I cast it, so I caught him daintily.  
And all he has I've stow'd at my devotion.

*Clara.* Does thy lady know this? She's  
coming now to town,  
Now to live here in this house.

*Estif.* Let her come;

She shall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;  
She's mad sure if she be angry at my fortune,  
For what I have made bold.

*Clara.* Dost thou not love him?

*Estif.* Yes, entirely well, [ther  
As long as there he stays, and looks no fur-  
into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate  
him, [cozen him.<sup>13</sup>

And that wise hate will teach me how to

<sup>13</sup> And that wise hate will teach me how to cozen him,

[How to decline their wives, &c.] Mr. Symson agrees with me that there is certainly a  
line or more lost between these two. The sense necessary is very clear from what Perez  
says of himself,

*Have I so long studied the art of this sex,  
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?  
Have I profest to tame the pride of ladies?*

A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings  
How to decline their wives, and curb their  
manners,

To put a stern and strong rein to their natures,  
And holds he is an ass not worth acquaintance,  
That cannot mold a devil to obedience.  
I owe him a good turn for these opinions,  
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

(Enter Perez.)

Oh, here he is; now you shall see a kind  
man. [lanth?

Perez. My Estifania! shall we to dinner,  
I know thou stay'st for me.

Estif. I cannot eat else. [dise

Perez. I never enter, but methinks a para-  
Appears about me.

Estif. You're welcome to it, Sir.

Perez. I think I have the sweetest seat in  
Spain, wench; [den,

Methinks the richest too. We'll eat i' the gar-  
In one o' th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and plea-  
sant) [fountain.

And have our wine cool'd in the running  
Who's that?

Estif. A friend of mine, Sir.

Perez. Of what breeding?

Estif. A gentlewoman, Sir.

Perez. What business has she?

Is she a learned woman i' th' mathematics?  
Can she tell fortunes?

Estif. More than I know, Sir. [woman,

Perez. Or has she e'er a letter from a kins-  
That must be deliver'd in my absence, wife?  
Or comes she from the doctor to salute you,  
And learn your health? She looks not like a  
confessor. [troubled, Sir?

Estif. What need all this? why are you  
What d'you suspect? she cannot cuckold you;  
She is a woman, Sir, a very woman.

Perez. Your very woman may do very  
well, Sir, [form it

Toward the matter; for, though she can't per-  
In her own person, she may do't by proxy:  
Your rarest jugglers work still by conspiracy.

Estif. Cry you mercy, husband! you are  
jealous then,

And happily suspect me?

Perez. No, indeed, wife.

Estif. Methinks you should not till you  
have more cause, [husband,

And clearer too I'm sure you've heard say,  
A woman forc'd will free herself thro' iron;  
A happy, calm, and good wife, discontented,  
May be taught tricks.

Perez. No, no, I do hat jest with you.

Estif. To-morrow, friend, I'll see you.

Clara. I shall leave you

'Till then, and pray all may go sweetly with  
you. [Exit.

Estif. Why, where's this girl? Who's at  
the door?

Perez. Who knocks there? [Knock.  
Is't for the king you come, you knock so  
Look to the door. [boist'rously?

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady! as I live, mistress, my  
lady's come! [her,  
She's at the door; I peep'd through, and I saw  
And a stately company of ladies with her.

Estif. This was a week too soon; but I  
must meet with her,

And set a new wheel going, and a subtle one,  
Must blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.

Perez. What are they at door?

Estif. Such, my Michael,  
As you may bless the day they enter'd here;  
Such for our good!

Perez. 'Tis well.

Estif. Nay, 'twill be better  
If you will let me but dispose the business,  
And be a stranger to't, and not disturb me:  
What have I now to do but to advance your  
fortune? [I was angry;

Perez. Do; I dare trust thee. I'm ashamed  
I find thee a wise young wife.

Estif. Ill wise your worship  
Before I leave you!—Pray you walk by, and  
say nothing, [Sir:

Only salute them, and leave the rest to me,  
I was born to make you a man. [Exit.

Perez. The rogue speaks heartily;  
Her good-will colours in her cheeks; I'm  
born to love her.

I must be gentler to these tender natures;  
A soldier's rude harsh words befit not ladies,  
Nor must we talk to them as we talk to our  
officers. [now;

I'll give her way, for 'tis for me she works  
I am husband, heir, and all she has.

(Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, Estifania,  
and Ladies.)

Who are these? what flouting things? A  
woman [big

Of rare presence! excellent fair! This is too  
For a bawdy-house, too open-seated too.

Estif. My husband, lady!

Marg. You've gain'd a proper man.

Perez. Whate'er I am, I am your servant,  
lady. [Kisses.

Estif. Sir, be rul'd now, and I shall make  
you rich: [her,

This is my cousin; that gentleman dotes on  
Even to death; see how he observes her.

Perez. She's a goodly woman.

Estif. She's a mirror, [else.  
But she is poor; she were for a prince's side

From the sense of these lines, therefore, I have ventured to form one, which I doubt not to be  
the sense of that which is lost, and I shall keep as close to his words here as I can. And for  
this reason, in the line, I have inserted, I have used lady-tamer instead of woman-tamer, and  
warnings instead of lectures. Seward.

This house she has brought him to, as to her own,

Presuming upon me, and upon my courtesy;  
(Conceive me short) he knows not but she's wealthy:

Or, if he did know otherwise, 'twere all one,  
He's so far gone.

*Perez.* Forward. She has a rare face.

*Estif.* This we must carry with discretion,  
husband,

And yield unto her for four days.

*Perez.* Yield our house up,

Our goods, and wealth?

*Estif.* All this is but in seeming,  
To milk the lover on. D'you see this writing?  
Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married,

Has she seal'd to for our good: The time's  
I'll shew it you to-morrow.

*Perez.* All the house? [confirm him;

*Estif.* All, all, and we'll remove too, to  
They'll into th' country suddenly again  
After they're match'd, and then she'll open to him.

*Perez.* The whole possession, wife? Look  
A part o'th' house——

*Estif.* No, no, they shall have all, [sage.  
And take their pleasure too; 'tis for our 'van-  
Why, what's four days? Had you a sister, Sir,  
A niece or mistress, that requir'd this courtesy,  
And should I make a scruple to do you good?

*Perez.* If easily it would come back.

*Estif.* I swear, Sir,  
As easily as it came on. Is it not pity

To let such a gentlewoman<sup>16</sup> for a little help?  
You give away no house.

*Perez.* Clear but that question.

*Estif.* I'll put the writings into your hand.

*Perez.* Well then.

*Estif.* And you shall keep them safe.

*Perez.* I'm satisfied. Would I'd the wench  
so too.

*Estif.* When she has married him,  
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,  
You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,  
May have Heav'n knows what.

*Perez.* I'll remove the goods straight,  
And take some poor house by; 'tis but for  
four days. [be.

*Estif.* I have a poor old friend: there we'll

*Perez.* 'Tis well then. [clear.

*Estif.* Go handsome off, and leave the house

*Perez.* Well.

*Estif.* That little stuff we'll use shall follow  
after,

And a boy to guide you. Peace, and we are  
made both! [Exit Perez.

*Marg.* Come, let's go in. Are all the  
rooms kept sweet, wench?

*Estif.* They're sweet and neat.

*Marg.* Why, where's your husband?

*Estif.* Gone, madam.

When you come to your own, he must give  
place, lady.

*Marg.* Well, send you joy! You would not  
let me know't,

Yet I shall not forget you.

*Estif.* Thank your ladyship! [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

*Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.*

*Altea.* ARE you at ease now? is your heart  
at rest

Now you have got a shadow, an umbrell,  
To keep the scorching world's opinion  
From your fair credit?

*Marg.* I'm at peace, Altea:  
If he continue but the same he shews,  
And be a master of that ignorance  
He outwardly professes, I am happy.  
The pleasure I shall live in, and the freedom,  
Without the squint-eye of the law upon me,  
Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy!

*Altea.* You're a made woman.

*Marg.* But if he should prove now  
A crafty and dissembling kind of husband,  
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art  
Of villainy conceal'd?

*Altea.* My life, an innocent.

*Marg.* That's it I aim at, [him;  
That's it I hope too; then I'm sure I rule  
For innocents are like obedient children  
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a  
cruel, [lutions,  
Who being not us'd to breakfasts and col-  
When they have coarse bread offer'd 'em, are  
thankful,

And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms  
Made ready to entertain my friends?  
I long to dance now, and to be wanton;  
Let me have a song. Is the great couch up  
The duke of Medina sent?

*Altea.* 'Tis up and ready.

*Marg.* And day-beds in all chambers?

*Altea.* In all, lady; [sures;  
Your house is nothing now but various plea-  
The gallants begin to gaze too.

*Marg.* Let 'em gaze on;  
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,

<sup>16</sup> ——— is it not pity

To let such a gentlewoman for a little help? i. e. 'To obstruct, or hinder the advance-  
'ment of such a lady, for want of some little assistance.' Here the verb *let* is used according  
to its ancient acceptation.

And company is my delight, and courtship,  
And handsome servants at my will. Where's  
my good husband?

Where does he wait?

*Altea.* He knows his distance, madam;  
I warrant you he's busy in the cellar,  
Amongst his fellow servants, or asleep,  
'Till your command awake him.

*Enter Leon and Servant.*

*Marg.* 'Tis well, Altea; [him.—  
It should be so; my ward I must preserve  
Who sent for him? how dare he come un-  
call'd for?

His bonnet on too!

*Altea.* Sure he sees you not.

*Marg.* How scornfully he looks!

*Leon.* Are all the chambers [sure?  
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's plea-  
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,  
And new plate bought, new jewels to give  
lustre? [and richer;

*Serv.* They are, and yet there must be more  
It is her will.

*Leon.* Hum. Is it so? 'tis excellent.  
It is her will too, to have feasts and banquets,  
Revels, and masques?

*Serv.* She ever lov'd 'em dearly, [Sir!  
And we shall have the bravest house kept now,  
I must not call you master (she has warn'd me)  
Nor must not put my hat off to you.

*Leon.* 'Tis no fashion;  
What tho' I be her husband, I'm your fellow.  
I may eat first.

*Serv.* That's as you shall deserve, Sir.

*Leon.* And when I lie with her——

*Serv.* May be I'll light you;  
On the same point you may do me that service.

*Enter a Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Madam, the duke Medina, with  
some captains,  
Will come to dinner, and have sent rare wine,  
And their best services.

*Marg.* They shall be welcome.  
See all be ready in the noblest fashion,  
The house perfum'd. Now I shall take my  
pleasure, [me.  
And not my neighbour Justice maunder at  
Go, get your best cloaths on; but, 'till I call  
you, [women,  
Be sure you be not seen. Dine with the gentle-  
And behave yourself cleanly, Sir; 'tis for my  
credit.

*Enter a second Lady.*

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia——  
*Leon.* That's a bawd,  
A three-pil'd bawd, bawd major to the army.

2 *Lady.* Has brought her coach to wait  
upon your ladyship, [morning,  
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this  
*Leon.* The neat air of her nunnery!

*Marg.* Tell her no;

I' th' afternoon I'll call on her.

2 *Lady.* I will, madam: [Exit.

*Marg.* Why are not you gone to prepare  
yourself?

May be you shall be sewer to the first course.  
A portly presence! Altea, he looks lean;  
'Tis a wash knave, he will not keep his flesh  
well.

*Altea.* A willing, madam, one that needs  
no spurring. [standing,

*Leon.* Faith, madam, in my little under-  
You'd better entertain your honest neighbours,  
Your friends about you, that may speak well  
of you,

And give a worthy mention of your bounty.

*Marg.* How now? what's this?

*Leon.* 'Tis only to persuade you:  
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,  
A kind of marehpane men, that will not last,  
madam; [poisons,

An egg and pepper goes further than their  
And in a well-built body, a poor parsnip

Will play his prize above their stroug pots-  
*Marg.* The fellow's mad! [biles.

*Leon.* He that shall counsel ladies,  
That have both liquorish and ambitious eyes,  
Is either mad or drunk, let him speak gospel.

*Altea.* He breaks out modestly.

*Leon.* Pray you be not angry;  
My indiscretion has made bold to tell you  
What you'll find true.

*Marg.* Thou dar'st not talk?

*Leon.* Not much, madam:  
You have a tie upon your servant's tongue;  
He dares not be so bold as reason bids him;  
'Twere fit there were a stronger on your tem-  
per. [band!

Ne'er look so stern upon me; I'm your hus-  
But what are husbands? Read the new world's  
wonders, [duces,

Such husbands as this monstrous world pro-  
And you will scarce find such deformities;  
They're shadows to conceal your venial virtues,  
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occa-  
sions,

Balls that lie by you, to wash out your stains,  
And bills nail'd up with horns before your  
To rent out last.<sup>17</sup> [stories,

*Marg.* D'you hear him talk?

*Leon.* I've done, madam;  
An ox once spoke, as learned men deliver;  
Shortly I shall be such; then I'll speak won-  
ders!

'Till when, I tie myself to my obedience. [Exit.

<sup>17</sup> And bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,

To rent out last.] A most beautiful metaphor has been here entirely lost in all the for-  
mer editions by the change of a single letter, which when once hit upon appears self-evident.  
Secord.

*Marg.* First, I'll untie myself! Did you mark the gentleman,  
How boldly and how saucily he talk'd,  
And how unlike the lump I took him for,  
The piece of ignorant dough? He stood up to me,  
[providence,  
And mated<sup>28</sup> my commands! this was your  
Your wisdom, to elect this gentleman,  
Your excellent forecast in the man, your  
knowledge!  
What think you now?

*Altea.* I think him an ass still;  
This boldness some of your people have blown  
into him, [rant,  
This wisdom too, with strong wine; 'tis a ty-  
And a philosopher also, and finds out reasons.

*Marg.* I'll have my cellar lock'd, no school  
kept there,

Nor no discovery. I'll turn my drunkards,  
Such as are understanding in their draughts,  
And dispute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,  
To grass immediately; I'll keep all fools,  
Sober or drunk, still fools, that shall know  
nothing;

Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;  
And such a hand I'll keep over this husband.

*Altea.* He'll fall again; my life, he cries  
by this time: [tion.

Keep him from drink; he has a high constitu-

*Enter Leon.*

*Leon.* Shall I wear my new suit, madam?

*Marg.* No, your old cloaths,  
And get you into th' country presently,  
And see my hawks well train'd; you shall  
have victuals,

Such as are fit for sancey palates, Sir, [too.  
And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good

*Altea.* Good madam, be not so rough with  
repentance:<sup>29</sup>

You see now he's come round again.

*Marg.* I see not what I expect to see.

*Leon.* You shall see, madam, if it shall  
please your ladyship—

*Altea.* He's humbled;

Forgive, good lady.

*Marg.* Well, go get you handsome,

And let me hear no more.

*Leon.* Have you yet no feeling? [*Aside.*

I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud  
lady! [*Exit.*

*Marg.* See you preserve him thus, upon my  
favour;

You know his temper, tie him to the grind-  
stone;

The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.

I'll have no needy rascals I tie to me,  
Dispute my life. Come in, and see all hand-  
some.

*Altea.* I hope to see you so too; I've wrought  
ill else. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Perez.*

*Perez.* Shall I ne'er return to mine own  
house again?

We're lodg'd here in the miserablest dog-hole,  
A conjurer's circle gives content above it;

A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:

We have a bed no bigger than a basket,

And there we lie like butter clapt together,

And sweat ourselves to sauce immediately.

The funes are infinite inhabit here too,

And to that so thick, they cut like marmaleet;

So various too, they'll pose a gold-finder!

Never return to mine own paradise?

Why, wife, I say! why, Estifania!

*Estif.* [*within.*] I'm going presently.

*Perez.* Make haste, good jewel!

I'm like the people that live in the sweet  
island:<sup>30</sup>

I die, I die, if I stay but one day more here;  
My lungs are rotten with the damps that rise,

And I cough nothing now but stinks of all  
sorts.

The inhabitants we have are two starv'd rats,  
(For they're not able to maintain a cat here)

And those appear as fearful as two devils;<sup>31</sup>  
They've eat a map o' th' whole world up al-

ready,

And if we stay a night, we're gone for com-  
pany.

There's an old woman that's now grown to  
marble,

Dried in this brick-kiln, and she sits i' th'  
chimney,

(Which is but three tiles, rais'd like a house  
of cards)

The true proportion of an old smok'd sibyl;  
There is a young thing too, that nature meant

For a maid-servant, but 'tis now a monster;  
She has a husk about her like a chesnut

With laziness, and living under the line here;  
And these two make a hollow sound together,

Like frogs, or winds between two doors that  
murmur.

<sup>28</sup> *Mated.*] Shakespeare uses this word in the same sense it bears here; i. e. to oppose, or contend with; and this signification it also carries at the game of chess.

<sup>29</sup> *Altea.* Good madam, be not so rough with repentance.] This line Mr. Seward gives, we think improperly, to *Leon*.

<sup>30</sup> *That live in the sweet islands.*] *Sweet Islands* may at first seem an odd comparison to the stench of the dog-hole here spoke of, but *sweet* means the Sugar-Islands, Barbadoes, St. Kitts, &c. the heat and unwholsomeness of which, at particular seasons, is well known. Mr. Theobald not seeing this, reads, *sweat islands*.

<sup>31</sup> *As fearful as two devils.*] *Fearful* is here the same as *frightful* or *furios*; so the verb to *fear* is often used actively, i. e. to frighten. If *fearful* is understood in its usual sense, the passage will lose all its humour. *Seward.*

(Enter Estifania.)

Mercy, deliver me! Oh, are you come, wife?  
Shall we be free again?

Estif. I am now going, [Sir:  
And you shall presently to your own house,  
The remembrance of this small vexation  
Will be argument of mirth for ever.  
By that time you have said your orisons,  
And broke your fast, I shall be back, and ready  
To usher you to your old content, your freedom.

Perez. Break my neck rather! Is there  
any thing here to eat  
But one another, like a race of cannibals?  
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent!

Let's have our house again immediately;  
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,  
None be embezzled!

Estif. Not a pin, I warrant you

Perez. And let 'em instantly depart!

Estif. They shall both, [both,  
(There's reason in all courtesies) they must  
For by this time I know she has acquainted  
him,

And has provided too; she sent me word, Sir,  
And will give over gratefully unto you.

Perez. I'll walk i' th' church-yard;  
The dead cannot offend more than these living.  
An hour hence I'll expect you.

Estif. I'll not fail, Sir.

Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handsome dinner,  
And see all things be decent as they have been,  
And let me have a strong bath to restore me!  
I stink like a stall-fish, shambles,<sup>22</sup> or an oil-shop.

Estif. You shall have all—(which some  
interpret nothing)—  
I'll send you people for the trunks afore-hand,  
And for the stuff.

Perez. Let 'em be known and honest!  
And do my service to your niece.

Estif. I shall, Sir;  
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,  
That they may give you thanks for your fair courtesy.

And pray you be brave,<sup>23</sup> for my sake!

Perez. I observe you. [Exeunt.

Enter Juan de Castro, Sanchio, and  
Cacafogo.

Sanc. Thou'rt very brave.

Cac. I've reason; I have money.

Sanc. Is money reason?

Cac. Yes, and rhyme too, captain.

If you've no money, you're an ass,

Sanc. I thank you.

Cac. You've manners; ever thank him that  
has money.

Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?

Cac. Not a farthing, captain;  
Captains are casual things.

Sanc. Why, so are all men;

Thou shalt have my bond.

Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:

My money is mine own; I make no doubt  
on't.

Juan. What dost thou do with it?

Cac. Put it to pious uses, [combs

Buy wine and wenches, and undo young cox-  
That would undo me.

Juan. Are those hospitals?

Cac. I first provide to fill my hospitals  
With creatures of mine own, that I know  
wretches, [pray for me:

And then I build; those are more bound to  
Besides, I keep the inheritance in my name  
still. [wars, Sir!

Juan. A provident charity! Are you for the  
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a soldier,  
Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet:  
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.

Juan. You have said wisely.

Cac. Had you but any money, [home  
You'd swear it, colonel; I'd rather drill at  
A hundred thousand crowns, and with more  
honour, [thing:

Than exercise ten thousand fools with no-  
A wise man safely feeds, fools eat their fin-  
gers. [not marry,

Sanc. A right state usurer; why dost thou  
And live a reverend justice?

Cac. Is't not nobler [one?

To command a reverend justice, than to be  
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,  
When every courteous fool that owes me  
money,

Owes me his wife too, to appease my fury?

Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?

Cac. I will go, [one,

And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair  
The rich one too, and I will be respected;  
I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;  
And when your captainships shall stand aloof,  
And pick your noses, I will pick the purse  
Of her affection.

Juan. The duke dines there to-day too,  
The duke of Medina.

Cac. Let the king dine there,

He owes me money, and so far's my creature;

<sup>22</sup> *I stink like a stall-fish shambles*] A stall for fish and a fish-shambles seems to differ but as a part from the whole; I therefore read, a stale fish-shambles. Seward.

The old reading gives a further sense, only inserting a comma: *I stink like a stall-fish, shambles, or an oil-shop*: that is, 'I smell as strong as a fish stall, a butcher's shambles, or an oil shop.'

<sup>23</sup> *And pray you be brave.*] i. e. *Well-dress'd*; a request peculiarly humorous; Estifania having pillaged Perez's trunks, and left him but that 'one civil suit' which was upon his back. J. N.

And certainly I may make bold with mine own, captain.

*Sanc.* Thou wilt eat monstrously?

*Cac.* Like a true-born Spaniard; [grows]! Eat as I were in England, where the beef And I will drink abundantly, and then Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did, To stir the intellectuals of the ladies; I learnt it of my father's amorous scrivener.

*Juan.* If we should play now, you must supply me.

*Cac.* You must pawn a horse-troop, And then have at you, colonel!

*Sanc.* Come, let's go. [Ladies] This rascal will make rare sport! how the Will laugh at him!

*Juan.* If I light on him, I'll make his purse sweat too.

*Cac.* Will you lead, gentlemen? [Exeunt.]

*Enter Perez, an Old Woman, and Maid.*

*Perez.* Nay, pray ye come out, and let nie understand ye, And tune your pipe a little higher, lady; I'll hold ye fast. Rub! how came my trunks open? [rit—]

And my goods gone? what pick-lock spi—  
*Old Wom.* Ha! what would you have?

*Perez.* My goods again; how came my trunks all open?

*Old Wom.* Are your trunks open?

*Perez.* Yes, and my cloaths gone, And chains, and jewels! How she smells like hung beef! [belches.] The palsy and pick looks!<sup>24</sup> Fy, how she The spirit of garlic!

*Old Wom.* Where's your gentlewoman?

The young fair woman?

*Perez.* What's that to my question?

She is my wife, and gone about my business.

*Maid.* Is she your wife, Sir?

*Perez.* Yes, Sir; is that wonder?

Is the name of wife unknown here?

*Old Wom.* Is she truly,

Truly your wife?

*Perez.* I think so, for I married her.

It was no vision sure!

*Maid.* She has the keys, Sir.

*Perez.* I know she has; but who has all my goods, spirit?

*Old Wom.* If you be married to that gentlewoman, [husbands.]

You are a wretched man; she has twenty  
*Maid.* She tells you true.

*Old Wom.* And she has cozen'd all, Sir.

*Perez.* The devil she has! I had a fair house with her, That stands hard by, and furnish'd royally.

*Old Wom.* You're cozen'd too; 'tis none of hers, good gentleman;<sup>25</sup>

It is a lady's. What's the lady's name, wench?

*Maid.* The lady Margarita; she was her servant,

And kept the house, but going from her, Sir, For some lewd tricks she play'd.

*Perez.* Plague o' the devil!

Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wisdom, Cheated by a stale quean? What kind of lady Is that that owes the house?

*Old Wom.* A young sweet lady.

*Perez.* Of a low stature?

*Old Wom.* She's indeed but little,

But she is wondrous fair.

*Perez.* I feel I'm cozen'd;

Now I am sensible I am undone!

This is the very woman sure, that cousin, She told me would entreat but for four days, To make the house hers: I'm entreated sweetly!

*Maid.* When she went out this morning, (that I saw, Sir)

She had two women at the door attending, And there she gave 'em things, and loaded 'em; [too open,

But what they were—I heard your trunks If they be yours? [laden,

*Perez.* They were mine while they were But now they've cast their calves, they're not worth owning.

Was she her mistress, say you?

*Old Wom.* Her own mistress, Her very mistress, Sir, and all you saw About and in that house was hers.

*Perez.* No plate,

No jewels, nor no hangings?

*Maid.* Not a farthing;

She's poor, Sir, a poor shifting thing!

*Perez.* No money? [are,

*Old Wom.* Abominable poor, as poor as we Money as rare to her, unless she steal it. But for one civil gown her lady gave her, She may go bare, good gentlewoman!

*Perez.* I am mad now!

I think I am as poor as she; I'm wide else. One civil suit I have left too, and that's all, And if she steal that, she must flay me for it. Where does she use?

*Old Wom.* You may find truth as soon:

Alas, a thousand conceal'd corners, Sir, she lurks in;

And here she gets a fleece, and there another. And lives in mists and smokes where none can find her.

*Perez.* Is she a whore too?

*Old Wom.* Little better, gentleman; I dare not say

She is so, Sir, because she is yours, Sir; But these five years she has firk'd a pretty living,

<sup>24</sup> *The palsy and picklocks, fy, how she belches.*] The emendation which Mr. Sympton, Mr. Theobald and I, have all made here, will seem obvious and necessary to every reader.

<sup>25</sup> *'Tis none of hers, good gentleman.*] Mr. Seward chuses to read *gentlewoman*.  
VOL. I. J T

Until she came to serve.—I fear he will knock  
Brains out for lying. <sup>6</sup> [my

*Perce.* She has serv'd me faithfully;  
A whore and thief? two excellent moral  
learnings

In one she-saint! I hope to see her legend.  
Have I been fear'd for my discoveries,  
And courted by all women to conceal 'em?  
Have I so long studied the art of this sex,  
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?  
Have I profess'd to tame the pride of ladies,  
And make 'em bear all tests, and am I triek'd  
now? [yet;

Caught in mine own noose? Here's a rial left  
'There's for your lodging and your meat for  
this week!

A silk worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,  
And sleeps in a sweeter box. Farewell, great-  
grandmother!

If I do find you were an accessory,  
'Tis but the cutting off two smoky minutes)  
I'll hang you presently.

*Old Wom.* And I deserve it.

I tell but truth.

*Perce.* Nor I, I am an ass, mother!

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Duke Medina, Juan de Castro,  
Alonso, Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* A goodly house!

*Juan.* And richly furnish'd too, Sir.

*Alon.* Hung wantonly! I like that prepa-  
ration;

It stirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,  
And intimates the mistress free and jovial.

I love a house where pleasure prepares welcome.

*Duke.* Now, Cacafogo, how like you this  
'Twere a brave pawn. [mansion?

*Cac.* I shall be master of it;

'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide  
and spacious,

Airy and full of ease, and that I love well.

I'll tell you when I taste the wine, my lord,  
And take the height of her table with my sto-  
mach,

How my affections stand to the young lady.

*Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and Ser-  
vants.*

*Marg.* All welcome to your Grace, and to  
these soldiers! [sence.

You honour my poor house with your fair pre-  
sence. Those few slight pleasures that inhabit here,

Sir,

I do beseech your Grace command; they're  
Your servant but preserves 'em to delight you.

*Duke.* I thank you, lady! I am bold to visit  
you, [beauty.

Once more to bless mine eyes with your sweet

'T has been a long night since you left the  
court,

For 'till I saw you now, no day broke to me.

*Marg.* Bring in the duke's meat!

*Sanc.* She's most excellent. [on;

*Juan.* Most admirable fair as e'er I look'd  
I had rather command her than my regiment.

*Cac.* I'll have a sting; 'tis but a thousand  
ducats,

Which I can cozen up again in ten days,  
And some few jewels, to justify my knavery.  
Say, I should marry her? she'll get more  
money

Than all my usury, put my knavery to it:  
She appears the most infallible way of pur-  
chase. [encounter,

I could wish her a size or two stronger for the  
For I am like a lion where I lay hold;  
But these lambs will endure a plaguy load,  
And never beat neither; that, Sir Time has  
taught us.

I am so virtuous now, I cannot speak to her;  
The arrant'st shamefac'd ass! I broil away too.

*Enter Leon.*

*Marg.* Why, where's this dinner?

*Leon.* 'Tis not ready, madam,

Nor shall not be until I know the guests too;  
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.

*Juan.* Is not this my Alfares? He looks  
Are miracles afoot again? [another thing.

*Marg.* Why, sirrah!

Why, sirrah, you!

*Leon.* I hear you, saucy woman;

And, as you are my wife, command your  
absence! [desty.

And know your duty; 'tis the crown of mo-  
*Duke.* Your wife?

*Leon.* Yes, good my lord, I am her husband;

And pray take notice that I claim that honour,  
And will maintain it.

*Cac.* If thou be'st her husband,

I am determin'd thou shalt be my cuckold;  
I'll be thy faithful friend.

*Leon.* Peace, dirt and dunghill!

I will not lose mine anger on a rascal;  
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body

'Till thou rebound'st again like a tennis-ball.

*Alon.* This is miraculous!

*Sanc.* Is this the fellow

That had the patience to become a fool,

A flirted fool, and on a sudden break

(As if he'd shew a wonder to the world)

Both into bravery, and fortune too?

I much admire the man; I am astonish'd!

*Marg.* I'll be divorce'd immediately.

*Leon.* You shall not;

You shall not have so much will to be wicked.

I am more tender of your honour, lady,

And of your age. You took me for a shadow,

You took me to gloss over your discredit,

<sup>26</sup> I fear he'll knock my brains out for lying.] Mr. Seward discards the words *for lying*, because 'most of the things spoke of Estifania are true, with only a little exaggeration,' and 'because they destroy all appearance of measure.'



To be your fool; you had thought you'd found  
a cockcomb: [you;

I'm innocent of any foul dishonour I mean to  
Only I will be known to be your lord now,  
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.

*Marg.* I do command you from me, thou  
Thou cozen'd fool! [poor fellow,

*Leon.* Thou cozen'd fool? It is not so;  
I will not be commanded: I'm above you!  
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,  
But from your state you never shall; I'll hold  
that,

And hold it to my use; the law allows it!  
And then maintain your wantonness; I'll  
wink at it.

*Marg.* Am I brav'd thus in mine own house?

*Leon.* 'Tis mine, madam;  
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it; I rule it,  
And all that's in't. You've nothing to do here,  
madam,

But as a servant to sweep clean the lodgings,  
And at my further will to do me service;  
And so I'll keep it.

*Marg.* As you love me, give way!<sup>27</sup>

*Leon.* It shall be better, I will give none,  
madam:

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,  
And will maintain it. You shall know me  
To be an understanding feeling man, [now  
And sensible of what a woman aims at,  
A young proud woman, that has will to sail  
with; [too.

An itching woman, that her blood provokes  
I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,  
The master of this little piece of mischief!  
And I will put a spell about your feet, lady;  
They shall not wander but where I give way  
now. [pointed at,

*Duke.* Is this the fellow that the people  
For the mere sign of man, the walking image?  
He speaks wondrous highly.

*Leon.* As a husband ought, Sir,  
In his own house; and it becomes me well too.  
I think your Grace would grieve, if you were  
put to it,

To have a wife or servant of your own,  
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of ser-  
vants)

Under your own roof to command you.

*Juan.* Brave!

A strange conversion! Thou shalt lead in  
chief now.

<sup>27</sup> *Mar.* As you love me, give way.

*Leon.* It shall be better,

I will give none, madam.] Thus all the editions, but I can affix a very faint meaning to the first part of what *Leon* says, *It shall be better that I do not give way.* I think it much more probable that the words are a part of *Margarita's* speech, who finding her *menaces* vain, endeavours to coax her husband into obedience, by conjuring him by love, and promising that it should be better for him. I therefore have restored it to her *Seward.*

The words belong to *Leon*; who may very properly say, 'he will do better than give way, ' by opposing her.'

<sup>28</sup> *I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye, mercy forsake me.*] The last words are evidently misplaced, and the measure is by that means confused. *Seward.*

The old reading is far best, only putting *I have a cause*, &c. between parentheses.

*Duke.* Is there no difference betwixt her  
and you, Sir? [me even;

*Leon.* Not now, my lord; my fortune makes  
And, as I am an honest man, I'm nobler.

*Marg.* Get me my coach!

*Leon.* Let me see who dare get it  
'Till I command; I'll make him draw your  
coach too,

And eat your coach (which will be hard diet)  
That executes your will. Or, take your coach,  
lady;

I give you liberty; and take your people,  
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad  
with you;

Take all these freely, but take me no more;  
And so farewell!

*Duke.* Nay, Sir, you shall not carry it  
So bravely off; you shall not wrong a lady  
In a high huffing strain, and think to bear it:  
We stand not by as bawds to your brave fury,  
To see a lady weep.

*Leon.* 'Tis tears of anger,  
(I beseech ye note 'em) not worth pity;  
Wrong from her rage, because her will pre-  
vails not;

(She would swoon now, if she could not cry)  
Else they were excellent, and I should grieve  
too; [orient.

But falling thus, they shew not sweet, nor  
Put up, my lord; this is oppression,  
And calls the sword of justice to relieve me,  
The law to lend her hand, the king to right  
me; [me.

All which shall understand how you provoke  
In mine own house to brave me! is this  
princely? [Grace,

Then to my guard; and if I spare you  
And do not make this place your monument,  
Too rich a tomb for such a rude behaviour,  
(I have a cause will kill a thousand of ye)  
Mercy forsake me!

*Juan.* Hold, fair Sir, I beseech you!<sup>28</sup>

The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

*Leon.* He that dares strike against the hus-  
band's freedom,  
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd  
cuckold!

His wife be fair and young, but most dis-  
honest,

Most impudent, and have no feeling of it,  
No conscience to reclaim her from a monster!  
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,

And at one instant kill both name and honour!

Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,  
Nor find no earth that's base enough to bury him!

Now, Sir, fall on! I'm ready to oppose you.

*Duke.* I've better thought. I pray, Sir,  
use your wife well. [that, Sir.]

*Leon.* Mine own humanity will teach me  
And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll  
This is my wedding day. [to dinner:]

*Duke.* I'll cross your joy yet. [Aside.]

*Juan.* I've seen a miracle! hold thine own,  
soldier! [men.]

Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer wo-

*Sane.* H' has beaten all my loose thoughts  
out of me,

As if he had thresh'd 'em out o' th' husk.

*Enter Perez.*

*Perez.* 'Save ye!

Which is the lady of the house?

*Leon.* That's she, Sir,

That pretty lady, if you'd speak with her.

*Juan.* Don Michael, Leon; another darer  
come? [business:]

*Perez.* Pray do not know me; I am full of  
When I have more time I'll be merry with ye.  
It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly,  
Had you a maid call'd Estifania?

*Marg.* Yes, truly, had I.

*Perez.* Was she a maid, d'you think?

*Marg.* I dare not swear for her;  
For she had but a scant fume.

*Perez.* Was she your kinswoman?

*Marg.* Not that I ever knew. Now I look  
better, [Sir]

I think you married her: Give you much joy,  
You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.

*Perez.* Give me a halter! Is not this house  
mine, madam?

Was not she owner of it? Pray speak truly!

*Marg.* No, certainly; I'm sure my money  
paid for it;

And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

*Perez.* The hangings and the plate too?

*Marg.* All are mine, Sir,  
And every thing you see about the building;  
She only kept my house when I was absent,  
And so ill kept it, I was weary of her.

*Sane.* What a devil ails he?

*Juan.* He's possess'd, I'll assure you.

*Perez.* Where is your maid?

*Marg.* Do not you know that have her?  
She's yours now; why should I look after her?  
Since that first hour I came, I never saw her.

*Perez.* I saw her later; would the devil had  
had her!

It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!

*Juan.* Is thy wife with child, don Michael?  
thy excellent wife?

Art thou a man yet?

*Alon.* When shall we come and visit thee?

*Sane.* And eat some rare fruit? thou hast  
admirable orchards.

You are so jealous now! pox o' your jealousy,  
How scurvily you look!

*Perez.* Prithce leave fooling;

I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.

Did she ne'er play the wag with you?

*Marg.* Yes, many times,  
So often that I was ashamed to keep her;  
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope she'd mend  
still,

And had not you o' th' instant married her,  
I'd put her off.

*Perez.* I thank you; I am blest still!

Which way so'er I turn, I'm a made man:

Miserably gull'd beyond recovery!

*Juan.* You'll stay and dine?

*Perez.* Certain I cannot, captain.

Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'st puppy,  
The miserablest ass! But I must leave you;  
I am in haste, in haste! Bless you, good ma-  
dam,

And may you prove as good as my wife!

[Exit.]

*Leon.* Will you

Come near, Sir? will your Grace but honour  
And taste our dinner? you are nobly welcome,  
All anger's past I hope, and I shall serve ye.

*Juan.* Thou art the stock of men, and I ad-  
mire thee. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

*Enter Perez.*

*Perez.* I'LL go to a conjuror but I'll find  
this pol-cat,

This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I  
cry,

And covers for the impudence of women!

Their sanctity in show will deceive devils—

It is my evil angel; let me bless me!

*Enter Estifania, with a basket.*

*Estif.* 'Tis he; I'm caught; I must stand  
to it stoutly,

And shew no shake of fear; I see he's angry,  
Vex'd at the uttermost!

*Perez.* My worthy wife,  
I have been looking of your modesty  
All the town over.

*Estif.* My most noble husband,  
I'm glad I've found you; for in truth I'm  
weary, [ship]

Weary and lame, with looking out your lord-  
*Perez.* I've been in bawdy-houses.

*Estif.* I believe you,  
And very lately too.

*Perez.* 'Pray ye pardon me;  
To seek your ladyship. I have been in cellars,  
In private cellars, where the thirsty bawds  
Hear your confessions: I have been at plays,  
To look you out amongst the youthful actors:  
At puppet-shows (you're mistress of the<sup>29</sup>  
motions!):

At gossipings I hearken'd after you,  
But amongst those confusions of lewd tongues  
There's no distinguishing beyond a Babel:  
I was amongst the nuns, because you sing  
well;

But they say yours are bawdy songs, they  
mourn for ye:

And last I went to church to seek you out;  
'Tis so long since you were there, they have  
forgot you.

*Estif.* You've had a pretty progress; I'll  
tell mine now.

To look you out, I went to twenty taverns—  
*Perez.* And are you sober?

*Estif.* Yes, I reel not yet, Sir.—  
Where I saw twenty drunk, most of 'em  
soldiers; [too:]

There I had great hope to find you disguis'd  
From hence to th' dicing-house; there I found  
quarrels [candlesticks,

Needless and senseless, swords, and pots, and  
Tables and stools, and all in one confusion,  
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,  
And to the chirurgeon's went; he will'd me  
stay,

For, says he learnedly, if he be tippled,  
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of  
him;

If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too:  
I sought you where no safe thing would have  
ventur'd,

Amongst diseases base and vile, vile women,  
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,  
The more the danger, still the more the hon-  
nour!

Last, to your confessor I came, who told me,  
You were too proud to pray: And here I  
found you. [is witty]

*Perez.* She bears up bravely, and the rogue  
But I shall dash it instantly to nothing.  
Here leave we off our wanton languages,  
And now conclude we in a sharper tongue.

Why am I cozen'd?<sup>30</sup>

*Estif.* Why am I abus'd?

*Perez.* Thou most vile, base, abominable—  
*Estif.* Captain!

*Perez.* Thou stinking, over-stew'd, poor,  
*Estif.* Captain! [pocky—

*Perez.* Dye echo me?

*Estif.* Yes, Sir, and go before you,

And round about ye! Why do you rail at me  
For that that was your own sin, your own

*Perez.* And brave me too? [knavery?

*Estif.* You'd best not draw your sword,  
captain!

Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!  
Upon your wife, oh, most renowned captain!

*Perez.* A plague upon thee, answer me  
Why didst thou marry me? [directly;

*Estif.* To be my husband; [zen'd.

I thought you had had infinite, but I'm co-  
*Perez.* Why didst thou flatter me, and  
shew me wonders?

A house and riches, when they are but sha-  
dows to me? [dows,

*Estif.* Why did you work on me

(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)  
With your strong soldier's wit, and swore  
you'd bring me

So much in chains, so much in jewels, hus-  
So much in right rich cloaths? [band,

*Perez.* Thou hast 'em, rascal;

I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,  
And thou hast open'd 'em, and sold my trea-  
sure. [a tinker

*Estif.* Sir, there's your treasure; sell it to  
To mend old kettle: Is this noble usage?

Let all the world view here the captain's trea-  
sure! [matters.

A man would think now, these were worthy  
Here's a shoeing-horn-chain gilt over, how it  
seenteth!

Worse than the mouldy dirty heel it serv'd for a  
And here's another of a lesser value,

So little I would shame to tie my dog in't!  
These are my jointure! Blush, and save a la-

Or these else will blush for you. [bour,

*Perez.* A fire subtle ye!

Are you so crafty?

*Estif.* Here's a goodly jewel;

Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?

Or took it in the field from some brave ba-  
shaw?

How it sparkles—like an old lady's eyes!  
And fills each room with light—like a close  
lanthorn!

This would do rarely in an abbey window,  
To cozen pilgrims.

*Perez.* Prithce leave prating. [for pearls;

*Estif.* And here's a chain of whittings' eyes  
A muscle-monger would have made a better.

*Perez.* Nay, prithce, wife, my cloaths, my

*Estif.* I'll tell you; [cloaths!

Your cloaths are parallels to these, all coun-  
terfeit. [per,

Put these and them on, you're a man of cop-

<sup>29</sup> You're mistress of the motions.] See p. 498, of this volume.

<sup>30</sup> *Estif.* Why am I cozen'd?

Why am I abus'd?] The reading of all former editions. Why am I cozen'd? we think  
are the words of Perez; why am I abus'd? the rejoinder of Estifania.

A kind of candlestick; these you thought, my husband, [you.  
To've cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with  
*Perez.* Is there no house then, nor no grounds about it?

No plate, nor hangings?

*Estif.* There are none, sweet husband;  
Shadow for shadow is an equal justice.

Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, Sir,  
And speak great words; you are a soldier;  
thunder! [the fool,

*Perez.* I will speak little; I have play'd  
And so I am rewarded.

*Estif.* You have spoke well, Sir;  
And now I see you're so conformable,  
I'll heighten you again: Go to your house,  
They're packing to be gone; you must sup  
there; [shirts after,

I'll meet you, and bring cloaths, and clean  
And all things shall be well.—I'll colt you  
once more,<sup>34</sup>

And teach you to bring copper! [Aside.

*Perez.* Tell me one thing,  
I do beseech thee tell me, tell me truth, wife;  
(However, I forgive thee) art thou honest?  
The beldame swore—

*Estif.* I bid her tell you so, Sir;  
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous husband!  
The lady told you too—

*Perez.* Most strange things of thee.  
*Estif.* Still 'twas my way, and all to try  
your sufferance:

And she denied the house?

*Perez.* She knew me not,  
No, nor no title that I had.

*Estif.* 'Twas well carried.  
No more; I'm right and straight.

*Perez.* I would believe thee,  
But Heav'n knows how my heart is. Will  
you follow me?

*Estif.* I'll be there straight.

*Perez.* I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it.

*Estif.* Go, silly fool! thou mayst be a good  
soldier

In open field, but for our private service  
Thou art an ass; I'll make thee so, or miss  
else.

(Enter *Cacafogo*.)

Here comes another trout that I must tickle,  
And tickle daintily, I've lost my end else.

May I crave your leave, Sir? [no leave;

*Cac.* Prithee be answer'd, thou shalt crave  
I'm in my meditations; do not vex me!

A beaten thing, but this hour a most bruised  
thing,

That people had compassion on, it look'd so;

The next, Sir Palmerin: Here's fine propo-  
sition!

As ass, and then an elephant; sweet justice;  
There's no way left to come at her now, no  
craving; [him;

If money could come near, yet I would pay  
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,  
And money may do much! a thousand ducats?  
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.

*Estif.* 'Pray you hear me. [pawn now,

*Cac.* I know thou hast some wedding ring to  
Of silver, and gilt, with a blind posy in't,

"Love and a mill-horse should go round to-  
gether."

Or thy child's whistle, or thy squirrel's chain:  
I'll none of 'em. I would she did but know  
me,

Or 'would this fellow had but use of money,  
That I might come in any way!

*Estif.* I'm gone, Sir;

And I shall tell the beauty sent me to you,  
The lady Margarita—

*Cac.* Stay, I prithee;

What is thy will? I turn me wholly to you,  
And talk now till thy tongue ake; I will  
hear you.

*Estif.* She would entreat you, Sir—

*Cac.* She shall command, Sir!

Let it be so, I beseech thee, my sweet gentle-  
Do not forget thyself. [woman;

*Estif.* She does command then

This courtesy, because she knows you're no—  
*Cac.* Your mistress, by the way? [ble—

*Estif.* My natural mistress—

Upon these jewels, Sir—they're fair and rich,  
And, view 'em, right—

*Cac.* To doubt 'em is an heresy.

*Estif.* A thousand ducats; 'tis upon neces-  
sity [born.

Of present use; her husband, Sir, is stub-  
*Cac.* Long may he be so!

*Estif.* She desires withal

A better knowledge of your parts and person;  
Aul, when you please to do her so much ho—

*Cac.* Come, let's dispatch. [noar—

*Estif.* In troth I've heard her say, Sir,  
Of a fat man, she has not seen a sweeter.

But in this business, Sir—

*Cac.* Let's do it first,

And then dispute; the lady's use may long  
for't.

*Estif.* All secrecy she would desire; she  
told me

How wise you are.

*Cac.* We are not wise to talk thus:

Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel  
Shall sparkle like her eyes, and thee another.

Come, prithee come, I long to serve thy lady,

<sup>34</sup> I'll colt you once more.] To colt, in our author's time, signified to fool, to trick, or to deceive. So, in First Part of Henry IV. act ii. scene ii. Falstaff says, 'What a plague mean you to colt me thus?' Again, in the Discovery of the Spanish Inquisition, p. 8. 'For the other was departed from him but two days before, and left his testimonial behind him in this man's hands to keepe: whereby he was in good time preserved, and they colted like knaves very prettily.' R.

Long monstrosity! Now, valour, I shall meet  
You that dare dukes! [you,  
Exit. Green goose, you're now in sippets. [Exit.

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He shall not have his will, I shall prevent him;

I have a toy here that will torn the tide,  
And suddenly, and strangely. Here, don  
Do you present it to him. [Juan,  
Juan. I am commanded. [Exit.

Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,  
And moulded to the height, contain his  
maker, [must not be  
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This  
Sane. That such an oyster-shell should  
hold a pearl,

And of so rare a price, in prison! Was she  
Made to be the matter of her own undoing,<sup>12</sup>  
To let a slovenly unwickly fellow,  
Unruly and self-will'd, dispose her beauties?  
We suffer all, Sir, in this sad eclipse;  
She should shine where she might show like  
herself, [mire her,  
An absolute sweetness, to comfort those ad-  
And shed her beams upon her friends. We're  
gull'd all, [tiece,  
And all the world will grumble at your pa-  
If she be ravish'd thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,  
We'll have her free again, and move at court  
In her clear orb. But one sweet handsomeness  
To bless this part of Spain, and have that  
slubber'd!

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cause, and we  
must stir in it. [us,

Duke. I'll warrant he shall be glad to please  
And glad to share too: We shall hear anon  
A new song from him; let's attend a little.

[Exit.

Enter Leon, and Juan with a commission.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this  
nobleness.

I should have been your officer, 'tis true, Sir;  
(And a proud man I should have been to've  
serv'd you) [favours,  
It has pleas'd the king, out of his boundless  
To make me your companion; this commission  
Gives me a troop of horse.

Juan. I rejoice at it, [pany;  
And am a glad man we shall gain your com-  
I'm sure the king knows you are newly mar-  
ried,

And out of that respect gives you more time,  
Sir. [commands me,

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, so he  
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;  
The time grows shorter still. Are your goods  
Juan. They are aboard. [ready?

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. D'y'e hear, ho!  
Go, carry this unto your mistress, Sir,  
And let her see how much the king has ho-  
nour'd me;  
Bid her be lusty, she must make a soldier. [Exit Serv.

Lorenzo!

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sir.

Leon. Go, take down all the hangings,  
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and  
jewels,

And all the furniture that's portable.  
Sir, when we lie in garrison, 'tis necessary  
We keep a handsome port, for the king's ho-  
nour.

And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe  
Be safely plac'd in trunks; they must along too.

Lor. Whither must they go, Sir?

Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo,  
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-spit,  
That has one dram of spleen against a Dutch-  
man. [made us all, Sir;

Lor. Why then, St. Jague's, hey! you've  
And, if we leave you—Does my lady go too?

Leon. The stuff must go to-morrow tow'rd  
the sea, Sir;

All, all must go.

Lor. Why, Pedro, Vasco, Diego!  
Come, help me; come, come, boys; sol-  
dadoes, comrades!

We'll flay these beer-bellied rogues! come  
away quickly! [Exit.

Juan. It has taken a brave way to save his  
honour, [dearly,  
And cross the duke; now I shall love him  
By th' life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter Margarito, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why, how now, wife? what, sick  
at my preferment?

Marg. No sooner love you,  
Love you entirely, Sir, brought to consider

<sup>12</sup> Was she made to be the matter of her own undoing? Thus the former editions. The confusion of the measure is easily adjusted; but I suspect a more material corruption; for unless *matter* may be allowed to signify *cause*, I can make no sense of the passage. *Materio* in Latin, is sometimes used in this sense: I therefore let it stand, though I doubt whether the original might not have run,

— Was she  
Made to be th' maker of her own undoing?

i. e. The maker of Leon, as the Duke had before called her.

Scarr l.

The goodness of your mind and mine own duty,

But lose you instantly, be divorce'd from you?  
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,  
And tell him 'tis unjust to part two souls,  
Two minds so nearly mix'd.

*Leon.* By no means, sweetheart! [I am—

*Marg.* If he were married but four days, as—

*Leon.* He'd hang himself the fifth, or fly his country. [Aside.

*Marg.* He'd make it treason for that tongue that durst

But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.  
You shall not go.

*Leon.* Indeed I must, sweet wife.

What, shall I lose the king for a few kisses?  
We'll have enough.

*Marg.* I'll to the duke my cousin,

He shall to th' king.

*Leon.* He did me this great office, [now  
I thank his Grace for't; should I pray him  
T'undo't again? Fy, 'twere a base discredit.

*Marg.* 'Would I were able, Sir, to bear  
you company; [merry!

How willing should I be then, and how  
I will not live alone.

*Leon.* Be in peace; you shall not.

[Knock within.  
*Marg.* What knocking's this? Oh, Heav'n,  
my head! why, rascals!

I think the war's begun i' th' house already.

*Leon.* The preparation is; they're taking  
down [jewels,

And packing up the hangings, plate and  
All those furnitures that shall besit me  
When I lie in garrison.

*Enter Coachman.*

*Coachman.* Must the coach go too, Sir?

*Leon.* How will your lady pass to th' sea  
else easily; [it.

We shall find shipping for't there to transport

*Marg.* I go? alas!

*Leon.* I'll have a main care of you;

I know you're sickly; he shall drive the easier,  
And all accommodations shall attend you.

*Marg.* 'Would I were able!

*Leon.* Come, I warrant you;

Am not I with you, sweet? Are her cloaths  
pack'd up,

And all her linens? Give your maids direc-  
tion; [commanded

You know my time's but short, and I'm

*Marg.* Let me have a nurse,

And all such necessary people with me,  
And an easy bark!

*Leon.* It shall not trot, I warrant you;

Curvet it may sometimes.

*Marg.* I am with child, Sir.

*Leon.* At four days' warning? this is some-  
thing speedy. [West wind?

Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a  
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady;  
I'll swear you were a maid when I first lay  
with you.

*Marg.* Pray, do not swear; I thought I  
was a maid too;

But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

*Leon.* In such a straight point, sure I  
could not err, madam.

*Juan.* This is another tenderness to try him;  
Fetch her up now.

*Marg.* You must provide a cradle,

And what a trouble's that!

*Leon.* The sea shall rock it, [ther;

'Tis the best nurse; 'twill roar and rock toge-  
A swinging storm will sing you such a lullaby!

*Marg.* Faith, let me stay, I shall but shame  
you, Sir.

*Leon.* An you were a thousand shames, you  
shall along with me;

At home I'm sure you'll prove a million:

Every man carries the bundle of his sins  
Upon his own back; you are mine; I'll sweat  
for you.

*Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sancho.*

*Duke.* What, Sir, preparing for your noble  
'Tis well, and full of care: [journey?

I saw your mind was wedded to the war,  
And knew you'd prove some good man for  
your country; [don,

Therefore, fair cousin, with your gentle par-  
I got this place. What, mourn at his ad-  
vancement? [cousin;

You are to blame; he'll come again, sweet  
Mean time, like sad Penelope and sage,

Among your maids at home, and huswifely—  
*Leon.* No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that  
solitariness; [quarters

She's young, and grief or ill news from those  
May daily cross her; she shall go along, Sir.

*Duke.* By no means, captain!

*Leon.* By all means, an't please ye.

*Duke.* What, take a young and tender-  
bodied lady, [tumults;

And expose her to those dangers, and those  
A sickly lady too!

*Leon.* 'Twill make her well, Sir;

There's no such friend to health as whole-  
some travel.

*Sau.* Away, it must not be.

*Alon.* It ought not, Sir;

Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.

*Duke.* I cannot blame her tears; fright her  
with tempests,

With thunder of the war!

I dear swear, if she were able—

*Leon.* She's most able: [no remedy,

And pray ye swear not; she must go, there's  
Nor greatness, nor the trick you had to part us,

Which I smell too rank, too open, too evident,  
(And I must tell you, Sir, 'tis most un noble)

Shall hinder me: Had she but ten hours' life,  
Nay less, but two hours', I would have her  
with me,

I would not leave her fame to so much ruin,  
To such a desolation and discredit,

As her weakness and your hot will would  
work her to.

*Enter Perez.*

What masque is this now?

More tropes and figures to abuse my suff'rance?  
What cousin's this?

*Juan.* Michael van Owl, how dost thou?

In what dark barn, or <sup>23</sup> tod of aged ivy,  
Hast thou lain hid?

[*colonel,*  
*Perez.* Things must both ebb and flow,  
And people must conceal, and shine again.  
You're welcome hither, as your friend may  
say, gentlemen;

A pretty house you see, handsomely seated,  
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters crystal.  
*Alon.* He's certain mad.

*Juan.* As mad as a French taylor, [*tians.*  
That has nothing in his head but ends of fus-

*Perez.* I see you're packing now, my gentle  
cousin,

And my wife told me I should find it so;  
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was  
last here,

But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.  
I'm sorry that my swift occasions

Can let you take your pleasure here no longer;  
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd  
cousin,

This house and all I have are all your servants.

*Leon.* What house, what pleasure, Sir?  
what do you mean?

*Perez.* You hold the jest so stiff, 'twill  
prove discourteous:

This house I mean, the pleasures of this place.

*Leon.* And what of them?

*Perez.* They're mine, Sir, and you know it;  
My wife's I mean, and so conferr'd upon me.

The hangings, Sir, I must entreat your ser-  
vant are so busy in their offices, [*vants,*

Again to minister to their right uses;  
I shall take view o' th' plate anon, and furni-  
tures [*cousin,*

That are of under place. You're merry still,  
And of a pleasant constitution; [*placitum.*

Men of great fortunes make their mirths ad-  
*Leon.* Prithee, good stubborn wife, tell me  
directly, [*nestly,*

Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me ho-  
Is this my kinsman?

*Marg.* I can tell you nothing.

*Leon.* I've many kinsmen, but so mad a one,  
And so phantastick—All the house?

*Perez.* All mine, [*ace on't.*  
And all within it. I will not bate you an

Can you not receive a noble courtesy, [*coz,*  
And quietly and handsomely, as you ought,

But you must ride o' th' top on't?

*Leon.* Canst thou fight?

*Perez.* I'll tell you presently; I could have  
done, Sir.

*Leon.* For you must law and elaw before you  
get it.

*Juan.* Away; no quarrels!

*Leon.* Now I am more temperate, [*I am,*  
I'll have it prov'd, if you were ne'er yet in Bed,

Never in love, (for that's a lunacy) [*for,*  
No great state left you that you never look'd

Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank distemper)  
That you were christen'd, and who answer'd

for you;  
And then I yield. [*i'th' moon;*

*Perez.* H'as half persuaded me I was bred  
I have ne'er a bush at my breech? Are not

we both mad,  
And is not this a fantastick house we're in,

And all a dream we do? Will you walk out,  
And if I do not beat thee presently [*Sir?*

Into a sound belief as sense can give thee,  
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-  
piece, [*enter.*

And say I was one o'th' Cæsars, done by a seal-  
*Leon.* I'll talk no more; come, we'll away

immediately.

*Marg.* Why then, the house is his, and all  
that's in it;

(I'll give away my skin, but I'll undo you!)  
I gave it to his wife: You must restore, Sir,

And make a new provision.

*Perez.* Am I mad now,  
Or am I christen'd? You, my Pagan cousin,

My mighty Mahound<sup>23</sup> kinsman, what quirk  
now!

You shall be welcome all; I hope to see, Sir,  
Your Grace here, and my coz; we are all

soldiers,  
And must do naturally for one another.

*Duke.* Are you blank at this? then I must  
tell you, Sir, [*pleasure,*

You've no command! Now you may go at  
And ride your ass-troop: 'Twas a trick I us'd

To try your jealousy, upon entreaty,  
And saving<sup>24</sup> of your wife.

*Leon.* All this not moves me,  
Nor stirs my gall, nor alters my affections.

You have more furniture, more houses, lady,  
And rich ones too, I will make bold with

those;  
And you have land i'th' Indies, as I take it;

Tbither we'll go, and view a while those  
elimates,

Visit your factors there, that may betray you:  
'Tis done; we must go.

*Marg.* Now thou'rt a brave gentleman.  
And, by this sacred light, I love thee dearly.

The house is none of yours, I did but jest,  
Sir; [*vanish;*

Nor you are no coz of mine; I beseech you  
I tell you plain, you've no more right than he

has;<sup>25</sup>

<sup>23</sup> *Tod.*] A bush.

<sup>24</sup> *Saving.*] Perhaps we should read *craving*.

<sup>25</sup> *Mahound.*] See p. 520 of this vol.

<sup>26</sup> *I tell you plain, you have no more right than he*

*Has, that senseless thing, your wife has once more fool'd you.]* Who can be the person  
meant here by *he that senseless thing*? Cacamago is absent, and no other will answer the cha-  
Vol. I. 3 U

That, senseless thing, your wife, has once more  
Go you, and consider! [fool'd ye;

Leon. Good morrow, my sweet cousin!

I should be glad, Sir—

Perez. By this hand she dies for't,

Or any man that speaks for her! [Exit.

Juan. These are fine toys.

Marg. Let me request you stay but one  
poor month,

You shall have a commission, and I'll go too;  
Give me but will so far.

Leon. Well, I will try you.

Good morrow to your grace; we've private  
business.

Duke. If I miss thee again, I am an arrant  
bungler.

Juan. Thou shalt have my command, and  
I'll march under thee;

Nay, be thy boy, before thou shalt be baffled,  
Thou art so brave a fellow.

Alon. I have seen visions! [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

Enter Leon with a letter, and Margarita.

Leon. COME hither, wife; d'you know  
this hand?

Marg. I do, Sir;

'Tis Esufania's, that was once my woman.

Leon. Se writes to me here, that one Ca-  
cafogo,

An usurious jeweller's son (I know the rascal)  
Is mortally fallen in love with you—

Marg. He is a monster: Deliver me from  
mountains! [people?—

Leon. D'you go a-birding for all sorts of  
And this evening will come to you and shew  
you jewels,

And offers any thing to get access to you:  
If I can make or sport or profit on him,  
(For he is fit for both) she bids me use him;  
And so I will, be you ever so forsooth,  
And follow but my will.

Marg. I shall not fail, Sir. [think?

Leon. Will the duke come again, d'you

Marg. No, sure, Sir,  
H' has now no policy to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if any wit  
hold, fair wife!

Let's in to dinner. [Exeunt.

Enter Perez.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl  
sufficiently, [hear me,  
That all the queans in Christendom ought  
That men might run away from the con-  
tagion, [treason,  
I had my wish: 'Would it were most high  
Most infinite high, for any man to marry!

I mean for any man that would live hand-  
somenly,

And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.  
What torments shall I put her to? Phalaris'  
bull now—

Pox, they love bulling too well, tho' they  
swoak for't—

Cut her a-pieces? ev'ry piece will live still,  
And ev'ry morsel of her will do mischief;  
They have so many lives, there's no hanging  
of 'em;

They're too light to drowo, they're cork and  
feathers;

To burn too cold, they live like salamanders;  
Under huge heaps of stones to bury her,  
And so depress her as they did the giants?  
She will move under more than built old  
I must destroy her. [Babel.

Enter Cafafogo, with a casket.

Caf. He cozen'd by a thiof of elouts, a she  
moth, [cheated,  
That ev'ry silk-man's shop breeds! to be  
And of a thousand ducats, by a whim-wham!

Perez. Who's that is cheated? speak again,  
thou vision!

But art thou cheated? minister some comfort!  
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?

Come, prithee cooie; art thou so pure a cox-  
comb

To be undone? do not dissemble with me;  
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Caf. Then keep thy circle,  
For I'm a spirit wild that flies about thee,  
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'st human,

raeter. The measure is evidently confused, and the omission of the pronoun will restore both  
that and the sense. I read therefore,

— than has  
That senseless thing—

pointing to a chair, table, or any thing near her. Seward.

The reading we have adopted in the text is with no alteration of the words, and a very  
small variation of the stops. It is Perez whom she calls *senseless thing*, and tells him his  
wife has duped him again; and that he has no more right than he has, pointing to any indis-  
ferent person in company.



I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

*Perez.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Cac.* Dost thou laugh? Damnably, I say, most damnably.

*Perez.* By whom, good spirit? speak, speak! ha, ha, ha!

*Cac.* I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack—by a rascal woman,

A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.

Dost thou laugh still?

*Perez.* I must laugh; prithee pardon me; I shall laugh terribly.

*Cac.* I shall be angry,

Terribly angry; I have cause.

*Perez.* That's it,

And 'tis no reason but thou shouldst be angry, Angry at heart; yet I must laugh still at thee. By a woman cheated? art sure it was a woman?

*Cac.* I shall break thy head; my valour itches at thee. [zeu'd]

*Perez.* It is no matter. By a woman co—A real woman?

*Cac.* A real devil?

Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains, How rank they smell!

*Perez.* Sweet cozen'd Sir, let me see them; I have been cheated too, (I would have you note that)

And lewdly cheated, by a woman also, A scurvy woman; I am undone, sweet Sir, Therefore I must have leave to laugh.

*Cac.* Pray you take it;

You are the merriest undone man in Europe: What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sack,<sup>26</sup>

When our own miseries can make us merry?

*Perez.* Ha, ha, ha! [worth I've seen these jewels; what a nntable penny—

Have you had next your heart? You will not take, Sir,

Some twenty ducats—

*Cac.* Thou art deceiv'd; I'll take—

*Perez.* To clear your bargain now?

*Cac.* I'll take some ten,

Some any thing, some half ten, half a ducat.

*Perez.* An excellent lapidary set these stones sure;

D'you mark their waters?

*Cac.* Quicksand choke their waters, And hers that brought 'em too! But I shall find her. [hurt her;

*Perez.* And so shall I, I hope; but do not You cannot find in all this kingdom, If you had 'need of cozening, (as you may have,

For such gross natures will desire it often,

It is at some time too a fine variety)

A woman that can cozen you so neatly.

Sh' has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [Exit.

*Cac.* If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow;

I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch

To pay for twenty rascals' lives that vex me.

I'll to this lady; there I shall be satisfied. [Exit.

*Enter Leon and Margarita.*

*Leon.* Come, we'll away unto your country-house,

And there we'll learn to live contentedly:

This place is full of charge, and full of hurry; No part of sweetness dwells about these cities.

*Marg.* Whither you will, I wait upon your pleasure;

Live in a hollow tree, Sir, I'll live with you.

*Leon.* Ay, now you strike a harmony, a true one, [band,

When your obedience waits upon your husband, And your sick will aims at the care of honour.<sup>27</sup>

Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly, And my rough nature falls like roaring streams, Clearly and sweetly into your embraces.

Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,

A wise, a virtuous, and a noble woman!

When we meet such, we bear our stamps on both sides, [virtues;

And thro' the world we hold our current

Alone, we're single medals, only faces,

And wear our fortunes out in useless shadows.

Command you now, and ease me of that trouble;

I'll be as humble to you as a servant:

Bid whom you please, invite your noble friends,

They shall be welcome all; visit acquaintance,

Go at your pleasure, now experience

Has link'd you fast unto the chain of goodness!

<sup>26</sup> *Bawdy songs and sack.*] We have not disturbed the text; but as *sack* and *sherry* are supposed to have been, in Fletcher's time, the same wine, it is very probable the Poet wrote,

*What need we fiddles, bawdy songs, and sherry,  
When our own miseries can make us merry;*

nor is it unlikely that these two lines are a quotation from some ballad, then well known.

<sup>27</sup> *And your sick will aims at the care of honour.*] I have often observed that corruptions that leave tolerable sense are less discoverable than those that destroy the sense utterly; I make no doubt but *cure* here is the true word, as it directly answers in metaphor to the sickness of Estifania's will and honour. *Seward.*

We think *care* right; and understand the meaning of the passage to be, 'Now your will, 'sick of its former pursuits, aims to take *care* of your honour.' Her honour, not having been wounded, could not want *cure*. It is not, however, wonderful for a clerical gentleman to reject the *care*, and retain the *cure*.

[Clashing swords. A cry within,  
Down with their swords!

What noise is this? what dismal cry?

Marg. 'Tis loud too:

Sure there's some mischief done i' th' street;  
look out there.

Leon. Look out, and help!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the duke Medina——

Leon. What of the duke Medina?

Serv. Oh, sweet gentleman,  
Is almost slain.

Marg. Away, away, and help him!

All the house help!

[Exit Marg. and Serv.

Leon. How! slain? Why, Margarita! why,  
wife!

Sure, some new device they have afoot again,  
Some trick upon my credit; I shall meet it.  
I'd rather guide a ship imperial  
Alone, and in a storm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Margarita, Sanchio, Alonzo,  
and Servant.

Marg. How came you hurt, Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble  
colonel;

My cause was naught, for 'twas about your  
honour, [pers;

And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er pros-  
And he has left me thus. For charity,  
Lend me a bed to ease my tortur'd body,  
That ere I perish, I may shew my penitence!  
I fear I'm slain.

Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.

There shall be nothing in this house, my lord,  
But as your own.

Duke. I thank you, noble Sir.

Leon. To-bed with him; and, wife, give  
your attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and surgeons——

Duke. Do not disquiet me,

But let me take my leave in peace.

[Exit Duke, Sanchio, Alon.

Marg. Serv.

Leon. Afore me,

'Tis rarely counterfeited!

Juan. True, it is so, Sir;

[you.

And take you heed this last blow do not spoil

He is not hurt, only we made a scuffle,  
As tho' we purpos'd anger; that same scratch  
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw  
compassion, [nigly.

That he might get into your house more eun-  
I must not stay. Stand now, and you're a  
brave fellow.

Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I  
honour you.

Never be quiet?

[Exit Juan.

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's most dep'rate ill, Sir;

I do not think these ten months will recover  
him, [fool in,

Leon. Does he hire my house to play the  
Or does it stand on fairy ground? We're  
haunted! [dreams thus?

Are all men and their wives troubled with

Marg. What ail you, Sir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, sweet wife,  
To put these daily pastimes on my patience?  
What dost thou see in me, that I should suf-  
fer thus?

Have not I done my part like a true husband,  
And paid some desperate debts you never  
look'd for?

Marg. You have done handsomely, I must  
confess, Sir. [hawk?

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a  
And watch'd thee with delights to satisfy thee,  
The very titles of which had won a widow?

Marg. Alas, I pity you.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry;  
Thou never saw'st me mad yet.

Marg. You are always,

You carry a kind of Bedlam still about you.

Leon. If thou pursu'st me further, I run  
stark mad;

If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,  
To lie here on your cure, I shall be desperate!  
I know the trick, and you shall feel I know it.  
Are you so hot that no hedge can contain you?  
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about  
thee,

I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have  
them open'd,

Thy spirits purg'd, for those are they that fire  
you;

Thy maid shall be thy mistress, thou the maid,  
And all her servile labours thou shalt reach  
at,<sup>28</sup>

<sup>28</sup> And all those servile labours that she reach at.] This not being grammar, Mr. Symson concurred with me in reading *thou shalt for that she*. But he has some exception to the verb *reach*, or at least thinks *swear* might better express the idea required; but *reach* is used in another play exactly in the same sense, and is therefore undoubtedly the true word. Seward.

Mr. Seward reads,

And all her servile labours thou shalt reach at,

without mentioning the variation of *those* to *her*. We think some words are lost here; the first line might run,

And all those servile labours that she QUITS,  
Thou shalt reach at, and, &c.

The

'And go thro' cheerfully, or else sleep empty;  
That maid shall lie by me, to teach you duty,  
You in a pallet by, to humble you,  
And grieve for what you lose.

*Marg.* I've lost myself, Sir,  
And all that was my base self, disobedience;

*[Kneels.]*  
My wantonness, my stubbornness, I've lost  
too:

And now, by that pure faith good wives are  
crown'd with,

By your own nobleness——

*Leon.* I take you up,

*(Enter Altea.)*

And wear you next my heart; see you be  
worth it.

Now, what with you?

*Altea.* I come to tell my lady,  
There is a fulsome fellow would fain speak  
with her. *[him.]*

*Leon.* 'Tis Caeafogo; go, and entertain  
And draw him on with hopes.

*Marg.* I shall observe you. *[man;]*

*Leon.* I have a rare design upon that gentle-  
And you must work too.

*Altea.* I shall, Sir, most willingly.

*Leon.* Away then both, and keep him close  
in some place, *[too;]*

From the duke's sight; and keep the duke in  
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to cure  
'em. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Perez and Estifania.*

*Perez.* Why, how dar'st thou meet me  
again, thou rebel,

And know'st how thou hast us'd me thrice,  
thou rascal? *[vengeance.]*

Were there not ways enough to fly my ven-  
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,  
But thou must meet me face to face to kill thee?  
I would not seek thee to destroy thee willingly,  
But now thou com'st to invite me, and com'st  
upon me: *[manner, 39]*

How like a sheep-biting rogue, taken i' th'  
And ready for the halter, dost thou look now!

Thou hast a hanging look, thou scurvy thing!  
Hast ne'er a knife,

Nor never a string, to lead thee to Elysium?

Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,  
That have compassion upon wretched women,  
And dare administer a dram of rats-bane,  
But thou must fall to me?

*Estif.* I know you've mercy.

*Perez.* If I had tons of mercy, thou des-  
serv'st none; *[houses]*

What new trick's now afoot, and what new

Have you i' th' air? what orchards in ap-  
parition?

What canst thou say for thy life?

*Estif.* Little or nothing: *[less]*  
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis use-  
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my

book out,  
And pray a little!

*Perez.* Do; a very little,  
For I have further business than thy killing;

I've money yet to borrow. Speak when you  
are ready.

*Estif.* Now, now, Sir, now! *[Shows a*  
*pistol.]* Come on! d'you start off from me?

D'you sweat, great captain? have you seen a  
spirit?

*Perez.* Do you wear guns?

*Estif.* I am a soldier's wife, Sir,  
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.

Now, what's the news? and let's discourse  
more friendly,

And talk of our affairs in peace.

*Perez.* Let me see, *[one.]*  
Prithce, let me see thy gun; 'tis a very pretty

*Estif.* No, no, Sir, you shall feel.

*Perez.* Hold, hold, you villain!  
What, thine own husband?

*Estif.* Let mine own husband then  
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thousand

ducats! *[kill me.]*

Who must provide for you? And yet you'll  
*Perez.* I will not hurt thee for ten thousand

millions.  
*Estif.* When will you redeem your jewels?

I have pawn'd 'em,  
You see for what; we must keep much.

*Perez.* I'll kiss thee,  
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.

Had we the house now!

*Estif.* Come a'long with me;  
If that be vanish'd, there be more to hire, Sir.

*Perez.* I see I am an ass, when thou art  
near me. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea,*  
*with a taper.*

*Leon.* Is the fool come?

*Altea.* Yes, and i' th' cellar fast, *[him;]*  
And there he stays his good hour till I call

He will make dainty music 'mong the saek-  
buts. *[her.]*

I've put him just, Sir, under the duke's cham-  
*Leon.* It is the better.

*Altea.* He has giv'n me royally,  
And to my lady a whole loaf of Portugues.

*Leon.* Better and better still. Go, Mar-  
garita,

The whole context proves this to have been the *sense* of the passage; but the exact *words* it is impossible to ascertain.

<sup>39</sup> Taken i' th' manner.] This being intelligible may remain in the text, but it will admit a doubt whether *manner* be not the true word: i. e. *taken in the fact.* Seward.

Taken in the *MANNER* is a law-term, and is mentioned in several acts of parliament. The expression occurs also in Shakespeare. It signifies *taken in the very fact*; and it is whimsical that Mr. Seward, though ignorant of the phrase, should have explained it rightly.

Now play your prize: You say you dare be  
I'll put you to your test.<sup>40</sup> [honest;

*Marg.* Secure yourself, Sir;  
Give me the candle; pass away in silence.

[*Exeunt Leon and Altra. Marg. knocks.*

*Duke.* [within.] Who's there? Oh, oh!

*Marg.* My lord!

*Duke.* [within.] Have you brought me

*Marg.* I have, my lord: [comfort?  
Come forth; 'tis I. Come gently out; I'll  
help you;

[*Enter Duke, in a gown.*]

Come softly too. How do you?

*Duke.* Are there none here? [*Noise below.*

Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.  
Oh, let me bless this hour! Are you alone,

sweet friend?

*Marg.* Alone, to comfort you.

[*Caenfoggo makes a noise below.*

*Duke.* What's that you tumble? <sup>41</sup>

I've heard a noise this half-hour under me,  
A fearful noise.

*Marg.* The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar,

[*Aside*

And stumbles from one hog'shead to another;  
Two cups more, and he ne'er shall find the

way out.— [cheerfully;

What do you fear? Come, sit down by me,  
My husband's safe. How do your wounds?

*Duke.* I've none, lady;

My wounds I counterfeited cunningly,  
[*Noise below.*

And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you,  
sweet:

Let's lose no time. Hark, the same noise again!

*Marg.* What noise? why look you pale?

I hear no stirring.

[*This goblin in the vault will be so tipped!*]

You are not well, I know by your thying fancy;  
Your body's ill at ease; your wounds—

*Duke.* I've none;

I am as lusty, and as full of health,

High in my blood—

*Marg.* Weak in your blood, you would say.

How wretched is my case, willing to please you,

And find you so disable!

*Duke.* Believe me, lady—

*Marg.* I know, you'll venture all you have

to satisfy me,

Your life I know; but is it fit I spoil you?

Is it my love, d'you think?

*Cac.* [below.] Here's to the duke!

*Duke.* It nam'd me certainly;

I heard it plainly sound.

*Marg.* You are hurt mortally,

And fitter for your prayers, Sir, than pleasure.

What starts you make? I would not kiss you  
wantonly, [husband,

For the world's wealth. Have I secur'd my  
And put all doubts aside, to be deluded?

*Cac.* [below.] I come, I come.

*Duke.* Heav'n bless me!

*Marg.* And bless us both, for sure this is  
the devil! [you!

I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch  
A very spirit, for he spoke under ground,

And spoke to you just as you would have  
snatch'd me. [you:

You are a wicked man, and sure this haunts  
'Would you were out o' th' house!

*Duke.* I would I were,

O' that condition I had leap'd a window.

*Marg.* And that's the least leap, if you  
mean to 'scape, Sir.

Why, what a frantick man you were to come  
here,

What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,  
To wound another deeper?

*Duke.* Are you honest then?

*Marg.* Yes, then, and now, and ever; so'd  
excellent honest,

And exercise this pastime but to shew you,  
Great men are fools sometimes as well as

wretches. [of life,

'Would you were well hurt, with any hope  
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the

body,

To get out quietly as you got in, Sir!

I wish it like a friend that loves you dearly;  
For if my husband take you, and take you thus

A counterfeit, one that would elip his credit,  
Out of his honour he must kill you presently;

There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity:

And for me to entreat in such an agony,  
Would shew me little better than one guilty.

Have you any mind to a lady now?

*Duke.* 'Would I were off fair!

If ever lady caught me in a trap more—

*Marg.* If you be well and lusty—fy, fy!—  
shake not! [now,

You say you love me; come, come bravely  
Despise all danger; I am ready for you.

*Duke.* She mocks my misery: Thou cruel  
lady!

*Marg.* Thou cruel lord! wouldst thou be-  
tray my honesty, [band,

Betray it in mine own house, wrong my hus-  
band like a night-thief, thou dar'st not name by

*Duke.* I am most miserable. [day-light?

<sup>40</sup> *I'll put you to your test.*] Mr. Theobald and I concurred in changing this to *test*, and we both had quoted the same expression,

*I'll put you to the test,*

from the second scene of the *False One*. *Seward.*

<sup>41</sup> *What's that you tumble?*] I have inserted a conjecture of Mr. Sympson's here, as more proper to the context than the old reading. *Seward.*

The variation is, *What's that tumble?* The omission of one word, and change of another, is certainly too bold, especially where the old text is good sense.

*Marg.* You are indeed;  
And, like a foolish thing, you have made  
yourself so.

Could not your own discretion tell you, Sir,  
When I was married I was none of yours?  
Your eyes were then commanded to look off

me,  
And I now stand in a circle and secure;  
Your spells nor pow'r can never reach my  
body.

Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be most mis-  
erable;

'Tis sacrilege to violate a wedlock,  
You rob two temples, make yourself twice  
guilty,

You ruin hers, and spot her noble husband's.

*Duke.* Let me be gone, I'll never more at-  
tempt you.

*Marg.* You cannot go; 'tis not in me to  
save you:

Dare you do ill, and poorly then shrink un-  
der it?

Were I the duke Medina I would fight now,  
For you must fight and bravely, it concerns  
you;

You do me double wrong if you sneak off,  
And all the world would say I lov'd a coward;  
And you must die too, for you will be kill'd,  
And leave your youth, your honour, and your  
state,

And all those dear delights you worshipp'd  
[here.]

*Duke.* The noise again! [Noise below.]

*Cac.* [below.] Some small beer, if you love  
me.

*Marg.* The devil haunts you sure; your  
sins are mighty;

A drunk en devil too, to plague your villainy.

*Duke.* Preserve me but this once!

*Marg.* There's a deep well

In the next yard, if you dare venture down-  
It is but death.

[ing:]  
*Duke.* I would not die so wretchedly.

*Marg.* Out of a garret-window I will let  
you down then;

But say the rope be rotten; 'tis huge high too.

*Duke.* Have you no mercy?

*Marg.* Now you are frightened thoroughly,  
And find what 'tis to play the fool in vice,<sup>43</sup>

And see with clear eyes your detested folly,  
I'll be your guard.

*Duke.* And I'll be your true servant,  
Ever from this hour virtuously to love you,  
Chastely and modestly to look upon you,  
And here I seal it.

*Marg.* I may kiss a stranger,  
For you must now be so.

*Enter Leon, Juan, Alonso, Sanchio, Caca-  
fogo, and Altea.*

*Leon.* How do you, my lord?

Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.  
Has my wife wounded you? you were well  
before.

Pray, Sir, be comforted; I have forgot all,  
Truly forgiven too. Wife, you are a right  
one, [you.]

And now with unknown nations I dare trust  
*Juan.* No more foreign'd fights, my lord;  
they never prosper.

*Leon.* Who's this? the devil in the vault?

*Altea.* 'Tis he, Sir, [it.]

And as lovingly drunk, as tho' he had studied  
*Cac.* Give me a cup of sack, and kiss me,  
lady!

Kiss my sweet face, and make thy husband  
cuckold!

An ocean of sweet sack! Shall we speak trea-  
son?

*Leon.* He's devilish drunk.

*Duke.* I had thought h' had been a devil;  
He made as many noises, and as horrible.

*Leon.* Oh, a true lover, Sir, will lament  
loudly.

Which of the butts is your mistress?

*Cac.* Butt in thy belly!

*Leon.* There's two in thine I'm sure, 'tis  
grown so monstrous.

*Cac.* Butt in thy face!

*Leon.* Go, carry him to sleep.

A fool's love should be drunk; he has paid  
well for't too.

When he is sober, let him out to rail,

Or hang himself; there will be no loss of him.

[Exit Cacafofo and Servant.]

<sup>43</sup> And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,

And see with clear eyes your detested folly.] I have often had occasion to observe, that by a slight cast of the printer's eye, words that belong only to one line are repeated in the preceding or following one, and in that case they frequently exclude words that may be totally different in all their letters. This, I believe, has happened in the lines refer'd to, where the same word ends both; and as it does not make absolute nonsense in either conjecture, cannot easily determine to which it belongs. If the reader thinks *playing the fool in folly* not a justifiable expression, he will chuse to discard it from the first, and then *sin or vice* may supply the vacancy; but as I think the expression not unjustifiable, the following seems to me to bid fairest for having been the original,

*And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,  
And see with clear eyes your detested crime.*

*Stow.*

*Play THE FOOL IN FOLLY* is a poor expression at any rate. We think Mr. Seward's first conjecture, of discarding the word in the first line, happier than his second, which he seems most inclined to adopt.

*Enter Perez and Estifania.*

*Leon.* Who's this? my Mahound cousin? <sup>43</sup>

*Perez.* Good, Sir; 'tis very good! 'Would I'd a house, too!

(For there's no talking in the open air) [you, My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell I durst be merry too; I tell you plainly, You have a pretty seat, you have the luck on't, A pretty lady too; I have miss'd both: My carpenter built in a mist, I thank him! Do me the courtesy to let me see it, See it but once more. But I shall cry for anger! I'll hire a chandler's shop close under you, And, for my foolery, sell sope and whip-cord. Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh hear- You are a fool, coz. [tily,

*Leon.* I must laugh a little, And now I've done. Coz, thou shalt live with me, [us. My merry coz; the world shall not divorce Thou art a valiant man, and thou shalt never Will this content thee? [want.

*Perez.* I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful, Indeed I will, and I'll be honest to you: I'd live a swallow here, I must confess. Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honest, At thy peril, I believe thee excellent. <sup>44</sup>

<sup>43</sup> *My Mahound cousin.*——

*My Termagant coz.*] In an old play, called *Ram Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, Tafata says,

- \* —— I am so haunted
- \* With a swaggering captain, that swears (God bless us)
- \* Like a very *Termagant*, &c.

And Bishop Hall's *Satires* begin thus:

- \* Nor Ladie's wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
- \* Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight;
- \* Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
- \* Of mightie Mahound, and great *Termagant*.

Hamlet says, 'I could have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing *Termagant*, *Termagant* likewise occurs in *King and No King*. See note 31 on that play. R.

<sup>44</sup> *At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.*

*Estif.* If I prove otherways, let me beg first.

*Hold, this is yours, some recompence for service.*] The latter end of *Perez's* speech and *Estifania's* answer have some difficulties in them. I suppose the Poets meant to make *Perez* say, that he believ'd his wife honest at her peril, because, if he found her otherways he would severely punish her. She answers; let me first beg my bread before I prove otherways. The latter part of the speech, I think, evidently belongs to *Leon*, who gives *Estifania* part of the money which, by her assistance, he had got from *Caeafogo*. Seward.

<sup>45</sup> *And now a soldier, gentlemen, we all rejoice in't.*] I at first corrected this line thus,

*And now a soldier, gentlemen.*

*Omnes.* We all rejoice in't.

But this, as well as the old corrupt text, makes three redundant syllables to the verse. The observation of this immediately discovered a more probable corruption, viz. that the word *gentlemen*, only denotes the speakers, and is not a part of *Leon's* speech. Seward.

Mr. Seward therefore reads,

*And now a soldier.*

*Gentl.* We all rejoice in't;

but we think his first correction was right. Three redundant syllables often, very often, occur in the plays of our Authors and their contemporaries, and even in *Rowe*.

*Estif.* If I prove otherwise, let me beg first.  
*Leon.* Hold, this is yours; some recompence for service:

Use it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

*Duke.* And this is yours, your true commission, Sir.

Now you are a captain.

*Leon.* You're a noble prince, Sir;

And now a soldier, gentlemen. <sup>45</sup>

*Omnes.* We all rejoice in't.

*Juan.* Sir, I shall wait upon you thro' all  
*Alon.* And I. [fortunes.

*Altea.* And I must needs attend my mistress.

*Leon.* Will you go, sister?

*Altea.* Yes, indeed, good brother;

I have two ties, my own blood, and my mis-  
*Marg.* Is she your sister? [tress.

*Leon.* Yes, indeed, good wife,

And my best sister; for she prov'd so, wench,  
When she deceiv'd you with a loving husband.

*Altea.* I would not deal so truly for a stran-  
ger.

*Marg.* Well, I could chide you;

But it must be lovingly, and like a sister.——  
I'll bring you on your way, and feast you no-  
bly,

(For now I have an honest heart to love you)  
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.

*Juan.* Your colours you must wear, and  
 wear 'em proudly,  
 Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:  
 And all the world shall know we're Virtue's  
 servants.

*Duke.* And all the world shall know, a  
 noble mind  
 Makes women beautiful, and envy blind.  
*[Exeunt.]*

## EPILOGUE.

Good night, our worthy friends! and may  
 you part  
 Each with as merry and as free a heart  
 As you came hither! To those noble eyes,  
 That deign to smile on our poor faculties,

And give a blessing to our labouring ends,  
 As we hope many to such fortune send  
 Their own desires, wives fair as light, as  
 chaste! *[haste!]*  
 To those that live by spite, wives made in





THE  
LAWS OF CANDY.  
A TRAGI-COMEDY.

This Play is supposed to have been the joint production of our Poets; and is one of the few which are not totally ascribed to Fletcher by the panegyrist. Its first publication was in the folio of 1647. It has lain long dormant; and, we believe, never received any alteration.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

CASSILANE, *general of Candy.*  
ANTINOUS, { *son to Cassilane, and his com-*  
                  *petitor.*  
FERNANDO, { *a Venetian captain, servant*  
                  *to Annophel.*  
PHILANDER, { *prince of Cyprus, passionately*  
                  *in love with Erota.*  
GONZALO, { *an ambitious politick lord of*  
                  *Venice.*  
GASPERO, *secretary of state.*  
MELITUS, *a gentleman of Candy.*  
ARCANES, { *a noble soldier, friend to Cas-*  
                  *silane.*

DECIUS, *friend to Antinous.*  
PORPHYCIO, } *senators.*  
POSSENNE, }  
PAOLO MICHAEL, *a Venetian ambassador.*  
MOCHINGO, *an ignorant servant to Erota.*  
Gentlemen.  
Soldiers.  
Servants.

WOMEN.

EROTA, { *a princess, imperious, and of an*  
                  *overweening beauty.*  
ANNOPHEL, *daughter to Cassilane.*  
HYPARCHA, *attendant on the princess Erota.*

SCENE, CANDY.

ACT I.

*Enter Gaspero and Melitus.*

MELITUS. SIR, you're the very friend I wish'd  
to meet with;  
I have a large discourse invites your ear  
To be an auditor.

GASP. And what concerns it? [*loves*

MEL. The sadly-thriving progress of the  
Between my lord the prince, and that great  
lady,

Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,  
Can by no character be well express'd,  
But in her only name, the proud Erota.<sup>a</sup>

GASP. Alas, Melitus, I should guess the best  
Success your prince could find from her, to be  
As harsh as the event doth prove: But now  
'Tis not a time to pity passionate griefs,<sup>a</sup>  
When a whole kingdom in a manner lies  
Upon its death-bed bleeding.

MEL. Who can tell  
Whether or no these many plagues at once  
Hang over this unhappy land for her sake,  
That is a monster in it?

GASP. Here's the misery  
Of having a child our prince; else I pre-  
sume

<sup>a</sup> *Whose insolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,*

*Can by no character be well express'd,*

*But in her only name, the proud Erota.*] It is difficult, by any Etymology, to reconcile this name and character to each other. From ΕΡΩΣ can only be derived the attributes of love; and from ΗΥΨΟΣ those of greatness, on which insolence and pride are indeed not uncommon, though not constant, attendants.

<sup>a</sup> *Passionate griefs.*] i. e. Griefs proceeding from love.

The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt  
So bloody an invasion.

*Mel.* Yet I wonder

Why, master secretary, still the senate  
So almost-superstitiously adores  
Gonzalo, the Venetian lord, considering  
The outrage of his countrymen.

*Gasp.* The senate

Is wise, and therein just; for this Gonzalo,  
Upon a massacre perform'd at sea  
By th' admiral of Venice, on a merchant  
Of Candy, when the cause was to be heard  
Before the senate there, in open court  
Professed, that the cruelty the admiral  
Had shew'd, deserv'd not only fine, but death:  
(For Candy then and Venice were at peace.)  
Since when, upon a motion in the senate,  
For conquest of our land, 'tis known for cer-  
tain,

That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppose it;  
His reason was, because it too much savour'd  
Of lawless and unjust ambition.

The wars were scarce begun, but he, in fear  
Of quarrels 'gainst his life, fled from his  
country,

And hither came, where to confirm his truth,  
I know, Melitus, he, out of his own store,  
Hath monied Cassilane, the general.

*Mel.* What, without other pledge than  
Bare promise of repayment? [*Cassilane's*

*Gasp.* No, it may be

He has some petty lordship to retire to;  
But thus he hath done. Now, 'tis fit, Melitus,  
The senate should be thankful, otherwise  
They should annihilate one of those laws  
For which this kingdom is, throughout the  
Unfollow'd and admir'd.<sup>3</sup> [*world,*

*Mel.* What laws are those, Sir?

Let me so much importune you.

*Gasp.* You shall;

[*thus:*

And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly  
Who'er he be that can detect apparently  
Another of ingratitude, for any  
Received benefit, the plaintiff may  
Require th' offender's life; unless he please  
Freely and willingly to grant remission.

*Mel.* By which strict law, the senate is in  
Should they neglect Gonzalo? [*danger,*

*Gasp.* Right; the law

Permits a like equality to aliens,  
As to a home-born patriot.

*Mel.* Pray, Sir, the other?

*Gasp.* Know, Melitus,

The elder Cretans flourish'd many years,  
In war, in peace unparallel'd; and they  
(To spur heroic spirits on to virtue)

Enacted, that what man so'er he were,  
Did noblest in the field against his enemy,  
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,  
Might, at his home-return, make his demand  
For satisfaction and reward.

*Mel.* They are

Both famous laws indeed.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Master secretary,

The senate is about to sit, and crave  
Your presence.

*Gasp.* What, so suddenly?

*Mess.* These letters

Will shew the causes why.

*Gasp.* Heav'n, thou art great,

And worthy to be thank'd!

*Mel.* Your countenance, Sir,

Doth promise some good tidings.

*Gasp.* Oh, the best

And happiest for this land that e'er was told!  
All the Venetian forces are defeated.

*Mel.* How, Sir? [*more, there is*

*Gasp.* And what doth add some delight  
Amongst the soldiers a contention

Who shall be the triumpher; and it stands  
Doubtful between a father and his son,  
Old Cassilane, and young Antinous.

*Mel.* Why may not both demand it?

*Gasp.* The law denies it;

But, where the soldiers do not all consent,

The parties in contention are refer'd

To plead before the senate; and from them

Upon an open audience to be judg'd

The chief, and then to make demands.

*Mel.* You ravish me with wonder and de-  
light.

*Gasp.* Come; as we walk, I shall more  
fully inform you. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, Antinous, and  
Decius.*

*Cass.* Admit no soldier near us, till the  
Have took their places. [*senate*

*Arc.* You're obey'd, my lord.

*Ant.* Decius, fall off.

*Dec.* I shall.

*Cass.* Give leave, Arcanes.

[*Ex. Arc. and Dec.*

Young man, come nearer to me! Who am I?

*Ant.* It were a sin against the piety

Of filial duty, if I should forget

The debt I owe my father on my knee.

Your pleasure?

*Cass.* What! so low? canst thou find joints,  
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, arise;

<sup>3</sup> Unfollowed and admir'd.] Mr. Theobald chuses to read *unfellow'd*, which is certainly an improvement, though not a necessary one.

Theobald's reading is probably genuine, unless the Poets alluded to the well-known lines of Ovid;

——— *Videò meliora, proboque,  
Deteriora sequor;*

yet *unfellowed* is a harsh expression.

Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate  
Th' ambition of thy gallantry, that they  
Whose confidence thou hast bewitch'd, should  
see

Thy little god of war kneel to his father,  
Tho' in my hand I did grasp thunder.

*Ant. Sir,*

For proof that I acknowledge you the author  
Of giving me my birth, I have discharg'd  
A part of my obedience. But if now  
You should (as cruel fathers do) proclaim  
Your right, and tyrant-like usurp the glory  
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd  
From successory,\* but purchas'd with my  
blood,

Then I must stand first champion for myself  
Against all interposers.

*Cass. Boldly urg'd,*

And proudly! I could love thee, did not anger  
Consult with just disdain, in open language  
To call thee most ungrateful. Say freely,  
Wilt thou resign the flatteries whereon  
The reeling pillars of a popular breath  
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add  
A suffrage to thy father's merit? Speak.

*Ant. Sir, hear me:* Were there not a chronicle

Well penn'd by all their tongues, who can  
What they have seen you do; or had you not

Best in your own performance writ yourself,  
And been your own text, I would undertake

Alone, without the help of art or character,<sup>3</sup>  
But only to recount your deeds in arms,

And you should ever then be fain'd a precedent  
Of living victory: But, as you are

Great, and well worthy to be stiled great,  
It would betray a poverty of spirit

In me to obstruct my fortunes, or descent,  
If I should coward-like surrender up

Th' int'rest, which th' inheritance of your  
virtue, [nur.

And mine own thrifty fate, can claim in ho-  
My lord, of all the mass of fame, which any

That wears a sword, and hath but seen me  
fight,

Gives me, I will not share, nor yield one jot,  
One tittle!

*Cass. Not to me?*

*Ant. You are my father,  
Yet not to you.*

\* ——— not deriv'd

From successory.] Mr. Theobald would read, either *from successors*, or *from ancestry*; Mr. Seward prints, *Not deriv'd nor successory*. But as it is not impossible but the Authors, with their usual licence of phraseology, meant by the words, *not deriv'd from successory*, to signify, 'not derived from succession,' we have followed the old authority.

<sup>3</sup> Without the help of art, or character.] If this be genuine, the word *character* must signify the same with rhetoric or oratory, but as the change of the particle will turn it to a verb and render it applicable to the context in its usual acceptation, I have ventured to make the change. Seward.

Mr. Seward chuses to read, *without the help of art, to character*. The old text requires no alteration, and the word *character* need not 'signify the same with rhetoric or oratory,' but *types, or letters*, in which sense it is used to this day. 'You know the *character* (meaning the handwriting) to be your brother's,' says Gloucester in King Lear.

<sup>6</sup> For one day's service, and that on thy first.] Corrected in 1750.

*Cass. Ambitious boy, how dar'st thou  
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?*

*Ant. Had I*

Been slothful, and not follow'd you in all  
The straits of death, you might have justly  
then

Reputed me a bastard: 'Tis a cruelty,  
More than to murder innocents, to take  
The life of my yet-infant honour from me.

*Cass. Antinous, look upon this badge of  
age,*

Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: Full fifty  
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert  
born)

I have been known a soldier; in which time  
I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,

For war was peace 'o me, and peace was war.  
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd

These fifty years a man whom Crete prefer'd  
Before thy father; let me boldly boast,

Thy father, both for discipline and action,  
Hath so long been the first of all his nation:

Now, canst thou think it honest, charitable,  
Nay humane, being so young, my son, my  
child,

Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,  
For one day's service, and that one thy first,<sup>6</sup>

To rob me of a glory which I fought for  
A half of hundred years?

*Ant. My case observes*

Both equity and precedents; for, Sir,  
That very day whereon you got your fame,

You took it from some other, who was then  
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been

Perhaps as many years deserving that  
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

*Cass.* But he was not my father then, *Ant.*  
Thou leav'st out that. [tinous;

*Ant. Sir, had he been your father,  
He had been then immortal; for a father*

Heightens his reputation where his son  
Inherits it; as, when you give us life,

Your life is not diminish'd, but renew'd  
In us when you are dead, and we are still

Your living images.

*Cass.* So be thou curs'd  
In thy posterity, as I in thee,

Dishonourable boy! Oh, shall that sun,  
Which not a year yet since beheld me mounted

Upon a fiery steed, waving my sword,

And teaching this young man to manage arms,

That was a raw, fresh novice in the feats  
Of chivalry, shall that same sun be witness  
Against this brat, of his ingratitude?  
Who, to eclipse the light of my renown,  
Can no way hope to get a noble name,  
But by the treading on his father's greatness!  
Thou wilt not yield?

*Enter Arcanes and Decius.*

*Ant.* My life, but not the prize  
My sword hath purchas'd.

*Arc.* The senate, my lord,  
Are here at hand, and all the soldiers  
Begin to throng about them.

*Cass.* Now, Arcanes,  
The—

*Arc.* What, Sir?

*Cass.* Trifles will affront us; that  
Fine fighting stripling!

*Arc.* Let him have the shame on't.  
'Please you withdraw on this side.

*Cass.* My great heart  
Was never quail'd before.

*Dec.* My lord, be confident;  
Let not your father daunt you.

*Ant.* Decius, whither  
Must I withdraw?

*Dec.* On this side. See, the soldiers [note.  
Attend your pleasure. Courage, Sir; the se-

*Cass.* Way for the senate!

*Enter Porphycio, Possenne, three Senators,  
Gonzalo, Gaspero, and Soldiers.*

*Gen.* My good lords, I know not  
What tax of arrogance I may incur,  
Should I presume, tho' courted by your fa-  
vours,

To take a place amongst you. I had rather  
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility  
By this,<sup>7</sup> tho' mean, yet more becoming place,  
Than run the hazard of a doubtful censure.

*Poss.* My lord, your wisdom is both known  
and tried;

We cannot rank you in a nobler friendship  
Than your great service to the state deserves.

*Porph.* Will't please you sit?

<sup>7</sup> Give proof of my unfeign'd humility

*By force, tho' mean, yet more becoming place.* To give proof of an unfeign'd humility by force, is an expression evidently absurd, and I have ventured to substitute the word which the context requires instead of force. But it may be objected, that words so totally different in all their letters as this and force could not easily be mistook for each other, either by transcriber or printer. This, I allow, has very rarely happened, though sometimes it has, as in the first scene of the Faithful Shepherdess, *feel* was wrote instead of *goe*. But in such great changes, without the authority of an old edition, conjecture ought not to dictate any emendation, unless it can give a probable reason for the corruption; and in this case I think there is one. Every man conversant in criticism knows how often marginal comments have crept into the text. I imagine therefore that some person who saw the pride of Cassilane, and that his unfeign'd humility here was really a forced one, wrote *by force* in the margin, which the printer thinking a correction inserted in the text. *Seward.*

We have adopted Mr. Seward's emendation, though we can by no means allow that he has given a probable reason for the corruption.

*Enter Fernando, with Soldiers.*

*Gen.* What, here, my lord Porphycio?  
It must not be.

*Porph.* My lord, you are too modest.

*Gen.* It is no season to be troublesome,  
Else—But I've done. Your lordships are  
observ'd.

*Gasp.* Is the demandant ready?

*Arc.* He is ready.

*Gasp.* Produce him then.

*Arc.* Before this sacred presence,  
I, by a general consent, am made

The soldier's voice, and to your gracious wis-  
doms [pion,  
Present, as chief in arms, his country's cham-  
Cassilane. [lesser number

*Dec.* Most reverend lords, you bear the  
Of those who have been guardians to this  
country,

Approve this champion; I, in all their names  
Who fought for Candy, here present before  
you

The mightiest man in arms, Antinous.  
Speak, fellow-soldiers!

*Sold.* Antinous, Antinous!

*Gasp.* Stand by, all, save the two competitors.

*Poss.* My lords, how much your country  
owes you both,

The due reward of your desertful glories,  
Must to posterity remain: But yet  
Since, by our law, one only can make claim  
To the proposed honours which you both  
(It seems) have truly merited, take leave  
Freely to plead your rights; we shall attend ye.

*Porph.* Wherein priority of voice is granted,  
Lord Cassilane, to you; for that your rare  
And long experience in the course of war,  
As well doth challenge it, as the best privilege  
Of order and civility, for that  
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.  
Say, countrymen, are you content?

*Sold.* Ay, ay.

*Cass.* Right grave, right gracious fathers!  
how unfit

It is for me, that all my life-time have  
Been practis'd in the school of blood and  
slaughter, [well,

To bandy words now in my life's last fare-

Your wisdoms will consider: Were there  
pitch'd

Another, and another field, like that  
Which, not yet three days since, this arm  
hath scatter'd,

Defeated, and made nothing, then the man  
That had a heart to think he could but follow  
(For equal me he should not) thro' the lanes  
Of danger and amazement, might in that,  
That only of but following me, be happy,  
Reputed worthy to be made my rival:  
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to those about  
me,

(My fellow-soldiers) first, with what a con-  
fidence I led them on to fight, went on still, and,  
As if I could have been a second nature,  
As well in heartening them by my example,  
As by my exhortation, I gave life  
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,  
To heighten resolution; in a word,  
To out-do action. It boots not to discover,  
How that young man, who was not fledg'd  
nor skill'd

In martial play, was ev'n as ignorant  
As childish; but I list not to disparage  
His non-ability: The signal given  
Of battle, when our enemies came on,  
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant  
Of policy and stratagem) I met them,  
I, in the fore-front of the armies, met them;  
And, as if this old weather-beaten body  
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I stood  
The volleys of their shot. I, I myself,  
Was he that first dis-rank'd their woods of  
pikes:

But when we came to handy strokes, as often  
As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,  
And every wound a death. I may be bold  
To justify a truth; this very sword  
Of mine slew more than any twain besides!  
And, which is not the least of all my glory,  
When he, this young man, hand to hand in  
fight,

Was by the general of the Venetians,  
And such as were his retinue, unhors'd,  
I stepp'd between, and rescu'd him myself,  
Or horses' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;  
And whilst he was remounting, I maintain'd  
The combat with the gallant general,  
'Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before  
me,

Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,  
Stole both that honour from me, and his life  
From him, whom I before, myself alone,  
Had more than full three quarters kill'd: A  
man

Well worthy only by this hand to have died,  
Not by a boy's weak push. I talk too much;  
But 'tis a fault of age! If to bring home  
Long peace, long victory, ev'n to your capitol;  
If to secure your kingdom, wives, and children,  
Your lives and liberties; if to renown  
Yours honours thro' the world, to fix your  
names,

Like blazing stars admir'd, and fear'd by all

That have but heard of Caudy, or a Cretan;  
Be to deserve th' approvement of my man-  
hood,

[examine  
Then thus much have I done: What more,  
The annals of my life; and then consider  
What I have been, and am. Lords, I have  
said.

[lawful,  
Gon. With reverence to the senate, is it  
Without your custom's breach, to say a word?  
Poss. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.

Gon. I have heard,  
And with no little wonder, such high deeds  
Of chivalry discours'd, that I confess,  
I do not think the worthies, while they liv'd,  
All nine, deserv'd as much applause, or me-  
mory,

As this one: But who can do aught to gain  
The crown of honour from him, must be  
somewhat

[path,  
More than a man. You tread a dangerous  
Yet I shall hear you gladly; for, believe me,  
Thus much let me profess, in honour's cause,  
I would not to my father, nor my king,  
(My country's father) yield: If you transcend  
What we have heard, I can but only say,  
That miracles are yet in use. I fear  
I have offended.

Porph. You have spoken nobly.

Antinous, use your privilege.

Ant. Princely fathers,

Ere I begin, one suit I have to make;

'Tis just, and honourable.

Porph. & Poss. Speak, and have it.

Ant. That you would please the soldiers  
might all stand

Together by their general.

Poss. 'Tis granted.

All fall to yonder side! Go on, Antinous.

Ant. I shall be brief and plain. All what  
my father

(This country's patron) hath discours'd, is true.  
Fellows in arms, speak you; is't true?

Sold. True, true.

[fornance  
Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my per-  
took light from what I saw him do: And  
thus

[ful,  
A city, tho' the flame be much more dread-  
May from a little spark be set on fire.

Of all what I have done, I shall give instance  
Only in three main proofs of my desert:

First, I sought out (but thro' how many dan-  
gers,

[mander,  
My lords, judge you) the chief, the great com-  
The head of that huge body, whose proud  
weight

Our land shrunk under; him I found and  
fought with,

Fought with, and slew. Fellows in arms,  
speak you;

Is't true, or not?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. When he was fall'n,

The hearts of all our adversaries  
Began to quail, till young Fernando, son  
To the last duke of Venice, gather'd head,

And soon renew'd the field; by whose example,  
The bold Venetians doubling strength and courage,

Had got the better of the day: Our men,  
Supposing that their adversaries grew  
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly;  
I follow'd them; and what I said, they know:  
The sum on't is; I call'd them back, new  
rank'd them;

Led on, they follow'd it, shrunk not till the end.  
Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?

*Sold.* True, true.

*Ant.* Lastly, to finish all, there was but one,  
The only great exploit; which was, to take  
Fernando prisoner, and that hand to hand  
In single fight I did, myself, without  
The help of any arm, save th' arm of Heav'n.  
Speak, soldiers; is it true, or no?

*Sold.* Antinous, Antinous!

*Ant.* Behold my prisoner, fathers.

*Fern.* This one man

Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified  
Crete in her robes of mightiness and conquest.

*Poss.* We need not use long circumstance  
of words:

Antinous, thou art conqueror; the Senate,  
The soldiers, and thy valour, have pronounc'd

*All.* Antinous, Antinous! [it.]

*Porph.* Make thy demand.

*Cass.* Please ye, my lords, give leave  
That I may part.

*Poss.* No, Cassilane, the court  
Should therein be dishonour'd; don't imagine  
We prize your presence at so slight a rate.  
Demand, Antinous.

*Ant.* Thus, my lords; to witness  
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking  
I am more valiant, th' more favour'd, [is,  
Than my most matchless father, my demand  
That, for a lasting memory of his name,  
His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,  
You set up in your capitol in brass  
My father's statue, there to stand for ever,  
A monument and trophy of his victories,  
With this inscription, to succeeding ages:  
'Great Cassilane, patron of Candy's peace,  
'Perpetual triumpher.'

*Porph. & Poss.* It is granted.

What more?

*Ant.* No more.

*Cass.* How, boy?

*Gon.* Thou art immortal,  
Both for thy son-like piety, and beauties  
Of an unconquer'd mind!

*Ant.* My prisoner, lords,  
To your most sacred wisdoms I surrender;  
Fit you his ransom; half whereof I give  
For largess to the soldiers, th' other half  
To the erection of this monument.

*Cass.* Ambitious villain!

*Gon.* Thou art all inimitable.—

My lords, to bear a certain peace for Candy  
With Venice, use Fernando like a prince;  
His ransom I'll disburse, whate'er it be:

Yet you may stay him with you, 'till con-  
ditions

Of amity shall be concluded on:

Are ye content?

*Porph.* We are, and ever rest

Both friends and debtors to your nobleness.

*Gon.* Soldiers, attend me in the market-  
place;

I'll thither send your largess.

*Sold.* Antinous, Antinous! [Exeunt.]

*Cass.* I have a suit too, lords.

*Porph. & Poss.* Propose it;

'Tis yours, if fit and just.

*Cass.* Let not my services,  
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horse,  
To you and to the state, be branded now  
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:

Rear me no monument, unless you mean

To have me fam'd a coward, and be stamp'd

*Poss.* We understand you not. [so.]

*Cass.* Proud boy, thou dost,

And tyrant-like insult'st upon my shame.

*Ant.* Sir, Heav'n can tell, and my integrity,  
What I did was but only to enforce

The senate's gratitude. I now acknowledge  
it. [boy]

*Cass.* Observe it, fathers, how this haughty  
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:

He knows no mention can of me be made,

But that it ever likewise must be told,

How I by him was master'd; and for surety

That all succeeding times may so report it,  
He would have my dishonour, and his tri-  
umphs, [falshood]

Engrav'd in brass: Hence, hence proceeds the  
Of his insinuating piety. [blood,

Thou art no child of mine; thee and thy  
Here in the capitol, before the senate,

I utterly renounce! So, thrift and fate

Confirm me! Henceforth, never see my face;

Be as thou art, a villain to thy father!

Lords, I must crave your leaves. Come, come,

Arcanes. [Exeunt Cass. and his party.]

*Gon.* Here's a strange high-born spirit.

*Poss.* 'Tis but heat

Of sudden present rage: I dare assure

Antinous of his favour.

*Ant.* I not doubt it;

He's both a good man, and a good father.

I shall attend your lordships.

*Poss.* Do, Antinous.

*Gon.* Yes; feast thy triumph with ap-  
plause and pleasures.

*Porph. & Poss.* Lead on.

[Exeunt Flor. Cornetti.]

*Monent Antinous and Decius.*

*Ant.* 'I utterly renounce'—'Twas so;  
Was't not, my Decius?

*Dec.* Pish! you know, my lord,

Old men are choleric.

*Ant.* And lastly parted [me,

With, 'Never henceforth see my face!' Oh

How have I lost a father! such a father!

Such a one, Decius! I am miserable,  
Beyond expression!

*Dec.* Fy, how unbecoming  
This shews upon your day of fame!

*Ant.* Oh, mischief!  
I must no more come near him; that I know,  
And am assur'd on't.

*Dec.* Say you do not?

*Ant.* True;

Put case I do not: What is Candy then  
To lost Antinous? Malta, I resolve  
To end my days in thee.

*Dec.* How's that?

*Ant.* I'll try  
All humble means of being reconcil'd;  
Which if denied, then I may justly say,  
This day has prov'd my worst, Decius, my  
worst! *[Exit.]*

## ACT II.

*Enter Gonzalo and Gaspero.*

*Gasp.* NOW to what you have heard; as  
no man can

Better than I, give you her character; [to  
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up  
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear  
them;

Her brother, my late master, did no less.  
Strong apprehensions of her beauty have  
Made her believe that she is more than wo-  
man:

And as there did not want those flatterers  
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him  
think,

And did persuade him, that he was a god;  
So there be those base flies, that will not stick  
To buzz into her ears, she is an angel,  
And that the food she feeds on is ambrosia.

*Gon.* She should not touch it then; 'tis  
poets' fare. *[well]*

*Gas.* I may take leave to say, she may as  
Determine of herself to be a goddess,  
With lesser flattery, than he a god; [ther:  
For she does conquer more, although not sur-  
Every one looks on her, dies in despair,  
And would be glad to do it actually,  
To have the next age tell how worthily,  
And what good cause he had to perish so.  
Her beauty is superlative; she knows it,  
And knowing it, thinks no man can deserve,  
But ought to perish, and to die for her.  
Many great princes for her love have lan-  
guish'd,

And given themselves a willing sacrifice,  
Proud to have ended so; and now there is  
A prince so madd'd in his own passions,  
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,  
And deems it happiness to be her slave.

*Gon.* You talk as if you meant to wind  
me in,

And make me of the number.

*Gasp.* Sir,  
Mistake me not; the service that I owe you  
Shall plead for me: I tell you what she is,  
What she expects, and what she will effect,  
Unless you be the miracle of men,

That come with a purpose to behold,  
And go away yourself.

*Gon.* I thank you; I will do it. *[wit?*

But, pray resolve me, how's she stor'd with  
*Gasp.* As with beauty, infinite, and more

To be admir'd at, than meddled with.

*Gon.* And walks  
Her tongue the same gait with her feet?

*Gasp.* Much beyond: *[so boldly,*  
Whatever her heart thinks, she utters, and  
So readily, as you would judge it penn'd  
And studied.

*Enter Erotia, Philander, Annophel, Hypar-  
cha, Mochingo, and Attendants.*

*Gon.* She comes.

*Gasp.* I must leave you then;  
But my best wishes shall remain with you.

*[Exit.]*  
*Gon.* Still I must thank you. *[prince,*

This is the most passionate, most pitiful  
Who, in the caldron of affections,  
Looks as he had been parboil'd. *[you,*

*Phil.* If I offend with too much loving  
It is a fault that I must still commit,  
To make your mercy shine the more on me.

*Erotia.* You are the self-same creature you  
condemn,

Or else you durst not follow me, with hope

That I can pity you, who am so far

From granting any comfort in this kind,

That you and all men else shall perish first!

I will live free and single, 'till I find

Something above a man to equal me.

Put all your bravest heroes into one,\*

Your kings and emperors, and let him come

In person of a man, and I should scorn him;

Must, and will scorn him!

The god of love himself hath lost his eyes,

His bow and torch extinguish'd, and the poets

That made him first a god, have lost their fire,

Since I appear'd, and from my eyes must steal

it.

This I dare speak; and let me see the man,

Now I have spoke it, that doth dare deny,

Nay, not believe it.

*Moch.* He is mad that does not."

\* Put all your brave heroes into one.] Corrected in 1750.

*Erota.* Have not all nations of the earth heard of me?

Most come to see me, and, seeing me, return'd  
Full of my praises, teaching their chroniellers  
To make their stories perfect? For where the  
name,

Merely the word, of fair *Erota* stands,  
It is a lasting history to time,  
Begetting admiration in the men,  
And in my own sex envy; which glory's lost,  
When I shall stiek my beauty in a cloud,  
And scarcely shine thro' it.<sup>9</sup> [must be

*Gon.* This woman's in the altitudes, and he  
A good astrologer shall know her zodiack.

*Phil.* For any man to think  
Himself an able purehaser of you,<sup>10</sup>  
But in the bargain there must be declar'd  
Infinite bounty; otherwise, I vow  
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,  
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,  
And yield myself up love's, or your own  
martyr.

*Erota.* So you shall please us.

*Phil.* Oh, you cannot be  
So heav'nly and so absolute in all things,  
And yet retain such cruel tyranny.

*Erota.* I can, I do, I will.

*Gon.* She is in her [you,  
Moods, and her tenses: I will grammar with  
And make a trial how I can declieoe you.  
By your leave, great lady!

*Erota.* What are you?

*Gon.* A man,  
A good man, that's a wealthy, a proper man,  
And a proud man too; one that understands  
Himself, and knows, unless it be yourself,  
No woman in the universe deserves him.  
Nay, lady, I must tell you too withal,  
I may make doobt of that, unless you paint  
With better judgment next day than on this;  
For (plain I must be with you) 'tis a dull  
focus. [low is?

*Erota.* Knows any one here what this fel-  
*Atten.* He is of Venice, madam; a great  
magnifico,

And gracious with the senate.

*Erota.* Let him keep thee among them;  
what makes he here?

Here's state enough where I am. Here's  
ado!— [him

You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let  
Look lower, and give it in petition.

*Mock.* Mighty magnifico, my mistress bid  
me tell you, [lower,

If you have aught with her, you must look  
And yield it in petition.

*Gon.* Here's for thee a ducat.

*Mock.* You say well, Sir; take your own  
course.

*Gon.* I'll not grace you,  
Lady, so much as take you by the hand;  
But when I shall vouchsafe to touch your lip,  
It shall be thro' your court a holiday  
Proclaim'd for so high favour.

*Erota.* This is some  
Great man's jester: Sirrah, begone! here is  
No place to fool in.

*Gon.* Where are the fools you talk of?  
I do keep two.

*Erota.* No question of it;  
For in yourself you do maintain an hundred.

*Gon.* And, besides them, I keep a noble  
train, [and deep,  
Statists, and men of action; my purse is large  
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry;  
Fortune did vie with nature to bestow,  
When I was born, her bounty equally.

'Tis not amiss you turn your eyes from me;  
For, should you stand and gaze me in the face,  
You perish would, like Semele by Jove:

In Venice, at this instant, there do lie  
No less than threescore ladies in their graves,  
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.

*Mock.* You lie more than they! Yet it be-  
comes him bravely:

'Would I could walk and talk so! I'll endea-  
vour it.

*Erota.* Sir, do you know me?

*Gon.* Yes; you were sister to the late  
prince of Candy,

Aunt to this young one: And I in Venice,  
Am born a lord! equal to you in fortunes;  
In shape—I'll say no more; but view!

*Mock.* There needs no more be said; were  
I a woman— [more,

Oh, he does rarely: 'In shape—I'll say no  
'But view!' Who could say more, who bet-  
ter?

Man is no man, nor woman woman is,  
Unless they have a pride like one of these.  
How poor the prince of Cyprus shews to him!  
How poor another lady unto her!  
Carriage and state make us seem demi-gods;  
Humility, like beasts, worms of the earth!

*Enter Antinous and Decius.*

*Ant.* Royal lady, I kiss your hand.

*Erota.* Sir, I know you not.

*Anno.* Oh, my noble brother! welcome  
from the wars!

*Ant.* Dear sister! [without him?

*Anno.* Where's my father, that you come  
We've news of your success. He has his  
health, I hope?

<sup>9</sup> And clearly shine thro' it.] Clearly being an evident corruption, dimly, barely, and merely, were severally proposed in 1750. We prefer scarcely to either of them, and, as it is not very different from the old books in the trace of letters, have inserted it in the text.

<sup>10</sup> Phil. For any man to think  
Himself an able purchaser of you, &c.] Some words appear to have been lost here; the chasm Mr. Seward would supply by reading,  
'Twere arrogance for any man to think, &c



*Ant.* Yes, sister, h' has his health, but is not well. [you utter?]

*Anno.* How? not well? what riddles do

*Ant.* I'll tell you more in private,

*Con.* Noble Sir,

I cannot be unmindful of your merit,  
Since I last heard it: You're a hopeful youth,  
And indeed the soul of Candy. I must speak  
my thoughts.

*Anno.* The prince of Cyprus, brother. Good  
*Ant.* I'm his servant. [Decius!]

*Phil.* You are the patron of your country,  
Sir;

So your unimitable deeds proclaim you;  
It is no language of my own, but all men's.

*Con.* Your enemies must needs acknowledge it:

They do not think it flattery in your friends,  
For if they had a heart, they could not want  
a tongue.

*Erota.* Is this your brother, Annophel?

*Anno.* Yes, madam.

*Erota.* Your name's Antinous?

*Ant.* I am, lady, that most unfortunate  
man. [soldier,

*Erota.* How unfortunate? Are you not the  
The captain of those captains, that did bring  
Conquest and vict'ry home along with you?

*Ant.* I had some share in it? but was the  
Of the least worthy. [least

*Con.* Oh, Sir, in your modesty

You'd make a double conquest. I was an  
ear-witness [acted,

When this young man spoke lesser than he  
And had the soldier's voice to help him out.  
But that the law compell'd him, and his hon-  
our

Enforc'd him make a claim for his reward,<sup>22</sup>  
I well perceive he would have stood the man  
That he does now, buried his worth in silence.

*Erota.* Sir, I hearken not to him, but look  
on you,

And find more in you than he can relate:  
You shall attend on me.

*Ant.* Madam, your pardon!

*Erota.* Deny it not, Sir, for it is more hon-  
our [you shall,

Than you have gotten i' th' field: For, know,  
Upon Erota's asking, serve Erota.

*Ant.* I may wait answers, lady,

But never want a will to do you service.  
I came here to my sister to take leave,  
Having enjoin'd myself to banishment,  
For some cause that hereafter you may hear,  
And wish with me I had not the occasion.

*Anno.* There shall be no occasion to divide  
us:

Dear madam, for my sake use your power,

Even for the service that he ought to owe,  
Must, and does owe, to you, his friends, and  
country! [me,

*Erota.* Upon your loyalty to the state and  
I do command you, Sir, not depart Candy!

*Am* I not your princess?

*Ant.* You are a great lady.

*Erota.* Then shew yourself a servant and

*Ant.* I am your vassal. [a subject.

*Mock.* You are a coward: I, that dare not  
fight,

Scorn to be vassal to any prince in Europe.  
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll en-  
crease, [vassala.

When they are gone, with practice on my

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Atten.* The noble Cassilane is come to see  
you, madam. [tinous;

*Dec.* There's comfort in those words, An-  
For here's the place and persons that have  
power

To reconcile you to his love again.

*Ant.* That were a fortunate meeting.

*Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.*

*Cass.* Greatness still wait you, lady!

*Erota.* Good Cassilane, [valour.

We do maintain our greatness thro' your  
*Cass.* My pray'rs pull daily blessings on thy  
head,

My unoffending child, my Annophel!—  
Good prince!—Worthy Gonzaluz!—Ha! art  
thou here

Before me? in ev'ry action art thou ambitious?  
My duty, lady, first offered here,

And love to thee, my child, tho' he out-strip  
Thus in the wars he got the start on me, [me.

By being forward, but performing less!  
All the endeavours of my life are lost,

And thrown upon that evil of mine own  
Curst begetting, whom I shame to father!

Oh, that the heat thou robb'dst me of, had  
burnt

Within my entrails, and begot a fever,  
Or some worse sickness; for thou art a disease

Sharper than any physick gives a name to!

*Anno.* Why do you say so?

*Cass.* Oh, Annophel, there is good cause,  
my girl! [away

It has plaid the thief with me, and filch'd  
The richest jewel of my life, my honour;

Wearing it publicly with that applause,  
As if he justly did inherit it.

*Ant.* Would I had in my infancy been laid  
Within my grave, cover'd with your blessings,

rather [ses!

Than grown up to a man, to meet your cur-

<sup>22</sup> But that the law compell'd him for his honour,

To enforce him make a claim for his reward.] The law compell'd him to enforce him seemed somewhat absurd; but I was at first a little doubtful whether I should treat it as an evident corruption, till observing that the *for* in the second line stood directly under that in the first, and that every one knows how frequently the printers make such mistakes; I was determin'd to treat it as a mistake. Seward.

*Cass.* Oh, that thou hadst!  
 Theo I had been the father of a child,<sup>12</sup>  
 Dearer than thou wert even unto me  
 When hope persuaded me I had begot  
 Another self to thee. Out of mine eyes,  
 As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,  
 That I may live and die forgetting thee!

*Erota.* How has he deserv'd this unam'd  
 anger, [ward,  
 That, when he might have ask'd for his re-  
 sponse honour for himself, or mass of pelf,  
 He only did request to have erected  
 Your statue in the capitol, with titles  
 Engrav'd upon't, 'The patron of his country?'

*Cass.* That, that's the poison in the gilded  
 cup, [our,

The serpent in the flowers, that stings my ho-  
 And leaves me dead in shame! Gods, do a  
 justice,

And rip his bosom up, that men may see,  
 Seeing believe, the subtle practices  
 Written within his heart! But I am heated,  
 And do forget this presence, and myself.  
 Your pardon, lady!

*Erota.* You should not ask, 'less you knew  
 how to give. [thoughts

For my sake, Cassilane, cast out o' your  
 All ill conceptions of your worthy son,  
 That, questionless, has ignorantly offended,  
 Declared in his poitence.

*Cass.* Bid me die, lady, for your sake I'll  
 do it;

But that you'll say is nothing, for a man  
 That has out-liv'd his honour; but command  
 To any thing save that, and Cassilane [me  
 Shall ever be your servant. Come, Annophel,  
 My joy in this world! thou shalt live with me,  
 Retur'd in some solitary nook,  
 The comfort of my age! My days are short,  
 And ought to be well spent; and I desire  
 No other witness of them but thyself,  
 And good Araneas.

*Anno.* I shall obey you, Sir.

*Gen.* Noble Sir,  
 If you taste any want of worldly means,  
 Let not that discontent you: Know me your  
 That hath and can supply you. [friend,

*Cass.* Sir, I am too much bound to you  
 already; [you

And 'tis not of my cares the least, to give  
 Fair satisfaction. [end;

*Gen.* You may imagine I do speak to that  
 But, trust me, 'tis to make you bolder with  
 me.

*Cass.* Sir, I thank you, and may make trial  
 Mean time, my service! [of you;

*Anno.* Brother, be comforted: So long as  
 I continue

Within my father's love, you cannot long  
 Stand out an exile. I must go live with him,  
 And I will prove so good an orator  
 In your behalf, that you again shall gain him,  
 Or I will stir in him another anger,  
 And he lost with you.

*Aot.* Better I were neglected; for he's shasty,  
 And, thro' the ebber that abounds in him,  
 Which for the time divides from him his  
 judgment,

He may cast you off, and with you his life:  
 For grief will straight surprize him, and that  
 way [often,

Must be his death; the sword has tried too  
 And all the deadly instruments of war  
 Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could  
 touch it:

Yet not a limb about him wants a scar.

*Cass.* Madam, my duty!

*Erota.* Will you be gone?

*Cass.* I must, lady! but I shall be ready,  
 When you are pleas'd command me, for your  
 service.

Excellent prince! To all my hearty love,

And a good farewell!

*Moch.* Thanks, honest Cassilane!

*Cass.* Come, Annophel.

*Gen.* Shall I not wait upon you, Sir?

*Cass.* From hence

You shall not stir a foot. Loving Gonzalo,  
 It must be all my study to requite you.

*Gen.* If I may be so fortunate to deserve

The name of friend from you, I have enough.

*Cass.* You are so, and you've made yourself

*Gen.* I will then [so.

Preserve it. [Exeunt Cass. and Arc.

*Erota.* Antinous, you are my servant,  
 Are you not?

*Ant.* 'Tis pleas'd you so to grace me.

*Erota.* Why are you then dejected? You  
 will say,

You've lost a father; but you've found a mis-  
 tress

Doubles that loss: Be master of your spirit;  
 You have a cause for it, which is my favour.

*Gen.* And mine.

*Erota.* Will no man ease me of this fool?

*Gen.* Your fellow.

*Erota.* Antinous, wait upon us.

*Ant.* I shall, madam.

*Gen.* Nay but, lady, lady!

*Erota.* Sir, you're rude:

And if you be the master of such means  
 As you do talk of, you should learn good man-  
 ners.

*Gen.* Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,  
 But not perceive it in yourself! You must,  
 shall hear me:

<sup>12</sup> *Theo I had been the father of a child,  
 Dearer than thou wert even unto me,  
 When hope persuaded me I had begot  
 Another self to thee.*

This sentence seems a little obscure. It should mean, that he  
 had then only had one child, viz. Annophel, who is dearer to him than Antinous was even at  
 the time of his birth, when hope persuaded him that he had begot another self. *Seward.*

I love you for your pride; 'tis the best virtue in you. [whom]

*Erota.* I could hang this fellow now! By Are you supported, that you dare do this? Have you not example here in a prince, Transcending you in all things, yet bears himself

As duth become a man had seen my beauty? Back to your country, and your courtizans, Where you may be admir'd for your wealth; Which being consum'd, may be a means to gain you [he got] Th' opinion of some wit. Here's nothing to But scorn, and loss of time.

*Gon.* Which are things I delight in.

*Erota.* Antinous, follow me.

[Exit, with train.]

*Gon.* She is vex'd to the soul.

*Moch.* Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit she should be so.

Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,

For we do love to cherish lofty spirits, Such as percuase the earth, and bound With an erected countenance to th' clouds.

*Gon.* 'Sfoot, what thing is this?

*Moch.* I do love fireworks,

Because they mount; an exhalation I Profess t' adore beyond a fixed star; 'Tis more illustrious, as every thing

Rais'd out of smook is so; their virtue is In action: What d'ye think of me?

*Gon.* Troth, Sir,

You are beyond my guess; I know you not.

*Moch.* D'you know yourself?

*Gon.* Yes, Sir.

*Moch.* Why, you and I

Are one: I am proud, and very proud too, That I must tell you; I saw it did become you. Cousin Gonzalo! prithee, let it be so.

*Gon.* Let it be so, good cousin.

*Moch.* I'm no great one's fool.

*Gon.* I hope so, for alliance sake.

*Moch.* Yet I do serve

The mighty, monstrous, and magnanimous, Invincible Erota.

*Gon.* Oh, good cousin,

Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.

*Moch.* Coat? I've my horseman's coat, I must confess,

Lit'd thro' with velvet, and a scarlet outside: If you will meet me in't, I'll send for it;

And, cousin, you shall meet me with much comfort,

For it is both a new one, and a right one;

It did not come collateral.

*Gon.* Adieu, good cousin!

At this present, I've some business.

*Moch.* Farewell, excellent cousin!

[Exit.]

## ACT III.

*Enter Gonzalo and Fernando.*

*Gon.* CANDY, I say, is lost already.

*Fern.* Yes,

If to be conqueror be to be lost.

*Gon.* You have it; one day's conquest hath undone them,

And sold them to their vassalage. For what Have I else toil'd my brains, profusely emptied My monies, but to make them slaves to Venice; That so, in case the sword did lose his edge, Then art might sharpen her's?

*Fern.* Gonzalo, how?

*Gon.* Fernando, thus: You see how thro' this land,

Both of the best and basest I am honour'd: I only gave the state of Venice notice, When, where, and how to land, or you had A better entertainment; I was he [found] Encourag'd young Antinous to affront The devil his father; for the devil, I think, Dares not do more in battle.

*Fern.* But why did you?

I find no such great policy in that.

*Gon.* Indeed, Fernando, thou canst fight, nor plot:

Had they continu'd one, they two alone Were of sufficient courage and performance To beat an army.

*Fern.* Now, by all my hopes, I rather shall admire, than envy virtue.

*Gon.* Why then, by all your hopes you'll rather have [be wise.]

Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to You statesman! Well, Sir, I did more than this; [sure]

When Cassilane crav'd from the common trea- Pay for his soldiers, I struck home, and lent An hundred thousand ducats. [him]

*Fern.* Marry, Sir,

The policy was little, the love less, And honesty least of all.

*Gon.* How say you by that?

Go fight, I say, go fight! I'll talk no more You are insensible. [with you;]

*Fern.* Well, I shall observe you.

*Gon.* Why, look you, Sir, by this means have I got

The greatest part of Cassilane's estate Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem, But must of force sink: D'you conceive me now?

*Fern.* So!

But why have you importuned the senate,  
For me to sojourn with him?<sup>13</sup>

*Gen.* There's the quintessence,  
The soul, and grand elixir of my wit:  
For he, according to his noble nature,  
Will not be known to want, tho' he do want,  
And will be bankrupted so much the sooner,  
And made the subject of our scorn and laugh-  
ter.

*Fern.* Here is a perfect plotted stratagem!  
*Gen.* Why could you  
Imagine, that I did not hate in heart  
My country's enemies? Yes, yes, Fernando,  
And I will be the man that shall undo them.

*Fern.* You're in a ready way.

*Gen.* I was ne'er out on't.

(*Enter Gaspero.*)

Peace;

Here comes a wise coxcomb, a tame coward!  
Now, worthy Gaspero, what,  
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's  
Conductor to old Cassilane?

*Gasp.* To wait upon him.

*Gen.* And my lords the senators sent you?

*Gasp.* My noble lord, they did.

*Gen.* My lord Fernando,

This gentleman, as humble as you see him,  
Is ev'n this kingdom's treasure: In a word,  
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiser  
Than honest, nor more honest than approv'd  
In truth and faith.

*Gasp.* My lord!

*Gen.* You may be bold [ceive,  
To trust him with your bosom; he'll not de-  
ify you rely upon him once.

*Fern.* Your name is Gaspero?

*Gasp.* Your servant.

*Gen.* Go, commend me,  
Right honest Gaspero, commend me heartily,  
To noble Cassilane; tell him my love  
Is vow'd to him.

*Gasp.* I shall.

*Gen.* I know you will.

My lord, I cannot long be absent from you.

*Fern.* Sir, you are now my guide.

[*Exit with Gasp.*]

*Gen.* Thus my designs

Run uncontroll'd. Yet, Venice, tho' I be  
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain are  
Other large projects: For, if proud Erotia  
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,  
And duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice too!

Oh,

'Twas prettily shov'd in! Why not? Erotia  
May in her love seal all sure; if she swallow  
The bait, I'm lord of both; if not, yet Candy,  
Despite of all her power, shall be ruin'd.

[*Exit*]

*Enter Cassilane, Arcanes, and Annophel.*

*Cass.* Urge me no further.—Annophel!

*Ann.* My lord!

*Cass.* Thy father's poverty has made thee  
For tho' 'tis true, this solitary life [happy;  
Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,  
Yet 'tis the sweetest guardian to protect  
Chaste names from court-aspersions: There

a lady,

Tender and delicate in years and graces,  
That dotes upon the charms of ease and plea-  
sure, [softer  
Is shipwreck'd on the shore; for 'tis much  
To trust the ocean in a leaking ship,  
Than follow greatness in the wanton rites  
Of luxury and sloth.

*Ann.* My wishes, Sir,

Have never soar'd a higher flight, than truly  
To find occasion wherein I might witness  
My duty and obedience.

*Cass.* 'Tis well said.

Canst thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?

*Arc.* Why, Sir?

*Cass.* To look upon my beggary, to look  
Upon my patience in my beggary.  
Tell me, does it shew handsome? bravely  
handsome?

Thou'lt flatter me, and swear that I'm not  
miserable.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>13</sup> For me to sojourn with them? It was Cassilane to whom he was to become a guest, them therefore seems a mistake, as the antecedent would be the Senate, not Cassilane or his family. *Seward.*

<sup>14</sup> Thou wilt flatter me  
And swear that I am miserable.] There is a difficulty in the last of these lines, which Mr. Sympson would amend, by supposing a negative dropt, and would read,  
And swear that I'm not miserable.

But this does not satisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpreta-  
tion. 'You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatness and glory, and swear  
that this retirement is misery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.'—  
This gives me an opportunity of remarking the excellency of Cassilane's Character; the faults  
of whose temper, tho' the finest strokes of the poet's pencil, are apt to disgust some readers.  
The same has happened with regard to Arbaces in King and No King; the faults of the heroes  
are objected to the poets, and they scarce think it possible that persons of such noble and mag-  
nanimous tempers should be distracted with such violent and frantick passions. But the poets,  
from a deeper insight into human nature, knew, that persons of bright parts and extensive  
capacities are more subject to violent passions than geniuses of a lower class: Because quick  
perceptions are the source from whence chiefly spring both the understanding and the passions.  
The

*Arc.* Nothing more glorifies the noble, and the valiant,  
Than to despise contempt: If you continue  
But to enjoy yourself, you in yourself  
Enjoy all store besides.

*Cass.* An excellent change!  
I that some seven apprenticeships commanded  
A hundred ministers, that waited on [diets,  
My nod, and sometimes twenty thousand sol-  
Am now retir'd, attended in my age  
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old oar.

*Arc.* Sir, you are lower in your own repute  
Than you have reason for.

*Cass.* The Roman captains,  
I mean the best, such as with their bloods  
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's  
glory,

Were glad at last to get them to some farms,  
Off from the clamours of th' ingrateful great  
And the unsteady multitude, to live [ones,  
As I do now; and 'twas their blessing too;  
Let it be ours, Arcanes.

*Arc.* I cannot but  
Applaud your scorn of injuries.

*Cass.* Of injuries?  
Arcanes! Annophel! lend both your hands.  
So! what say ye now?

*Arc.* Why now, my lord?

*Cass.* I swear  
By all my past prosperities, thus standing  
Between you two, I think myself as great,  
As mighty, as if in the capitol  
I stood amidst the senators, with all  
The Cretan subjects prostrate at my feet.

*Anno.* Sir, you are here more safe.

*Cass.* And more belov'd.  
Why, look ye, Sirs, I can forget the weakness  
Of the traduced soldiers, the neglect  
Of the fair-spoken senate, the impiety  
Of him, the villain, whom, to my dishonour,  
The world miscalls my son. But by the——

*Arc.* Sir,  
Remember that you promis'd no occasion  
Should move your patience.

*Cass.* Thou dost chide me friendly: [upon  
He shall not have the honour to be thought

(Enter a Servant.)

Amongst us. Now? the news?

*Serv.* The secretary,  
With the Venetian prisoner, desire  
Admittance to your lordship.

*Cass.* How! to me?

What mystery is this? Arcanes, can they,  
Think'st thou, mean any good?

*Arc.* My lord, they dare not  
Intend aught else but good.

*Cass.* 'Tis true, they dare not.  
Arcanes, welcome them. Come hither, An-  
nophel; [Exit *Arc.*

Stand close to me; we'll change our affability  
Into a form of state, and they shall know  
Our heart is still our own.

Enter Arcanes, Fernando, and Gaspero.

*Arc.* My lord——

*Cass.* Arcanes,  
I know them both. Fernando, as you are  
A man of greatness, I should undervalue  
The right my sword hath fought for, to ob-  
serve

Low-fawning compliments; but as you are  
A captive and a stranger, I can love you,  
And must be kind. You're welcome.

*Fern.* 'Tis the all  
Of my ambition.

*Gasp.* And for proof how much  
He truly honours your heroic virtues,  
The senate, on his importunity,  
Commend him to your lordship's guard.

*Cass.* For what? [Candy,

*Gasp.* During the time of his abode in  
To be your household guest.

*Fern.* Wherein, my lord, [blesness,  
You shall more make me debtor to your no-  
Than if you had return'd me without ransom.

*Cass.* Are you in earnest, Sir?

*Fern.* My suit to th' senate

Shall best resolve you that.

*Cass.* Come hither, secretary!  
Look that this be no trick now put upon me!  
For if it be——Sirrah——

*Gasp.* As I have troth,  
My lord, it only is a favour granted  
Upon Fernando's motion, from himself.  
Your lordship must conceive, I'd not partake  
Aught, but what should concern your honour:

Who [safety,  
Has been the prop, our country's shield, and  
But the renowned Cassilane?

*Cass.* Applause [lord,  
Is, Gaspero—puff—nothing. Why, young  
Would you so much be sequester'd from those  
That are the blazing comets of the time,  
To live a solitary life with me,  
A man forsaken? All my hospitality

The characters therefore of Achilles by Homer, of Turnus and Mezentius by Virgil, of Cassius, Hotspur and Coriolanus by Shakespeare, of Arbaces and Cassilane by our Authors, required more art, and a deeper insight into nature to draw them, than either Hector, Æneas, Brutus or Antinous by the same authors, although the latter are certainly much more amiable characters than the former. Seward.

It has long been determined, that perfect characters are not the most proper for the *Epoëia*, or the Drama. As to the passage in question, the whole tenor of the dialogue proves that we ought to adopt Mr. Sympson's emendation, and read,

*Thou'lt flatter me, and swear that I'm not miserable,*

The very answer of Arcanes confirms it.

Is now contracted to a few; these two,  
This tempest-wearied soldier, and this virgin.  
We cannot feast your eyes with masques and  
revels,

Or courtly antieks; the sad sports we riot it,  
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial scars,  
And things done long ago, when men of cou-  
rage [youths,

Were held the best; not those well-spoken  
Who only carry conquest in their tongues.  
Now, stories of this nature are unseasonable  
To entertain a great duke's son with.

*Fern.* Herein

Shall my captivity be made my happiness,  
Since what I lose in freedom, I regain,  
With int'rest, by conversing with a soldier,  
So matchless for experience as great Casilane.  
'Pray, Sir, admit me.

*Cass.* If you come to mock me,  
I shall be angry.

*Fern.* By the love I bear  
To goodness, my intents are honourable!

*Cass.* Then, in a word, my lord, your visi-  
tations

Shall find all due respect. But I am now  
Grown old, and have forgot to be an host:  
Come when you please, you're welcome.

*Fern.* Sir, I thank you. [father

*Anna.* Good Sir, be not too urgent; for my  
Will soon be mov'd; yet, in a noble way  
Of courtesy he is as easily conquer'd.

*Fern.* Lady, your words are like your beauty,  
powerful;

I shall not strive more how to do him service,  
Than how to be your servant.

*Cass.* She's my daughter,  
And does command this house.

*Fern.* I so conceive her.

*Cass.* D'you hear?

*Gasp.* My honour'd lord.

*Cass.* Commend me to them:  
Tell 'em, I thank them.

*Gasp.* Whom, my lord?

*Cass.* The senate. [gracious,  
Why, how come you so dull? Oh, they are  
And infinitely grateful!—Thou art eloquent;  
Speak modestly in mentioning my services;  
And if aught fall out in the by, that must  
Of mere necessity touch an act [on't:  
Of my deserving praises, blush when you talk  
'Twill make them blush to hear on't.

*Gasp.* Why, my lord? [observe me!

*Cass.* Nay, nay, you are too wise now; good,  
I do not rail against the hopeful springall,<sup>15</sup>  
That builds up monuments in brass, rears  
trophies

With mottoes and inscriptions, quaint devices  
Of poetry and fiction!—Let's be quiet.

*Arc.* You must not cross him.

*Gasp.* Not for Candy's wealth.

*Fern.* You shall for ever make me yours.

*Anno.* 'Twere pity

To double your captivity.

*Arc.* Who's here?

Decius!

*Enter Decius.*

*Cass.* Ha! Decius! who nam'd Decius?

*Dec.* My duty to your lordship! I am bold,  
Presuming on your noble and known goodness,  
To—

*Cass.* What?

*Dec.* Present you with this—

*Cass.* Letter?

*Dec.* Yes, my honour'd lord.

*Cass.* From whom?

*Dec.* 'Please you peruse

The inside; you shall find a name subscrib'd,  
In such humility, in such obedience,  
That you yourself will judge it tyranny  
Not to receive it favourably.

*Cass.* Hey-day! [tion,  
Good words, my masters! This is court-infec-  
And none but cowards ply them. Tell me,

Decius,

Without more circumstance, who is the sender?

*Dec.* Your much-griev'd son, Antinous.

*Cass.* On my life,

A challenge! Speak, as thou art worthy, speak!  
I'll answer't.

*Dec.* Honour'd Sir—

*Cass.* No honour'd Sir! [tributes.  
Fool your young idol with such pompous at-  
Say briefly, what contains it?

*Dec.* 'Tis a lowly

Petition for your favour.

*Cass.* Rash young man,

But that thou'rt under my own roof, and  
know'st

I dare not any way infringe the law:

Of hospitality, thou should'st repent [not  
Thy bold and rude intrusion. But presume  
Again to shew thy letter, for thy life;

Decius, not for thy life!

*Arc.* Nay then, my lord,

I can with-hold no longer; you're too rough,  
And wrestle against nature, with a violence  
More than becomes a father. Wherein would  
Come nearer to the likeness of a God, [you  
Than in your being entreated? Let not thirst  
Of honour make you quite forget you are  
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's  
A father.<sup>16</sup> [comforts,

*Anno.* If a memory remain

Of my departed mother; if the purity  
Of her unblemish'd faith deserve to live

<sup>15</sup> *Springall.* i. e. Youth. The word occurs in Spenser.

*R.*

<sup>16</sup> ——— quite forget you are

A man, and what makes perfect manhood, comforts

A father.] The pointing of this passage being regulated, the sense will be clear: 'Don't  
'forget you are a man, and what is the greatest blessing in the state of manhood, a father.'

*Scud.*

In your remembrance, let me yet lay these  
Awake your love to my uncomf'orted brother!

*Fern.* I am a stranger, but so much I tender  
Your son's desertful virtues, that I vow  
His sword ne'er conquer'd me so absolutely,  
As shall your courtesy, if you vouchsafe,  
At all our instances, to new-receive him  
Into your wonted favour.

*Gasp.* Sir, you cannot  
Require more low submission.

*Anno.* Am I not [name  
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the  
Of father, let me once more sue for him,  
Who is the only now-remaining branch  
With me, of that most ancient root, whose  
You are, dear Sir! [body

*Cass.* 'Tis well! An host of furies  
Could not have baited me more torturingly,  
More rudely, or more unnaturally!  
Decius, I say, let me no more hear from him!  
For this time, go thou hence; and know  
from me,

Thou art beholden to me, that I have not  
Kill'd thee already: Look to it next, look to't!  
Arcanes, fy! fy, Annophel! [Exit.

*Arc.* He's gone, [him.  
Chaf'd beyond sufferance: We must follow

*Dec.* Lady, this letter is to you.  
*Anna.* Come with me, [Sir,  
For we must speak in private. 'Please you,  
To see what entertainment our sad house can  
yield?

*Fern.* I shall attend you, lady. [Exit Anno.

*Gasp.* How d'ye like  
To sojourn here, my lord?

*Fern.* More than to feast  
With all the princes of the earth besides.

*Gonzalo* told me, that thou wert honest.

*Gasp.* Yes, Sir,  
And you shall find it.

*Fern.* Shall I?  
*Gasp.* All my follies  
Be else recorded to my shame!

*Fern.* Enough.  
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.

*Gasp.* The lady—  
*Fern.* The place admits no time to utter all;  
But, Gaspero, if thou wilt prove my friend,  
I'll say thou art—

*Gasp.* Your servant. I conceive you.  
We'll chuse some fitter leisure.

*Fern.* Never man  
Was in a moment, or more bless'd, or  
wretched! [Exit.

*Hyparcha*, placing two chairs, *Antinous* and  
*Erota*.

*Erota.* Leave us!  
*Hyp.* I shall. [Exit.

*Which sad thoughts bring along with?*

*Enter Hyparcha.*

*Hyp.* Madam.] I think it pretty plain that *Erota* called her attendant; and this, with  
leaving out an unnecessary monosyllable, completes the measure. *Seward.*

*Vol. I.* 3 Z

*Erota.* Antinous, sit down!

*Ant.* Madam! [sit!

*Erota.* I say, sit down: I do command you  
For look, what honour thou dost gain by me,  
I cannot lose it. Happy Antinous!

The graces and the higher deities  
Smil'd at thy birth, and still continue it:

Then think that I, who scorn lesser examples,  
Must do the like. Such as do taste my power,  
And talk of it with fear and reverence,

Shall do the same unto the man I favour.  
I tell thee, youth, thou hast a conquest won,  
Since thou cam'st home, greater than that last  
Which dignified thy fame; greater than if  
Thou should'st go out again, and conquer fur-

ther;  
For I am not ashamed to acknowledge  
Myself subdu'd by thee.

*Ant.* Great lady— [Now speak;

*Erota.* Sit still; I will not hear thee else.  
And speak like my Antinous, like my soldier,  
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath sent to  
battle.

*Ant.* I must, I see, be silent.  
*Erota.* So thou may'st;

The greater action in it than in clamour.  
A look, if it be gracious, will begin the war,  
A word conclude it; then prove no coward,  
Since thou hast such a friendly enemy,  
That teaches thee to conquer.

*Ant.* You do amaze me, madam!  
I have no skill, no practice, in this war;  
And whether you be serious, or please  
To make your sport on a dejected man,  
I cannot rightly guess; but, be't as 'twill,  
It is alike unhappiness to me:

My discontents bear those conditions in them,  
And lay me out so wretched, no disguise,  
However truly promising a good,  
Can make me relish aught, but a sweet-bitter  
Voluntary exile.

*Erota.* Why an exile? [Music.  
What comfort can there be in those com-  
p'nsions [parcha!  
Which sad thoughts bring along? Hy.

*Enter Hyparcha.*

*Hyp.* Madam.

*Erota.* Whence comes this well-tun'd sound?

*Hyp.* I know not, madam.

*Erota.* Listen, wench. [Sang.  
Whatever friendly hands they are that send it,  
Let 'em play on; they're masters of their fi-  
Doth't please you, Sir? [culty.

*Ant.* According to the time.

*Erota.* Go to 'em, wench,  
And tell 'em, we shall thank 'em; for they've  
kept [struments.

As good time to our disposition, as to their in-

Unless Antinous shall say he loves,  
There never can be sweeter accents utter'd.

*Enter Philander.*

*Phil.* Let then the heart that did employ  
those hands [them]  
Receive some small share of your thanks with  
'Tis happiness enough that you did like it;  
A fortune unto me, that I should send it  
In such a lucky minute; but to obtain  
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes!

*Erota.* Good prince, I thank you for't.

*Phil.* Oh, madam, pour not, too fast, joys  
on me,  
But sprinkle 'em so gently, I may stand 'em.  
It is enough at first, you've laid aside  
Those cruel angry looks out of your eyes,  
With which, as with your lovely, you did strike  
All your beholders in an ecstasy.

*Erota.* Philander, you have long profess'd  
to love me.

*Phil.* Have I but profess'd it, madam?

*Erota.* Nay, but hear me.

*Phil.* More attentively than to an oracle.

*Erota.* And I will speak more truly, if  
more can be;

Nor shall my language be wrapt up in riddles,  
But plain as truth itself. I love this gentleman,  
Whose grief has made him so incapable  
Of love, he will not hear, at least not understand it.

I that have look'd with scornful eyes on thee,  
And other princes, mighty in their states,  
And in their friends as fortunate, have now  
pray'd,

In a petitionary kind almost, [must say]  
This man, this well-deserving man, (that I  
To look upon this beauty; yet you see  
He casts his eyes rather upon the ground  
Than he will turn 'em this way.

Philander, you look pale, I'll talk no more.

*Phil.* Pray, go forward; I would be your  
martyr:

To die thus, were immortally to live. [for me?]

*Erota.* Will you go to him then, and speak  
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer,

Know how to speak, for you have done it like  
An orator, ev'n for yourself; then how will  
you for me,

Whom you profess to love above yourself.

*Phil.* The curses of dissemblers follow me  
Unto my grave, an if I do not so!

*Erota.* You may, as all men do, speak  
boldlier, [your own];  
Better, in their friend's cause still, than in  
But speak your utmost, yet you cannot feign;  
I will stand by, and blush, to witness it.

Tell him, since I beheld him, I have lost  
The happiness of this life, food and rest,<sup>15</sup>

A quiet bosom, and the state I went with;

Tell him how he has humbled the proud,  
And made the living but a dead Erota.

Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd  
With thinking on him, than enjoying these.

Tell him—Philander! prince! I talk in  
To you; you do not mark me. [vain

*Phil.* Indeed I do.

*Erota.* But thou dost look so pale,

As thou wilt spoil the story in relating.

*Phil.* Not, if I can but live to tell it.

*Erota.* It may be, you have not the heart.

*Phil.* I have a will, I'm sure, howe'er my  
heart [I'll try.

May play the coward. But, if you please,

*Erota.* If a kiss will strengthen thee, I  
give you leave

To challenge it; nay, I will give it you.

*Phil.* Oh, that a man should taste such  
heavenly bliss,

And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!

*Erota.* Alas, it is a misery I grieve

To put you to, and I will suffer rather

In his tyranny, than thou in mine.

*Phil.* Nay, madam, since I cannot have  
your love,

I will endeavour to deserve your pity;

For I had rather have within the grave

Your love, than you should want it upon  
earth.

But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,  
To instruct him in the rudiments of love, [it?]

When your most powerful beauty cannot work

<sup>15</sup> ——— food, and rest;

*A quiet bosom, and the state I went with.*

*Tell him how he has humbled the proud,*

*And made the living but a dead Erota.*

*Tell him withal, that she is better pleas'd*

*With thinking on him, than enjoying these.]*

The relative *these* can have no reference to any thing contained in the two preceding lines, but plainly refers to food, rest, a quiet bosom, and her state, which it cannot do, without much force, as the lines at present stand; I have therefore replaced them in their natural order. It is highly probable that the two intermediate lines were added by the Author after the former, and so being wrote in the margin, the transcriber or printer might easily mistake the place where they were to be inserted. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward places the fifth and sixth lines before the third and fourth; but in so doing he has reversed, and not replaced, 'the natural order' of the lines. Till she has, as in the old books, spoken of herself in the third person, it is absurd and inelegant to say,

*Tell him withal that she is better pleas'd;*

nor is the relative too distant to refer to,

*The happiness of this life, food and rest.*



*Erota.* Do what thou wilt, Philander; the request

Is so unreasonable, that I quit thee of it.  
I desire now no more but the true patience  
And fortitude of lovers, with those helps  
Of sighs and tears, which, I think, is all the  
physick— [enough;

*Phil.* Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twere  
And I will wake him from his apoplexy.  
*Antinous!*

*Ant.* My lord!

*Phil.* Nay, 'pray,  
No courtesy to me; you are my lord,  
Indeed you are, for you command her heart  
That commands mine; nor can you want to  
know it:

For look you, she that told it you in words,  
Explains it now more passionately, in tears:  
Either thou hast no heart, or a marble one,  
If those drops cannot melt it! Prithce look up,  
And see how sorrow sits within her eyes,  
And love the grief she goes with (if not her)  
Of which thou art the parent; and ne'er yet  
Was there, by nature, that thing made so  
stony,

But it would love whatever it begot.

*Ant.* He that begot me, did beget these cares,  
Which are good issues, tho' happily by him  
Esteemed monsters: Nay, th' ill-judging world  
Is likely enough to give them those characters.

*Phil.* What's this to love, and to the lady?  
He's old,

Wrathful, perverse, self-will'd, and full of  
anger;

Which are his faults, but let them not be  
thine:

He thrusts you from his love, she pulls thee  
He doubts your virtues, she doth double them.  
Oh, either use thine own eyes, or take mine,  
And with them my heart! then thou wilt  
love her,

Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,  
And men will praise thee equally for it;  
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man  
Unworthy such a fortune. Oh, Antinous,  
'Tis not the friendship that I bear to thee,  
But her command, that makes me utter this:  
And when I have prevail'd, let her but say,  
'Philander, you must die, or this is nothing.'  
It shall be done together with a breath,  
With the same willingness I live to serve her.

*Erota.* No more, Philander.

*Phil.* All I have done, is little yet to pur-  
pose;

But, ere I leave him, I'll perceive him blush;  
And make him feel the passions that I do.

Every true lover will assist me in't,  
And lend me their sad sighs to blow it home,  
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this bosom.

*Erota.* No more, no more, Philander! I  
can endure no more: [peace

Pray, let him go. Go, good Antinous; make  
With your own mind, no matter tho' I perish!

[*Exit.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter Hyparcha and Mochingo.*

*Hyp.* I CANNOT help it.

*Moch.* Nor do I require it;  
The malady needs no physician. Help  
Hospital people.

*Hyp.* I am glad to hear  
You are so valiant?

*Moch.* Valiant?  
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?  
Foolish woman! what wouldst thou say?  
thou—

I know not what to call thee.

*Hyp.* I can you,  
For I can call you excoomb, ass, and puppy!

*Moch.* You do do't, I thank you.

*Hyp.* That you'll lose a fortune,  
Which a cobbler better deserves than thou dost!

*Moch.* Do not provoke my magnanimity;  
For when I am incens'd I am insensible.

Go, tell thy lady, that hath sent me word  
She will discard me, that I discard her,  
And throw a scorn upon her, which I would  
not,

But that she does me wrong.

*Enter Erota and Antinous.*

*Erota.* Do you not glory in your conquest  
more, [him?  
To take some great man prisoner, than to kill  
And shall a lady find less mercy from you,  
That yields herself your captive, and for her  
ransom,

Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,  
Which she hath lock'd from all men but thy-  
self? [oft]

For shame, Antinous; throw this dullness  
Art thou a man no where but in the field?

*Hyp.* He must hear drums and trumpets,  
or he sleeps:<sup>19</sup>

<sup>19</sup> *He must hear drums, and trumpets e'er he sleeps.*] It was dullness, which Hyparcha calls sleepiness, that is complained of, and I doubt not but the sense of this line is the very reverse of what it was originally, by the accidental change of a particle. *E'er* should be either *or* or *else*. I prefer the former, as Shakespeare uses it in the same sense.

<sup>20</sup> *He's for a jig or tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.* Hamlet.

And at this instant dreams he's in his armour.  
These iron-hearted soldiers are so cold,  
'Till they be beaten to a woman's arms!  
And then they love 'em better than their own;  
No fort can hold them out.

*Ant.* What pity is it, madam, that yourself,  
Who are all excellence, should become so  
wretched, [made me!]  
To think on such a wretch as grief hath  
Seldom despairing men look up to Heav'n,  
Altho' it still speak to 'em in its glories;  
For when sad thoughts perplex the mind of  
man,

There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,  
And pulls us, living, to the dust we came  
from.

Did you but see the miseries you pursue,  
As I the happiness that I avoid,  
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly  
Unto some wilderness, or to your grave,  
And there find better comforts than in me;  
For love and cares can never dwell together!

*Erota.* They should,  
If thou hadst but my love and I thy cares.

*Ant.* What wild beast in the desert but  
would be

Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,  
Tho' all the beauties of the face were veil'd!  
But I am savager than any beast,  
And shall be so till Decius do arrive;  
Whom with so much submission I have sent  
Under my hand, that, if he do not bring  
His benediction back, he must to me  
Be much more cruel than I am to you.<sup>20</sup>

*Erota.* Is't but your father's pardon you  
desire?

*Ant.* With his love; and then nothing next  
that, like yours.

*Enter Decius.*

*Erota.* Decius is come. [prelind

*Ant.* Oh, welcome, friend! If I not ap-  
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.

*Erota.* There is indeed; I prithee, Decius,  
speak it.

*Dec.* How! prithee, Decius? this woman's  
strangely alier'd.

*Ant.* Why dost not speak, good friend,  
and tell me how

The reverend blessing of my life receiv'd  
My humble lines? Wept he for joy?

*Dec.* No; there's a letter will inform you  
more. [you:

Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve  
The old man is in want, and angry still,  
And poverty's the bellows to the coal,  
More than distaste from you, as I imagine.

*Ant.* What's here? how's this? It cannot  
be! Now sure

My griefs delude my senses.

*Erota.* In his looks

I read a world of changes. Decius, mark,

With what a sad amazement he surveys  
The news! Canst thou guess what it is?

*Dec.* None good, I fear.

*Erota.* I fear so too; and then—

*Ant.* It is her hand!

*Erota.* Are you not well?

*Ant.* Too well. If I were aught

But rock, this letter would conclude my  
miseries.

Peruse it, lady, and resolve me then,  
In what a case I stand.

*Dec.* Sir, the worst is  
Your father's lowness and distaste?

*Ant.* No, Decius;

My sister writes, Fernando has made suit  
For love to her; and, to express sincerely  
His constant truth, hath, like a noble gentle-  
man,

Discover'd plots of treachery, contriv'd  
By false Gonzalo, not intending more  
The utter ruin of our house, than generally  
Candy's confusion.

*Dec.* 'Tis a generous part

Of young Fernando

*Ant.* 'Tis, and I could wish  
All thrift to his affection, Decius.

You find the sum on't, madam?

*Erota.* Yes, I do. [oppress'd

*Ant.* And can you now yet think a heart  
With such a throng of cares, can entertain  
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but  
one;

Calmity and it can ill agree.

*Erota.* Will't please you speak my doom?

*Ant.* Alas, great lady,

Why will you flatter thus a desperate man,  
That is quite cast away? Oh, had you not  
Procur'd the senate's warrant to enforce  
My stay, I had not heard of these sad news.  
What would you have me do?

*Erota.* Love me, or kill me!

One word shall sentence either: For, as truth  
Is just, if you refuse me, I am resolute  
Not to out-live my thralldom.

*Ant.* Gentle lady!

*Erota.* Say, must I live, or die?

*Dec.* My lord, how can you  
Be so inexorable? Here's occasion  
Of succouring your father in his wants  
Securely proffer'd: Pray, Sir, entertain it.

*Erota.* What is my sentence?

*Ant.* What you please to have it.

*Erota.* As thou art gentle, speak those  
words again!

*Ant.* Madam, you have prevail'd; yet,  
give me leave,

Without offence, ere I resign the interest  
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your  
secrecy.

*Erota.* Antinous, 'tis the greatest argument  
Of thy affections to me.

*Ant.* Madam, thus then;

<sup>20</sup> *Be much more cruel than I to you.*] First folio and Seward. The intermediate copies preserve grammar, and neglect measure.

My father stands for certain sums engag'd  
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgag'd  
The greatest part of his estate to him :

If you receive this mortgage, and procure  
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,  
I am what you would have me be.

*Erota.* You'll love me then?

*Ant.* Provided, madam, that my father  
know not

I am an agent for him.

*Erota.* If I fail

In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

*Ant.* Then, with your favour, thus I seal  
my truth. [ingly

To-day, <sup>10</sup> and Decius, witness how unchang-  
I shall still love *Erota* !

*Erota.* Thou hast quicken'd

A dying heart, Antinous.

*Dec.* This is well.

Much happiness to both!

*Enter Hyparcha.*

*Hyp.* The lord Gonzalo

Attends you, madam.

*Erota.* 'Comes as we could wish.

Withdraw, Antinous; here's a closet, where  
You may partake his errand. Let him enter.

*Ant.* Madam, you must be wary. [*Exit.*

*Erota.* Fear it not;

I will be ready for him, to entertain him

(*Enter Gonzalo.*)

With smiling welcome.—Noble Sir, you take  
Advantage of the time; it had been fit  
Some notice of your presence might have  
fashion'd

A more prepared state.

*Gon.* D' you mock me, madam?

*Erota.* Trust me, you wrong your judg-  
ment, to repute

My gratitude a fault: I have examin'd  
Your portly carriage, and will now confess  
It hath not slightly won me.

*Gon.* The wind's turn'd; [madam,  
I thought 'twould come to this.—It pleas'd us,

At our last interview, to mention love:

Have you consider'd on't?

*Erota.* With more than common

Content: But, Sir, if what you spake you  
meant,

As I have cause to doubt, then——

*Gon.* What, sweet lady?

*Erota.* Methinks we should lay by this  
form of stateliness;

Love's courtship is familiar; and, for instance,  
See what a change it hath begot in me:

I could talk humbly now, as lovers use.

*Gon.* And I, and I; we meet in one self-  
centre

Of bless'd content.

*Erota.* I hope my weakness, Sir,  
Shall not deserve neglect; but if it prove so,  
I am not the first lady has been ruin'd  
By being too credulous; you will smart for't  
one day. [lain,

*Gon.* Angel-like lady, let me be held a vil-  
If I love not sincerely!

*Erota.* 'Would I knew it.

*Gon.* Make proof by any fit command.

*Erota.* What do you mean?

To marry me?

*Gon.* How! mean? Nay more, I mean  
To make you empress of my earthly fortunes,  
Regent of my desires; for did you covet  
To be a real queen, I could advance you.

*Erota.* Now I perceive you slight me, and  
would make me

More simple than my sex's frailty warrants.

*Gon.* But say your mind, and you shall be  
a queen.

*Erota.* On those conditions call me yours.

*Gon.* Enough.

But are we safe?

*Erota.* Assuredly.

*Gon.* In short——

Yet, lady, first be plain: Would you not chuse  
Much rather to prefer your own sun-rising,  
Than any's else, tho' ne'er so near entitled  
By blood, or right of birth?

*Erota.* It is a question

Needs not a resolution.

*Gon.* Good; what if

I set the crown of Candy on your head?

*Erota.* I were a queen indeed then.

*Gon.* Madam, know

There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; suppose  
Transhop'd into an angel.

*Erota.* Wise Gonzalo!

I cannot but admire thee!

*Gon.* 'Tis worth thinking on;  
Besides, your husband shall be duke of Venice.

*Erota.* Gonzalo, duke of Venice!

*Gon.* You are mine, you say?

*Erota.* Pish! you but dally with me; and  
would lull me

In a rich golden dream. [truth.

*Gon.* You are too much distrustful of my  
*Erota.* Then you must give me leave to

apprehend

The means and manner how.

*Gon.* Why, thus——

*Erota.* You shall not;

We may be over-heard; affairs and counsels

Of such high nature are not to be trusted,

Not to the air itself: You shall in writing

<sup>10</sup> ——— thus I seal my truth,

To day, and Decius witness how unchangingly.] Mr. Seward expunges the words to day, 'as unnecessary to the sense, and hurtful to the measure;' but this is too arbitrary; and the old reading, properly stopped, is good sense, not unpoetical, nor more redundant than the measure often is. The day is no uncommon adjuration, and in that sense we here understand it.

Draw out the full design; which if effected,  
I am as I profess.

*Gon.* Oh, I applaud  
Your ready care, and secrecy.

*Erota.* Gonzalo,  
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,  
And that must be remov'd.

*Gon.* What is't?

*Erota.* Old Cassilaoe. [ruins

*Gon.* Ha? fear not him: I build upon his  
Already.

*Erota.* I would find a smoother course  
To shift him off.

*Gon.* As how?

*Erota.* We'll talk in private;  
I have a ready plot.

*Gon.* I shall adore you. [Exeunt.

*Enter Fernando and Annophel.*

*Fern.* Madam, altho' I hate unnooble practices,  
And therefore have perform'd no more than [what  
I ought for honour's sake;<sup>21</sup> yet, Annophel,  
Thy love hath been the spur, to urge me  
forward

For speedier diligence.

*Anno.* Sir, your own fame  
And memory will best reward themselves.

*Fern.* All gain is loss, sweet beauty, if I  
miss

My comforts here: The brother and the sister  
Have double conquer'd me, but thou mayst  
triumph.

*Anno.* Good Sir, I have a father.

*Fern.* Yes, a brave one: [pines  
Couldst thou obscure thy beauty, yet the hap-  
of being but his daughter, were a dower  
Fit for a prince. What say you? \*

*Anno.* You've deserv'd  
As much as I should grant.

*Fern.* By this fair hand  
I take possession.

*Anno.* What in words I dare not,  
Imagine in my silence.

*Fern.* Thou'rt all virtue.

*Enter Cassilane and Arcanes.*

*Cass.* I'll tell thee how: Baldwin the em-  
peror,  
Pretending title, more thro' tyranny  
Than right of conquest, or descent, usurp'd  
The stile of lord o'er all the Grecian islands,  
And under colour of an amity  
With Crete, preferr'd the marquis Mount-  
ferato

To be our governor: The Cretans, vex'd  
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid  
From th' emperor, receiv'd for general

This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,  
Plots with the state of Venice, and takes  
money

Of them for Candy; they paid well, he steals  
Away in secret; since which time, that right  
The state of Venice claims o'er Candy, is  
By purchase, not inheritance or conquest:  
And hence grows all our quarrel.

*Arc.* So an usurer [trash  
Or Lombard Jew, might with some bags of  
Buy half the western world.

*Cass.* Money, Arcanes,  
Is now a god on earth: It cracks virginities,  
And turns a Christian, Turk;  
Bribes Justice; cut-throats Honour, does  
what not?

*Arc.* Not captives Candy.

*Cass.* Nor makes thee dishonest,  
Nor me a coward.—Now, Sir, here is  
homely,

But friendly entertainment.

*Fern.* Sir, I find it.

*Arc.* Aod like it, do you not?

*Fern.* My repair speaks for me.

*Cass.* Fernando, we were speaking of—  
how's this?

*Enter Gonzalo, and Gaspero with a casket.*

*Gon.* Your friend, and servant.

*Cass.* Creditors, my lord, [goes,  
Are masters, and no servants: As the world  
Debtors are very slaves to those to whom  
They've been beholden to; in which respect,  
I should fear you, Gonzalo.

*Gon.* Me, my lord?

You owe me nothing.

*Cass.* What, nor love, nor money?

*Gon.* Yes, love, I hope; not money.

*Cass.* All this bravery  
Will scarcely make that good.

*Gon.* 'Tis done already:

See, Sir, your mortgage; which I only took,  
In case you and your son had in the wars  
Miscarried: I yield it up again; 'tis yours.

*Cass.* Are you so conscionable?

*Gon.* 'Tis your own.

*Cass.* Pish, pish! I'll not receive what is  
not mine;

That were a dangerous business.

*Gon.* Sir, I'm paid for't;

The sums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds  
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally seal'd:  
Look here, Sir; Gaspero is witness to it.

*Gasp.* My honour'd lord, I am.

*Gon.* My lord Fernando,  
Arcanes, and the rest, you all shall testify,  
That I acquit lord Cassilane for ever,  
Of any debts to me.

<sup>21</sup> I ought for honour's safety ] I have not rejected *safety* as thinking it nonsense, but because the more natural word better suits the measure. I allow that where a pause happens in the middle of a verse, a redundant syllable is often flung in by Shakespeare as well as our Authors. But one should not suppose them to vary a natural phrase on purpose to do it.

*Gasp.* 'Tis plain and ample.<sup>22</sup>  
*Anno.* Fortune will once again smile on us fairly!  
*Cass.* But, hark ye, hark ye! If you be in Whence comes this bounty? or whose is't?  
*Gon.* In short,  
 The great Erotia, by this secretary,  
 Return'd me my full due.  
*Cass.* Erotia!—Why  
 Should she do this?  
*Gon.* You must ask her the cause;  
 She knows it best.  
*Cass.* So ho, Arcanes! none  
 But women pity us! soft-hearted women!  
 I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,  
 Am I not?  
*Arc.* Why, Sir, if the gracious princess  
 Have took more special notice of your services,  
 And means to be more thankful than some  
 others,

It were an injury to gratitude  
 To disesteem her favours.  
*Anno.* Sir, she ever  
 For your sake most respectfully lov'd me.  
*Cass.* The senate, and the body of this  
 kingdom,  
 Are herein (let me speak it without arrogance)  
 Beholden to her: I will thank her for it;  
 And if she have reserv'd a means whereby  
 I may repay this bounty with some service,  
 She shall be then my patroness. Come, Sirs,  
 We'll taste a cup of wine together now.  
*Gon.* Fernando, I must speak with you in  
 secret. [well.  
*Fern.* You shall.—Now, Gaspero, all's  
*Gon.* There's news  
 You must be acquainted with.<sup>23</sup>  
 Come, there's no master-piece in art, like  
 policy. [Exeunt.

# ACT V.

*Enter Fernando and Michael.*

*Fern.* THE senate is inform'd at full.  
*Mich.* Gonzalo  
 Dreams not of my arrival yet?  
*Fern.* Nor thinks  
 'Tis possible his plots can be discover'd.  
 He fats himself with hopes of crowns, and  
 kingdoms,  
 And laughs securely, to imagine how  
 He means to gull all but himself; when,  
 truly,  
 None is so grossly gull'd as he.  
*Mich.* There was never  
 A more arch villain.  
*Fern.* Peace; the senate comes.

*Enter Porphyrio, Posseune, Senators, Gaspero, attendants.*

*Porph.* How closely treason cloaks itself in  
 Of civil honesty! [forms  
*Posse.* And yet how palpably  
 Does Heav'n reveal it!  
*Fern.* Gracious lords!

*Gasp.* Th' ambassador,  
 Lord Paulo Michael, advocate  
 To the great duke of Venice.  
*Porph.* You're most welcome;  
 Your master is a just and noble prince.  
*Mich.* My lords, he bad me say, that you  
 may know [ought,  
 How much he scorns, and, as good princes  
 Defies, base, indirect, and godless treacheries,  
 To your more sacred wisdoms he refers  
 The punishment due to the false Gonzalo,  
 Or else to send him home to Venice.  
*Posse.* Herein  
 The duke is royal. Gaspero, the prince  
 Of Cyprus answer'd he would come?  
*Gasp.* My lords,  
 He will not long be absent.

*Enter Philander and Melitus.*

*Porph.* You, Fernando, [prince,  
 Have made the state your debtor.—Worthy  
 We shall be suitors to you for your presence,  
 In hearing and determining of matters  
 Greatly concerning Candy.

<sup>22</sup> *Gasp.* 'Tis plain and ample:  
*Fortune will once again, &c.]* Mr. Seward gives these two lines to *Cassilane*; and says, they evidently belong to him; but surely 'tis plain and ample may be spoken by *Gaspero*, as witness to the acquaintance; and the other line will come from either *Annophel* or *Arcanes* with much more propriety than from *Cassilane*.

<sup>23</sup> *Gasp.* There's news  
 You must be acquainted with.  
*Come there's no master-piece of art like policy.]* This last line is a repetition of *Gonzalo's* vain opinion of his own policy, I therefore think that the whole speech belonged to him. And it is artful to make *Gonzalo* triumph in the success of his politics, when the reader knows, that he is upon the brink of ruin. If *Gaspero* is to speak it, he must be supposed to have heard from *Fernando* the conversation which had passed between *Gonzalo* and him. *Seward.*

Yet these were but additions to complete  
A well-accomplish'd soldier: I did more yet;  
I made him chief commander in the field  
Next to myself, and gave him the full prospect  
Of honour and preferment; train'd him up  
In all perfections of a martialist:  
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,  
You know with what contempt of my deserts,  
First kick'd against mine honour, scorned all  
My services, then got the palm of glory  
Unto himself. Yet, not content with this,  
He, lastly, hath conspir'd my death, and  
sought

Means to engage me to this lady's debt,  
Whose bounty all my whole estate could never  
Give satisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,  
For this cause only, if your law be law,  
And you the ministers of justice, then  
Think of this strange ingratitude in him.

*Phil.* Can this be so, Antinous?

*Ant.* 'Tis all true, [my faults  
Nor hath my much-wrong'd father lin'd  
In colours half so black, as in themselves  
My guilt hath dy'd them: Were there mercy  
left,

Yet mine own shame would be my executioner!  
Lords, I am guilty.

*Erota.* Thou beliest, Antinous,  
Thine innocence! Alas, my lords, he's despe-  
rate, [not credit  
And talks he knows not what; you must  
His lunacy: I can myself disprove  
This accusation.—Cassilane, be yet  
More merciful; I beg it.

*Cass.* Time, nor fate,  
The world, or what is in it, shall not alter  
My resolution: He shall die!

*Erota.* The senate's  
Prayers, or weeping lovers', shall not alter  
My resolution: 'Thou shalt die!

*Ant.* Why, madam,

Are ye all marble?

*Pass.* Leave your shifts, Antinous.

What plead you to your father's accusation?

*Ant.* Most fully guilty.

*Pass.* You have doom'd yourself;

We cannot quit you now.

*Cass.* A burthen'd conscience  
Will never need a hangman. Hadst thou dar'd  
To have denied it, then this sword of mine  
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a  
liar.

*Erota.* Thy sword? Wretched old man,  
hast liv'd too long,

To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;  
Thou art a man condemn'd. My lords, this  
tyrant

Had perish'd but for me; I still supplied  
His miserable wants; I sent his daughter  
Money to buy him food; the bread he eat  
Was from my purse: When he, vainglori-  
ously

To dive into the people's hearts, had pawn'd  
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, sent it to him,  
And, for requital, only made my suit,  
That he would please to new-receive his son  
Into his favour; for whose love, I told him,  
I had been still so friendly: But then he,  
As void of gratitude as all good nature,  
Distracted, like a mad man, posted hither  
To pull this vengeance on himself and us:  
For why, my lords, since, by the law, all  
mean

Is blotted out of your commission,<sup>26</sup>

As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd

Noble Antinous, his unblemish'd son,

So I accuse his father, and crave judgment!

*Cass.* All this is but deceit, mere trifles  
forg'd

By combination, to defeat the process

Of justice. I will have Antinous' life!

*Are.* Sir, what d'you mean?

*Erota.* I will have Cassilane's! [stream

*Ant.* Cunning and cruel lady, runs the

Of your affections this way? Have you not

Conquest enough by treading on my grave,

Unless you send me thither in a shroud

Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are

woman, [nest,

As the protests of love you vow'd were ho-

Be gentler to my father!

*Erota.* Cassilane,

Thou hast a heart of flint: Let my entreaties

My tears, the sacrifice of griefs unfeign'd

Melt it; yet be a father to thy son,

Unmask thy long-besotted judgment, see

A low obedience kneeling at the feet

Of nature, I beseech you!

*Cass.* Pish! you cozen

Your hopes; your plots are idle: I am resolute.

*Erota.* Antinous, urge no further.

*Ant.* Hence, thou sorcery

Of a beguiling softness! I will stand,

Like the earth's centre, unmov'd. Lords,

your breath

Must finish these divisions: I confess,

Civility doth teach I should not speak

Against a lady of her birth, so high

As great Erota; but her injuries,

And thankless wrongs to me, urge me to cry

Aloud for justice, fathers

*Dec.* Whither run you?

*Ant.* For, honour'd fathers, that you all

may know

<sup>26</sup> ————— all means

[Is blotted out of your commission.] The verb being in the singular number makes it probable, though not certain, that the nominative was so too; and the sense, if not grammar, requires the change. 'Since your commission allows no mean or midway between the death or absolute acquaintance of the party accused.' This seems to be the sense intended. Mr. Symphon reads *mends*, i. e. *Amends*: Death being the only amends or atonement that the law allow'd. *Sever'd*.

That I alone am not unmatchable  
In crimes of this condition, lest perhaps,  
You might conceive, as yet the case appears,  
That this foul stain and guilt run in a blood;  
Before this presence, I accuse this lady  
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.

*Cass.* Impudent traitor!

*Phil.* Her? Oh, spare, Antinous!

The world reputes thee valiant; do not soil  
All thy past nobleness with such a cowardice  
As murd'ring innocent ladies will stamp on thee.

*Ant.* Brave prince, with what unwillingness I force

Her follies, and in those her sin, be witness,  
All these about me: She is bloody-minded,  
And turns the justice of the law to rigour:  
It is her cruelties, not I, accuse her.  
Shall I have audience?

*Erota.* Let him speak, my lords.

*Dec.* Your memory will rot.

*Ant.* Cast all your eyes

[woman!]<sup>27</sup>

On this—what shall I call her!—ruthless  
When often in my discontents, the sway  
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd passion,  
Or name it as you list, had hour by hour  
Solicited my love, she vow'd at last  
She could not, would not live, unless I

grand

What she long sued for: I, in tender pity,  
To save a lady of her birth from ruin,  
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:  
Nor urg'd I aught from her but secrecy;  
And then enjoin'd her to supply such wants  
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements  
Had made him subject to. What, shall I

heap up

Long repetitions? She, to quit my pity,  
Not only hath discover'd to my father  
What she had promis'd to conceal, but also  
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit:  
For which, since I must die, I crave a like  
Equality of justice against her;  
Not that I covet blood, but that she may not  
Practise this art of falshood on some other,  
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.

*Porph.* If this be true—

*Erota.* My lords, be as the law is,  
Indifferent, upright; I do plead guilty.  
Now, Sir, what glory have you got by this?  
'Las, man, I meant not to outlive thy doom!  
Shall we be friends in death?

*Cass.* Hear me! The villain  
Scandals her, honour'd lords.

*Erota.* Leave off to dote,  
And die a wise man.

*Ant.* I am over-reach'd,  
And master'd in my own resolution.

*Phil.* Will you be wilful, madam? Here's  
Of love's disdain.

[the curse

*Cass.* Why sit you like dumb statues?  
Demur no longer.

*Pass.* Cassilane, Erota,  
Antinous, death ye ask, and 'tis your dooms:  
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.

*Cass.* I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.

*Erota.* Yes,

And I: Antinous hath been gracious!

*Ant.* Sir,

May I presume to crave a blessing from you  
Before we part?

*Cass.* Yes, such a one as parents  
Bestow on cursed sons! Now, now I laugh  
To see how those poor younglings are both  
cheated

Of life and comfort. Look ye, look ye, lords,  
I go but some ten minutes, more or less,  
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd  
Themselves of many, many hopeful years,  
Amidst their prime of youth and glory. Now

(Enter Annaphele.)

My vengeance is made full!—Welcome, my  
joy!

Thou com'st to take a seasonable blessing  
From thy half-buried father's hand: I'm dead  
Already, girl; and so is she, and he:  
We all are worms'-meat now.

*Anno.* I have heard all;

Nor shall you die alone. Lords, on my knees  
I beg for justice too.

*Porph.* 'Gainst whom? for what?

*Anno.* First, let me be resolv'd, does the  
law favour

None, be they ne'er so mighty?

*Porph.* Not the greatest.

*Anno.* Then justly I accuse of foul ingra-  
My lords, you of the senate all! not one  
Excepted!

*Pass. & Porph.* Us?

*Phil.* Annaphele!

*Anno.* You're the authors [mis-  
Of this unthrifty bloodshed! When your ene-  
Came marching to your gates, your children  
suck'd not [sters

Safe at their mothers' breasts, your very cloy-  
Were not secure, your starling-holes of re-  
fuge [own:

Not free from danger, nor your lives you  
In this most desp'rate ecstasy, my father,

This aged man, not only undertook  
To guard your lives, but did so, and beat off

The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,  
To pay your soldiers, who without their pay

Refus'd to strike a blow. But, lords, when  
peace [home,

Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought  
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers

Hoarded the rusty treasure which was due

To my unmaimed father? He was glad

<sup>27</sup> Truthless woman.] I have ventured to change the epithet here by striking off a letter; not but I allow the former to be good sense; but as Erota's want of compassion to Cassilane was the sole cause of Antinous's anger, *ruthless* seems to me the most natural epithet.

To live retir'd in want, in penury,  
Whilst you made feasts of surfeit, and forgot  
Your debts to him! The sum of all is this:  
You've been unthankful to him, and I crave  
The rigour of the law against you all.

*Cass.* My royal-spirited daughter!

*Erota.* Annophel,

Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace  
thee. [they are no places

*Anno.* Lords, why d'ye keep your seats?  
For such as are offenders.

*Poss.* Tho' our ignorance

Of Cassilane's engagements might assuage  
Severity of justice, yet to shew [law,  
How no excuse should smooth a breach of  
I yield me to the trial of it.

*Porph.* So [left

Must I. Great prince of Cyprus, you are  
The only moderator in this difference;  
And, as you are a prince, be a protector  
To woful Candy.

*Phil.* What a scene of misery  
Hath thine obdurate frowardness, old man,  
Drawn on thy country's bosom! And, for that  
Thy proud ambition could not mount so high  
As to be stil'd thy country's only patron,  
Thy malice hath descended to the depth  
Of hell, to be renowned in the title  
Of the destroyer! Dost thou yet perceive  
What curses all posterity will brand  
Thy grave with, that at once hast robb'd this  
kingdom

Of honour and of safety?

*Erota.* Children yet [nam'd]

Unborn will stop their ears when thou art  
*Arc.* The world will be too little to contain  
The memory of this detested deed;  
The furies will abhor it!

*Dec.* What the sword [mour,  
Could not enforce, your peevish thirst of ho-  
A bare,<sup>25</sup> cold, weak, imaginary fame,  
Hath brought on Candy! Candy groans; not  
That are to die. [these

*Phil.* 'Tis happiness enough  
For them, that they shall not survive to see  
The wounds wherewith thou stabb'dst the land  
Thy life and name. [that gave

*Dec.* 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel  
The mischief of your folly.<sup>26</sup>

*Cass.* Annophel?

*Anno.* I will not be entreated.

*Cass.* Prithee, Annophel! [which

*Anno.* Why would you urge me to a mercy,  
You in yourself allow not?

*Cass.* 'Tis the law,

That if the party who complains, remit  
Th' offender, he is freed. Is't not so, lords?  
*Porph. & Poss.* 'Tis so.

*Cass.* Antinous, by my shame observe  
What a close witchcraft popular applause is:  
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold  
The lethargy wherein my reason long  
Hath been becharm'd: Live, live, my match-  
less son, [bless'd

Bless'd in thy father's blessing; much more  
In thine own virtues. Let me dew thy cheeks  
With my unmanly tears! Rise: I forgive thee!  
And, good Antinous, if I shall be thy father,  
Forgive me! I can speak no more.

*Ant.* Dear Sir, [don!  
You new-beget me now.—Madam, your par-  
I heartily remit you.

*Erota.* I as freely

Discharge thee, Cassilane.

*Anno.* My gracious lords,  
Repute me not a blemish to my sex,  
In that I strove to cure a desperate evil  
With a more violent remedy: Your lives,  
Your honours, are your own.

*Phil.* Then with consent  
Be reconcil'd on all sides: Please you, fathers,  
To take your places.

*Poss.* Let's again ascend, [now,  
With joy and thankfulness to Heav'n! And  
To other business, lords.

*Enter Gaspero and Melitus, with Gonzalo.*

*Mel.* Two hours and more, Sir,  
The senate hath been set.

*Gon.* And I not know it?

Who sits with them?

*Mel.* My lord the prince of Cyprus.

*Gon.* Gaspero,  
Why, how comes that to pass?

*Gasp.* Some weighty cause,  
I warrant you.

*Gon.* Now, lords, the business? Ha!  
Who's here? *Erota!*

*Porph.* Secretary, do your charge  
Upon that traitor.

*Gon.* Traitor?

*Gasp.* Yes, Gonzalo, traitor!  
Of treason to the peace and state of Candy  
I do arrest thee.

*Gon.* Me, thou dog?

*Enter Fernando and Michael.*

*Mich.* With licence  
From this grave senate, I arrest thee likewise  
Of treason to the state of Venice.

<sup>25</sup> A brave, cold, weak—] As none of the epithets beside the first are ironical, I doubt not but *brave* was a mistake instead of the natural word, which I have, I believe, only restored. Mr. Symphon has sent me also the same emendation. Seward.

<sup>26</sup> Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck shall feel—

*Cass.* The mischief of your folly.

*Porph. & Poss.* *Annophel!*] The impropriety of *Cassilane's* speaking the second of these lines struck Mr. Seward, and he gave it to *Arcaues*; but we see no reason for *Decius* being interrupted by any person, nor can we believe the Poets intended he should. The last line comes very well from *Cassilane*, but cannot, in our opinion, belong to the *Senators*.



Gon. Ha!  
Is Michael here? Nay, then I see  
I am undone.

Erota. I shall not be your queen,  
Your duchess, or your empress.

Gon. Dull, dull brain!

Oh, I am fool'd!

Gasp. Look, Sir, d'you know this hand?

Mich. D'you know this seal?—First, lords,  
he writes to Venice,  
To make a perfect league; during which time  
He would in private keep some troops in pay,  
Bribe all the centinels throughout this king-  
dom,

Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poison  
The prince and greatest peers, and, in con-  
Yield Candy slave to Venice. [clusion,

Gasp. Next, he contracted  
With the illustrious princess, the lady Erota,  
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver  
All the Venetian gallantry and strength,  
Upon their first arrival, to the mercy  
Of her and Candy.

Erota. This is true, Gonzalo.

Gon. Let it be true: What then?

Pass. My lord ambassador,  
What's your demand?

Mich. As likes the state of Candy,  
Either to sentence him as he deserves,  
Here, or to send him like a slave to Venice.

Porph. We shall advise upon it.

Gon. Oh, the devils,  
That had not thrust this trick into my pate!  
A politician? fool! Destruction plague  
Candy and Venice both!

Porph. & Pass. Away with him.

Mel. Come, Sir, I'll see you safe.

[Exeunt Gonz. & Mel.]

Erota. Lords, ere you part,  
Be witness to another change of wonder:  
Antinous, now be bold, before this presence,  
Freely to speak, whether or no I us'd  
The humblest means affection could contrive,  
To gain thy love.

Ant. Madam, I must confess it,  
And ever am your servant.

Erota. Yes, Antinous,

My servant, for my lord thou shalt be never:  
I here disclaim the interest thou hadst once  
In my too-passionate thoughts. Most noble  
prince,

If yet a relick of thy wonted flames [not  
Live warm within thy bosom, then I blush  
To offer up the assurance of my faith  
To thee that hast deserv'd it best.

Phil. Oh, madam,  
You play with my calamity!

Erota. Let Heav'n  
Record my truth for ever.

Phil. With more joy  
Than I have words to utter, I accept it.  
I also pawn you mine.

Erota. The man that in requital  
Of noble and unsought affection  
Grows cruel, never lov'd; nor did Antinous.  
Yet herein, prince, you are beholden to him;  
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,  
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monster.

Phil. For which I'll rank him my deserv-  
ing friend.

Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I  
could wish

To him I honour most!

Cass. Oh, my Antinous,

My own, my own good son!

Fern. One suit I have to make.

Phil. To whom, Fernando?

Fern. Lord Cassilane, to you.

Cass. To me?

Fern. This lady

Hath promis'd to be mine.

Anno. Your blessing, Sir!

Brother, your love!

Ant. You cannot, Sir, bestow her  
On a more noble gentleman.

Cass. Sayst thou so,  
Antinous? I confirm it. Here, Fernando,  
Live both as one; she's thine.

Ant. And herein, sister,  
I honour you for your wise settled love.  
This is a day of triumph; all contentions  
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace  
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend.

[Exeunt.]

# THE FALSE ONE.<sup>1</sup>

## A TRAGEDY.

Gardiner, the fast friend of Fletcher, in his Commendatory Verses, ascribes this excellent Tragedy to him alone; the Prologue and Epilogue, which seem to have been written for the first representation, and are much more to be depended on, speak of 'Those who penn'd 'this.' The False One was first printed in the folio collection of 1647.—We do not know that this Tragedy ever received any alterations, or that it has been performed in the course of many years past.

### THE PROLOGUE.

New titles warrant not a play for new,  
The subject being old; and 'tis as true,  
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be  
fram'd  
Out of their stories, that have oft been  
nam'd  
With glory on the stage: What borrows he  
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,  
That writes his love to Hecuba? Sure, to tell  
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and how he fell  
I' th' capitol, can never be the same  
To the judicious: Nor will such blame

Those who penn'd this, for barrenness, when  
they find  
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind  
Express'd to th' height, with us a maid, and  
free,  
And how he rated her virginity:  
We treat not of what boldness she did die,  
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.  
What we present and offer to your view,  
Upon their faiths, the stage yet never knew:  
Let reason then first to your wills give laws,  
And after judge of them, and of their cause.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

#### MEN.

JULIUS CÆSAR, emperor of Rome.  
PTOLOMY, king of Egypt.  
ACHOREUS, { an honest counsellor, priest of  
Isis.  
PHOTINUS, a politician, minion to Ptolomy.  
ACHILLAS, captain of the guard to Ptolomy.  
SEPTIMIUS, a revolted Roman villain.  
LABIENUS, a Roman soldier, and nuncio.  
APOLLODORUS, guardian to Cleopatra.  
ANTONY, } Cæsar's captains.  
DOLABELLA, }

SCRYA, a free speaker, also captain to Cæsar.  
Three lame Soldiers.  
Guard.  
Servants.

#### WOMEN.

CLEOPATRA, { queen of Egypt. Cæsar's  
mistress.  
ARSIÑOË, Cleopatra's sister.  
EROS, Cleopatra's waiting-woman.

### SCENE, EGYPT.

<sup>1</sup> *The False One.*] Mr. Seward, conceiving that a slur is cast on this play (for so he expresses it) by Dr. Warburton's first note on the *Tempest*, is very copious in his defences of the *False One*, as 'the rival of Antony and Cleopatra.' He also gives very large quotations from Lucan;

## ACT I.

## SCENE I.

*Enter Achilles and Achoreus.*

*Achoreus.* I LOVE the king,<sup>a</sup> nor do dispute his power,  
 For that is not confin'd, nor to be censur'd  
 By me, that am his subject; yet allow me  
 The liberty of a man, that still would be  
 A friend to justice, to demand the motives  
 That did induce young Ptolomy, or Photinus,  
 (To whose directions he gives up himself,  
 And I hope wisely) to commit his sister,  
 The princess Cleopatra—If I said [son,  
 The queen, Achilles, 'twere, I hope, no treason,  
 She being by her father's testament  
 (Whose memory I bow to) left co-heir  
 In all he stood possess'd of.

*Achil.* 'Tis confess'd, [doms  
 My good Achoreus, that in these eastern kingdoms  
 Women are not exempted from the sceptre,  
 But claim a privilege equal to the male;  
 But how much such divisions have ta'en from  
 The majesty of Egypt, and what factions  
 Have sprung from those partitions, to the ruin  
 Of the poor subject, doubtful which to follow,  
 We have too many and too sad examples:  
 Therefore the wise Photinus, to prevent  
 The murders, and the massacres, that attend  
 On disunited government, and to shew  
 The king without a partner, in full splendor,  
 Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra  
 (An attribute not frequent in this climate)  
 Should be committed to safe custody,  
 In which she is attended like her birth,  
 Until her beauty, or her royal dower,  
 Hath found her out a husband.

*Achor.* How this may  
 Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;  
 Most sure I am, it holds no correspondence  
 Wi' th' rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.  
 But, grant that Cleopatra can sit down  
 With this disgrace, tho' insupportable,  
 Can you imagine that Rome's glorious senate,

To whose charge, by the will of the dead king,

This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,

That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian  
 As well as Ptolomy's, will e'er approve  
 Of this rash counsel, their consent not sought for,

That should authorize it?

*Achil.* The civil war,  
 In which the Roman empire is embark'd  
 On a rough sea of danger, does exact  
 Their whole care to preserve themselves, and give them

No vacant time to think of what we do,  
 Which hardly can concern them.

*Achor.* What's your opinion  
 Of the success? I have heard, in multitudes  
 Of soldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,  
 Pompey is much superior.

*Achil.* I could give you  
 A catalogue of all the several nations  
 From whence he drew his powers; but that  
 were tedious, [ber,

They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,  
 Which makes them think the day already won;

And Pompey being master of the sea,  
 Such plenty of all delicacies are brought in,  
 As if the place on which they were entrench'd,  
 Were not a camp of soldiers, but Rome,  
 In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd  
 To make a publick feast. They at Dirachium  
 Fought with success; but knew not to make use of

Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,  
 Cæsar himself confess'd.<sup>b</sup>

*Achor.* Where are they now? [plains;

*Achil.* In Thessaly, near the Pharsalian  
 Where Cæsar, with a handful of his men,  
 Hems in the greater number. His whole troops

Exceed not twenty thousand, but old soldiers,  
 Flesh'd in the spoils of Germany and France,

Lucan; and endeavours to shew the superiority of the False One over the Pompey of Corneille; in all which particulars we think him too prolix and too uninteresting to be entirely copied: Nor do we believe that our Authors meant (as the Rev. Commentator on the Tempest imagines) to break a lance with Shakespeare on this occasion. The Prologue utterly disclaims any competition either with his Julius Cæsar or his Antony and Cleopatra, truly asserting, that although the personages are the same with those that are celebrated in those plays, the situations of those personages, that furnish the subject of *The False One*, are totally different.

<sup>a</sup> *Achil.* I love the king, &c.] The gross error of making *Achilles* speak this has run through all the editions. *Seward.*

We are very sorry Mr. Seward should begin a play he seems to admire, with a fallacious assertion: The first folio (in which *Ach.* stands for *Achoreus* throughout, and for *Achilles* only in one short scene, when *Achoreus* is not present) gives this speech to *Ach.* i. e. *Achoreus.*

<sup>b</sup> So much I have heard  
 Cæsar himself confess.] This reading supposes *Achilles* to have been in Greece, and in Cæsar's presence. The correction is very obvious. *Seward.*

Inur'd to his command, and only know  
To fight and overcome: And tho' that famine  
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taste  
Bread made of roots forbid the use of man,  
(Which they with scorn threw into Pompey's  
As in derision of his delicacies) [camp,  
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;  
They still besiege him, being ambitious only  
To come to blows, and let their swords de-  
Who hath the better cause. [terminie

*Enter Septimius.*<sup>4</sup>

*Achar.* May victory  
Attend on't, where it is.  
*Achil.* We ev'ry hour  
Expect to hear the issue.

*Sept.* Save my good lords!  
By Isis and Osiris, whom you worship,  
And the four hundred gods and goddesses  
Ador'd in Rome, I am your honours' servant.

*Achor.* Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.  
*Achil.* You're cruel;  
If you deny him swearing, you take from him  
Three full parts of his language.

*Sept.* Your honour's bitter.  
Confound me, where I love I cannot say it,  
But I must swear't: Yet such is my ill fortune,  
Nor rows nor protestations win belief;  
I think, (and I can find no other reason)  
Because I am a Roman.

*Achor.* No, Septimius;  
To be a Roman was an honour to you, [it,  
Did not your manners and your life take from  
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring  
nothing [here,  
But Roman vices, which you would plant  
But no seed of her virtues.

*Sept.* With your reverence,  
I am too old to learn.

*Achor.* Any thing honest;  
That I believe without an oath.

*Sept.* I fear  
Your lordship has slept ill to-night, and that  
Invites this sad discourse; 'twill make you old  
Before your time. Oh, these virtuous morals,

And old religious principles, that fool us!  
I have brought you a new song will make  
you laugh,  
Tho' you were at your prayers.

*Achor.* What is the subject?

*Be free, Septimius.*<sup>5</sup>

*Sept.* 'Tis a catalogue  
Of all the gamblers of the court and city,  
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gal-  
lant [relate

Sports with that merchant's wife; and does  
Who sells her honour for a diamond,  
Who for a tissue robe; whose husband's jea-  
lous, [wife,

And who so kind, that, to share with his  
Will make the match himself: Harmless  
conceits,

Tho' fools say they are dangerous. I sang it  
The last night, at my lord Photinus' table.

*Achor.* How? as a fiddler?

*Sept.* No, Sir, as a guest,  
A welcome guest too; and it was approv'd of  
By a dozen of his friends, though they were  
touch'd in't:

For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,  
When we have laid by foolish modesty  
(As not a man of fashion will wear it)  
To talk what we have done, at least to hear it;  
If merrily set down, it fires the blood,  
And heightens crest-fall'n appetite.

*Achor.* New doctrine!

*Achil.* Was't of your own composing?

*Sept.* No, I bought it  
Of a skulking scribbler for two Ptolomies;  
But the hints were mine own: The wretch  
was fearful;

But I have damn'd myself, should it be ques-  
tion'd,

That I will own it.

*Achor.* And be punish'd for it?

Take heed, for you may so long exercise  
Your scurrilous wit against authority, [jest  
The kingdom's counsels, and make profane  
(Which to you, being an atheist, is nothing)  
Against religion, that your great maintainers,

\* *Enter Septimius.* The vulgar editions have much oftener wrote it *Septimius* than *Septimius*, and have given him the former name in the persons of the drama.—The reader will undoubtedly observe the fine moral couched under this infamous wretch's character, viz. 'That even among the grossest superstition of the Heathens, the atheistical scoffer at religion was the most pernicious pest of all society.' The character seems drawn with exquisite art, and our Poets have by it much excelled their master Lucan, and their competitor Corneille. In the former there is only a sketch of a fierce inhuman villain, and in the latter *Septimius* is in the first scene introduced as a privy-counsellor, makes an harangue to persuade the death of Pompey, commits the murder, and being blamed for it by Cæsar, is said to have killed himself with the same sword with which he slew Pompey: But he has absolutely no character at all, nor is it judicious to make him die the death of Brutus and Cassius; though a Frenchman may perhaps look upon the punishment of Cæsar, in the same light with the vile assassination of Pompey.

*Seward.*

*Acho.* What is the subject?

*Be free, Septimius.* The mistake of giving this to *Achoreus* makes him speak much out of character. It is perfectly consonant to that of *Achillas*, to desire to hear Septimius's ribaldry.

*Seward.*

This speech is as proper for *Achoreus* as the two next; and all three imply a contempt for Septimius, 'not a desire to hear his ribaldry.'

Unless they would be thought copartners with you,  
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,  
Remember there are whips.

Sept. For whores, I grant you,<sup>6</sup>  
When they are out of date; 'till then, they're  
safe too,

Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.  
And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;  
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,  
To some most private cabinets, when your  
priesthood, [diss,  
Tho' laden with the mysteries of your god-  
Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you  
To your pious thoughts. [Exit.

Achil. 'Tis a strange impudence  
This fellow does put on.

Achor. The wonder great,  
He is accepted of.

Achil. Vices, for him,  
Make as free way as virtues do for others.  
'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones still have  
grac'd, [flattery,  
To make them sport, or rub them o'er with  
Observers of all kinds.<sup>7</sup>

Enter Photinus and Septimius.

Achor. No more of him,  
He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive  
From Pompey's army, and now in a danger  
When he should use his service.<sup>8</sup>

Achil. See how he hangs  
On great Photinus' ear.

Sept. Hell, and the furies, [me,  
And all the plagues of darkness, light upon  
You are my god on earth! and let me have  
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!

Pho. Thou art believ'd; dost thou want  
money?

Sept. No, Sir.

Pho. Or hast thou any suit? These ever fol-  
thy vehement protestations. [low

Sept. You much wrong me; [me,  
How can I want, when your beams shine upon  
Unless employment to express my zeal  
To do your greatness service. Do but think

A deed, so dark the sun would blush to look  
on, [all  
For which mankind would curse me, and arm  
The powers above, and those below, against  
Command me, I will on. [me;

Pho. When I have use,  
I'll put you to the test.

Sept. May it be speedy,  
And something worth my danger. You are  
cold, [was fashion'd  
And know not your own powers; this brow  
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave  
judgment

Giv'n to dispose of monarchies, not to govern  
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,  
The soldier courts you; will you wear a gar-  
ment

Of sordid loyalty, when 'tis out of fashion?

Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Sep-  
Thou saidst as much to him. [timius,

Sept. All my love to him,  
To Caesar, Rome, and the whole world, is lost  
In th' ocean of your bounties: I've no friend,  
Project, design, or country, but your favour,  
Which I'll preserve at any rate.

Pho. No more;  
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,  
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;  
So, leave me for a while.

Sept. Ever your creature! [Exit.

Pho. Good day, Achoreus. My best friend,  
Achillas,

Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour  
Of the great Roman action?

Achil. That we are  
To enquire and learn of you, Sir, whose grave  
care [good,  
For Egypt's happiness, and great Ptolemy's  
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter Ptolemy, Labienus, and guard.

Pho. I'll not boast  
What my intelligence costs me; hnt ere long  
You shall know more. The king, with him's  
Roman. [war

Achor. The scarlet livery of unfortunate  
Dy'd deeply on his face.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Sept. For whores, I grant you,

When they are out of date, 'till then are safe too.] Former editions.

Seward.

<sup>7</sup> Observers of all kinds.] Observers and observants are used in the old Authors in the  
sense of parasites and sycophants. So, in King Lear, they are stiled,

'——— dueling observants

'That stretch their duties nicely.'

<sup>8</sup> —— and now in a danger

When he should use his service.] Mr. Symphon thinks this dark, it may therefore be  
proper to explain it, as it seems to me a very beautiful sentiment. 'Septimius was not only a  
fugitive from Pompey, but had deserted him in the midst of danger, when he was engaged in  
'a war with Caesar.' One need not add how infamous such a desertion is held among soldiers.

Seward.

<sup>9</sup> The scarlet livery of unfortunate war

Dy'd deeply on his face.] If the reader supposes the hint taken from the bleeding captain  
at the beginning of Macbeth, who comes to relate the fate of the battle between Macbeth and  
Macdonald, he will, I believe, agree, that our Authors have here not only emulated, but much  
excelled

*Achil.* 'Tis Labienus,  
Cæsar's Lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,  
And fortunate in all his undertakings: [pey,  
But, since these civil jars, he turn'd to Poun-  
And, tho' he followed the better cause,  
Not with the like success.

*Pho.* Such as are wise  
Leave falling buildings, fly to those that rise:  
But more of that hereafter.

*Lab.* In a word, Sir,  
These gaping wounds, not taken as a slave,  
Speak Pompey's loss. To tell you of the battle,  
How many thousands several bloody shapes  
Death wore that day in triumph; how we

bore [fury  
The shock of Cæsar's charge; or with what  
His soldiers came on, as if they had been  
So many Cæsars, and like him, ambitious  
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;  
How fathers kill'd their sons, or sons their

fathers;  
Or how the Roman piles on either side  
Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince  
of weapons

(The sword) succeeded,<sup>9</sup> which, in civil wars,  
Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory

Shall make a certain stand; then, how the  
plains [vultures,  
Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of  
And other birds of prey, hung o'er both ar-  
Attending when their ready servitors, [nies,  
The soldiers, from whom the angry gods  
Had took all sense of reason and of pity,  
Would serve in their own carcasses for a feast;  
How Cæsar with his javelin forc'd them on  
That made the least stop, when their angry

hands [face;<sup>10</sup>  
Were lifted up against some known friend's  
Then coming to the body of the army,  
He shews the sacred senate, and forbids them  
To waste their force upon the common soldier,  
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,  
He would have spar'd)——

*Pol.* The reason, Labienus! [he was

*Lab.* Full well he knows, that in their blood  
To pass to empire, and that thro' their bowels  
He must invade the laws of Rome, and give  
A period to the liberty o' th' world.

Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,  
The fam'd Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,  
Names, next to Pompey's, most renown'd on  
earth.

excell'd their master. But this cannot be said of their imitation of the following lines of Julius Cæsar, where the common fact of birds of prey following armies is turned to a noble omen.

- \* ——— ravens, crows and kites
- \* Fly o'er our heads; and down-wail look on us
- \* As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
- \* A canopy most fatal, under which
- \* Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Though our Authors' lines do not equal this, yet they strongly partake of the same spirit.

*Seward.*

<sup>9</sup> Or how the Roman piles on either side

Drew Roman blood, which spent, the prince of weapons

(The sword) succeeded.] Lucan, speaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking shelter among them, says,

*Ensis habet vires, et gens quæcunque virorum est,  
Bella gerit gladiis.* Lib. viii.

The reader will observe what a noble flight of poetry our Authors have built on this sentiment. And if he will please to look over Lucan's whole description of this battle, in the seventh book, I believe he will agree that our Authors have chose the noblest of his sentiments, and expressed them with the highest dignity; that they have shew'd great spirit in their additions, and as great judgment in their omissions; that they seldom fall below, but often rise above him. Whereas in the Pompey of Corneille (if prejudice does not make me too much depreciate French poetry) almost the reverse of all these appears. Lucan charges Cæsar with forbidding the dead bodies to be burned, (a thing indeed neither probable nor confirmed by history, nor at all consonant to Cæsar's temper and good sense) but on this supposition he has some of the noblest lines in his whole poem. *Seward.*

<sup>10</sup> ——— when their angry hands

Were lifted up against some known friend's face.]

*Adversusque jubet ferro confundere vultus.* Lucan.

The famous speech of Cæsar in this battle——*Miles faciem feri*, is variously interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as fathers fought against sons and sons against fathers, or else, that the gay handsome youths of Pompey's army would be more afraid of their faces than any other part of their bodies. This last is Florus's reason, our Authors prefer the former: But perhaps a better reason than either might be the true one. Pompey's army consisted chiefly of new-levy'd troops; now to all raw fighters, blows on the face are more dreadful and more confounding than any other; not through fear of spoiling their beauty, but that they see more of the stroke than if 'twere aimed at any other part. *Seward.*

The nobles, and the commons lay together,  
And Pontick, Punick, and Assyrian blood,  
Made up one crimson lake: Which Pompey  
seeing,

And that his, and the fate of Rome had left  
him,

Standing upon the rampier of his camp,  
Tho' scorning all that could fall on himself,  
He pities them whose fortunes are embark'd  
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too  
That they should sound retreat, and save  
themselves:

That he desir'd not, so much noble blood  
Should be lost in his service, or attend  
On his misfortunes: And then, taking horse  
With some few of his friends, he came to  
Lesbos,

And with Cornelia, his wife, and sons,  
He's touch'd upon your shore. The king of  
Parthia,

Famous in his defeat of the Crassi,  
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,  
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,  
Hath chosen Egypt for his sanctuary,  
'Till he may recollect his scatter'd powers,  
And try a second day. Now, Ptolemy,  
Tho' he appear not like that glorious thing  
'That three times rode in triumph, and gave  
laws [gift,

To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his  
(As this of yours, your noble father took  
From his victorious hand, and you still wear it  
At his devotion) to do you more honour  
In his declin'd estate, as the straight'st pine  
In a full grove of his yet-flourishing friends,  
He flies to you for succour, and expects  
The entertainment of your father's friend,  
And guardian to yourself.

*Ptol.* To say I grieve his fortune,  
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)  
Were ravish'd from me, is a holy truth,  
Our gods can witness for me: Yet, being  
young,

And not a free disposer of myself,  
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,  
Beget suspicion of unthankfulness,  
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,  
And take a little rest; and let his wounds  
Be with that care attended, as they were  
Car'd on my flesh: Good Labienus, think  
The little respite I desire shall be  
Wholly employ'd to find the readiest way  
To do great Pompey service.

*Lab.* May the gods,  
As you intend, protect you!

[Exit.

*Ptol.* Sit, sit all;

It is my pleasure. Your advice, and freely.

*Achor.* A short deliberation in this,  
May serve to give you counsel.<sup>11</sup> To be  
honest,

Religious, and thankful, in themselves  
Are forcible motives, and can need no flourish  
Or gloss in the persuader; your kept faith,  
Tho' Pompey never rise to th' height he's  
fall'n from,

Cæsar himself will love; and my opinion  
Is, still committing it to graver censure,  
You pay the debt you owe him, with the ha-  
Of all you can call yours. [ward

*Ptol.* What's yours, Photinus? [sell'd

*Pho.* Achæurus, great Ptolemy, hath count-  
Like a religious and honest man,  
Worthy the honour that he justly holds  
In being priest to his. But, alas,  
What is a man sequester'd from the world,  
Or in a private person, is prefer'd,  
No policy allows of in a king:

To be or just, or thankful,<sup>12</sup> makes kings  
guilty; [ports

And faith, tho' prais'd, is punish'd, that sup-  
Such as good fate forsakes: Join with the gods,  
Observe the man they favour, leave the  
wretched;

The stars are not more distant from the earth  
Than profit is from honesty; all the power,  
Prerogative, and greatness of a prince  
Are lost, if he descend once but to steer  
His course, as what's right guides him: Let  
him leave

The sceptre, that strives only to be good,  
Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and  
*Achor.* Oh, wicked! [blood.

*Ptol.* Peace!—Go on.

*Pho.* Proud Pompey shews how much he  
scorns your youth,

In thinking that you cannot keep your own  
From such as are o'ercome. If you are tir'd  
With being a king, let not a stranger take  
What nearer pledges challenge: Resign rather  
The government of Egypt and of Nile

To Cleopatra, that has title to them;

At least, defend them from the Roman gripe:  
What was not Pompey's, while the wars en-  
dur'd, [the world

The conqueror will not challenge. By all  
Forsaken and despis'd, your gentle guardian,  
His hopes and fortunes desperate, makes choice  
of

What nation he shall fall with; and pursued  
By their pale ghosts slain in this civil war,

<sup>11</sup> *May serve to give you counsel to be honest;*

*Religious and thankful, in themselves*

*Are forcible motives.]* I have ventured to change the pointing here, and propose what  
seems a more natural one. *Seward.*

<sup>12</sup> *To be or just, or thankful, &c.]* From hence to the end of Photinus's speech is almost a  
literal translation out of Lucan, and Corneille translates nearly in the same manner. He has  
taken great part of Lucan's sentiments, though he has not ranged them in the same order, and  
his translation wants much of the spirit of his original, which our Poets have extremely well  
preserved. *Seward.*

He flies not Cæsar only, but the senate,  
Of which the greater part have cloy'd the  
hunger

Of sharp Pharsalian fowl; he flies the nations  
That he drew to his quarrel, whose estates  
Are sunk in his; and, in no place receiv'd,  
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.  
And Ptolemy, things consider'd, justly may  
Complain of Pompey: Wherefore should he  
Our Egypt with the spots of civil war, [stain  
Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,  
Doubted of Cæsar? wherefore should he draw  
His loss and overthrow upon our heads,  
Or chuse this place to suffer in? Already  
We have offended Cæsar, in our wishes,  
And no way left us to redeem his favour  
But by the head of Pompey.

*Achor.* Great Osiris,  
Defend thy Egypt from such cruelty,  
And barbarous ingratitude!

*Pho.* Holy trifles,  
And not to have place in designs of state.  
This sword, which fate commands me to un-  
sheath, [quish'd;  
I would not draw on Pompey, if not van-  
I grant, it rather should have pass'd thro'  
Cæsar; [us;

But we must follow where his fortune leads  
All provident princes measure their intents  
According to their power, and so dispose them.  
And think'st thou, Ptolemy, that thou canst  
prop

His ruins, under whom sad Rome now suffers,  
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis con-  
firm'd?

Shall we, that in the battle sat as neuters,  
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's lost.  
And tho' 'tis noble<sup>12</sup> to a sinking friend  
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope  
He may recover, thy part not engag'd:  
Tho' one most dear, when all his hopes are  
dead,

To drown him, set thy foot upon his head.

*Achor.* Most execrable counsel!

*Achil.* To be follow'd;

'Tis for the kingdom's safety.

*Ptol.* We give up

Our absolute power to thee: Dispose of it  
As reason shall direct thee.

*Pho.* Good Achillas,  
Seek out Septimius: Do you but sooth him;

He is already wrought. Leave the dispatch  
To me of Labienus: 'Tis determin'd  
Already how you shall proceed. Nor fate  
Shall alter it, since now the dye is cast,  
But that this hour to Pompey is his last!  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Apollodorus, Eros, and Arsinoë.*

*Apol.* Is the queen stirring, Eros?

*Eros.* Yes; for in truth

She touch'd no bed to-night.

*Apol.* I am sorry for it,

And wish it were in me, with any hazard,<sup>13</sup>  
To give her ease.

*Ars.* Sir, she accepts your will, [noble,  
And does acknowledge she hath found you  
So far, as if restraint of liberty  
Could give admission to a thought of mirth,  
She is your debtor for it.

*Apol.* Did you tell her

O' th' sports I have prepar'd to entertain her?  
She was us'd to take delight,<sup>14</sup> with her fair  
hand

To angle in the Nile, where the glad fish,  
As if they knew who 'twas sought to deceive  
Contended to be taken: Other times, [cin,  
To strike the stag, who, wounded by her ar-  
rows, [her

Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks  
To his last gasp; then prouder of his fate,  
Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been  
To fall a sacrifice before the altar [chosen  
Of the virgin huntress. The king, nor great  
Ptolemy,

Forbid her any pleasure; and the circuit  
In which she is confin'd, gladly affords  
Variety of pastimes, which I would  
Encrease with my best service.

*Eros.* Oh, hut the thought

That she that was born free, and to dispense  
Restraint or liberty to others, should be  
At the devotion of her brother, (whom  
She only knows her equal) makes this place.  
In which she lives, tho' stor'd with all delights,  
A loathsome dungeon to her.

*Apol.* Yet, howe'er

She shall interpret it, I'll not be wanting  
To do my best to serve her: I've prepar'd

<sup>12</sup> And tho' 'tis noble, &c. to the end of the speech.] We apprehend this passage has been irreparably injured by corruption or omission, or both.

<sup>13</sup> And wish it were in me, with my hazard.] The verse requires that it should be either my own or any hazard. I prefer the latter, as it somewhat heightens the sentiment. Seward.

<sup>14</sup> She us'd to take delight, with her fair hand

To angle in the Nile, &c.] This description, particularly that of the stag enamour'd with his death, is extremely poetical, and one may say of it what I have heard said by connoisseurs of the famous picture of Michael and Satan by Guido, it has vast beauties, and would be a capital piece, did it not put one in mind of one upon the same subject by Raphael. I freely own, that our Authors are as far short of Shakespeare's description of Cleopatra sailing up the Cydnus. Seward.

It may be added, that Shakespeare himself hath been equalled at least, if not excelled, by Dryden, in his description of Cleopatra's sailing, in *All for Love*, or the *World Well Lost*. R.



Choice musick near her cabinet, and compos'd  
Some few lines, set unto a solemn time,  
In the praise of imprisonment. Begin, boy.

### THE SONG.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air:  
Even in shadows you are fair.  
Shut-up beauty is like fire,  
That breaks out clearer still and higher.  
Tho' your body be confin'd,  
And soft love a pris'ner bound,  
Yet the beauty of your mind  
Neither check nor chain hath found.  
Look out nobly then, and dare  
Ev'n the fetters that you wear.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Cleo.* But that we are assur'd this tastes of duty

And love in you, my guardian, and desire  
In you, my sister, and the rest, to please us,  
We should receive this as a saucy rudeness  
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents  
Are to delight us: 'Las, you wash an Ethiop!  
Can Cleopatra, while she does remember  
Whose daughter she is, and whose sister (oh,  
I suffer in the name!) and that, in justice,  
There is no place in Egypt where I stand,  
But that the tributary earth is proud  
To kiss the foot of her that is her queen;  
Can she, I say, that is all this, e'er relish  
Of comfort or delight, while base Photinus,  
Bondman Achilles, and all other monsters  
That reign o'er Ptolemy, make that a court  
Where they reside; and this, where I, a pris-  
son?

But there's a Rome, a Senate, and a Caesar,  
Tho' the great Pompey lean to Ptolemy,  
May think of Cleopatra.

*Apol.* Pompey, madam——

*Cleo.* What of him? Speak! If ill, Apol-  
lodus,

It is my happiness: and, for thy news,  
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain  
And kiss my hand. [for,

*Apol.* He's lost.

*Cleo.* Speak it again!

*Apol.* His army routed, he fled, and pur-  
By the all-conquering Caesar. [su'd

*Cleo.* Whither bends he?

*Apol.* To Egypt.

*Cleo.* Ha! In person?

*Apol.* 'Tis receiv'd

For an undoubted truth.

*Cleo.* I live again;

And if assurance of my love and beauty  
Deceive me not, I now shall find a judge  
To do me right! But how to free myself,  
And get access? The guards are strong upon  
me;

This door I must pass thro'—Apollodorus,  
Thou often hast profess'd, to do me service,  
Thy life was not thine own.

*Apol.* I am not alter'd;

And let your excellency propound a means,  
In which I may but give the least assistance  
That may restore you to that you were born to,  
Tho' it call on the anger of the king,  
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion  
Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,  
Offer my throat to serve you; ever provided,  
It bear some probable shew to be effected:  
To lose myself upon no ground were madness,  
Not loyal duty.

*Cleo.* Stand off!—To thee alone,

I will discover what I dare not trust  
My sister with. Caesar is amorous,  
And taken more w' th' title of a queen,  
Than feature or proportion; he lov'd Eunoe,  
A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that  
brought

No other object to inflame his blood,  
But that her husband was a king; on both  
He did bestow rich presents: Shall I then,  
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty  
with me,

That know to prize myself at mine own rate,  
Despair his favour? Art thou mine?

*Apol.* I am.

[to him,

*Cleo.* I have found out a way shall bring me  
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I prosper,  
As I am confident I shall, expect [chase  
Things greater than thy wishes.—Tho' I pur-  
His grace with loss of my virginity,  
It skills not, if it bring home majesty.

[Exit.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Septimius, with a head, Achilles, and  
guard.*

*Sept.* 'TIS here, 'tis done! Behold you fear-  
ful madmen,

Shake, and behold the model of the world here,  
The pride, and strength! Look, look again,  
tis finish'd!

That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,  
Many and mighty kings, have been struck  
blind at, [terrors;  
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and

That steel War waited on,<sup>15</sup> and Fortune  
courted, [own;  
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her  
Behold that mightiness, behold that fierceness,  
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,  
By this poor hand made breathless! Here, my  
Achillas;

Egypt, and Cæsar, owe me for this service,  
And all the conquer'd nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius; [actions.  
Thy words sound more ungrateful than thy  
Tho' sometimes safety seek an instrument  
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaster!)  
Think not she's bound to love him too that's  
barbarous.

Why did not I, if this be meritrimus,  
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,  
Strike this rude stroke? I'll tell thee, thou  
poor Roman;

It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at,<sup>16</sup>  
Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,

And, if thou ever yet heardst tell of honour,  
I'll make thee blush: It was thy general's!  
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that  
bred thee;

The air thou breath'dst was his, the fire that  
warm'd thee

From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll shew  
thee, [ness,<sup>17</sup>

Because I'll make thee sensible of thy base-  
And why a noble man durst not touch at it,  
There was no piece of earth thou put'st thy  
foot on, [tion!

But was his conquest, and he gave thee mo-  
He triumph'd three times: Who durst touch  
his person?

The very walls of Rome bow'd to his presence;

Dear to the gods he was; to them that fear'd  
him

A fair and noble enemy. Didst thou hate him,  
And for thy love to Cæsar sought his ruin?  
Arm'd, in the red Pharsalian fields, Septi-  
mius, [glorious,

Where killing was in grace, and wounds were  
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,  
Thou shouldst have come up to him, there  
have fought him,

There, sword to sword.

Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,  
If kings' commands be fair, when you all  
fainted,

When none of you durst look——

Achil. On deeds so barbarous.

What hast thou got?

Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,  
The honour of the service; which, thn' you  
rail at, [on me,

Or a thousand envious souls fling their foams  
Will dignify the cause, and make me glorious;  
And I shall live——

Achil. A miserable villain.

What reputation and reward belongs in it,  
Thus, with the head, I seize on, and make  
mine:

And be not impudent to ask me why, sirrah,  
Nor hold to stay; read in mine eyes the reason!  
The shame and obloquy I leave thine own;  
Inherit those rewards: they're fitter for thee.  
Your oil's spent, and your snuff stinks: Go  
out basely!

Sept. The king will yet consider. [Exit.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Photinus.

Achil. Here he comes.<sup>18</sup> [Sir]

Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great

<sup>15</sup> *That steel war*——] Both Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald would chuse to read *steel'd*, but the old reading is surely preferable. Substantives taken adjectively is a great beauty in poetry, and very common in Shakespeare and our Authors. Seward.

There appears to us an uncouthness in the *substantive* adjective in this place. We really believe, that *steel* means his *sword*, and suspect there is a small corruption in the next line; and that the two should run thus,

*That steel War waited on, and Fortune courted,  
That high plume Honour built up for her own.*

The whole speech abounds with bold figure and metaphor.

<sup>16</sup> *It was a sacred head, I durst not heave at.*] Our Authors have falsified history in the character of Achillas, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius. Achillas join'd with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman emperor; but Septimius stabb'd him first in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face. Seward.

<sup>17</sup> *Sensible of the business.*] Though this is sense, yet it is so flat and unpoetical, that I hope the reader will pardon me for putting my own reading into the text, it is so near the trace of the letters, and is so much more in the spirit of the rest of the speech, that I think it but a candid presumption to suppose it the Authors. Since I made this, Mr. Sympson sent me the very same conjecture. Sew.

The first folio reads *thy*, and not *the business*; Mr. Seward's alteration is therefore merely *business to baseness*, and does not need so much apology, nor argue so much ingenuity.

<sup>18</sup> *Here he comes, Sir.*] Had Achillas spoke to Septimius, it would have been *sirrah*, as before; but he was gone out, and this *Sir* seems only to have slipped in from the line below. Seward.

If this inhuman stroke be yet unstrucken,  
If that adored head be not yet sever'd  
From the most noble body, weigh the miseries,  
The desolations, that this great eclipse works.  
You're young, be provident; fix not your empire

Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt;<sup>19</sup>  
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand  
spirits,  
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;  
Destructions darting from their looks, and  
sorrows

That easy women's eyes shall never empty.

*Pho.* You have done well; and 'tis done.  
See Achilles,  
And in his hand the head.

*Ptol.* Stay; come no nearer!  
Methinks I feel the very earth shake under me!  
I do remember him; he was my guardian,  
Appointed by the senate to preserve me.  
What a full majesty sits in his face yet!

*Pho.* The king is troubled. Be not frighted,  
Sir;

Be not abus'd with fears: His death was neces-  
sary;  
If you consider, Sir, most necessary,  
Not to be miss'd: And humbly thank great  
He came so opportunely to your hands. [Isis,  
Pity must now give place to rules of safety.  
Is not victorious Caesar new arriv'd,  
And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,  
His navy riding by to wait his charges?

Did he not beat this Pompey, and pursued  
him?

Was not this great man his great enemy?  
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?  
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?

(*Eater Caesar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.*)

I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to stagger.  
Give me the head; and be you confident.  
Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,<sup>20</sup>  
Now this head's off!

*Caesar.* Ha!

*Pho.* Do not shun me, Caesar.

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,  
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,  
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.  
Before, thy victory had no name, Caesar,  
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recom-  
pence;

Thou dream'd'st of being worthy, and of war,  
And all thy furious conflicts were but slum-  
bers;

Here they take life; here they inherit honour,  
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.  
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,  
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptole-  
my,

That offers with this head, most mighty Cae-  
sar,  
What thou wouldst once have giv'n for't, all  
Egypt.

*Achil.* Nor do not question it,<sup>21</sup> most royal

<sup>19</sup> ——— fix not your empire

*Upon the tomb of him will shake all Egypt,  
Whose warlike groans will raise ten thousand spirits,  
Great as himself, in every hand a thunder;  
Destructions darting from their looks.*

Mr. Warburton observes on a passage in Julius Caesar, p. 25, that Dionysius had complained that those great strokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, which are so frequent in Homer, are rarely to be found in the subsequent poets; and he adds, that amongst our countrymen they seem as much confin'd to our British Homer. Before I saw this, I had observed something like it in a note in the *Maid's Tragedy*, speaking of *poetical enthusiasm*, only adding, that no followers of Shakespeare approach so near him in these astonishing graces as Beaumont and Fletcher. The lines here quoted are a strong proof of it, and what was said above of the comparison between Guido and Raphael is here again applicable; terrible and astonishing as they are, they bring to one's mind a passage still more terribly astonishing in Julius Caesar.

\* And Caesar's spirit ranging for revenge.

\* With Atë by his side come hot from Hell,

\* Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice

\* Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war. *Seward.*

In speaking of this emulation in the *terrible graces*, it is but justice to introduce the following lines of Ben Jonson, *Catiline*, act v. sc. 5.

\* Methinks I see death and the furies waiting

\* What we will do, and all the Heav'n at leisure

\* For the great spectacle. Draw then your swords, &c. *R.*

<sup>20</sup> Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,

*Now this head's off!* We cannot forbear observing, that this line and half is as ridiculous, as some other passages of this scene are sublime.

<sup>21</sup> Aeho. Nor do not question, &c.] Mr. Theobald's margin says, *certe Achilles*. And there is this proof of it, that in Lucan the whole speech to Caesar is made by *Achilles*, (though, in reality, Theodorus the rhetorician, who had joined Phoenius in persuading Ptolemy to the murder, was the person who presented the head to Caesar and harangued on the occasion, for which he afterwards met his due reward from Brutus and Cassius, who tortur'd and crucified him.

Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,  
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:  
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,  
Tho' he oppos'd no strength of swords to win  
this, [lanes,

Nor labour'd thro' no showers of darts and  
Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him strong-  
ly,

An inward war: He was his grand-ire's guest,  
Friend to his father, and, when he was ex-  
pell'd [hand,

And beaten from this kingdom by strong  
And had none left him to restore his honour,  
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,

Then in steep Pompey, took his feeble for-  
tune, [again:

Strengthen'd, and cherish'd it, and set it right  
This was a love to Cæsar.

*Sce.* Give me hate, gods! [ed;

*Pho.* This Cæsar may account a little wick-  
But yet remember, if thine own hands, con-  
queror,

Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then;  
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat,  
what that way!

He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted  
Had been most terrible! Let the worst be  
render'd, [cent.

We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands inno-  
*Cæsar.* Oh, Scæva, Scæva, see that head!

See, captains,

The head of godlike Pompey!

*Sce.* He was hardly ruin'd;

But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it,  
And be you Cæsar.

*Cæsar.* Oh, thou conqueror,  
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,  
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou  
fall thus? [thee on,

What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd

To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?

The life and light of Rome, to a blind stran-  
ger,

That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,  
Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man  
was? [quels,

That never heard thy name sung, but in ban-  
And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,  
That had no faith to comprehend thy great-  
ness,

No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?

And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,  
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with  
thee, [pey,

In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pom-  
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!<sup>22</sup>

Th' hast most unnobly robb'd me of my vie-  
My love and mercy. [tory,

*Aut.* Oh, how brave these tears shew!

How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

*Dol.* Glory appears not greater than this  
goodness.

*Cæsar.* Egyptians, dare ye think your high-  
est pyramids,

Built to out-dare the sun,<sup>23</sup> as you suppose,  
Where your unworthy kings lie cak'd in ashes,  
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of  
Nilus,

Nothing can ever his high fame, but Heav'n;  
No pyramids set off his memories,

But the eternal substance of his greatness;  
To which I leave him. Take the head away,  
And, with the body, give it noble burial:

Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Ro-  
man,

Whose braveries all the world's-earth<sup>25</sup> can-  
not balance.

*Sce.* If thou be'st thus loving, I shall ho-  
nour thee:

But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,

him. Notwithstanding this, there is room to doubt whether the Poets designed *Achoreus* to speak this, for they have given it a different turn from Lucan.

— nec vile putaris  
*Hoc meritum, nobis facili quod caude peractum est.*  
*Hospes avitus erat: Depulso sceptrâ parenti*  
*Reddiderat. Quid plura feram? Tu nomina tanto*  
*Invenies operi, vel famam consule mundi;*  
*Si scelus est, plus te nobis debere fateris,*  
*Quod scelus hoc non ipse facis.* — Lucan. lib. ix.

This is the language of villainy, boasting of merits from the greatness of it. But the speech in the False One represents the reluctance, the paings and inward war that Ptolemy struggled through to serve Cæsar. And this spoke by a man who had a real love for virtue, gives a fine contrast to Photinus's unfeeling and confirm'd villainy. <sup>22</sup>*Seward.*

We heartily join with Theobald—*certe* ACRILLAS.

<sup>21</sup> *I must task thee.* For task, Mr. Seward substitutes *tax*.

<sup>22</sup> — your high pyramids, former editions.

*Built to out-dare the sun, as you suppose.* To out-dare the sun by their height is poetical, but, as you suppose, greatly flattens it; for this reason both Mr. Sympson and I change it to out-dare, which seems to suit the context better. <sup>23</sup>*Seward.*

Out-dare we shall not hesitate to pronounce better than out-dare. We do not remember to have ever met with the latter word.

<sup>24</sup> *All the world's earth.* Mr. Sympson observes the expression of *world's-earth* directly answers the Latin *terrarum orbis*. *Seward.*

And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;

There are such kind of philosophers. Now How he would look if Pompey were alive again;

But how he'd set his face.

*Cæsar.* You look now, king, And you that have been agents in this glory, For our especial favour?

*Ptol.* We desire it.

*Cæsar.* And doubtless you expect rewards?

*See.* Let me give 'em:

I'll give 'em such as Nature never drest'n'd of; I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar, Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

*Cæsar.* Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompence.

You're young, and ignorant, that pleads your And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you.

Your ministers I must think wanted judgment, And so they err'd: I'm bountiful to think this, Believe me, most bountiful: Be you most thankful;

That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew To send you for a present, king of Egypt, I mean a head of equal reputation, And that you lov'd, tho' 'twere your brightest sister's,

(But her you hate) I would not be behind *Ptol.* Hear me, great Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* I have heard too much; And study not with smooth shows to invade My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:

You're poor and open. I must tell you round- That man that could not recompence the benefits,

The great and bounteous services, of Pompey, Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.

Tho' I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,

I gave you no commission to perform it:

Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty; And, but I stand environ'd with my victories, My fortune never failing to befriend me, My noble strength, and friends about my person,

I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy, Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.

You've found me merciful in arguing with ye: Swords, hangmen,<sup>74</sup> fires, destructions of all natures,

Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins, Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,

You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt,<sup>75</sup>

And now you've found the nature of a conqueror, That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,

That where the day gives light, will be himself still;

Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!

Go, and embalm those bones of that great Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,

Make a Sabeian bed, and place this phoenix Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues, And draw another Pompey from his ashes, Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!

*Ptol.* We will do all.

*Cæsar.* You've robb'd him of those tears His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,

The virgins of their funeral lamentations; And that kind earth that thought to cover him

(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your And weep unto the ocean for revenge,

Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye! My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey liv'd,

He us'd you nobly; now he's dead, use him so.

[Exit.

<sup>74</sup> *Swords, hangers, fires.*] As *hangers* gives much the same idea as swords, especially in the mouth of a Roman, I hope the reader will agree to the change of it to *hang-men*, which were proper to be threatened to the murderers of Pompey, and which afterward proved the fate of Septimius. There is something extremely noble in this passage; it even approaches to those terrible graces before spoke of. *Seward.*

The Reader will, no doubt, greatly admire the integrity, perspicacity, and ingenuity of Mr. Seward, when he is informed, that *hangmen* is the reading—not of that gentleman, but—of the second folio.

<sup>75</sup> *You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt.*] As the word *seeds* is good sense, I fear the reader would think it too great a liberty for an Editor to displace it and advance his own conjecture into the text: But where the change of a single letter gives great improvement, I think it a justice to the Authors to suppose it genuine; especially when it strongly partakes of their usual spirit. *Seeds* seems rather flat, and *seeds* was the first word that occurred as an improvement, because it makes Cæsar speak with more contempt of the Egyptians; but observing the great propriety of all our Author's metaphors, which he applies to the Egyptians, as where he calls them the *spawn of Egypt*; and again, these *beds of slimy eels*; and Septimius, that *vermin that's now become a natural crocodile*, a better reading occurred, *reeds*, to which Egypt is greatly subject from the overflow of the Nile. Thus the scriptures speaking of the *behemoth* or *crocodile*. *He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed or fens.*

*Seward.*

We think *reeds* is right.

*Ptol.* Now where's your confidence,<sup>26</sup>  
 your aim, Photinus, [queror,  
 The oracles, and fair favours from the con-  
 You rung into mine ears? How stand I now?  
 You see the tempest of his stern displeasure;  
 The death of him, you urg'd a sacrifice  
 To stop his rage, presaging a full ruin!  
 Where are your counsels now?

*Achor.* I told you, Sir, [after:  
 And told the truth, what danger would fly  
 And, tho' an enemy, I satisfied you  
 He was a Roman, and the top of honour;  
 And howsoever this might please great Cæsar,  
 I told you, that the foulness of his death,  
 The impious baseness—

*Pho.* Peace; you are a fool!  
 Men of deep ends must tread as deep ways to  
 'em; [rows,

Cæsar I know is pleas'd, and, for all his sor-  
 Which are put on for forms, and mere dis-  
 semblings,

I'm confident he's glad: To have told you so,  
 And thank'd you outwardly, had been too  
 open,

And taken from the wisdom of a conqueror.  
 Be confident, and proud you've done this ser-  
 vice; [ly.

You have deserv'd, and you will find it, high-  
 Make bold use of this benefit, and be sure  
 You keep your sister, the high-soul'd Cleo-  
 patra, [him.

Both close and short enough, she may not see  
 The rest, if I may counsel, Sir—

*Ptol.* Do all;  
 For in thy faithful service rests my safety.  
 [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Enter Septimius.*

*Sept.* Here's a strange alteration in the  
 court;

Men's faces are of other sets and motions,  
 Their minds of subtler stuff. I pass by now  
 As tho' I were a rascal; no man knows me,  
 No eye looks after; as I were a plague,  
 Their doors shut close against me, and I won-  
 der'd at,

Because I've done a meritorious murder:  
 Because I've pleas'd the time, does the time  
 plague me? [me for't;

I've known the day they would have hugg'd  
 For a less stroke than this, have done me re-  
 verence,

Open'd their hearts, and secret closets to me,  
 Their purses, and their pleasures, and bid me  
 wallow.

I now perceive the great thieves eat the less,  
 And th' huge<sup>27</sup> leviathans of villainy  
 Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,  
 That do 'em service, and spout 'em out again  
 Into the air, as thin and unregarded  
 As drops of water that are lost i' th' ocean.  
 I was lov'd once for swearing, and for drink-  
 ing. [me:

And for other principal qualities that because  
 Now a foolish unthankful murder has undone  
 me,

If my lord Photinus be not merciful,  
 That set me on. And he comes; now, For-  
 tune!

*Enter Photinus.*

*Pho.* Cæsar's unthankfulness a little stirs  
 me, [Roman,

A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud  
 Provoke me not, stir not mine anger further!  
 I may find out a way unto thy life too,

Tho' arm'd in all thy victories, and seize it!  
 A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.

*Sept.* May't please your lordship—

*Pho.* Oh, Septimius!

*Sept.* Your lordship knows my wrongs?

*Pho.* Wrongs?

*Sept.* Yes, my lord;

How th' captain of the guard, Achilles;

slights me?

*Pho.* Think better of him, he has much  
 befriended thee,

Shew'd thee much love, in taking the head  
 from thee.

The times are alter'd, soldier; Cæsar's angry,  
 And our design to please him, lost and  
 perish'd: [owning,

Be glad thou'rt unnam'd; 'tis not worth the  
 Yet, that thou mayst be useful—

*Sept.* Yes, my lord,

I shall be ready.

*Pho.* For I may employ thee

To take a rub or two out of my way,

As time shall serve; say, that it be a brother,  
 Or a hard father?

*Sept.* 'Tis most necessary; [Sir,

A mother, or a sister, or whom you please,

*Pho.* Or to betray a noble friend?

*Sept.* 'Tis all one.

*Pho.* I know thou'lt stir for gold.

*Sept.* 'Tis all my motion.

<sup>26</sup> Now where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus, The oracles, and fair favours from the conqueror, You rung into mine ears? Either the second line should be, the oracles or fair favours, or, what seems more probable, the particles the and and should change places. Seward. The old reading, we think, needs no change.

<sup>27</sup> And th' huge leviathans of, &c.] I should not take the liberty of marking out beautiful passages, but that I am very desirous this play should meet with due regard from every reader; and I therefore beg him not to pass slightly over this passage, where a metaphor is carried on with such exquisite beauty, that it may vie with the finest strokes of this sort even in Shakspeare. Seward.

*Pho.* There, take that for thy service, and farewell!

*I've greater business now.*

*Sept.* I'm still your own, Sir.

*Pho.* One thing I charge thee; see me no more, Septimius, Unless I send. [Exit.

*Sept.* I shall observe your hour.

So! this brings something in the mouth, some favour:

This is the lord I serve, the power I worship, My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance. Let people talk as they please of my rudeness, And shun me for my deed; bring 'but this to 'em,

[honourable:] Let me be damn'd for blood, yet still I'm ho— This god creates new tongues, and new affections;

And, tho' I'd kill'd my father, give me gold, I'll make men swear I've done a pious sacrifice.

[wants:] Now I will out-brave all, make all my ser— And my brave deed shall be writ in wine for virtuous. [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*Enter Caesar, Antony, Dolabella, and Seva.*

*Caesar.* Keep strong guards, and with wary eyes, my friends;

There is no trusting to these base Egyptians: They that are false to pious benefits, And make compell'd necessities their faiths, Are traitors to the gods.

*Ant.* We'll call ashore A legion of the best.

*Caesar.* Not a man, Antony; [greatness:] That were to shew our fears, and dim our No; 'tis enough my name's ashore.

*See.* Too much too; A sleeping Caesar is enough to shake them. There are some two or three malicious rascals, Train'd up in villany, besides that Cerberus, That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.

*Dol.* 'Tis strange; a Roman soldier?

*See.* You are cozen'd; There be of us, as be of all other nations,

Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains him,

[ten, But the obedience; when that's once forgot— And duty flung away, then, welcome devil! Photinus and Achilles, and this verotin, That's now become a natural crocodile, Must be with care observ'd.

*Ant.* And 'tis well counsel'd;

No confidence, nor trust—

*See.* I'll trust the sea first, [une, When with her hollow murmurs she invites And clutches in her storms, as pollick lions Conceal their claws; I'll trust the devil first; The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.<sup>28</sup>

*Caesar.* Go to your rests, and follow your own wisdoms, And leave me to my thoughts; pry no more complacent;

Once more, strong watches.

*Dol.* All shall be observ'd, Sir. [Exeunt.

*Marche Caesar.*

*Caesar.* I'm dull and heavy, yet I cannot sleep.

How happy was I,<sup>29</sup> in my lawful wars In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany! When every night with pleasure I sat down What the day minister'd, the sleep came sweetly:

But since I undertook this house division, This civil war, and pass'd the Rubicon, What have I done, that speaks an ancient Roman,

[force, A good, great man? I've enter'd Rome by And, on her tender womb that gave me life, Let my insulting soldiers rudely trample: The dear veins of my country I have open'd, And sail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,

The bloody streams, that in their confluence Carried before 'em thousand desolations: I robb'd the treasury; and at one gripe Snatch'd all the wealth so many worthy triumphs

Plac'd there as sacred to the peace of Rome: I raz'd Masilia in my wanton anger; Petreus and Afranius I defeated; Pompey I overthrew; what did that get me? The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy.<sup>30</sup> [Noise within.

<sup>28</sup> The rule of ill I'll trust, before the doer.] Mr. Sympon and I both hesitated on this expression, but I believe it right, as God is the rule of good or virtue, so is the Devil of ill.

This line does not appear in the second folio; perhaps, because dropped in the representation.

<sup>29</sup> How happy was I, in my lawful wars, &c.] This soliloquy of Caesar's is extremely judicious as well as beautiful: it was difficult to conform both to history and to poetical justice. It would be an outrage upon the former to make Caesar unfortunate, and as great a one to have made him a perfectly virtuous character, as Corneille has endeavoured to do. How then should our Poets, who have drawn Caesar exactly to the life, fulfil in any degree the justice that the audience demand against him? This they have finely accomplished, by shewing him in his retirement, strong and tormented with the horrid massacres that he had brought on his country, which are described with great energy.

<sup>30</sup> The slubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy.] By an authorized enemy the Poets seem to have

I hear some noise; they are the watches, sure.  
What friends have I tied fast by these ambi-  
tions?

Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,  
Is now pass'd into Africk to affront me;  
Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too;  
The sons of Pompey are masters of the sea,  
And, from the reliicks of their scatter'd fac-  
tion,

A new head's sprung: Say, I defeat all these  
I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.  
I hear the noise still, and it comes still nearer.  
Are the guards fast? Who waits there?

*Enter Scæva, with a packet, Cleopatra in it.*

*Scæ.* Are you awake, Sir?

*Cæsar.* I' th' name of wonder——

*Scæ.* Nay, I am a porter,

A strong one too, or else my sides would  
crack, Sir:

Am my sins were as weighty, I should scarce  
walk with 'em.

*Cæsar.* What hast thou there?

*Scæ.* Ask them which stay without,  
And brought it hither. Your presence I  
denied 'em,

And put 'em by, took up the load myself.  
They say 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom;  
I'm sure 'tis heavy: If you like to see it,  
You may; if not, I'll give it back.

*Cæsar.* Stay, Scæva;

I would fain see it.

*Scæ.* I'll begin to work then.

No doubt, to flatter you, they've sent you  
something

Of a rich value, jewels, or some rich treasure.  
May-be, a rogue within, to do a mischief:  
I pray you stand further off; if there be vil-  
lany,

Better my danger first; he shall 'scape hard  
Ha! what art thou?

*Cæsar.* Stand further off, good Scæva!  
What heavenly vision? Do I wake or slum-  
ber?

Further off, that hand, friend!

*Scæ.* What apparition, [man;  
What spirit, have I rais'd? Sure, 'tis a wo-  
She looks like one; now she begins to move  
too.

A tempting devil, o' my life! Go off, Cæsar,  
Bless thyself, off! A bawd grown in mine  
old days?

Bawdry advanc'd upon my back? 'tis noble!  
Sir, if you be a soldier, come no nearer;  
She's sent to dispossess you of your honour;  
A sponge, a sponge, to wipe away your vic-  
tories.

[her;  
An she'd be cool'd, Sir, let the soldiers trim  
They'll give her that she came for, and dis-  
patch her:

Be loyal to yourself!—Thou damn'd woman,  
Dost thou come hither with thy flow'ishes,  
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuse men's man-  
ners?

And am I made the instrument of bawdry?  
I'll find a lover for you, one that shall hug  
you!

*Cæsar.* Hold, on thy life, and be more  
temperate,

Thou beast!

*Scæ.* Thou beast?

*Cæsar.* Could'st thou be so inhuman,  
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon  
Upon a thing divine?

*Scæ.* Divine, or human,  
They're never better pleas'd, nor more at  
heart's-ease,

[em.  
Than when we draw with full intent upon  
*Cæsar.* Move this way, lady: 'Pray you  
let me speak to you.

*Scæ.* And, woman, you had best stand——

*Cæsar.* By the gods,  
But that I see her here, and hope her mortal,  
I should imagine some celestial sweetness,  
The treasure of soft love!

*Scæ.* Oh, this sounds mangily,  
Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!  
You'd best be troubled with the tooth-ach too,  
For livers ever are, and let your nose drop,  
That your celestial beauty may befriend you.  
At these years, do you learn to be fantastical?  
After so many bloody fields, a fool?  
She brings her bed along too, (she'll lose no  
time)

Carries her litter to lie soft; d'you see that?  
Invites you like a gauwster; note that im-  
pudence.

For shame, reflect upon yourself, your honour,  
Look back into your noble parts, and blush!  
Let not the dear sweat of the hot Pharsalia,  
Mingle with base embraces! Am I he  
That have receiv'd so many wounds for Cæsar?  
Upon my target,<sup>11</sup> groves of darts still grow-  
ing?

have meant, an enemy to his country pronounced so by the authority of the whole senate, as  
Cæsar had been by the senate of Rome. If this explanation should not satisfy, the verse will  
run better thus,

*The suttler'd name of an unauth'riz'd enemy.*

i. e. Of an enemy without a legal cause or legal authority. *Seward.*

*Auth'riz'd* seems to mean only successful. So, he says after,

*I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.*

<sup>11</sup> Upon my target, groves of darts still growing? Scæva had been a common soldier, but  
preferred for his amazing valour and irresistible strength. When Cæsar besieged Pompey at  
Dirachium, he stood in a breach against the whole army. Plutarch tells us that he had a  
hundred



Have I endur'd all, hungers, colds, distresses,  
And, as I had been bred that iron that arm'd  
me, [tune?  
Stood out all weathers, now to curse my for-  
To ban the blood I lost for such a general?

*Cæsar.* Offend no more; be gone!

*See.* I will, and leave you, [claim you:  
Leave you to women's wars, that will pro-  
You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,  
With fans and looking-glasses. Farewell,  
Cæsar! [to you;

*Cleo.* Now I am private, Sir, I dare speak  
But thus low first, for as a god I honour you!

*See.* Lower you'll be anon.

*Cæsar.* Away!

*See.* And privater;

For that you covet all. [Exit.

*Cæsar.* Tempt me no further!

*Cleo.* Contemn me not, because I kneel  
thus, Cæsar:

I am a queen,<sup>30</sup> and co-heir to this country,  
The sister to the mighty Ptolemy,  
Yet one distress'd, that flies unto thy justice,  
One that lays sacred hold on thy protection,  
As on a holy altar, to preserve me. [up.

*Cæsar.* Speak, queen of beauty, and stand.

*Cleo.* I dare not;

"Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,  
That godlike great humanity, to help me,  
Thus, to thy knees must I grow, sacred Cæsar.  
And if it be not in thy will to right me,  
And raise me like a queen from my sad ruins;  
If these soft tears cannot sink to thy pity,  
And waken with their murmurs thy com-  
passions;

Yet, for thy nobleness, for virtue's sake,  
And, if thou he'st a man, for despis'd beauty,  
For honourable conquest, which thou dost on,  
Let not those cankers of this flourishing king-  
dom,

Photinus and Achilles, the one an eunuch,  
The other a base bondman, thus reign o'er me,  
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother  
Nothing of what he should be, but the title!  
As thou art wouder of the world——

*Cæsar.* Stand up then,  
And be a queen; this hand shall give it to you:  
Or, chuse a greater name, worthy my bounty;  
A common love makes queens: Chuse to be  
worshipp'd,

To be divinely great, and I dare promise it.  
A suitor of your sort, and blessed sweetness,  
That hath adventur'd thus to see great Cæsar,  
Must never be denied. You've found a patron  
That dare not, in his private honour, suffer  
So great a blemish to the Heav'n of beauty:  
The god of love would clap his angry wings,  
And from his singing bow let fly those arrows<sup>31</sup>  
Headed with burning griefs and pining sor-  
rows, [monstrous;  
Should I neglect your cause, would make me  
To whom, and to your service, I devote me!

(Enter Scæva.)

*Cleo.* He is my conquest now, and so I'll  
work him; [live.

The conqueror of the world will I lead cap-  
*See.* Still with this woman? tilting still  
with babies?

As you are honest, think the enemy, [you,  
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on  
Ready to break your ranks, and fling these——

*Cæsar.* Hear me,  
But tell me true; if thou hadst such a treasure,  
(And, as thou art a soldier, do not flatter me)  
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldst  
thou not

Most greedily accept?

*See.* Not as an emperor, [others:<sup>32</sup>  
A man that first should rule himself, then.

and thirty darts stuck in his target; one had pierced his shoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out and dash'd, with his eye ball, on the ground: Pompey's soldiers on this shouted as for victory; and he pretending faintness, asked them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died; two soldiers believing him in earnest, came to him; the first he slew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongst his own party. The story is told with great spirit in the sixth book of Lucan, who ascribes to Scæva the preservation of all Cæsar's army. I need not mention the justice with which our Poets have drawn Scæva's character, in a familiar, rough, soldier-like honesty. Seward.

<sup>30</sup> Contemn me not, because I know, thus, Cæsar,

I am a queen.] For know, I read kneel, and Mr. Symson does. As she was evidently kneeling, I hope it is not prejudice that makes me prefer the former. The corruption, though extremely gross, had passed through all the former editions, although this play (and this only as far as I have yet examined) seems in the second folio to have been corrected by an able hand, but no man is always attentive. Seward.

After this positive assertion, the Reader will no doubt be surprized at the information, that, so far from ALL the former editions reading know, the very second folio, above mentioned, reads kneel.—In the same stile, Mr. Seward asserts, that the former copies say, (See above, col. 2, l. 15,) in THIS private honour; that they say, (p. 506, l. 11) Cæsar LOADS us; and, (p. 506, l. 32) THIS RARE unthankful king; assuming to himself the merit of correcting errors, some of which only appeared in the octavo of 1711.

<sup>31</sup> Let fly those arrows.] This is the reading of the folios, and undoubtedly right. The octavo of 1711 reads THESE, and Mr. Seward HIS arrows.

<sup>32</sup> A man that first would rule himself.] Mr. Theobald alters would to should, and puts the initial letters of his name to it, the mark by which he seems to have distinguished his favourite emendations.

As a poor hungry soldier, I might bite, Sir;  
Yet that's a weakness too. Hear me, thou  
tempter! [thee]

And bear thou, Cæsar, too, for it concerns  
And if thy flesh be deaf, yet let thine honour,  
The soul of a commander, give ear to me.

Thou wanton pane of war, thou gilded le-  
thargy,

In whose embraces, ease (the rust of arms)  
And pleasure (that makes soldiers poor) in-  
Cæsar. Fy! thou blasphem'st. [habits]

See. I do, when she's a goddess.

Thou melter of strong minds, dar'st thou pre-  
sume [ties]

To smother all his triumphs with thy vanity  
And tie him, like a slave, to thy proud beau-  
ties, [low'ds]

To thy imperious looks, that kings have fol-  
lown Proud of their chains, have waited on? I  
shame, Sir! [rest, Soera]

Cæsar. Alas, thou'rt rather mad! Take thy  
Thy duty makes thee err; but I forgive thee.  
Go, go, I say! shew me no disobedience!

[Exit Scena.]

'Tis well; farewell! The day will break, dear  
lady;

My soldiers will come in. Please you retire,  
And think upon your servant?

Cleo. Pray you, Sir, know me,  
And what I am.

Cæsar. The greater, I more love you;  
And you must know me too.

Cleo. So far as modesty,  
And majesty gives leave, Sir. You're too vio-  
lent.

Cæsar. You are too cold to my desires.

Cleo. Swear to me,  
And by yourself (for I hold that oath sacred).

You'll right me as a queen—

Cæsar. These lips be witness!

And, if I break that oath—

Cleo. You make me blush, Sir;

And in that blush interpret me.

Cæsar. I will do. [word,  
Come, let's go in, and blush again. This one  
You shall believe.

Cleo. I must; you are a conqueror.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

Enter Ptolemy and Photinus.

Pho. **GOOD** Sir, but hear! [me!]

Ptol. No more! you have undone.  
That that I hourly fear'd is fall'n upon me,  
And heavily, and deadly.

Pho. Hear a remedy.

Ptol. A remedy, now the disease is ulcerous,  
And has infected all? Your secure negligence  
Has broke thro' all the hopes I have, and  
ruin'd me!

My sister is with Cæsar, in his chamber;  
All night she has been with him; and, no  
doubt,

Much to her honour.

Pho. Would that were the worst, Sir!  
That will repair itself: But I fear mainly,  
Sh' has made her peace with Cæsar.

Ptol. 'Tis most likely;  
And what am I then?

Pho. Plague upon thatascal  
Apollodorus, under whose command,  
Under whose eye—

Enter Achilles.

Ptol. Curse on you all, ye're wretches!

Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achilles.

Achil. Pardon me.

Pho. Your guards were rarely wise, and  
wondrous watchful!

Achil. I could not help it, if my life had  
lain for't.

Alas, who would suspect a pack of belding,  
Or a small truss of household furniture,

And, as they said, for Cæsar's use? or who  
durst,

Being for his private chamber, seek so stop it?  
I was abus'd.

Enter Achoreus.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,  
No wisdom to debate with fruitless choler.

Let us consider timely what we must do,  
Since she is flown to his protection,  
From whom we have no pow'r to sever her,  
Nor force conditions.

Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.

emendations. Mr. Sympson joins him; but I think the change rather prejudicial, for *would*, as it implies a *will* to rule himself as well as others, intimates that such a *will* is essential to an amperor, and that none are worthy of the title that have it not. Beside this, it has been some doubt with me whether the old English writers had that clear idea of the difference between *would* and *should* which we have at present, but which not one foreigner in ten thousand can be taught to comprehend, although it is certainly a very great beauty of our language, and, I believe, peculiar to it. I never yet saw a grammatical rule for it, and were it not too great a digression I would insert one. *Should* is the reading of the second folio!

All in one half-an-hour, to make an ass of him:

I make no doubt she will be drunk too, damn-  
And in her drink will fight; then she fits him.

*Ant.* That thou shouldst bring her in!

*Sec.* 'Twas my blind fortune. [wicked.  
My soldiers told me, by the weight 'twas  
'Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,  
When I brought in this cow-calf! He has  
advanc'd me,

From an old soldier, to a hawd of memory:  
Oh, that the sons of Pompey were behind him,  
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,  
That they might whip him from his whore,  
and rouse him; [trances

That their fierce trumpets, from his wanton  
Might shake him, like an earthquake!

*Enter Septimius.*

*Ant.* What's this fellow?

*Dol.* Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men  
by their cloaths. [no commander?

*Ant.* By my faith, he's brave indeed! He's

*Sec.* Yes, he's a Roman face; he has been  
at fair wars, [shew it.

And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings

*Sept.* An they'll not know me now, they'll  
never know me. [Ha?

Who dare blush now at my acquaintance?

*Ant.* I not totally a span-new gallant,

Fit for the choicest eyes? Have I not gold,

The friendship of the world? If they shun  
me now, [forward)

(Tho' I were the arrant'st rogue, as I'm well  
Mine own curse and the devil's are lit on me.

*Ant.* Is't not Septimius?

*Sec.* Yes.

*Dol.* He that kill'd Pompey?

*Sec.* The same dog-scab;<sup>36</sup> that gilded  
both, that rascal!

*Dol.* How glorious villainy appears in Egypt!

*Sept.* Gallants, and soldiers; sure they do  
admire me.

*Sec.* Stand further off; thou stink'st.

*Sept.* A likely matter: [lants?

These cloaths smell mustily, do they not, gal-  
They stink, they stink, alas, poor things, con-  
temptible!

By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes  
That went to trimming these cloaths, cost

*Sec.* Thou stink'st still. [ue—

*Sept.* The powdering of this head too—

*Sec.* If thou hast it,

I'll tell thee all the gums in sweet Arabia  
Are not sufficient, were they burnt about  
thee,

To purge the scent of a rank rascal from thee.

*Ant.* I smell him now: Fy, how the knave  
perfumes him,

How strong he scents of traitor!

*Dol.* You had an ill milliner,

He laid too much o' th' gum of ingratitude  
Upon your coat; you should have wash'd off  
that, Sir;

Fy, how it chokes! too little of your loyalty,  
Your honesty, your faith, that are pure numbers.  
I smell the rotten smell of a hir'd coward;  
A dead dog's sweeter.

*Sept.* Ye are merry gentlemen, [me too;  
And, by my troth, such harmless mirth takes  
You speak like good blunt soldiers! and 'tis  
well enough:

But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,  
You would refine, and learn an apter lan-  
guage.

I've done ye simple service on your Pompey;  
You might have look'd him yet this brace of  
twelve-months,

And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles,  
Had not this fortunate hand—

*Ant.* He brags on't too,

By the good gods, rejoices in't! Thou wretch,  
Thou most contemptible slave!

*Sec.* Dog, mangy mongrel, [dier,  
Thou manifest mischief, in the shape of sol-  
To make all soldiers hateful! thou disease,  
That nothing but the gallows can give ease to!

*Dol.* Thou art so impudent, that I admire  
And know not what to say. [thee,

*Sept.* I know your anger,  
And why you prate thus; I've found your  
melancholy:

Ye all want money, and ye're liberal captains,  
And in this want will talk a little desperately.  
Here's gold; come, share; I love a brave com-  
mander:

And be not peevish; do as Cæsar does;  
He's merry with his wench now, be you  
joyal, [partners?

And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have  
I do consider all your wants, and weigh 'em;  
He has the mistress, you shall have the maids;  
I'll bring 'em in ye, to your arms.

*Ant.* I blush,  
All over me I blush, and sweat to hear him!

Upon my conscience, if my arms were on now,  
Tho' them I should blush too: Pray ye let's  
be walking, [this lesson,

*Sec.* Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave  
And let him study it: First, rogue! Then,  
pandar! [presence,

Next, devil that will be! get thee from men's  
And, where the name of soldier has been  
heard of, [sart,

Be sure thou live not! In some hungry de-  
Where thou canst meet with nothing but thy  
conscience;

And that in all the shapes of all thy villainies  
Attend thee still: where brute beasts will ab-  
hor thee,

And e'er the sun will shame to give thee  
light,

<sup>36</sup> The same dog, scab.] Whom does he call scab? we should certainly read dog scab. In the same scene Dolabella says of Septimius, 'A dead dog's sweeter,' and Scæva almost repeats dog-scab, calling him mangy mongrel.

Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think 't is fit  
Go hang thyself! [ter,

*Dol.* Hark to that elause.

*Sec.* And that speedily,  
That Nature may be eas'd of such a monster! [Exeunt.

*Manet Septimius.*

*Sept.* Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;

I keep my gold still, and my confidence.  
Their want of breeding makes these fellows murmur;

Rude valours, so I let 'em pass, rude honours!  
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,  
And company for a king; a young plump villain, [me;

That, when she sees this gold, she'll leap upon

(Enter Eros.)<sup>37</sup>

And here she comes: I'm sure of her at mid-  
My pretty Eros, welcome! [night.

*Eros.* I have business.

*Sept.* Above my love, thou canst not.

*Eros.* Yes, indeed, Sir,  
Far, far above.

*Sept.* Why, why so coy? Pray you tell me,  
We are alone.

*Eros.* I'm much ashamed we are so.

*Sept.* You want a new gown now, and a handsome petticoat,

A scarf, and some odd toys: I've gold here  
Thou shalt have any thing [ready;

*Eros.* I want your absence. [pau!

Keep on your way; I care not for your com-  
*Sept.* How? how? you're very short: D'you know me, Eros?

And what I have been to you?

*Eros.* Yes, I know you,  
And I hope I shall forget you: Whilst you  
I lov'd you too. [were honest,

*Sept.* Honest? Come, prithee kiss me.

*Eros.* I kiss no knaves, no murderers, no  
beasts,

No base betrayers of those men that fed 'em;  
I hate their looks; and tho' I may be wanton,

I scorn to nourish it with bloody purchase,<sup>39</sup>  
Purchase so foully got. I pray you, unhand  
me; [thy!

I'd rather touch the plague, than one unwor-

Go, seek some mistress that a horse may mar-  
ry,

And keep her company; she's too good for  
you! [Exit.

*Sept.* Marry, this goes near! now I perceive  
I'm hateful: [dangerous;

When this light stuff can distinguish, it grows  
For money seldom they refuse a leper;

But sure I am more odious, more diseas'd too:

(Enter three lame Soldiers.)

It sits cold here. What are these? three poor  
soldiers? [em

Both poor and lame: Their misery may make  
A little look upon me, and adore me.

If these will keep me company, I'm made yet.

1 *Sold.* The pleasure Caesar sleeps in, makes  
us miserable: [at;

We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd  
He banquets, and we beg.

2 *Sold.* He was not wont [tunes,  
To let poor soldiers, that have spent their for-  
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down  
like vagabonds.

*Sept.* Save ye, good soldiers! good poor  
men, Heav'n help ye! [story.

Ye've born the brunt of war, and shew the  
1 *Sold.* Some new commander sure.

*Sept.* You look, my good friends,  
By your thin faces, as you would be suitors.

2 *Sold.* To Caesar, for our means, Sir.

*Sept.* And 'tis fit, Sir.

3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.  
*Sept.* I grieve for't; [inours.

Good soldiers should have good rewards, and  
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you,

And freely speak to Caesar.

All. Oh, we honour you!

1 *Sold.* A good man sure you are; the gods  
preserve you!

*Sept.* And to relieve your wants the while,  
hold, soldiers! [Gives money.

Nay, 'tis no dream; 'tis good gold; take it  
'Twill keep you in good heart. [freely;

2 *Sold.* Now goodness quit you!

*Sept.* I'll be a friend to your afflictions,  
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll  
be merry;

And ev'ry day I'll see you!  
1 *Sold.* You're a soldier,  
And one sent from the gods, I think.

<sup>37</sup> Enter Eros.] We have not made a variation here, but cannot suppose the poets intended Eros, Cleopatra's waiting-woman, to enter here as the loose companion of Septimius, and to profess herself a strumpet. The error, most probably, originated from the players, who making one person perform both Eros and this courtesan, confounded the characters together; as they have partly done with Cleo and the Courtesan in the Mad Lover, and with Altea and the Fourth Lady in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. The Poets most probably meant another woman, but they seem to have intended (perhaps from inadvertence) to name this character Eros.

<sup>39</sup> I scorn to nourish it with blood purchase.] A syllable seems wanting to the measure here, and an hyphen to the sense. Seward.

Here Mr. Seward neglects the acknowledged best copy (which we have followed) for the purpose of making an ingenious alteration; i. e.

I scorn to nourish it with thy blood-purchase.

*Sept.* I'll cloath ye,<sup>40</sup>  
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging  
for you; [you.  
And at my table, where no want shall meet.

*Enter Scève.*

*All.* Was never such a man!

*1 Sold.* Dear honour'd Sir, [ship you.  
Let us but know your name, that we may wor-

*2 Sold.* That we may ever thank—

*Sept.* Why call me any thing,  
No matter for my name—that may betray me.

*Sec.* A cunning thief! Call him Septi-  
mius, soldiers,  
The villain that kill'd Pompey!

*All.* How!

*Sec.* Call him the shame of men! [*Exit.*

*1 Sold.* Oh, that this money  
Were weight enough to beat thy brains out!<sup>41</sup>  
Fling all;

And fling our curses next; let them be mortal  
[over,

Out, bloody wolf! dost thou come gilded  
And painted with thy charity, to poison us?

*2 Sold.* I know him now: May never fa-  
ther own thee, [mory!  
But as a monstrous birth shun thy base me-  
And, if thou hadst a mother, (as I cannot  
Believe thou wert a natural burden) let her  
womb

Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers!

*3 Sold.* Methinks the ground shakes to de-  
vour this rascal,  
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,  
Infectious mists,<sup>42</sup> to crown his villainies:  
Thou mayst go wander like a thing Heav'n  
hated!

*1 Sold.* And valiant minds hold poisonous  
to remember!

The hangman will not keep thee company;  
He has an honourable house to thine;  
No, not a thief, tho' thou couldst save his life  
for't,  
Will eat thy bread, nor one for thirst starv'd  
drink with thee!<sup>43</sup>

<sup>40</sup> *I'll cloath ye,*  
*Ye are lame.*] These soldiers are before said to be lame; and therefore I don't discard the  
word, but think it more suitable to the context in this place to read *bare*. Seward.

<sup>41</sup> *Were weight enough to break thy brains out.*] Former editions. Seward.

<sup>42</sup> *And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours*  
*The infectious mists.*] So first folio. The second folio we have followed. Mr. Seward  
reads,

*And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours*  
*T' infectious mists, &c.*

<sup>43</sup> *Nor one for thirst-starv'd drink with thee.*] Mr. Seward chuses to read,

*Nor one thirst-starv'd drink with thee.*

<sup>44</sup> *I am afraid the very beasts will tear me,*  
*Inspir'd with what I have done: the winds will blast me*] The word *inspir'd* not only  
more naturally belongs to the winds than to the beasts; but it is stronger, and more poetical,  
to suppose the very inanimate elements sensible of and abhorring his wickedness, than merely  
the irrational beasts. Seward.

*2 Sold.* Thou art no company for an honest  
dog,  
And so we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy desti-  
ny. [*Exeunt.*  
*Sept.* Contemn'd of all? and kick'd too?  
Now I find it!  
My valour's fled too, with mine honesty;  
For since I would be knave, I must be coward.  
This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.  
What a deformity dwells round about me!  
How monstrous shews that man, that is un-  
grateful!  
I am afraid the very beasts will tear me; <sup>44</sup>  
Inspir'd with what I've done, the winds will  
blast me!  
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,  
The wages of my fact; my soul's oppress'd!  
Honest and noble minds, you find most rest.  
[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Enter Ptolemy, Achoreus, Photinus, and*  
*Achillus.*

*Ptol.* I have commanded, and it shall be so!  
A preparation I have set o' foot,  
Worthily the friendship and the fame of Caesar:  
My sister's favours shall seem poor and wi-  
ther'd; [ties,  
Nay, she herself, trimm'd up in all her beau-  
Compar'd to what I'll take his eyes withal,  
Shall be a dream.

*Pho.* D'you mean to shew the glory,  
And wealth of Egypt?

*Ptol.* Yes; and in that lustre,  
Rome shall appear, in all her famous con-  
And all her riches, of no note unto it. [quests,

*Achor.* Now you are reconcil'd to your fair  
sister,

Take heed, Sir, how you step into a danger,  
A danger of this precipice. But note, Sir,  
For what Rome ever rais'd her mighty armies;  
First for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis  
madness,

Nay, more, a secure impotence, to tempt

An armed guest: Feed not an eye that con-  
quers, [c covetous.  
Nor teach a fortunate sword the way to be  
*Ptol.* Ye judge amiss, and far too wide to  
alter me;  
Let all be ready,<sup>45</sup> as I gave direction:  
The secret way of all our wealth appearing  
Newly, and handsomely; and all about it:  
No more dissuading: 'Tis my will.  
*Achor.* I grieve for't.  
*Ptol.* I'll dazzle Cæsar with excess of glory.  
*Pho.* I fear you'll curse your will; we must  
obey you. [Exeunt.

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, Dollabella, and Sceva,  
above.*

*Cæsar.* I wonder at the glory of this king-  
And the most bounteous preparation, [doim,  
Still as I pass, they court me with.

*Sce.* I'll tell you;

In Gaul and Germany we saw such visions,  
And stood not to admire 'em, but possess 'em:  
When they are ours, they're worth our admi-  
ration.

*Enter Cleopatra.*

*Ant.* The young queen comes: Give room:

*Cæsar.* Welcome, my dearest!  
Come, bless my side.

*Sce.* Ay, marry, here's a wonder!

As she appears now, I am no true soldier,  
If I be'n't readiest to recant.

*Cleo.* Be merry, Sir;

My brother will be proud to do you honour,  
That now appears himself.

*Enter Ptolemy, Achoreus, Achilles, Photi-  
nus, and Apollodorus.*

*Ptol.* Hail to great Cæsar,  
My royal guest! First I will feast thine eyes  
With wealthy Egypt's store, and then thy pa-  
And wait myself upon thee. [late,

[Treasure brought in.

*Cæsar.* What rich service!

What mines of treasure! richer still?

*Cleo.* My Cæsar,

What d'you admire? Pray you turn, and let  
me talk to you. [ject?

Have you forgot me, Sir? How, a new ob-  
Am I grown old o' th' sudden? Cæsar!

*Cæsar.* Tell me

From whence comes all this wealth?

*Cleo.* Is your eye that way,  
And all my beauties banish'd?

*Ptol.* I'll tell thee, Cæsar;

We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus:  
We need no dropping rain to cheer the hus-  
bandman,

Nor merchant that ploughs up the sea to  
seek us;

Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus,  
All this is nourish'd; who, to do thee honour,  
Comes to discover his seven deities,  
His conceal'd heads, unto thee: See with  
pleasure.

*Cæsar.* The matchless wealth of this land!

*Cleo.* Come, you shall hear me.

*Cæsar.* Away! Let me imagine.

*Cleo.* How! frown on me?

The eyes of Cæsar wrapt in storms!

*Cæsar.* I'm sorry:

But, let me think——

*Musick. Enter Isis, and three Labourers,*

*Isis.* Isis, the goddess of this land,

Bids thee, great Cæsar, understand

And mark our customs, and first know,

With greedy eyes these watch the flow

Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,

With songs, with dances, timbrels, drums,

They entertain him; cut his way,

And give his proud heads leave to play:

Nilus himself shall rise, and shew,

His matchless wealth in overflow.

*Labourers.* Come, let us help the reverend

He's very old; alas the while! [Nile;

Let us dig him easy ways,

And prepare a thousand plays:

To delight his streams, let's sing

A loud welcome to our spring;

This way let his curling heads

Fall into our new-made beds;

This way let his wanton spawns

Frisk, and glide it o'er the lawns.

This way profit comes, and gain:

How he tumbles here again!

How his waters haste to fall

Into our channels! Labour, all,

And let him in; let Nilus flow,

And perpetual plenty shew.

With incense let us bless the brim,

And as the wanton fishes swim,

Let us gums and garlands fling,

And loud our timbrels ring.

Come, old father, come away!

Our labour is our holiday.

*Enter Nilus.*

*Isis.* Here comes the aged river now,

With garlands of great pearl his brow

Begirt and rounded: In his flow,

All things take life, and all things grow.

A thousand wealthy treasures still,

To do him service at his will,

Follow his rising flood, and pour

Perpetual blessings in our store.<sup>46</sup>

<sup>45</sup> Yet all be ready.] Former editions.

Seward.

<sup>46</sup> ——— and pour

Perpetual blessings in our store.] Mr. Seward alters the text to,

Perpetual blessings on our shore;

Hear him; and next there will advance,  
His sacred heads to tread a dance,  
In honour of my royal guest:  
Mark them too; and you have a feast.

*Cleo.* A little dross betray me? [friends,

*Cæsar.* I am ashamed I warr'd at house, my  
When such wealth may be got abroad! What  
honour,

Nay, everlasting glory, had Rome purchas'd,  
Had she a just cause but to visit Egypt!

*Nilus.* Make room for my rich waters' fall,  
And bless my flood;

Nilus comes flowing to you all  
Erease and good.

Now the plants and flowers shall spring,  
And the merry ploughman sing.

In my hidden waves I bring  
Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.

Let the dannels sing me in,  
Sing aloud, that I may rise:

Your holy feasts and hours begin,  
And each hand bring a sacrifice.

Now my wanton pearls I shew,  
That to ladies' fair necks grow.

Now my gold

And treasures that can ne'er be told,  
Shall bless this land, by my rich flow,  
And after this to crown your eyes,  
My hidden holy head arise. [Dance.

*Cæsar.* The wonder of this wealth so trou-  
I am not well: Good night! [bles me,

*Sec.* I'm glad you have it:

Now we shall stir again.

*Dol.* Thou, wealth, still haunt him! <sup>47</sup>

*Sec.* A greedy spirit set thee on! We're  
happy.

*Ptol.* Lights, lights for Cæsar, and attend-  
*Cleo.* Well, [ance]

I shall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæsar,  
Th' hast wrong'd her love—The rest here. <sup>48</sup>

*Ptol.* Lights along still:

Musick, and sacrifice to sleep, for Cæsar!  
[Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achilles, and  
Achoreus.*

*Achor.* I TOLD you carefully, what this  
would prove to,

What this inestimable wealth and glory  
Would draw upon you: I advis'd your ma-  
jesty

Never to tempt a conquering guest, nor sddl  
A bait, to catch a mind bent by his trade  
To make the whole world his.

*Pho.* I was not heard, Sir, [say,  
Or, what I said, lost and condemn'd: I dare  
And freshly now, 'twas poor weakness in you,  
A glorious childishness! I watch'd his eye,

And saw how falcon-like it tower'd, and flew  
Upon the wealthy quarry; how round it  
mark'd it:

I observ'd his words, and to what it tended;  
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,  
And what commerce we held for such abund-  
ance.

The show of Nilus how he labour'd at,  
To find the secret ways the song deliver'd!

*Achor.* He never smil'd, I noted, at the  
pleasures,

But fix'd his constant eyes upon the treasure:  
I do not think his ears had so much leisure,  
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the musick.  
Most sure he has not slept since; his mind's  
troubles [labour. <sup>49</sup>

With objects that would make their own still

<sup>47</sup> *Ptol.* *Thou wealth, still haunt him.*] This should seem to belong to one of Cæsar's cap-  
tains, being a continuation of Seeva's wish, that the love of wealth might make him seize  
Ptolomy's riches, and so occasion a new war. I have therefore given it to *Dolabella*, as the  
nearest in the trace of the letters to *Ptol.* *Seward.*

<sup>48</sup> *Thou'st wrong'd her love; the rest here.*] The meaning of the last sentence may be; *the  
rest of what I intend to do and say, I keep to myself till a fit opportunity.* But Mr. Simpson  
conjectures the words to have been a stage direction, which I think not improbable; for the mea-  
sure is more perfect without them, and they may signify, either, *let the rest of the attendance  
be here ready*, or that the *rest* or pause was here, it being the end of the third act. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's first explanation we think obviously, and indubitably right. That the words,  
*the rest here*, should mean, 'Let the rest of the attendance be here ready,' at a period when  
all attendance was to be dispensed with; or, that 'the rest or pause was here,' when the end  
of the act must have been marked in the prompt-book; are suppositions as strange as is the  
assertion, 'the measure is more perfect' without these words than with them, when they  
are indispensably necessary to complete it. *J. N.*

<sup>49</sup> *his mind's troubled*

*With objects they would make their own still labour.*] The relative *they* wants an ante-  
cedent here, which I hope I have restored, by reading *troubles* instead of *troubled*. *Seward.*  
In

*Pho.* Your sister lie ne'er gas'd on; that's a main note:

The prime beauty of the world had no pow'r  
*Achor.* Where was his mind the whilst?

*Pho.* Where was your carefulness,  
To shew an armed thief the way to rob you?  
Nay, would you give him this, 'it will excite him

To seek the rest: Ambition feels no gift,<sup>30</sup>  
Nor knows no bounds; indeed you've done most weakly.

*Ptol.* Can I be too kind to my noble friend?

*Pho.* To be unkind unto your noble self, but savours

Of indiscretion; and your friend has found it.  
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miseries

A soldier marches thro', and known his tem-  
In offer'd courtesies, you would have made  
A wiser master of your owo, and stronger.

*Ptol.* Why, should I give him all, he would return it:

'Tis more to him to make kings.

*Pho.* Pray be wiser,

And trust not, with your lost wealth, your lov'd liberty:

To be a king still at your own discretion,  
Is like a king; to be at his, a vassal  
Now take good counsel, or no more take in  
The freedom of a prince.

*Achil.* 'Twill be too late else:

For, since the masque, he sent three of his captains,

Ambitious as himself, to view again  
The glory of your wealth.

*Pho.* The next himself comes,

Not staying for your courtesy, and takes it.

*Ptol.* What counsel, my Achoreus?

*Achor.* I'll go pray, Sir,

(For that's best counsel now) the gods may help you.

*Pho.* I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited,

A most secure way: Whither will you fly  
*Achil.* For when your wealth is gone, your pow'r must follow.

*Pho.* And that diminish'd also, what's your life worth?

Who would regard it?

*Ptol.* You say true.

*Achil.* What eye

Will look upon king Ptolemy; if they do look,  
It must be in scorn; for a poor king's a monster:

What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a noble one, to take your life too from you:  
But if reserv'd, you stand to fill a victory;  
As who knows conquerors' minds, tho' outwardly

They bear fair streams? Oh, Sir, does not this shake ye?

If to be honey'd on to these afflictions——

*Ptol.* I never will: I was a fool!

*Pho.* For then, Sir, Your country's cause falls with you too, and  
All Egypt shall be plough'd up with dishonour.

*Ptol.* No more; I'm sensible; And now Burns hot within me.

*Achil.* Keep it warm and fiery.

*Pho.* And last, be counsell'd.

*Ptol.* I will, tho' I perish.

*Pho.* Go in: We'll tell you all, and then we'll execute.

[*Ereunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Enter Cleopatra, Arsinoe, and Eros.*

*Ars.* You're so impatient!

*Cleo.* Have I not cause?

Women of common beauties, and low births,  
When they are slighted, are allow'd their angers:

Why should not I, a princess, make him The baseness of his usage?

*Ars.* Yes, 'tis fit:

But then again you know what man——

*Cleo.* He's no man!

The shadow of a greatness hangs upon him,  
And not the virtue: He is no conqueror,  
Has suffer'd under the base dross of nature;  
Poorly deliver'd up his pow'r to wealth,  
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes trea-

son;  
Against the truth of love h' has rais'd rebel-  
Defied his holy flames.

*Eros.* He will fall back again,

And satisfy your grace.

In the second folio there is no *relative* THEY, as it reads, *With objects that would make, &c.* It is necessary, however, to read *troubles*; unless we suppose a line to be lost, signifying that his thoughts were absorbed by the treasure, and still labour, &c.

<sup>30</sup> *Ambition feels no gift.*

*Nor knows no bounds.*] *i. e.* Ambition does not look on any thing it has power to seize, as a gift from the owner; no present you can make Caesar will affect him with gratitude: His sword is the arbitrator of right and wrong, and he acknowledges no other law. Caesar himself (as Cicero observes in his offices) seems to have acknowledged this, by frequently repeating a sentence of Euripides, which Cicero thus renders; *Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia violandum est: aliis rebus pietatem colas.* Mr. Theobald, either not seeing, or disapproving this interpretation, would read,

——— *ambition feels no girth.*

*Seward.*

The preceding line proves *gift* to be right. *Nay, would you give him this, &c. ambition feels no gift.*——



*Cleo.* Had I been old,  
Or blasted in my bud, he might have shew'd  
Some shadow of dislike: But, to prefer  
The lustre of a little trash,<sup>11</sup> Arsinoc,  
And the poor glow-worm light of some faint  
jewels,

Before the life of love, and soul of beauty,  
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no soldier;  
All honourable soldiers are love's servants;  
He is a merchant, a mere wandering merchant,  
Serve to gain: He trades for poor commo-  
dities,

And makes his conquests, thefts! Some for-  
tunate captains  
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,  
Have flung the name of Happy Cæsar on him;  
Himself ne'er won it: He's so base and  
covetous,

He'll sell his sword for gold!

*Ars.* This is too bitter. [so foolish,

*Cleo.* Oh, I could curse myself, that was  
So fondly childlike, to believe his tongue,  
His promising tongue, ere I could catch his  
temper.

I'd trash enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,  
(His covetous eyes) such as I scorn to tread  
on, [ing;

Richer than e'er he saw yet, and more tempt-  
ing! Had I known he had stoop'd at that, I'd sav'd  
mine honour,

I had been happy still! But let him take it,  
And let him brag how poorly I'm rewarded;  
Let him go conquer still weak wretched  
ladies:

Love has his angry quiver too,<sup>12</sup> his deadly,  
And, when he finds scorn, arm'd at the  
strongest.

I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,  
An old blind fool too! I lose my health; I  
will not,

I will not cry; I will not honour him  
With tears diviner than the gods he worships;  
I will not take the pains to curse a poor thing!

*Eros.* Do not; you shall not need.

*Cleo.* 'Would I were prisoner  
To one I hate, that I might anger him!  
I will love any man, to break the heart of  
him!

Any that has the heart and will to kill him!

*Ars.* Take some fair truce.

*Cleo.* I will go study mischief,  
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cun-  
nings, [him!

Shall meet him like a basilisk, and strike  
Love, put destroying flames into mine eyes,  
Into my smiles deceits, that I may torture  
him,

That I may make him love to death, and  
laugh at him!

*Enter Apollodorus.*

*Apol.* Cæsar commends his service to your  
grace.

*Cleo.* His service? what's his service?

*Eros.* Pray you be patient;

The noble Cæsar loves still.

*Cleo.* What's his will?

*Apol.* He craves access unto your highness.

*Cleo.* No;

Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.

*Ars.* Good sister!

*Cleo.* None, I say; I will be private.

'Would thou hadst flung me into Nilus,  
keeper, [body

When first thou gav'st consent, to bring my  
To this unthankful Cæsar!

*Apol.* 'Twas your will, madam,  
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I ho-  
nour'd you.

You know what danger I endure'd.

*Cleo.* Take this, [Giving a jewel,

And carry it to that lordly Cæsar sent thee;

There's a new love, a handsome one, a rich  
one,

One that will hug his mind:<sup>13</sup> Bid him make  
love to it;

Tell the ambitious broker, this will suffer—

<sup>11</sup> *The lustre of a little art.*] *Art* here is certainly sense, as both jewels and gold receive their lustre from the polish and renelement of art; but Mr. Sympon thinks we should read *dirt*, as they are before called the *base dross of nature*. And again, *I had trash enough*. The conjecture therefore is certainly a happy one, it has more of the poetic spirit than the old text.

*Seward.*

*Trash* is nearer the text than *dirt*, is a better word, and is repeated by Cleopatra speaking of the same treasure.

<sup>12</sup> *Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,*

*And when he finds scorn, arm'd at the strongest.*] The second line is undoubtedly hurt both in sense and measure: Two ways of curing it hath occurred, and I have received a third from Mr. Sympon. Either, *arms him at the strongest*; or, *aims it at the strongest*; or, with Mr. Sympon, *aims at it the strongest*. The two last put the quiver for the arrow, and therefore I have preferred the first.

*Seward.*

We beg Mr. Seward's pardon; they put the arrow for the quiver.—We perceive no difficulty in this line, either in measure or sense. The meaning is, we think clearly, 'When love meets with scorn, his quiver is full stored with vengeful weapons.' The measure too, pronouncing *armed* as a dissyllable, is perfect. So Antony says afterwards, p. 575,

*But straight saluted with an armed dart.*

<sup>13</sup> *One that will hug his mind.*] It might perhaps be clearer if we read, *one that his mind will*

*Enter Cæsar.*

*Apol.* He enters.

*Cleo.* How!

*Cæsar.* I do not use to wait, lady;

Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

*Cleo.* I guess so, by your rudeness.

*Cæsar.* You're not angry?

Things of your tender mould should be most gentle.

Why do you frown? Good gods, what a set  
Have you forc'd into your face! Come, I  
must temper you.

What a coy smile was there, and a disdain-  
How like an ominous flash it broke out from  
you!

Defend me, Love! Sweet, who has anger'd

*Cleo.* Shew him a glass! That false face  
has betray'd me,

That base heart wrong'd me!<sup>54</sup>

*Cæsar.* Be more sweetly angry.

I wrong'd you, fair?

*Cleo.* Away with your fool flatteries;

They are too gross! But that I dare be angry,

And with as great a god as Cæsar is,

To shew how poorly I respect his memory,

I would not speak to you.

*Cæsar.* Pray you undo this riddle,

And tell me how I've vex'd you?

*Cleo.* Let me think first,

Whether I may put on a patience

That will with honour suffer me. Know, I  
hate you!

Let that begin the story: Now, I'll tell you.

*Cæsar.* But do it milder: In a noble lady,

Softness of spirit, and a sober nature,

That moves like summer winds, cool, and  
blows sweetness,

Shews blessed, like herself.

*Cleo.* And that great blessedness

You first reap'd of me: 'Till you taught my  
nature,

Like a rude storm, to talk aloud, and thun-  
Sleep was not gentler than my soul, and  
stiller.

You had the spring of my affections,

And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taste  
of;

You must expect the winter of mine anger.

You flung me off, before the court disgrac'd  
me,

When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,

Appear'd your mistress; took into your eyes

The common strumpet, love of hated lucre,

Courted with covetous heart the slave of na-  
ture,

Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of  
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would

kick at!

Soldiers of royal mark scorn such base pur-  
Beauty and honour are the marks they shoot

at.

I spake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd

Call'd you 'dear Cæsar,' hung about you ten-  
derly,

Was proud to appear your friend—

*Cæsar.* You have mistaken me.

*Cleo.* But neither eye, nor favour, nor a  
smile,

Was I bless'd back withal,<sup>55</sup> but shook off

And, as you had been sold to sordid infamy,

You fell before the images of treasure,

And in your soul you worshipp'd: I stood  
slighted,

Forgotten, and contemn'd; my soft embraces,

And those sweet kisses you call'd Elysium;

As letters writ in sand, no more remember'd;

The name and glory of your Cleopatra

Laugh'd at, and made a story to your captains!

Shall I endure?

*Cæsar.* You are deceiv'd in all this;

Upon my life you are; 'tis your much ten-  
derness.

*Cleo.* No, no; I love not that way; you are  
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,

And where I love will triumph!

*Cæsar.* So you shall;

My heart shall be the chariot that shall bear  
All I have won shall wait upon you.—By the

gods,

The bravery of this woman's mind has fir'd

Dear mistress, shall I but this night—

*will hug; but the sense is much the same. Here the character of the majestic whore shines forth in full lustre; and as the Prologue says,*

— her great mind is  
Express'd to th' height.

There is, as was observed, more of the dignity of the queen than Shakespeare has given to any part of his Cleopatra; but the working up of her passions, the strength and vigour of the sentiments, and the noble strain of metaphors that every where enrich the style, have all so much of Shakespeare's genius, that were it a fragment, I verily believe the best critics might be puzzled to distinguish it from his hand, and even from his best manner. If the reader does not agree with me, I beg the favour of his giving it a second reading, and if not then, a third and fourth.

*Seward.*

<sup>54</sup> *That base heart wrought me.]* The variation is Mr. Seward's, and, as he observes, is confirm'd by Cæsar's answer,

*I wrong'd you, fair?*

<sup>55</sup> — not a smile

*Was I blessed back with; but shook, &c.]* The variation by Mr. Seward.

*Cleo.* How, *Cæsar*?  
Have I let slip a second vanity  
That gives thee hope?

*Cæsar.* You shall be absolute,  
And reign alone as queen; you shall be any  
thing! [hear thee;

*Cleo.* Make me a maid again, and then I'll  
Examine all thy art of war to do that,  
And, if thou find'st it possible, I'll love thee:  
'Till when, farewell, unthankful!

*Cæsar.* Stay!

*Cleo.* I will not.

*Cæsar.* I command!

*Cleo.* Command, and go without, Sir.  
I do command thee be my slave for ever,  
And vex while I laugh at thee.

*Cæsar.* Thus low, beauty—

*Cleo.* It is too late; when I have found  
thee absolute,

The man that fame reports thee, and to me,  
May-be I shall think better. Farewell, con-  
queror! [Exit.

*Cæsar.* She mocks me too! I will enjoy  
her beauty;

I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!  
Love is best pleas'd, when roundly we com-  
pel him;

And, as he is imperious, so will I be.  
Stay, fool, and be advis'd; that dulls the  
appetite, [light.

Takes off the strength and sweetness of de-  
By Heaven she is a miracle! I must use  
A handsome way to win—How now?

What fear

Dwells in your faces? you look all distracted.

*Enter Scæva, Antony, and Dolabella.*

*Sec.* If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,  
Not of ourselves; fear of your poor declining;  
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,  
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,  
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilst  
you're secure here,

And offer hecatombs of lazy kisses  
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,  
And most lasciviously die in delights,  
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians.

*Dol.* The spawn of Egypt flow about your  
palace,

Arm'd all, and ready to assault.

*Ant.* Led on [nisters.  
By the false and base Photinus, and his mi-  
No stirring out, no peeping thro' a loop-hole,  
But straight saluted with an armed dart.

*Sec.* No parley; they are deaf to all but  
danger.<sup>36</sup> [quarters;

They swear they'll flay us, and then dry our  
A rasler of a salt lover is such a shoeing-horn!  
Can you kiss away this conspiracy, and set us  
free?

Or will the giant god of love fight for you?

Will his fierce warlike-bow kill a cock-spar-  
row? [tiny,

Bring out the lady! she can quell this mu-  
And with her powerful looks strike awe into  
them;

She can destroy and build again the city;  
Your goddesses have mighty gifts! Shew 'em  
her fair breasts, [let 'em

Th' impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and  
Begin their battery there; she will laugh at  
'em!

They're not above a hundred thousand, Sir;  
A mist! that, when her eyes break out,  
Her powerful radiant eyes, and shake their  
flashes,

Will fly before her heats!

*Cæsar.* Begirt with villains?

*Sec.* They come to play you and your love  
a hunts-up.

You were told what this same whorson  
wenching long ago would come to:

You are taken napping now! Has not a sul-  
dier [sider,

A time to kiss his friend, and a time to con-  
But he must lie still digging like a pinneer,  
Making of mines, and burying of his honour  
there?

'Twere good you'd think—

*Dol.* And time too; or you'll find else  
A harder task than courting a royal beauty.

*Ant.* Look not, and then believe,

*Sec.* No, no, hang danger,

Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,  
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;  
Charge her whole body!—When the sword's  
in your throat, Sir,

You may cry, 'Cæsar!' and see if that will  
help you. [furies,

*Cæsar.* I'll be myself again, and meet their  
Meet, and consume their mischiefs. Make  
some shift, Scæva, [gions,

To recover the fleet, and bring me up two le-  
And you shall see me, how I'll break like  
thunder [em.

Amongst these beds of slimy eels, and scatter  
*Sec.* Now you speak sense, I'll put my life  
to th' hazard.

Before I go, no more of this warm lady!  
She'll spoil your sword-hand.

*Cæsar.* Go. Come, let's to counsel,  
How to prevent, and then to execute.

[Exeunt

### SCENE III.

*Enter Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* Did you see this penitence?

2 *Sold.* Yes, I saw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I too, look'd upon him, and  
observ'd it;

He's the strangest Septimius now—

1 *Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,

<sup>36</sup> *They are deaf to all but danger.*] Mr. Seward chuses to read *anger* for *danger*; but *danger* is good sense, and in the old stile.

And had giv'n away his gold to honest uses,  
Cried monstrously.

2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;  
He's blind almost with weeping.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis most wonderful,  
That a hard-hearted man, and an old soldier,  
Should have so much kind moisture. When  
his mother died, [ballads!

He laugh'd aloud, and made the wicked'st  
1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough; he never lov'd  
his parents; [him.

Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd  
His mother dream'd, before she was deliver'd,  
That she was brought abed with a buzzard,  
and ever after

She whistled him up to th' world. His brave  
cloaths too [now;

He has flung away; and goes like one of us  
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and  
sorrowful,

And gives the best instructions!

2 *Sold.* And tells stories  
Of honest and good people that were honour'd,  
And how they were remember'd; and runs  
mad,

If he but hear of an ungrateful person,  
A bloody or betraying man.

3 *Sold.* If it be possible  
That an arch-villain may e'er be recover'd,  
This penitent rascal will put hard. 'Twere  
worth our labour

To see him once again.

*Enter Septimius.*

1 *Sold.* He spares us that labour,  
For here he comes.

*Sept.* Bless ye, my honest friends,  
Bless ye from base unworthy men! Come not  
near me,

I or I am yet too taking<sup>17</sup> for your company.

1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?

2 *Sold.* What book's that?

1 *Sold.* No doubt, [you  
Some excellent salve for a sore heart. Are  
Septimius, that base knave that betray'd  
Pompey? [thoughts

*Sept.* I was, and am; unless your honest  
Will look upon my penitence, and save me,  
I must be ever villain. Oh, good soldiers,  
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of  
falshood; [gratitude!

Take heed of blood; take heed of foul in-  
The gods have scarce a mercy for those mis-  
chiefs.

Take heed of pride; 'twas that that brought  
me to it.

2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare  
speech at the gallows.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd to  
edify us. [obedient,

*Sept.* Let all your thoughts be humble and  
Love your commanders, honour them that  
feed ye;

Pray that ye may be strong in honesty,  
As in the use of arms; Labour, and diligently,  
To keep your hearts from ease, and her base  
issues, [me:

Pride and ambitious wantonness; those spoil'd  
Rather lose all your limbs, than the least  
honesty;

You're never lame indeed, 'till loss of credit  
Benumb ye thro'; scars, and those maimings of  
honour,

Are memorable crutches, that shall bear,  
When you are dead, your noble names to  
eternity!

1 *Sold.* I cry.

2 *Sold.* And so do I.

3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!

1 *Sold.* A more sweet pious knave, I never  
heard yet.

2 *Sold.* He was happy he was rascal, to  
come to this.

*(Enter Achoreus.)*

Who's this? a priest?

*Sept.* Oh, stay, most holy Sir!

And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,  
Isis, and great Osiris, pity me,  
Pity a laden man! and tell me truly  
With what most humble sacrifice I may  
Wash off my sin, and appease the powers  
that hate me?

Take from my heart those thousand thousand  
furies, [me!

That restless gnaw upon my life, and save  
Orestes' bloody hands fell on his mother,  
Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

*Achor.* Orestes out of madness did his  
murder, [of all men,

And therefore he found grace: Thou, worst  
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, base  
lucre, [altar,

Slew'st thine own feeder! Come not near the  
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the sacri-  
fice;

Thou'rt mark'd for shame eternal! [*Exit.*

*Sept.* Look ill on me,

<sup>17</sup> *Taking.*] i. e. Too infecting. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. scene iv.  
Mrs. Page, speaking of Herne the Hunter, says,

'There he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle.'

And in *King Lear*, act ii. scene ii. Lear thus execrates his unnatural daughter:

'——— strike her young bones,

'You taking airs, with lameness!'

See Warner's Letter to Garrick, p. 39.

R.

And let me be a story left to time  
Of blood and infamy! How base and ugly  
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!  
How monstrous my hop'd grace at court!

Good soldiers,  
Let neither flattery, nor the witching sound  
Of high and soft preferment, touch your goodness.  
[edness!

To be valiant, old, and honest, oh, what blessing!  
1 *Sold.* Dost thou want any thing?

*Sept.* Nothing but your prayers.

2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind priest do  
his worst; [us.

We've gods as well as they, and they will hear

3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Th' hast wept  
out twenty Pompeys.

*Enter Photinus and Achilles.*

*Pho.* So penitent?

*Achil.* It seems so.

*Pho.* Yet for all this

We must employ him.

1 *Sold.* These are the armed soldier-leaders:  
Away; and let's to th' fort, we shall be snapt  
else. [Exeunt.

*Pho.* How now? Why thus? What cause  
of this dejection?

*Achil.* Why dost thou weep?

*Sept.* Pray leave me; you have ruin'd me,  
You've made me a famous villain!

*Pho.* Does that touch thee?

*Achil.* He will be hard to win; he feels  
his lewdness.

*Pho.* He must be won, or we shall want  
our right-hand.

This fellow dares, and knows, and must be  
hearten'd. [done?

Art thou so poor to blench at what thou hast  
Is conscience a comrade for an old soldier?

*Achil.* It is not that; it may be some disgrace  
[ish'd.

That he takes heavily, and would be eche-  
Septimius ever scorn'd to shew such weakness.

*Sept.* Let me alone; I am not for your  
purpose;

I'm now a new man.

*Pho.* We have new affairs for thee,  
Those that will raise thy head.

*Sept.* I would 'twere off,  
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!  
I'll be no more knave; I have stings enough  
Already in my breast.

*Pho.* Thou shalt be noble; [honest?

And who dares think then that thou art not  
*Achil.* Thou shalt command in chief all  
our strong forces; [it?

And if thou serv'st an use, must not all justify  
*Sept.* I'm rogue enough.

*Pho.* Thou wilt be more and baser;  
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all shames;

Nothing to shadow him. Dost thou think  
erying

Can keep thee from the censure of the mul-  
titude?

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Or to be kneeling at the altar, save thee?

'Tis poor and servile! Wert thou thine own  
sacrifice,

'Twould seem so low, people would spit the  
fire out.

*Achil.* Keep thyself glorious still, tho' ne'er  
so stain'd,

And that will lessen it, if not work it out.

To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,  
Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maiden-  
head—

*Sept.* I'll stop ming ears.

*Achil.* Will shew so in a soldier,  
So simply and so ridiculously, so tamely—

*Pho.* If people would believe thee, 'twere  
some honesty; [thee,

And for thy penitence would not laugh at  
(As sure they will) and beat thee, for thy

poverty; [hope.

If they'd allow thy foolery, there were some  
*Sept.* My foolery?

*Pho.* Nay, more than that, thy misery,  
Thy monstrous misery.

*Achil.* He begins to hearken.—

Thy misery so great, men will not bury thee.  
*Sept.* That this were true!

*Pho.* Why does this conquering Cæsar  
Labour thro' the world's deep seas of toils and

troubles,  
Dangers, and desperate hopes? to repent af-  
terwards?

Why does he slaughter thousands in a battle,  
And whip his country with the sword? to

cry for't?

Thou kill'dst great Pompey: He'll kill all his  
kindred,

And justify it; nay, raise up trophies to it.  
When thou hear'st him repent, (he's held  
most holy too)

And cry for doing daily bloody murders,  
Take thou example, and go ask forgiveness;

Call up the thing thou nam'st thy conscience,  
And let it work; then 'twill seem well, Sep-  
timius.

*Sept.* He does all this.

*Achil.* Yes, and is honour'd for it;  
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæsar: So mayst  
thou be;

Thou wert born as near a crown as he.  
*Sept.* He was poor.

*Pho.* And desperate bloody tricks got him  
this credit.

*Sept.* I am afraid you will once more—

*Pho.* Help to raise thee.  
Off with thy pining black; it dulls a soldier,

And put on resolution like a man,  
A noble fate waits on thee.

*Sept.* I now feel  
Myself returning rascal speedily.

Oh, that I had the power—  
*Achil.* Thou shalt have all;

And do all thro' thy power. Men shall ad-  
mire thee,

And the vices of Septimius shall turn virtues.

4 E

*Sept.* Off, off; thou must off;<sup>38</sup> off, my cowardice!  
*Puling* repentance, off!  
*Pho.* Now thou speak'st nobly.  
*Sept.* Off, my dejected looks, and welcome, impudence!  
 My daring shall be deity, to save me.  
 Give me instructions, and put action on me,  
 A glorious cause upon my sword's point, gentlemen,  
 And let my wit and valour work. You'll  
 And make me out-dare all my miseries?

*Pho.* All this, and all thy wishes.  
*Sept.* Use me then. [more.  
 Womanish fear, farewell! I'll never melt  
 Lead on, to some great thing, to wake my  
 spirit!<sup>39</sup>  
 I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell  
 This huge oak Cæsar too.  
*Pho.* Now thou sing'st sweetly,  
 And *Ptolomy* shall crown thee for thy service.  
*Achil.* He's well wrought; put him on  
 apace 'fore cooling.<sup>40</sup> [Exit.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, and Dolabella.*

*Ant.* THE tumult still encreases.  
*Cæsar.* Oh, my fortune!  
 My lustful folly rather! But, 'tis well,  
 And worthily I'm made a bondman's prey,  
 That (after all my glorious victories,  
 In which I pass'd so many seas of dangers,  
 When all the elements conspir'd against me)  
 Would yield up the dominion of this head  
 To any mortal power; so blind and stupid,  
 To trust these base Egyptians, that proclaim'd  
 Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,  
 And yet that could not warn me!  
*Dol.* Be still Cæsar,

Who ever lov'd to exercise his fate  
 Where danger look'd most dreadful.  
*Ant.* If you fall,  
 Fall not alone; let the king and his sister  
 Be buried in your ruins: On my life, [you,  
 They both are guilty! Reason may assure  
 Photinus nor Achilles durst attempt you,  
 Or shake one dart, or sword, aim'd at your  
 safety,  
 Without their warrant.  
*Cæsar.* For the young king, I know not  
 How he may be misled; but for his sister,  
 Unequall'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind  
 Of blasphemy to doubt her: Ugly treason  
 Durst never dwell in such a glorious building;  
 Nor can so clear and great a spirit as hers is  
 Admit of falshood.

<sup>38</sup> *Off, off, thou must off; off my cowardice.*] Mr. Seward, ingeniously, and not unpoetically, reads,

*Off, off, thou Must; off, off, my cowardice!*

but as the old reading is neither void of sense nor spirit, and suits peculiarly well the situation of the speaker, we did not think ourselves authorized to reject it.

<sup>39</sup> *Lead on, to some great thing, to weal my spirit:*

*I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell*

*This huge oak Cæsar too.*] To *weal* signifies to render well or healthy, and therefore seems a stronger word than *heal*, which both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympson would substitute instead of it: As *weal* is not very common in this sense, I at first reading hesitated upon it, and thought that *steel my spirit* might be the true reading, as it is a more metaphorical phrase, and common to our Authors. Thus, in the second scene of the next act, the same Septimius says;

————— *Cæsar, Ptolomy,*  
*Now I am steel'd, are to me empty names.*

But upon the whole, I see no reason for any change. The two metaphors in the next line may vie with the very noblest of all that have been ever struck out by either Greek, Latin, or English Poet. The majesty, dignity and magnificence of Pompey by the cedar, and the strength, vigour, and warlike robustness of Cæsar, are as nobly expressed by the oak; nor is the choice of the verbs that accompany them less admirable.

*Seward.*

Though Mr. Seward frequently speaks of the second folio as his favourite edition of this play, he often neglects it, than corrects from it. That copy says, *wake my spirit*; an excellent reading. *Weal* is at best uncouth.

<sup>40</sup> *Put him on apace for cooling.*] For cooling must mean for fear of cooling, or else it is not sense here: But as this seems stiff, I prefer 'fore cooling as the natural expression.

*Seward.*

*Ant.* Let us seize on him then ;  
And leave her to her fortune.

*Dol.* If he have power,  
Use it to your security, and let  
His honesty acquit him ; if he be false,  
It is too great an honour he should die  
By your victorious hand.

*Cæsar.* He comes, and I  
Shall do as I find cause.

*Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Apollodorus.*

*Ptol.* Let not great Cæsar  
Impute the breach of hospitality  
To you, my guest, to me ! I am condemn'd,  
And my rebellious subjects lift their hands  
Against my head ; and 'would they aim'd no  
further,

Provided that I fell a sacrifice  
To gain you safety ? That this is not feign'd,  
The boldness of my innocence may confirm  
you :

Had I been privy to their bloody plot,  
I now had led them on, and given fair gloss  
To their bad cause, by being present with  
them ;

But I, that yet taste of the punishment  
In being false to Pompey, will not make  
A second fault to Cæsar uncompell'd :  
With such as have not yet shook off obe-  
dience,

I yield myself to you, and will take part  
In all your dangers.

*Cæsar.* This pleads your excuse,  
And I receive it.

*Achor.* If they have any touch  
Of justice, or religion, I will use  
Th' authority of our gods, to call them back  
From their bad purpose.

*Apol.* This part of the palace  
Is yet defensible ; we may make it good  
'Till your pow'rs rescue us.

*Cæsar.* Cæsar besieg'd ? [tom,  
Oh, stain to my great actions ! 'Twas my cus-  
An army rooted, as my feet had wings,  
To be first in the chase ; nor walls, nor hol-  
works [fury

Could guard those that escap'd the battle's  
From this strong arm ; and I to be enclos'd !  
My heart ! my heart ! But 'tis necessity,  
To which the gods must yield, and I obey,  
'Till I redeem it, by some glorious way.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Enter Photinus, Achilles, Septimius, and  
Soldiers.*

*Pho.* There's no retiring now ; we are broke  
in ;

The deed past hope of pardon. If we prosper,  
'Twill be stil'd lawful, and we shall give laws  
To those that now command us : Stop not at  
Or loyalty, or duty ; bold ambition  
To dare, and power to do, gave the first dif-  
ference

Between the king and subject. Cæsar's motto,  
*Aut Cæsar aut nihil*, each of us must claim,  
And use it as our own.

*Achil.* The deed is bloody,  
If we conclude in Ptolomy's death.

*Pho.* The better ;  
The globe of empire must be so mann'd.

*Sept.* Rome, that from Romulus first took  
her name,

Had her walls water'd with a crimson shower  
Drain'd from a brother's heart ; nor was she  
rain'd

To this prodigious height, that overlooks  
Three full parts of the earth that pay her  
tribute.

But by enlarging of her narrow bounds  
By th' sack of neighbour cities, not made hers  
'Till they were cemented with the blood of  
those

That did possess 'em : Cæsar, Ptolomy,  
Now I am steel'd, to me are empty names,  
Esteem'd as Pompey's was.

*Pho.* Well said, Septimius !  
Thou now art right again.

*Achil.* But what course take we  
For the princess Cleopatra ?

*Pho.* Let her live  
A while, to make us sport ; she shall authorize  
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,  
As if what we do were by her command :

But, our triumvirate government once con-  
firm'd, [province ;  
She bears her brother company : That's my  
Leave me to work her.

*Achil.* I will undertake  
For Ptolomy.

*Sept.* Cæsar shall be my task ;  
And as in Pompey I began a name,  
I'll perfect it in Cæsar !

*Enter above, Cæsar, Ptolomy, Achoreus,  
Apollodorus, Antony, and Dolabella.*

*Pho.* 'Tis resolv'd then ;  
We'll force our passage.

*Achil.* See, they do appear,  
As they desir'd a parley.

*Pho.* I am proud yet  
I've brought them to capitulate.

*Ptol.* Now, Photinus ?

*Pho.* Now, Ptolomy !

*Ptol.* No addition ?

*Pho.* We are equal,  
Tho' Cæsar's name were put into the scale,  
In which our worth is weigh'd.

*Cæsar.* Presumptuous villain, [raise  
Upon what grounds hast thou presum'd to  
Thy servile hand against the king ? or me,  
That have a greater name ?

*Pho.* On those by which  
Thou didst presume to pass the Rubicon,  
Against the laws of Rome ; and at the name  
Of traitor smile, as thou didst when Marcellus,  
The consul, with the senate's full consent,  
Pronounc'd thee for an enemy to thy country .  
Yet thou went'st it so, and thy rebellious cause

Was crown'd with fair success. Why should  
Think on that, Cæsar! [we fear then?

Cæsar. Oh, the gods! be hrav'd thus?  
And be compell'd to hear this from a slave,  
That would not brook great Pompey his su-  
perior? [highest point,

Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the  
And must descend.

Pho. Despair, and think we stand  
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,  
Upon whose liberty thou hast set thy foot.

Sept. And that the ghosts of all those noble  
Romans

That by thy sword fell in this civil war,  
Expect revenge.

Ant. Dar'st thou speak, and remember  
There was a Pompey?

Pho. There's no hope to 'scape us :  
If that, against the odds we have upon you,  
You dare come forth and fight, receive the  
honour

To die like Romans; if ye faint, resolve  
To starve like wretches! I disdain to change  
Another syllable with you.

Ant. Let us die nobly;

[Exeunt Pho, Achil, Sept.]

And rather fall upon each other's sword,  
Than come into these villains' hands.

Cæsar. That fortune, [Cæsar,  
Which to this hour hath been a friend to  
Thou' for a while she cloath her brow with  
frowns, [her

Will smile again upon me: Who will pay  
Or sacrifice, or vows, if she forsake  
Her best of works in me? or softer him,  
Whom with a strong hand she hath led tri-  
umphant [acknowledg'd

Thro' the whole western world, and Rome  
Her sovereign lord, to end ingloriously

A life admir'd by all? The threaten'd danger  
Most, by a way more horrid, be avoided,

And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,  
And the rich magazines that neighbour it,

In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd!  
Start not; it shall be so; that while the people  
Labour in quenching the ensuing flames,<sup>61</sup>

Like Cæsar, with this handful of my friends,  
'Thro' fire, and swords, I force a passage to

My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'st,  
follow

Where Cæsar leads; or live, or die a freeman!  
If not, stay here a bondman to thy slave,

And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave!  
[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my resolution melts again,  
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,  
In all my purposes. This devil Plotinus  
Employs me as a property, and, grown useless,  
Will shake me off again: He told me so  
When I kill'd Pompey; nor can I hope better,  
When Cæsar is dispatch'd. Services done  
For such as only study their own ends,  
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd  
With deadly hate: I learn'd this principle  
In his own school. Yet still he fools me;

well;  
And yet he trusts me: Since I in my nature  
Was fashion'd to be false, wherefore should I,  
That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one  
To whom I ow'd all nourishments of life,  
Be true to an Egyptian? To save Cæsar,  
And turn Plotinus' plots on his own head,  
(As it is in my power) redeem my credit,  
And live, to lie, and swear again in fashion,  
Oh, 'twere a master-piece! Ha! Curse me!<sup>62</sup>  
How's he got off? [Cæsar?

Enter Cæsar, Ptolemy, Antony, Dolabella,  
Achoreus, Apollodorus, and Soldiers.

Cæsar. The fire has took,  
And shews the city like a second Troy;  
The navy too is scor'd; the people greedy  
To save their wealth and houses, while their  
soldiers  
Make spoil of all: Only Achilles' troops  
Make good their guard; break thro' them, we  
are safe.

I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt!

Sept. Stay, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Who's this? the dog Septimius?

Ant. Cut his throat. [soon?

Dol. You bark'd but now; fawn you so

Sept. Oh, hear me!

What I'll deliver is for Cæsar's safety,  
For all your good.

Ant. Good fawn a mouth like thine,  
That never belch'd but blasphemy and treason,  
On festival days!

Sept. I am an alter'd man,  
Alter'd indeed; and I will give you cause

To say I am a Roman.

Dol. Rogue, I grant thee. [and easy,

Sept. Trust me, I'll make the passage smooth  
For your escape.

<sup>61</sup> *The ensuing flames.* Mr. Simpson would read *consuming flames*, but I see no sort of reason for a change, *ensuing flames* means the flames which would ensue from their firing the palace. Plutarch and Lucan say, that it was the enemies ships in the harbour that Cæsar fired, as they were attempting from them to scale the palace in which Cæsar was besieged, and that the flames were by that means communicated to the palace, by which the famous Alexandrian library, the great treasure of Egyptian, Grecian, and Eastern learning, was totally destroyed. Our Poets have given it a turn that much heightens Cæsar's heroism. Seward.

<sup>62</sup> *Ha?* — me, Cæsar. Farner editions, *Curse, or blast, or some monosyllable* of the like import, is, we apprehend, the word omitted here; as *po* in some other passages of these plays, from the occasional delicacy of the transcribers and printers.



*Ant.* I'll trust the devil sooner,  
And make a safer bargain.

*Sept.* I am trusted  
With all Photinus' secrets.

*Ant.* There's no doubt then,  
Thou wilt be false.

*Sept.* Still to be true to you.

*Dol.* And very likely.<sup>61</sup>

*Cæsar.* Be brief; the means?

*Sept.* Thus, Cæsar:

To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths  
Not to discover it, he hath reveal'd [open  
A dismal vault, whose dreadful mouth does  
A mile beyond the city: In this cave  
Lie but two hours conceal'd.

*Ant.* If you believe him,  
He'll bury us alive.

*Dol.* I'll fly in the air first.

*Sept.* Then in the dead of night, I'll bring  
you back

Into a private room, where you shall find  
Photinus, and Achilles, and the rest  
Of their commanders, close at counsel.

*Cæsar.* Good;

What follows?

*Sept.* Fall me fairly on their throats:  
Their heads cut off and shorn, the multitude  
Will easily disperse.

*Cæsar.* Oh, devil! away with him!  
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæsar scorns  
To find his safety, or revenge his wrongs,  
So base a way; or owe the means of life  
To such a leprous traitor! I have tower'd  
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,  
Not didg'd for't like a mole. Our swords, and  
cause,

Make way for us: And that it may appear  
We took a noble course, and hate base treason,  
Some soldiers, that would merit Cæsar's favour,  
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow  
The lane this sword makes for you. [Exit.

1 *Sold.* Here's a belt;  
Tho' I die for't, I'll use it.

2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good  
To truss a cur in.

*Sept.* Save me! here's gold.

1 *Sold.* If Rome [thee.  
Were offer'd for thy ransom, it could not help  
2 *Sold.* Hang not an arse.

1 *Sold.* Good him on with thy sword!  
Thou dost deserve a worse end; and may  
All such conclude so, that their friends be-  
tray! [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

Enter severally, Arsinoë, Eros, and Cleopatra.

*Ars.* We are lost!

*Eros.* Undone!

*Ars.* Confusion, fire and swords,  
And fury in the soldier's face more horrid,  
Circle us round!

*Eros.* The king's command they laugh at,  
And jeer at Cæsar's threats.

*Ars.* My brother seiz'd on [mult,  
By th' Roman, as thought guilty of the tu-  
And fore'd to bear him company, as mark'd  
For his protection, or revenge. [out

*Eros.* They have broke

Into my cabinet; my trunks are ransack'd.

*Ars.* I've lost my jewels too; but that's the  
least:

The barbarous rascals, against all humanity  
Or sense of pity, have kill'd my little dog,  
And broke my monkey's chain.

*Eros.* They rifled me:

But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,  
Would they proceed no further.

*Ars.* Oh, my sister!

*Eros.* My queen, my mistress!

*Ars.* Can you stand unmov'd, when  
The earthquake of rebellion shakes the city?  
And the court trembles?

*Cleo.* Yes, Arsinoë,  
And with a masculine constancy deride  
Fortune's worst malice, as a servant to  
My virtues, not a mistress: Then we forsake  
The strong fort of ourselves, when we once  
yield,

Or shrink at her assaults; I'm still myself,  
And tho' disrobb'd of sovereignty,<sup>62</sup> and ra-  
vish'd

Of ceremonious duty that attends it: [mind,  
Nay, grant they'd slav'd my body, my free  
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile,<sup>63</sup>  
Shall grow up straighter, and enlarge itself,  
Spite of the envious weight That loads it  
with.<sup>64</sup>

<sup>61</sup> And very likely.] Mr. Seward prints, *Ay*, very likely?

<sup>62</sup> And though disrobb'd.] If this be the true reading, the sentence must be an imperfect one, and be closed with a dash—; but as I don't approve of making imperfect sentences without apparent cause, I think the slight change made in the text is a much better salve. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *ALTHO' disrobb'd*; but there is no occasion for any change; the old reading conveying the same sense: 'I am still myself, and remain so tho' disrobb'd, &c.'

<sup>63</sup> Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile.] The reader will undoubtedly have observed the art and merit of our Poets, in so often taking their images and similes from the country where the scene is laid. This is a beauty that there is not the least trace of in Corneille's *Pompey*: all his characters, sentiments, and language, are entirely French. *Seward.*

<sup>64</sup> Spite of the envious weight that loads it with.] *With*, here, being necessary to the verse, but not to the sense, Mr. Symphon concurred with me in changing the expression. *Seward.*  
Edit. 1750 reads—*Spite of the envious weight* it's loaded with.

Mr. Seward has here given us a most strange note: He talks of the word *with*, as not being necessary to the sense, and yet it is the only word out of four he has left in the passage. In  
my

Think of thy birth, Arsinoë; common burdens

Fit common shoulders: Teach the multitude,  
By suffering nobly what they fear to touch at,  
The greatness of thy mind does soar a pitch  
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow souls,  
Cannot arrive at.

*Ars.* I am new created,  
And owe this second being to you, best sister,  
For now I feel you have infus'd into me  
Part of your fortitude.

*Eros.* I still am fearful:  
I dare not tell a lie: You that were born  
Daughters and sisters unto kings, may nourish  
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble  
Must not presume to rival. [handmaid,

*Cleo.* Yet, my Eros,  
Tho' thou hast profited nothing by observing  
The whole course of my life, learn in my death,  
Tho' not to equal, yet to imitate,  
Thy fearless mistress.

*Enter Photinus.*

*Eros.* Oh, a man in arms!  
His weapon drawn too!

*Cleo.* Tho' upon the point  
Death sat, I'll meet it, and out-dare the  
danger. [passage sure

*Pho.* Keep the watch strong; and guard the  
That leads unto the sea.

*Cleo.* What sea of rudeness  
Breaks in upon us? or what subject's breath  
Dare raise a storm, when we command a calm?  
Are duty and obedience fled to Heav'n,  
And, in their room, ambition and pride  
Sent into Egypt? That face speaks thee Pho-  
tinus,

A thing thy mother brought into the world  
My brother's and my slave! But thy behav-  
iour,

Oppos'd to that, an insolent intruder  
Upon that sovereignty thou shouldst bow to!  
If in the gulph of base ingratitude,  
All loyalty to Ptolemy the king  
Be swallow'd, remember who I am,  
Whose daughter, and whose sister; or, sup-  
pose

That is forgot too, let the name of Cæsar  
(Which nations quake at) stop thy desperate  
madness

From running headlong on to thy confusion.  
Throw from thee quickly those rebellious  
arms,

And let me read submission in thine eyes;  
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,  
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee  
To Cæsar and my brother.

*Pho.* Plead my pardon?  
To you I bow; but scorn as much to stoop  
To Ptolemy, to Cæsar, nay the gods, [thus  
As to put off the figure of a man,  
And change my essence with a sensual beast:  
All my designs, my counsels, and dark ends,  
Were aim'd to purchase you.

*Cleo.* How durst thou,<sup>67</sup> being  
The scorn of Baseness, nourish such a thought!

*Pho.* They that have power are royal; and  
those have

That live at the devotion of another.  
What gave birth to Ptolemy, or fortune Cæ-  
sar,

By engines fashion'd in this Protean anvil,  
I have made mine; and only stoop at you,  
Whom I would still preserve free, to com-  
mand me. [thoughts;

For Cæsar's frowns, they are below my  
And, but in these fair eyes I still have read  
The story of a supreme monarchy, [tribute.  
To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay  
Photinus' name had long since been as great  
As Ptolemy's e'er was, or Cæsar's is.

This made me, as a weaker tie, to unloose  
The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,  
And slight the fear that Cæsar's threats might  
cause;

That I and they might see no sun appear,  
But Cleopatra, in th' Egyptian sphere.

*Cleo.* Oh, giant-like ambition, married to  
Cymerian darkness!<sup>68</sup> Inconsiderate fool!  
Tho' flatter'd with self-love, couldst thou be-  
lieve,

Were all crowns on the earth made into one,  
And that, by kings, set on thy head; all  
sceptres

my opinion, he has missed entirely the beautiful imagery of the Poets: 'my mind, like the  
'palm-tree walling fruitful Nile, shall grow up straighter, spite of the envious weight *That*  
'*(fruitful Nile)* loads it with, or dispenses on it.' J. N.

<sup>67</sup> How durst thou, being

*The scorn of baseness.*] Mr. Symson proposes a conjecture here; instead of the *scorn*  
*of baseness*, he thinks it might have been the *scum* of baseness, *i. e.* The basest part of baseness  
itself. The thought is certainly nervous and just; but the old reading fully equals it: 'Thou  
'whom as an eunuch the basest of women would despise, how durst thou think of me?' This  
is finely expressed by the *scorn of baseness*. Seward.

The answer of Photinus proves, that he applied the *scorn of baseness* to himself, not, as  
Mr. Seward explains it, to the *basest of women*; and that we must here understand Baseness  
to be personified.

<sup>68</sup> *Cymerian darkness.*] This is a Latin phrase taken from the name of the inhabitants  
round the lake Avernus, where the supposed *Cumæan Sibyl's* Cave is shewed at this day. This  
vale was called the mouth of Hell, from the quantity of sulphureous and pestilential vapours  
ascending from all sides of it. See Virgil's description in the sixth *Æneid*. It retains nothing  
of this at present, as the country round it changes its properties and countenance from age to  
age.

Within thy grasp, and laid down at my feet,  
I would vouchsafe a kiss to a no-man?  
A gelded canueh?

*Pho.* Fairest, that makes for me,  
And shews it is no sensual appetite,  
But true love to the greatness of thy spirit,  
'That, when that you are mine, shall yield  
me pleasures

Hymen, tho' blessing a new-married pair,  
Shall blush to think on, and our certain issue,  
The glorious splendour of dread majesty;  
Whose beams shall dazzle Rome, and awe  
the world.

My wants in that kind others shall supply,  
And I give way to't.

*Cleo.* Baser than thy birth!  
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no  
thunder

Ram thee into the earth?

*Pho.* They are asleep,  
And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes  
Did Jove look on us, I would laugh and swear  
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:  
Or if that they have power to hurt, his bolts  
Are in my hand.

*Cleo.* Most impious!

*Pho.* They are dreams,  
Religious fools shake at. Yet to assure thee,  
If Nemesis, that scourges pride and scorn,  
Be any thing but a name, she lives in me;  
For, by myself (an oath to me more dreadful  
Than *Sisyx* is to your gods) weak *Proloomy*  
dead,

And *Cæsar*, both being in my toil, remov'd,  
The poorest rascals that are in my camp  
Shall, in my presence, quench their lustful  
heat

In thee, and young *Arsinoë*, while I laugh  
To hear you howl in vain. I deride those  
gods,

That you think can protect you!

*Cleo.* To prevent thee,  
In that I am the mistress of my fate:  
So hope I of my sister: To confirm it,  
I spit at thee, and scorn thee!

*Pho.* I will tame  
That haughty courage, and make it stoop too.

*Cleo.* Never!

I was born to command, and I will die so.

*Enter Achilles, and Soldiers, with the body  
of Proloomy.*

*Pho.* The king dead? This is a fair en-  
Our future happiness. [trance to

*Ars.* Oh, my dear brother!

*Cleo.* Weep not, *Arsinoë*, (common wo-  
men do so)  
Nor lose a tear for him; it cannot help him;  
But study to die nobly.

*Pho.* *Cæsar* fled?

'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart;  
It chokes my vital spirits! Where was ynur  
Did the guards sleep? [care?

*Achil.* He rous'd them with his sword;  
(We talk of Mars, but I am sure his courage  
Admits of no comparison but itself!)\*  
And, as inspir'd by him, his following friends,  
With such a confidence as young eaglets prey  
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,  
Brake thro' our troops, and scatter'd 'em. He  
went on,

But still pursu'd by us: When on the sudden  
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew  
terror,

Which struck in us no less fear and amazement  
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning  
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.

*Cleo.* 'Twas like my *Cæsar*!

*Achil.* We fall'n back, he made on; and,  
as our fear

Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,  
Again we follow'd: But, got near the sea,  
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand  
Holding a scroll he had above the waves,  
And in the other grasping fast his sword,  
As it had been a trident forg'd by Vulcan  
To calm the raging ocean, he made away,<sup>70</sup>  
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like  
So many Tritons follow'd, their bold shouts  
Yielding a cheerful music. We shower'd  
darts [ships:

Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their  
And in their safety we are sunk; for *Cæsar*  
Prepares for war.

age. But the vale round the *Lago del Cane*, which is very near it, has both the sulphureous  
and pestilential vapours describ'd by Virgil. Milton, in his *L' Allegro*, has followed Fletcher  
in the use of this expression. *Seward.*

<sup>69</sup> *Admits of no comparison but itself.* Mr. Thembald has wrote parallel against this line,  
and seems to have design'd a note in defence of the line, which Mr. Pope and his assistants in  
the *Bathos* so ingeniously banter'd him upon,

'None but himself can be his parallel.'

He had certainly authorities sufficient, both in Shakespeare as well as Fletcher; but as the  
sentiment is in itself somewhat absurd, and the three greatest wits in Europe joined in exposing  
it, the laugh will always be against him.

The following description of one of the most illustrious incidents of *Cæsar*'s life is worthy  
our Authors, and worthy of *Cæsar*. Lucan seems to have either exerted, or design'd to have  
exerted, all the vigour of his genius in this description; but the *Pharsalia* unlappily just there  
breaks off unfinished. *Seward.*

<sup>70</sup> *He made away.* We have not alter'd the text, but strongly suspect the Author wrote,  
*he made a WAY.*

*Pho.* How fell the king?

*Achil.* Unable

To follow Cæsar, he was trod to death  
By the pursuers, and with him the priest  
Of Isis, good Achoreus.

*Ara.* May the earth  
Lie gently on their ashes!

*Pho.* I feel now,  
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis  
Within the searching policies of man, [not  
To alter their decrees.

*Cleo.* I laugh at thee!

Where are thy threats now, fool? thy scoffs,  
and scorns

Against the gods? I see calamity  
Is the best mistress of religion,  
And can convert an atheist. [*Shout within.*

*Pho.* Oh, they come!

Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die  
That plac'd his Heav'n on earth, is an assur-  
ance [me?  
Of his descent to hell! Where shall I hide  
The greatest daring to a man dishonest,

Is but a bastard courage, ever fainting.

[*Exit.*

*Enter Cæsar, Scæva, Antony, and Dolabella.*

*Cæsar.* Look on your Cæsar! banish fear.  
You are now safe! [my fairest;

*Scæ.* By Venus, not a kiss  
'Till our work be done! The traitors once dis-  
To it, and we'll cry aim.<sup>74</sup> [patch'd,

*Cæsar.* I will be speedy.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and train.*

*Cleo.* Farewell again! — Arsinoë! How  
now, Eros?

Ever faint-hearted?  
*Eros.* But that I am assur'd  
Your excellency can command the general,  
I fear the soldiers, for they look as if  
They would be nibbling too.

*Cleo.* He is all honour;  
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,  
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,  
That in her prime deserv'd him.

<sup>74</sup> *To it, and we'll cry aim.*] *Ay-me* is a favourite cant term of our Authors to express the whining of lovers: I believe, therefore, there can be no doubt of that being the true word in this place. *Seward.*

In Mr. Seward's first note on this play, he called Dr. Warburton 'the greatest Critic of our nation,' and said, that he paid 'such deference to his judgment, as not to differ from it without much diffidence.' After this declaration, we are surprized to observe this alteration, directly against the explanation of that Author. To *cry aim* signifies to *consent to or approve of any thing*. The expression occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. scene iii. 'Thou shalt woo her; *cry aim*, said I well?' Upon which passage the following is part of the bishop's note. 'So again in this play (the *Merry Wives*) *And to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim*, i. e. approve them. And again in *King John*, act ii. scene ii.

"It ill becomes this presence to *cry aim*

"To these ill-tuned repetitions."

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* to approve of, or encourage them. The phrase was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to shoot at the butts (the perpetual diversion, as well as exercise, of that time) the standers-by used to say one to the other, *cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Fair Maid of the Inn*, act v. make the Duke say,

"——— must I *cry aim*

"To this unheard-of insolence?"

<sup>8</sup> *i. e.* encourage it, and agree to the request of the duel, which one of his subjects had insolently demanded against the other. But here it is remarkable, that the senseless editors, (those of 1711) not knowing what to make of the phrase *cry aim*, read it thus:

"——— must I *cry ai-me*,"

<sup>9</sup> as if it was a note of interjection. So again, Massinger, in his *Guardian*:

"I will *cry aim*, and in another room

"Determine of my vengeance."

<sup>10</sup> And again, in his *Renegado*:

"——— To play the pandar

"To the viceroys' loose embraces, and *cry aim*,

"While he by force or flattery——" *R.*

*Enter Cæsar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella,  
and Soldiers, with the heads.*

*Ars.* He's come back.<sup>72</sup>

*Cæsar.* Pursue no further; curb the soldiers' fury!

See, beauteous mistress, their accursed heads,  
That did conspire against us.

*Sce.* Furies plague 'em!

They had too fair an end, to die like soldiers:

Pompey fell by the sword; the cross or halter  
Should have dispatch'd them.

*Cæsar.* All's but death, good Sceva;  
Be therefore satisfied. And now, my dearest,

Look upon Cæsar, as he still appear'd,

A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king

Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome,  
where Cæsar

Will shew he can give kingdoms; for the se-

Thy brother dead, shall willingly decree

The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## EPILOGUE.

I now should wish another had my place,  
But that I hope to come off, and with grace:  
And, but express some sign that you are pleas'd,  
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd.

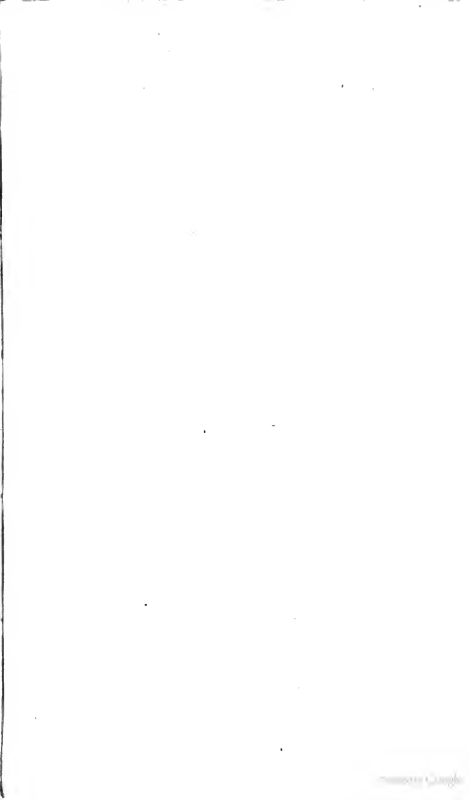
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much say  
I' th' favour of ourselves, them, and the play,  
Did I not rest assur'd, the most I see  
Hate impudence, and cherish modesty.

<sup>72</sup> *Ars.* He's come back,

*Pursue no further; curb the soldiers' fury.*] This gross mistake of giving part of *Cæsar's* speech to *Arsinoë*, ran through all the editions till 1750, when Mr. Seward corrected it.

END OF VOLUME I.

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